North Carolina Argus.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

BY FRANK. DARLEY.

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INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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" " three months.....1.00

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[From the Land we Love.

Extracts.

The errors in regard to Confederate forces are so gross that we fear they can never be corrected. We have recently examined a history published in Baltimore, and made up for the use of schools in the South, and yet it estimates the Southern force at Sharpsburg at 100,000 men!—a higher estimate by 3,000 than Gen. McClellan puts it. We have seen it stated that Gen. Lee's estimate is 33,000 and it is thus given by Dabney. Now we think that we calculated Lee's force at the time from data, which could not be erroneous, and it amounted to just 27,000. If there is any mistake in it, the error is on the side of excess. We feel sure that the Southern force was under rather than over this number. Our line was so thin that when broken, the enemy thought that the skirmish line and not the line of battle was broken.

So the Confederate strength at South mountain has, we believe, never been set down by our late enemies at less than 40,000. It was, in fact, about 5,000 until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Longstreet came up.

Gen. Casey claims in his official report that his works at Seven Pines were assaulted by 30,000 men. They were *carried* by 9,000.

It was a grim joke of Mr. Lincoln that he had discovered that the Confederates had 3,000,000 of men in the field, because he had 1,000,000, and his men were always getting overpowered by having odds of three to one against them!

It seems that some loyal North Carolinians attended the negro Convention, at Raleigh, expecting, good simple souls! that their colored friends would be highly honored thereby, and would give them the upper seats in the synagogue. The Address complains touchingly, that the honors were not conferred upon these loyal sons of the old North State, but upon persons who were not natives of the State, euphony for Radical emissaries. To our mind there is something inexpressibly comic in this picture, of the loyal whites standing with smiling faces listening to hear sable Chesterfields courteously saying, "dear brothers, come up hither," instead of which Sambo, in his coarsest corn-field dialect, blurts out "the white trash from Norf Calliner will take de back seats and dem wot fout to set us free will set on de platform!" Isn't it rich? It beats Longstreet's pun about the *wave*-offering. It is almost equal to the Congressional joke about the insecurity of life and property at the South, and the necessity of placing these little matters in the hands of the negroes to make them safe!

Oh! that some Hogarth or Cruikshanks might do justice to the scene! oh! that some skillful *cuisinier* might serve up from it a savory mess for the Haversack!

Loyal brothers of North Carolina! let a loyal editor give you a piece of advice.

When *gentlemen* go to another man's table, they are expected to eat what is set before them without grumbling. Good taste and good manners alike demand this. When you became the guests of the negro, you had no right to expect anything but negro fare. Don't whine about the coarse food they set before you. People will only laugh at you and Sambo may prove a very Cuffy to you. The emissaries of hate and ruin have succeeded in making broad and high "the middle wall of partition" between the races. You can't break it down, and your puny efforts will only subject you to ridicule. Fortunately, or unfortunately, you were born white and you will be more respected, (excuse the pun,) if you do not desert your *color*.

☞ It is announced that pencil directions will hereafter cause letters to be sent to the dead letter office.

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from letters of an old Ansonian, who, it will be perceived, has "pitched his tent" on the Amazon, to find, as he thinks, freedom from political vexation and degradation, and to better his fortunes. For several years previous to his going to Brazil the writer resided in Alabama. His letters, as will be seen, are quite interesting, and he seems to be content, so far. But we apprehend it will turn out with him as with many others. He will become weary of his self imposed exile, and he will ere long return home to battle for his "birth right" under the Constitution:

CITY OF PARA, BRAZIL, Sept. 12, 1867.

It is now 12 o'clock, in the most pleasant climate I have ever known. Your mother writes on the subject of our long voyage, the mishaps, &c. The good side of it consists in our visit or rather pleasure trip to the two principal islands of the West Indies, touching at four points from necessity, arising out of the imbecility, drunkenness and long-ear ism of "Granny Cameron, Chief Mogul of the Red Gander," (as yeliped by the Irish heroine of our crowd,) who could imbibe and navigate with a quantam of volatile liquids of high stimulating qualities that would out measure credibility.

