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All Letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Plough Boy.
SMUT IN WHEAT.

Mr. Editor:—Sir—I do not intend in this communication to gratify the reader in a learned and elaborate essay, upon the subject under consideration, but simply to impress upon the minds of the Agricultural public, the impropriety of subscribing too hastily to the different theories that present themselves in this age of experiment and improvement. Much has been said and written upon the subject of Smut, not only by the practical and experienced Farmer, but by those who have had the advantage of a more liberal education; yet, notwithstanding all their experience and intelligence, I am at a loss to account, satisfactorily, how the Smut is produced, and what is the preventative. Most Farmers have however subscribed to the doctrine; that Smut originates from impure seed, and that a strong solution of blue stone, copperas and salt will prevent the Smut, this I believe to be the experience of almost every Farmer in the country; but yet, there are a few who have but little faith in the above recipe, and I confess I am one of that number; and have been confirmed in my opinion, from an experiment of one of my neighbors, who by the by, is a close observer, and an excellent Farmer. A suitable field was selected, of about the same quality of soil, the land was prepared as usual in the neighborhood, and the wheat sowed, but previous to seeding the wheat, about one half of it was soaked in a strong solution of blue stone, copperas, and salt, for twenty four hours, the other half was not soaked at all; the wheat came up looked fine and healthy, and continued to grow luxuriantly throughout the season; at length however, the Smut made its appearance, much to the astonishment and disappointment of my friend. Without the least exaggeration, we believe, the wheat that was soaked in the solution produced about one half Smut; yes, the real Smut, when in the other, that was not soaked, comparatively speaking, there was none. This, Mr. Editor, is a matter of fact. Some Farmers, say, that impure seed will produce it, or rather is the cause of the Smut; this last doctrine I am at a loss to subscribe to, for I recollect an experiment, made by a friend of mine, some several years ago; he had almost lost his seed wheat, (the little white) but for a few bushels left in a hoghead in the barn, through the whole summer, exposed to the weevil and every thing of the sort; at length the wheat was sown, the worst weevil eaten I ever had seen; whether it was soaked in the blue stone or not, I am unable to say; it came up and done finely; produced as fine wheat as ever grew in any country, entirely free from Smut or any thing else. I should like, Mr. Editor, for some of the large wheat growers to tell us how to raise this valuable staple, in a pure and unadulterated state. My own opinion about the Smut, is, that it is a disease peculiar to some kinds of wheat, and whether soaked in blue stone or not will make its appearance, some time or another. If we wish to raise wheat successfully, we must procure the best seed we can, that variety that is free from Smut, and all other impurities, and perhaps none would succeed so well as our native wheat. I am among those, who believe an all-wise Providence has provided every section of country with the kind of plants, most congenial to the climate, and its only remains for us to select and cultivate properly, to obtain the different kinds of seed that would be best for us; and here I might observe, the greatest variety of vegetation I have seen in any section of country through which I have travelled, is a portion leading from Cambridge to the Island ford on Sallada river, down Wilsons and Ninety-six Creeks; through that region of country we have seen the native wheat, rye, oats and blue grass. I firmly believe the blue grass will grow, if properly managed, as luxuriantly among us, as it does in Kentucky.

A YOUNG PLANTER.

COLLECTING AND PRESERVING THE DIFFERENT GRASSES.

For a short time past some of the most ardent friends of scientific agriculture, have agitated the subject of collecting specimens of the various grasses of the United States, and designate them by their common names. We presume in giving the common names, the classes, orders, genera and species, will not be excluded. We see great utility in this, as some of the grasses are known by different names in different sections of country. Timothy, for instance, is to the north called Herds grass; and what we call Herds grass, is there called Red top. Were we to pursue this subject, we might find many similar illustrations; but no farmer of ordinary intelligence, can help seeing the importance of a book on the grasses in which all the species are fully described. One object we have in view in these remarks is, to enquire of Mr. Curtis of Washington North Carolina, (who first brought the subject before the public), and others who are taking some interest, if it would not be well to give the appropriate soil to each, the proper cultivation and the relative values of all the varieties? Such a work would be invaluable to the American farmer. There are many grasses in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas, (where our paper circulates most,) not to be found in other states,—these we should be pleased to collect ourselves, and ascertain all in relation to them, that would be valuable to the farmer. What do the people of the south west think of it? If agriculturists would lend their aid, they will much improve themselves in one of the most delightful sciences, and contribute a good deal to the object proposed during the present year. We should be pleased if farmers generally would commence the investigation of the grasses, native and foreign, on their own farms, and send us the result of their experience, that if the contemplated works is published, we shall be ready.

Agriculturist.

From the Agriculturist.

