

Original.

[Written for the *Rising Sun Times*.]

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI---NO. II. FIRST SOCIETY.

Who has ever read the Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, and did not admire their most excellent precepts and maxims? Who has read Mrs. Opie's "On Lying," and not found something applicable to himself? These two books ought, in my opinion, to be found in the Book Case, or if there be no such Case, on the shelf or mantle piece, of every family. Nor should they be permitted to lay there unopened, or become as some old and time-worn and moth-eaten author on the classics. They should be studied well, and well understood by every member of the family, both old and young, male and female. If this were done, and the attention given to them which they so well deserve, my opinion is, that society, at this day, would be far different from what it really is. These books are capable of working a far greater reformation in the customs of Society, and the morals of community, than could be accomplished by my pen, were I to live a thousand years. Permit me, then, to recommend to all classes, to procure these works, if they have them not already, and particularly Lord Chesterfield, and read them over and over again till they are satisfied that they have complied with the instructions they contain.

By this time the reader may be ready to ask what I have to say about "First Society." I might say much more than I intend to—but my object is simple; and I much admire the advice of a great favorite, which is "be short." There is, in all the communities in which it has fallen to my lot to be a member, a certain class of people who arrogate to themselves all the decency, respectability, talent, wealth, and all the finer accomplishments necessary to constitute them *superior* beings, and apply to themselves the title of "First Society." The minute observer of the ways of mankind, can never have any difficulty in pointing out a member of this society, for there are few, indeed, who have the honor to belong to it, but take great pains to let it be known, and to boast that such are, and such cannot be members thereof. For myself, I have never made application to become a member, nor do I think while I keep my senses, I ever shall. And much as I regret that in a country whose highest boast it is that *all* stand upon an equality—that all men are born free and *equal*—that no distinctions can be made—there should exist a class who arrogate to themselves a superiority over their fellow citizens—I say, much as I regret all this, yet I rejoice to see this class, denominating themselves the "First Society," composed of just such characters as they are. To me there is a secret pleasure in it, because, (although it is not Christian-like to take pleasure in the unhappy situation of a fellow mortal,) from the very nature of the Society they are the most uneasy, unhappy, and discontented beings that exist. To some this assertion may seem a little singular; nevertheless, it is strictly true. Picture to yourself, for instance, a man or woman, who make it their especial business to run from house to house, to gather up news and retail it out; and consider what we have gone countenances they wear, should there be a dearth of news, or if it should happen that a story has been heard before they had the pleasure of telling it. They meet with many misfortunes and mishaps, yet they cling to their *first love* with a zeal and a pertinacity worthy of a far better cause.

In my *Introductory* remarks I made a slight allusion to the *mock modesty* which was prevalent in certain classes of Society. In the *first society* of the present day there is none of this. But take its members all in all, there is a greater portion of *ignorance* and *impudence*, than of either gentility, education, or good breeding. These latter ingredients, are the essential requisites for a good society; and I think it needs no argument to sustain this point.

It may be asked what measures this society take to augment their number? In answer, I must say that I am not aware whether any witchcraft, similar to that which we are told exists in Freemasonry, is made use of or not; my own opinion is that the greatest recommendation is a good exterior, with a fine coat; an expert manner of conversation, no matter whether it is sense or nonsense; to look upon work as a disgrace, and view mechanics as a species of slaves; a boast of good parentage and rich relations; a very large portion of impudence; and perhaps, sometimes *wealth* may be necessary. These, taken together, or in part, constitute what is called the "*first society*," by the members themselves; and he who possesses

any of them, can easily gain admittance thereto. I am perfectly willing that "birds of a feather should flock together;" and all that vexes me is to see a certain portion of our fellow citizens in continual fear of this class of persons. Some there are, who by their dread of coming under the lash of the "*first society*," almost acknowledge their exclusive claim to superiority. There is many a hard working, intelligent and worthy man, who does not wish to become the sport of a few *gentry*, and thus keeps himself in the background—he knows that if he ventures across the line established by the *first society*, he immediately becomes an object for them to hunt down. It is thus that they show their fear—and it is thus that many an individual drives himself into obscurity, while at the same time he gives his inferiors an opportunity to exult at his fate.

I should like to see these things done away—I cannot see any good reason why modest, intelligent, and unassuming men should be governed by rules adopted by the impudent, and the ignorant. The truth is though, this is too much the case. A lazy, good-for-nothing trifling fellow, if he can wear a ruffled-shirt, broad-cloth clothes, carry a cane, and wear a large breast pin, no matter whether he is dishonest, or whether he can write his own name—he may be bankrupt in character and fortune—if he can use his tongue, he can go into the *first society*, and sit in judgement on the charter and conduct of all mankind! Now, where is the honest and upright man who should dread of fear such a *character* as this? Surely a man must be weak indeed, if, instead of fearing, he did not look upon such a being with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. I have seen just characters as these: I have heard them too, when their creditors (some honest and hard working people) began to think it was time to get pay, turn in and abuse them, and boast that they had seen better days! and talk about rich relations, &c. &c. I have also seen such characters fall out with one another—but this seldom happens, as it is one of their great objects to be numerous, so that they may have power.