Havana is a closely built city, sustained, principally, by the sugar trade. The sugar is put up in boxes containing about 400 lbs. We traversed the city, did a little necessary trading, and saw many things entirely new to us. The ladies were daily ashore on the opposite side of the harbor, and did their washing in the suburbs of the little town of Regula; had oranges, bananas, pine apples and other fruits; cooked and ate under the mango shades, enjoyed the mountainous scenery and climbed the steeps to take full views of the city, its many steeples indicating a population well ridden by a priesthood whose professions are above the reach of common credulity. Saw in the city many Yanks and a few South rons. After eleven days we steamed eastward, coasting the entire length of Cuba on the north-side. Picturesque mountains were in view all the way. Passed on to the right of Hayti, and coal getting scarce the vessel w[illegible] ordered into a cove. The men were ordered [illegible] food, while the women went ashore to wash, and the girls and "small fry" to play. The larger boys were put under my charge to carry wood. We learned that it was six miles to Niggertown, Cape Haytien. Niggers at our cove demanded pay for the wood, and terms were agreed on. I went up the mountain gorge and saw remains of magnificent castles which had been burned and the whites indiscriminately slaughtered, 30 or 40 years ago, by the negroes. These deeds were done at night. The whole country was lighted by the fires. The cove has a few acres of rich level soil adjacent to the water, with a spring running out a quarter off from the salt, salt sea. This level, with the less steep part of the mountain, once formed the basis of a most fertile hacienda or village. The remains show magnificence. Castles have been here, gardens have been here, and art has been exercised here; but all have been buried, like our country is fast being, by the fanatic spirit that prompted the British a few years back under the Wilberfort doctrine and the French under the Robespierres and Marats. Here is an island that once sweetened the world with its superfluous productions of sugar, now importing that article for no other purpose than to make palatable the wild coffee which the negro occupant gathers from the wilderness that has sprung up around him because of his laziness.

I thought I would write you a short letter, but have only reached one fourth of the way. Well, we went round to Cape Haytien, coaled, and coasted around St. Domingo, passing to Porto Rico, and at last to St. Thomas, where the narrative part of this scroll will now stop. I skip to Para. The world has been fooled by the latitude and by liking this section to the desert sands of Africa. If there be a real Eden as to climate right under the equator it is here. I wear a cloth suit comfortably. The nights are not to be described in point of comfort.

J. B. MENDENHALL.

SANTAREM, PROVINCE OF PARA, September 27, 1867.

After a voyage of 56 days, including the stops at Pensacola, Havana, Cape Haytien, St. Thomas and Para, we arrived at Santarem. The incidents, accidents, &c., of the voyage are too tedious to write in a letter. A book would have to be voluminous to contain them. We were received with much indication of friendly feeling by the Brazilians at Para, and were well provided for in the midst of a jubilee, held to celebrate the aniversary of Brazilian independence and also the day of opening the navigation of the Amazon to the commerce of the world. The people here are a whole age behind in everything except trade in merchandise, which is conducted by the more shrewd of the population. We were furnished the only three ox-carts in or about Santarem to move our plunder to this Casa Grande, (big houses,) made of pole posts, covered and weather-boarded with palm, and partitioned with the same. We have two rows of houses separated by a street 60 or 80 feet wide. Whole length of buildings about 500 feet, and we are still building. Water is very fine;—sixty yards off there is a running branch. This lower land, where we are located, is about like the best of the hammock lands in Alabama. The timber is tall but not large, while the palm and shrubbery undergrowth are quite thick. Springs are occasionally found at the head of the gorges of the mountain or table lands. These table lands are level on top, with the richest soil I have ever seen. The table, at the foot of which we now are, is three or four miles wide, running south, over which I have been tramping.