A CURE FOR THE POLE EVIL AND FISTULA.

Messrs. Editors:—Believing your publication to be the proper place to register any receipt that may in any way benefit the community, I send you the following universal and never failing cure for the Pole Evil and Fistula. I have seen in your paper some remedies for the same complaint. But there is never too much of a good thing, and I am conscious that the annexed will cure when all others have failed.

Take a lump of salt, say as large as an egg, the same size of hard soap; then take a quantity of polk root and boil it separately until it becomes a syrup, (in quantity a pint,) then mix the salt and soap with it so as to make a ball. Wash the place every morning for a week and a cure is effected.

Yours, R. W. GARDNER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE JOURNAL. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

"TO THE YOUNG STUDENT IN GEOGRAPHY."
My 6, 4, 5 and 2 is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 6, 3 and 2 is a county in Georgia.
My 5, 11, 12 and 2 is a town in Upper Canada.
My 7, 9, 1 and 2 is a county in North Carolina.
My 1, 2, 9, 4, 5, 6 and 7 is a district in S. Carolina.
My 12, 2, 4 and 8 is a town in Austria.
My 7, 6, 3, 4, 6 and 7 is a city in Europe.
My 7, 6, 3 and 6 is a town in Africa.
My 5, 2, 9 6 and 8 is a town in Asia.
And my whole is the name of an efficient corps in South Carolina.
DIALECTICUS.

THE WILLIAM BROWN.

A TALE OF HORROR.
The Boston Post of Saturday contains a most painful narrative in relation to the loss of the William Brown, and the scenes on board the long boat. It was given on the authority of John Messer, one of the crew who accompanied the mate, and who has not yet fully recovered. It will be seen that while he fully vindicates the conduct of Capt Harris, he describes that of the mate as barbarous in the extreme.

STATEMENT OF JOHN MESSER.

I belonged to the mate's watch, and was below at the time the ship struck, therefore I am unacquainted with the particulars relating to the fatal collision, which caused the loss of the William Brown.—We felt the collision below, but did not think of hurrying on deck, especially as we were not called—and then the not unusual cry of all hands shorten sail, roused us on deck. The topgallant sails, fore-topmost studding sails, and other sails were taken in, and top-sails clewed down and reef tackles hauled out. The captain then went down into the fore-castle in order to ascertain whether damage had been done, and upon ascertaining, he exclaimed—"My God we can't save the ship! its no use—clear away the long boat." The pumps had previously been rigged, and every effort used to keep her afloat, but without effect. The passengers also rendered every assistance in their power, and

were willing to do any thing for the safety of the ship.

The long boat was cleared away, and provisions, water, a compass, a quadrant, and several other articles were put on board of her. One or two of the passengers secreted themselves in her while she was yet on board, and were hoisted out in her. When she was in the water, the passengers made a rush, and I believe that several of them perished in their haste to get on board. In the meantime the stern boat was also lowered down; but I did not see what transpired; I will not state any thing upon hearsay. The boats both dropped astern, where they remained fast by their painters to the ship until she was on the eve of sinking, when they were cut adrift. The ship went down in about three hours, I think, after she struck.—There were forty-two in number in the long boat.

At daylight, Capt. Harris told the mate the latitude and longitude, and advised him to steer N. W. The captain then took the names of the passengers and crew, after which the mate told him that the long boat was very leaky and could not live. Some communication, which I did not distinctly hear, then passed between the captain and the mate, to which the captain replied, "I will not hear such talk." The mate then distinctly said—"We must cast lots—we cannot all live—some of us must die, the boat is so leaky."—The captain again remonstrated with the mate, urging him to do the best in his power before he resorted to such measures.

Before leaving us, the captain addressed the boats' crew encouragingly, desiring us to keep our hearts up, not to quarrel or fight among ourselves, but to be advised by the mate, and to do what he should desire us. He then bid us good bye, and in fifteen minutes or so he was out of sight.

During the whole of the day the weather was extremely cold, and the sea very rough. We rigged a drag with our oars, in order to keep the boat's head to the sea, and to break the force of the waves. Towards night fall the mate consulted, in a low voice, with several of the crew, about lightening the boat. I was aft at the time, with my back against the stern. At last he said to me and another man, who was near me, "Well, I suppose, you have no objections to lending us a hand to lighten the boat." I inquired how he intended to do so, and while I was speaking, I heard a splash alongside, and the whole boat was in an uproar,—the work of death had commenced. The other man and myself both remonstrated against such cold blooded proceedings, and said—"if we are to die, let us die fair—let us cast lots." "Very well," said the mate, "they will throw you overboard next." I then drew my sheath-knife, and swore, that whoever should lay a hand on me, should share my fate. The mate then called a tall negro, one of the crew, aft, to toss me overboard, but when he saw my knife he went forward, and lent the others a hand. My companion stuck close to me during the whole of the heart-rending scene, determined to defend himself to the last.