So much for "*first society*." I may, and no doubt will be made a target for the members of this society at which to aim their arrows of envy, malice, and hatred, for thus speaking out boldly of their real character. But I care not for this—it may excite a smile, and may call forth some pity—but it will do nothing more. I wish that every body looked upon them as I do—and would view them as a set of harmless bipeds, who are too ignorant to know any better. If this were the case, I think the society would soon cease to exist.

RICHARD THE SCRIBE.

FOR THE TIMES. LOUISVILLE CANAL.

Never was there a time before when so many flat boats were being put in active preparation at this landing for the Mississippi trade; and I have reason to believe that many of the owners are not fully informed of the situation of the Louisville canal.

Two or three weeks since the canal company advertised that the canal would soon be closed for repairs, &c.; and that on its being opened the tolls would be sixty cents per ton on steam boats, and three cents per foot (surface measure) on flat boats, being an increase of charge of 50 per cent. It is not my object to discuss the *right* or *expediency* of this contemplated extortion charge, but it *ought to be done* by some more able writer. Our first impulse of legal resistance to this insult is that the U. S. Government ought much rather build a new canal from Jeffersonville, than to purchase the present one at the great advance asked; and then, let the company use their own canal, and tax themselves as high as they please. But I am informed that the company feel assured against such a course; for recently I heard a highly respectable Louisvillian say that "the company had no fears that the U. States would ever build another canal, as they owned so much in the present one."

The new canal toll on flat boats will be, viz.—

On a boat 60 feet by 16 feet, \$23.30

" 70 " 17 " 35.70

" 30 " 18 " 43.20

and on all other sizes in like proportion.

The canal is now closed; and when it is to be again opened appears to be uncertain. All the information I have upon the subject is quite vague. The Commercial Register of Louisville, date 13th August, inst. has this laconic paragraph on the subject: "The canal is now closed. It will remain so for some weeks for the purpose of removing obstructions."

My sole object in penning this is to

bring the canal business more fully before our citizens who are engaged in the river trade, that they may, if they think proper, take measures to ascertain what they are to encounter or expect at the falls, and prepare therefor, rather than put off as formerly and be put to inconvenience there.

H.

We find the following letter in the last number of the Weekly Messenger, with some very severe *notes* appended to it, which we omit. We presume the author had no idea of ever seeing it in print, or he would have been more careful and not have written quite so many falsehoods—as the fact is, it is a real *mess of stuff*, and contains little or no truth at all. Our reasons for publishing it are, to let people at a distance know that its assertions are false; and to let people at home see what kind of neighbors they have.

From the Delaware [Delhi, N. Y.] Gazette.

We publish by request the following extracts from a letter from a gentleman formerly resident in Meredith, in this county, to a friend in that place, dated at Allenville, Switzerland county, Indiana, May 15, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—I will endeavor to give you a description of this region of country and the inhabitants as far as my observation and information extends. In doing which I "shall neither extenuate nor set down aught in malice," as said Othello, but speak of it as it is.

You would not be much interested with the particulars of our journey, even if I could give a faithful narrative,—how 70 of us were crammed into a little canal boat and how 500 of us were sea sick on Lake Erie for two days together. Suffice it to say, we arrived safe at a little village called the Rising Sun, on the north bank of the Ohio river, and about 30 miles below Cincinnati, on the 17th day after we left Meredith. Here we remained about a week when we moved about nine miles in the county of Switzerland, Indiana, and took up our residence in a comfortable log house "surrounded by a very fine country, all settled by thriving farmers"—so we are told.

Our first enquiry was for something to eat, not doubting we should find, if not milk and honey, a plenty of good wheat and something in the likeness of meat. We called on the nearest farmer, a man who has a large farm, a very friendly man and one that I should think as well off as any of his neighbors.—Can you let us have some flour? we asked. No. Can you let us have some pork? No. Can you let us have some corn? No. And thus went through with the whole list of eatables and drinkables, and the answer was uniformly no, I have not enough for my own family. He finally concluded to spare us a peck or half bushel potatoes and three pints milk. It so happened we brought with us a cheese, part of a ham and two or three loaves of bread, and with these and the half bushel potatoes we got along for two or three days, in the mean time we found another "large farmer" who let us have two chickens, and an old rooster, and another who had killed a cow let us have a few pounds of beef. This is not fiction but facts. For four miles around among the inhabitants who had resided here from ten to eighteen years, and almost every section inhabited by farmers, we found it impossible to get the necessities of life. They had corn growing, but not ripe. They had pork growing, but not fit to kill, and their crop of wheat almost entirely cut off.

Our interested friends and cousins here were very anxious to explain to us the cause of the scarcity of provisions; and when they recommended the country very highly for wheat I just barely asked them where they threshed their wheat? You may look for miles together and not find even an apology for a barn and our good friends would make us believe there was no great necessity of a barn in this country. And the delusion was not dispelled until about the 20th of November, when our winter set in and with as much severity as you ever have a recent I heard a highly respectable Louisvillian say that "the company had no fears that the U. States would ever build another canal, as they owned so much in the present one."