Mr. Simpson (a civil engineer from Montgomery, Ala., who accompanied Maj. H. in his explorations and has settled near Santarem) planted less than three acres in corn in January last by digging a little hole with a hoe; he worked it once and gathered two hundred bushels at least. It is generally cultivated [illegible] stalks in a hill, all put in a clump, with the hills 3½ to 4 feet apart.

Bananas, pine apples, oranges, and some other fruits are now in season, growing in the dry (present) season. The natural growth of timber on the table lands varies in size [illegible] which is the largest of trees. One [illegible], which I measured, was 22½ feet in circumference. It bears the butternut. The large timber is scattering. Common sized cabbage palms are numerous, straight, and of even size to the limb, 30 to 60 feet up. On the brow of this table land the view north, over the Tapajos, Wamazin and the Islands, is most magnificent—in fact indescribable. The road to the top is yet unfinished for vehicles. Most of our travels for the present are on foot. None have purchased stock of any kind. There are but a small number of animals in this immediate neighborhood; mostly on the pampas or lower grassy places—too low for cultivation. Laborers are very scarce now, there being a great call upon them on the government works, (buildings, surveying and road-making.) Young men can get employment at 60 cents per day and provisions found. I have taken a section east of Major H[illegible]'s location. He has a thousand acres north of the colonial land (hammock) mostly cultivable, and I think best for cotton. Its soil is a [illegible] loam with black understratum—thickly timbered and well watered by the creek and springs. I think I will pitch my tent (*pro tem*) near the foot of the table.

Every species of manufactory is needed here. Texans, Mississippians, Tennessees and Alabamians have all come up here after prospecting in and around Rio Janeiro and other places south. All are pleased with the lands, &c.; but some want everything perfect and at hand. They are wavering and inconsiderate.

The climate is the most perfect that mind could imagine. No one could, with the power granted, make any improvement. If any objection could arise it would be to the coolness, rather than the heat, of the nights, and this is the warmest time, if there be any difference. Everything is new and rough.

I prefer that you write [illegible] for Para and Rio Janiero. No pay is required; but be [illegible] shipping to Para or they will [illegible] to Rio Janiero. Bring a small lot of [illegible] corn, oats and wheat. Bring Collin's thi[illegible] loaded axes to use or sell. The axes made [illegible] are not half so good. Bring a pair of [illegible] axles; powder and turkey [illegible] common double shot gung, shoes, (middle [illegible]) and grub hoes. If you come by government [illegible] expense get a box with hasp and hinges, put in a [illegible] month's provisions, coffee pot, &c., and take steerage passage. Sleep on deck with an overcoat, [illegible] and blanket. The cook will boil your coffee. Poor coffee is prepared for steerage passengers. Get all the fruit seed you can at St. Thomas. Woolen clothes are of little use here, but new [illegible] expensive to wear. Summer cloth of clothing [illegible] as cash. A mill is now wanted here, and a [illegible] will be next year. The cocoa or chocolate tree [illegible] the fortune here. The sugar is a great thing. Coffee good, but troublesome. Pine apples, oranges, and lemons are the pleasure part of trade. A fortune can be made raising chickens; they flourish and sell well. The Indians raise manioc as the staff of life. It is a simple shrub like the low piny woods sumach, with a root like long potato. It is propagated by cuttings. Our crop will be corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, tobacco, chocolate, sugar, coffee, and stock.

I advise you to come and grow up with the country, though at present it is in a rude, undeveloped condition, even behind the packmule age. Therefore, carts and wagons are needed. Horses and cattle are plenty in the country, 20 to 40 miles off, and cheap enough; but are very little needed before something is made for market. Men are carrying their food six, eight, and ten miles on their backs until they can open roads. It takes but little for food. The fire after the felling of the timber prepares the land for a hoe crop. I have not written as I would like to, but the time prompts to look to a little business. All in all there is no end to good land, and no climate equal to this. Hasting's has not yet come up. Half our crowd is in Para, coming up next week.