One old man, a native of Ireland, when about to be seized, fell upon his knees and entreated them to spare his life, and he would give them all he had. He then drew from his purse a number of sovereigns, and offered them to the crew, but they were thrown aside and himself passed overboard. A lad, about 18 years of age, requested time to say his prayers, which was granted, and when he concluded he said, "I am now prepared—I do not wish you to throw me over board—I will go myself," and he stepped off the gunwale of the boat into the sea. Of all who were thrown overboard, not one, to my knowledge, succeeded in getting on board again. There were no hands cut off, nor any blood spilt; neither did any one, excepting the young man already mentioned, jump overboard voluntarily.

The unfortunate passengers offered no resistance; prayers and entreaties were all they used. "Oh, spare me!" several of them cried, even while they were half overboard. I will not attempt a description of this awful scene—it would melt a heart of stone. I believe there were sixteen thrown overboard.

The boat was hoisted out after she had been lightened; she then rode very well, and made but little water. The following morning I discovered a sail, and communicated the fact to the mate, who said, "By God, Jack, you're a lucky fellow; you have saved your life." The ship that picked us up, as is already known, was the Crescent.—So strong was my indignation against the negro, that upon reaching the Crescent's deck, I seized a leaver and threw it at his head.

All of the crew in the boat, excepting the mate and another man, were foreigners, or as sailors say, Dutchmen, that is men belonging to the continent of Europe.

Upon our arrival at Havre in the Ville de Lyon, the American consul, when made acquainted with the facts, advised me and my companion to remain and give our evidence against the mate and the crew; but we declined, upon the ground that we conceived the testimony of the passengers sufficient. As he was not very urgent, we

were liberated after an examination before the Board of Police.

After my health was somewhat recruited, I shipped on board the Angelo, Capt. Jaques, bound for Newburyport, where I arrived on Wednesday last. I arrived in Boston on Thursday, and have made this statement for the information of the public.

JOHN MESSER, Seaman.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 29.

Our Havana papers to the 16th inst. received by the Virginia Antoinette, contain later dates from the Mexican capital than we had previously received direct.

There is increasing dissatisfaction among the people of Mexico, on account of the onerous port and interior duties levied upon imported merchandise. It is asserted in some of the publications, that the enormous charges, amounting on cottons to 240 per cent. on their cost in Europe, on woollens to 108 per cent. &c. are seldom paid in full; so that the honest merchant cannot live, because vicious persons smuggle their articles across the lines—while the government revenues, from the same cause, are scarcely half so large as they were at rates only one third as high as the present.—The poorer people especially complain, that the duty of the articles which they deem necessary, is three or four times as great as that on goods consumed by the more wealthy. A petition signed by 125 merchants and others of Vera Cruz, states no less than 6 ships have been loaded in English ports for the Pacific coast of Mexico, where they presume the goods will be introduced without paying a dollar of duty.—This they hold to be the legitimate result of extravagant duties; and they quote Lord Palmerston to show that no country can prevent smuggling where enormous exactions are made upon articles which the people desire or deem necessary. It was thought a significant indication that more than half of the petitions were addressed to Santa Anna, instead of the Central Government.

The rumor that Arista had become in bad odour in the capital seems to be confirmed by various articles in the papers.—It appears evident that Arista would be dismissed from his command in the Northern States, if the Central Government had the power or courage to enforce the measure.

A letter from the mineral District of Mazapil states that a violent earthquake was experienced on the night of the 29th of April. The first shock lasted two minutes, and there were five others during the night. It was conjectured, judging from the circumstances and past experience, that news would soon arrive of the breaking out of a volcano. The conductas from Zacatatas to Taltillo, resting for the night at a place called St. Helena, was nearly ruined by the falling of the walls of the house in which they were resting for the night.

Hard to Catch.—"Will you pay me my bill, sir?" said a tailor in Charters street, to a waggish fellow who got into him about a feet.

"Do you owe any thing, sir?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait?"—and he walked off.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning on his creditor, he says—"Are you in debt to any body?"

"Yes, sir," says the tailor.

"Well, why the devil don't you pay?"

"Because I can't get the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition—give us your hand!"—Crescent City.

From the Savannah Republican.

Our readers will recollect an account we published some three months since, in relation to the attempt abduction of a mulatto woman belonging to Maj. Flournoy, of this county. The individual engaged in this unlawful business, belonged to New York, whither he escaped before the officers of the law here could arrest him. Maj. F. had the matter investigated and laid before the Governor of this State, who promptly despatched an agent to the Governor of New York, requesting him to issue a warrant for the arrest of the fugitive. We have seen a letter from the individual who was sent to New York, in which it is stated, that after consultation with the Attorney General, the Governor decided the case was one in which he could not issue a warrant. His reasons for this decision he would communicate without delay to the Governor of this State.

We will not condemn without a hearing the doings of this arch Abolitionist, and therefore make no comment. We shall wait for his "reasons" how ever, with impatience.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Vicksburg Sentinel states that Mr. Porterfield of that city detected a couple of negroes on board a steamboat a few days ago, making their escape to Ohio in a singular manner. They were dressed in Indian costume, with the mane of a horse as a wig on their heads to hide their

woolly locks, with their faces painted.—In this disguise they had travelled from Tennessee; 50 miles east of Nashville, where their master lives. They came from Jackson on the cars and made for the landing, and took passage for Cincinnati, jabbering broken English and pretending Cherokee. Mr. Porterfield looked and suspected them, and walked up to the largest, who was a man, (the other was a woman dressed like a man) and began to examine his hair. The Indian objected, but Porterfield persisted, and pulled off the false scalp, leaving the African head exposed. Both were taken into custody and lodged in jail. They had two pistols well loaded and knives, with plenty of ammunition. They told that they had been instructed as to the mode of escape by abolitionists in Tennessee.

DONT LIKE IT.

I dislike to hear an apology from the pulpit giving preliminary warning of great physical inability to preach, followed up by a tremendous effort which at last grates harshly upon the ear from the very excess of voice on the preacher's part.

I dislike to hear an apology for want of preparation, succeeded by a labored attempt at formal method, nice analysis, pretty figures and the like. If the preacher has been pressed for time, or overrun with Saturday visitors, why let him do the best he can, and most who hear him will be satisfied.

I dislike to hear Hebrew, Greek or Latin fetched into the pulpit by main strength. No body quarrels with man, of course, for burning his oil over the dead languages; but let him keep all that in his study. What do ninety nine hundredths of any popular assembly know or care about roots, and points; Greek articles and all the rest. We want to hear the plain word of God set forth in a plain way clenched and riveted by plain old English common sense, and attended with power from on high." Give us that, and a fig for the rest, unless the preacher wishes to display his learning.

I dislike to see a preacher so vastly nice about his choice of language and mode of gesticulation as to awaken suspicion that he had been hunting over the dictionary for hard, high-flown words; or been practising before a looking-glass at home.

Again—I dislike to hear a minister in a solemn apostrophe to God in prayer, indulge in labored descriptions of the divine attributes, and using the words, "we know that we are not heard for much speaking," as a prelude to a very long prayer. I utterly dislike to hear the Lord's prayer improved upon, by the addition of any thing; as if that divine composition could be bettered.

Does it not approach to the verge of the profane, to hear a minister protest in the pulpit, by "the Eternal?" My blood has sometimes run back upon the heart, chilled at the thoughtless indifference and frequency with which the name of the Supreme Being is repeated by some well meaning but weak judging men. Too much reverence cannot well be exhibited in this matter. And many a minister has room to mend. Finally—I don't like the introduction, at every turn, of that figure of speech called the interjection. Don't it often seem as though the preacher were a straining point without the quantum of genuine feeling! Oh! and Ah! are frequently the faithful indexes of barrenness of thought and poverty of feeling.

To think that one of these words should be profitable to a single individual of that class of men so valuable to the world, so dear to the Church, as the Christian ministry, would afford the highest satisfaction to

SIMON SIMPLE.

The Louisville Journal says that John W. Baer, the individual denominated the "Buck eye Blacksmith," has been removed from the Indian Agency to which he was lately appointed; and the Journal anticipates a growl or two towards the Administration, from John. We don't know how that may be, but we are very much inclined to the opinion that if there is any thing to be found fault with in the business, it was the appointment.—N. Y. Cour.

General Jackson.—Just as our paper is going to press the following was put into our hands:

NASHVILLE, June 22, 1841.

DEAR SIR: General Jackson was taken very ill yesterday morning about 6 o'clock. I took up Dr. Robertson by 1 o'clock, and left him a short time ago, much improved, and quite easy—sleeping; it was an attack of cramp cholera, and I have never seen him so far gone, or so much prostrated. He may recover from this attack, but I fear that he will remain very feeble P.S.—Mr. Crutcher has just got down, and brings favorable accounts of the General. He is still improving.—Globe.

A young lawyer married to one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the city, has been arrested for forgery resorted to for relief from embarrassments brought on by extravagant living. The affair created quite an excitement; the name is suppressed.—Boston Paper.