J. B. M.

REPORTED DISCOVERY OF A POLAR CONTINENT IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

The Honolulu *Advertiser* publishes an account of the discovery of land, hitherto unknown, in the Arctic Ocean, by Captain Long, of the whaleship Nile. It is thought this territory will prove to be the Polar continent so long sought after. The past season has been the mildest that has been experienced by the oldest whalemen, and Capt. L. was able to reach latitude 73:30. He examined the land attentively along the entire Southern coast, which he sketched. It seems to be quite elevated, and has a mountain near the centre, about latitude 180, resembling an extinct volcano, and estimated to be about 3,000 feet high. Captain Long named the country Urongell's Land, after a Russian Admiral. The western point of the coast, in latitude [illegible] 46 minutes north, longitude 75 degrees [illegible] 30 minutes east, he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman who discovered it. The southeast point he called Cape Harran. The Nile sailed several days along the coast, and approached within fifteen miles of the shore. The [illegible] of the land was free from snow, and to be covered with vegetation. It [illegible] sible to tell how far the land extended. Ranges of mountains could be [illegible] they were lost in the distance.

Sut Lovingood's Dream.

I was orful dry tother day, George, an' findin a lot ov green whisky, I jist sucked in a skinful ov it strait along. The fust mouthful I swallered I heard sploch in my heels. I wur dry and empty both, by golly, so dry that arter hit rizz purty well up in me, hit soaked through and stood all over me in drops, makin me look like a big retikule kivered with beads, but I swelled tighter arter a while, then I filled up purty soon. As soon as I cood ketch hit by runnin a spoon handle down my throat, I shot off steam, and set into rovin roun. Hit warnt long before I found myself jangled by the nigs in the dong tonnel, ov I fell in a heap down hill, so I thort the mos peaceful thing I could do war to go to sleep, a thinking ov a runnin windmill.

Well, I dreamed me a dream. I thort I war in hell, and had bin sent thar fur votin the Radikil ticket. I felt the justice ov the sentence so much that I didn't feel so oneasy and mad about hit as I would a bin if they had sent me thar fur muderin a blind ole woman, or makin a back log ov sum gal's fust baby arter soakin hit in turpentine, or sich like common wickedness. I thort I bed bin thar long enuf to sorter begin to git used to the taste ov the whisky they stills down thar, an' I mess say I thinks hit a little better than the truck what the skulkers out ov the Confederit army biled for the government, because hit didn't create the appetite to cuss, steal or desert half as soon on me, in Tophet, as that. 'Twas safer whisky, George, safer whisky. Well, I thort hell wos a perfect roun hole—as roun as a bum shell, right in the senter ov the yearth. The walls wur glazed as slick as an icy un pavin, and wur but jest half ful ov melted dinner pots, dorg irons, an ole clock wuks, with a scum of smokin brimstone a foot deep. The devil staid board ov a bote, and had hisself rowed roun jest as he pleased, by the jury what found the bill agin Jeff Davis. They looked like thade like to have mother pop at that job. I think, by golly, thade hunt a long spell afore they found hit agin.

I thort thar war long lethurs nailed cleats nailed to the wall to clime by. The wur sqar nidged up so the climin has all to be done on one side, an when fellers got tired ov swimmin, they jest set into climin the cleats. I noticed that new comers wur powerful fond ov climin. Thade sorter slack off sometimes, until thu sunk into the melted clock wuks up to the pint ov their tail bone, and by the gost ov a skeered monkey, they'd come up overhanded to their work again, jest a wringlin and a snortin. They worked like [illegible] of tha dident keep the tuing rolin strate along, and George, jest as sure as you seen fut high, that's what keeps the yearth turnin roun; I found hit out at last.

Well, one day the trap dore opened, and the devil ordered old Forney to steer under the hole. He steers wild, an after swimmin nearly all over hell, he got thar, when down poured into the bote the durnedest sluice of mean looking cusses you ever seed. Everybody already thar turned thar heads to look at 'em, an clum faster, skeered at 'em by golly. The wur Radikils, the last durned one. Sum had ropes round their nex, with a runnin noos ahind the year, sum had holes in their heads, sum had a big gill cut under their chin, and every one showed signs of hard times an hurry. I seed Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Butler, surnamed the Beast, an Wendell Phillips. "Hey!" sez the devil, "what's abore—colery?" "Wns nor that," sez Sumner, "the Constitution people has rizzen ov korce we are here; say, your Majesty, is Preston Brooks here?" "Oh, no," sez the devil. "Well," sez Sumner, sorter brightnin up and rubbin his hands, "I'm durned glad he ain't." "Stop a minit," sez the devil, "wait till I sorts you all out." He took up a needle as long as a harpoon, and with a big quile of trace chains he threaded it. Then he picked out all the common cusses among 'em, and strung 'em on the chain, and hung the hole bunch over the sidge of the bote into the brimstone. Jehosaphat! how they sizzled an dove an sloshed and sprinkled hot iron about with their tails. A string of sun perch wood a bin no whar.

While the devil wur a sortin the small fry, Butler, surnamed the Beast, sidged back to whar I sot in the bote, a keepin one eye sorter on the devil, an t'other one on me, and he whispered in my ear, "whar's Sisphus?" Sez I, "don't know, why?" "O, nothin, only wanted to see which node the most ov our traids, him or me." Then he whispered (that mortal 3d eye ov hisn sot on the devil), "say, do you know whar his majesty keeps his spoons?" Sez I, "does you see that chain hangin over the starn? he keeps 'em in a big pot sunk at tother eend ov hit." He jest went over the starn head fust, and cooned hit down the chain, outensite under the brimstone. After being down a spell, he cum back lookin disperited like, but his gineral loox wur powerfully improved by a bath in melted brimstone. I swow he looked a heap more like a buman. Sez he, "gone, pot an all." I opened my eyes. Sez he, "haint Forney got 'em?" Sez I, "mebby so—he's bin fumblin round the starn a good while." Derned ef he did'nt sarch every pocket ole Forney had, and the ole cus never cotch him at hit, and *he got the spoons*.

While this was agoing on, Old Thad wur a trying to claim kin with the devil, a comparin his foot alongside with ole Nick's. I think the pint were to git offis, for I hern the devil sayin, "No, no, durned ef I do; we has order here now;" and all the time ole Wade wur a pesterin his Majesty for a free ticket on his doggery. I seed that the devil wur a gettin monstrous oneasy. Wendel Phillips kep a watchin jest the side that went down under the climers, and then the side what come up out ov the lake. He jest hopped overboard, and swum over thar, and tried his his durnest to turn hit t'other way. He grabbed the slopin side ov the cleats, and held on as long as he could, and then slosh back agin among the melted dorg irons and brimstone. I reckon he must a made fifty trials afore he quit and swum back to the bote, and then he sot in in the most yearnest manner, to persuade the devil to take off the cleats an nail 'em on agin upside down, so as to run hell backward, an ov korce the outside world with hit, without givin a reason why it would help the matter. This made the devil bile over. He sed not a durned one ov them should stay thar another hour, that thade raise a rebellion and destroy the institution, and then what would the world do, *particularly New England?* I tell you he jest rared; sez he, "I'll clear my dominions ov ye durned quick;" and he ranged a big bum mortar what were in the bote, point blank at the hatchhole, and he loaded in ole Wade, feet fust, and made Forney totch hit off. By golly, he went wizzen thru the hole, and hit rared whisky on the lake until hit burnt blue. Next he grabbed ole [illegible], sez he, tremblin, "Please, your Majesty, lode hit in with with me," pintin to a she nigger strung on a chain. Sez the devil, "No, sir, I think we can manage her arter you are gone, and besides she loox like she needed a little rest." Bang! an I jest cotch a glimpse of Thad's crooked foot scrapin a splinter off the hatch. Comin nex, he yoked Sumner, and he begged to be loaded head fust, as he said he'd always travelled stern fust thru life, and wanted to finish his jerny the same way on account of his record. So stern fust he cum outen the hatch hole, and I reckon sturn fust he busted again suthin away yonder on the outside. Butler's (surnamed the Beast) turn cum next. While the devil were a loadin him in I observed him busy futnin up his pockets. When the mortar fired I was watchin the hatch hole close; I didn't like the idea of his leavin, he durned ef he went thar; he follered the his cock-eye, and busted inter a million agin the wall. Spoons and brass [illegible] deep all over the lake, and I heard all cheer. The devil [illegible] then went for Wendell [illegible] board and [illegible] coddin' the [illegible] him. We'll [illegible] see if he don't. Nex he g[illegible] steersmen, an sez he, "you [illegible] me," an he commenced loadin h[illegible] you believe, just as the c[illegible] ov site, he whispered in the [illegible] was Jamison the actor. The [illegible] I've got a thin agin Jamison; [illegible] made at me by golly jest be[illegible] Beast outsmarted him in the [illegible]

Thar will be peace in hell [illegible] the devil can't fetch Wendell [illegible] for a [illegible] durned rascal. I reckon [illegible] will re[illegible] he set all the revenu detectives [illegible] run and [illegible] last one, and put me down his [illegible] I set into beggin hard. Sez he, "you mus go, nuthin havin the smell ov radikil on to his clothes kin stay here."

CARROTS FOR HORSES.

Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other food. The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. Analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, eighty five per cent. being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinize vegetable solutions, and favors this digestion in all cattle.

[*Am. Stock Journal.*

☞ The village of Brock, in Holland, is said to be the cleanest in the world. No horse or carriage has ever been permitted to enter, and everything is kept with the most scrupulous neatness. Before entering many of the houses you are required to remove your shoes. It is said that even the Emperor of Russia was compelled to comply with this custom.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF RICHMOND.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS, *October Term, A. D. 1867.*

Harriet Malloy *vs.* Daniel Malloy, *et al.*

Petition for Dower.

IT APPEARING TO THE SATISFACTION OF the Court that Daniel Malloy, the representatives of Angus Malloy, deceased, Duncan Malloy, Mary, wife of Duncan Malloy, the representatives of Sarah, (or Sallie,) the wife of one Bunting, deceased, and the representatives of Archibald Malloy, deceased, defendants in this cause, reside beyond the limits of the State of North Carolina: It is therefore, on motion, ordered by the Court that publication be made in the *Argus*, a newspaper published in the town of Wadesboro', for six successive weeks, notifying the aforesaid defendants of the filing of this petition and requiring them to appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for the county of Richmond, at the Court-House in Rockingham, on the third Monday of January next, 1868, and plead, answer or demur to said petition, or the same will be heard *ex parte* and judgment *pro confesso* entered against them.

Witness, FRANK SANDFORD, Clerk of said Court, at Office in Rockingham, the third Monday in October, A. D. 1867. F. SANDFORD, C. C. C.

(464-6w—p.f. $10.)

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF RICHMOND.

COURT OF PLEAS AND QUARTER SESSIONS, *October Term, 1867.*

Angus Stewart, Administrator of Daniel Stewart, deceased, *vs.* John Stewart, Colon Stewart, William Stewart, Catharine wife of James H. Morgan, Hugh Stewart.

Petition for a Sale of Real Estate.

IT APPEARING SATISFACTORILY TO THE Court that John Stewart and Colon Stewart, two of the defendants in this cause, reside beyond the limits of the State of North Carolina: It is therefore, on motion, ordered by the Court that publication be made in the *Argus*, a newspaper published in the town of Wadesboro', for six consecutive weeks, notifying the said John Stewart and Colon Stewart of the filing of this petition, and requiring them to appear at the next term of our Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Richmond, at the Court House in Rockingham, the third Monday of January next, and plead, answer or demur to said petition, otherwise the same will be heard *ex parte* and judgment *pro confesso* entered against them.

Witness, FRANK SANDFORD, Clerk of said Court, at office in Rockingham, the third Monday in October, A. D. 1867. FRANK SANDFORD, C. C. C.

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