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all the advantages of a stiff clay soil; and if you ever live on clay soil you know by experience how comfortable it is travelling in clay mud—if not it is out of my power to describe the horrors of it. As far as I can learn the land produces 20 to 25 bushels of corn to the acre; same of oats, and 5 to 15 wheat. Apples flourish well here, and without exception the best apples I ever eat. The same kind of apples here are altogether richer than at the east. Pears will flourish well if cultivated and also cherries. But alas for peaches, I find peach trees very plenty here but few peaches. They do not have peaches often, than once in five or six years. The prospect is we shall have some this year if the frost does not kill them.

The region of country around where we are located is very poorly watered: no permanent streams of water and very few springs. This I find to be a serious difficulty in all this part of the state. I have on my premises a living spring and I have been told there was not another as good within five miles of me. All our permanent mills are propelled by steam. The principal timber is oak of all kinds and hickory, and in addition we have some black walnut, whitewood, whitensh, maple, beech, locust, button-ball, &c. &c. &c. The inhabitants appear to be very friendly (if you will pay them for it,) and as much refined as could be expected.

Before purchasing I took a tour on towards the interior of the state and across into Ohio, and not finding much difference in the quality of the soil except in the vicinity of rivers, where you find a very rich alluvial soil, we purchased here. As for myself I consider it only temporarily. What we have purchased we purchased at a bargain, and I think we shall be able to sell it for as much or more than we gave.

As regards temperance I would say they are considerably in the back grounds, yet I have assisted in forming two temperance societies, in two different towns since I have been here, and I see nothing in the way of temperance flourishing as soon as they get a little more enlightened on the subject.

The inhabitants are not yet ashamed to send a notorious drunkard to legitimate for them in their State Senate.

The prevailing religion is methodist and they not very numerous.

Education, as in many other sections is rather neglected. The legislature has heretofore done more to build up colleges and schools of a higher order than they have common schools. The people are talking largely about canals and rail roads, but probably talking will be all. If they would do something for the bettering of common roads I should be very glad.

To conclude, I must say, that with all the advantages of this region of country and all the labored recommendations of our good friends, I should not advise any one to locate as far down as we are, but somewhere from the middle of the state north for fifty miles, and running thence across the state and continuing into Illinois widening out to one hundred miles, a very desirable location might be obtained.

My family have all enjoyed good health since we have been here, and far as they are concerned no one has been homesick in the least. With all the disadvantages here I believe this to be as healthy as Meredith, except it be cholera, to which the inhabitants have been considerably subject in all this part of the state.

LYNCING A JUDGE!—The glorious work of reforming and simplifying our administration of justice, by the substitution of the Code Lynch for the Common Law, progresses swimmingly.—Recently, one William Boyd was tried in Nicholas Co. Kentucky, for a homicide, found guilty of manslaughter by the jury, and by them sentenced to three years and two months imprisonment. A motion was made for a new trial, which was granted by Judge Brown, and the prisoner admitted to bail. Hereupon the sovereign took the case in hand, and charging a fire engine with filthy water, proceeded to drench therewith the Judge, and then to hang and burn him in effigy.—The District Attorney shared in the shower of popular favor bestowed upon the Judge, which he took kindly, and attributed it to his being caught in bad company.

A public meeting of the citizens of Bardstown recently resolved to erect a monument to the memory of those volunteers who went from that place to Texas, and were slaughtered in the Goliad massacre. They also adopted a resolution, recommending retaliation on the part of the Texans, for the inhuman cruelties committed by Santa Anna.

AMERICAN OIL WELL.

About ten years since, while boring for salt water, near Bakersville, Ky., after penetrating through solid rock, upwards of 260 feet, a fountain of pure oil was struck, which was thrown up in a continued stream more than 12 feet above the surface of the earth. Although in quantity somewhat abated, after the discharge of the first few minutes during which it was supposed to emit 75 gallons a minute; it still continued to flow for several days successively.—The well being on the margin and near the mouth of a small creek, emptying into the Cumberland river, the oil soon found its way thither, and for a long time covered its surface. Some gentlemen below, curious to ascertain whether the oil would take fire, applied a torch; quick as a flash was exhibited the astonishing spectacle of the surface of the river in a blaze, which soon climbed the most elevated cliffs and scorched the summit of the loftiest trees, to the no small discomfiture of some of the neighbors. It ignites freely, and produces a flame as brilliant as gas. Its qualities were then unknown, but a quantity was barrelled, most of which soon leaked out. It is so penetrating as to be difficult to confine in wooden vessels, and has so much gas as frequently to burst bottles when filled and tightly corked. It is extremely volatile, has a strong, pungent and indescribable smell, and tastes much like the heart of a pitch pine.

For a short time after the discovery, a small quantity of the oil would flow whilst pumping the salt water, which led to the impression that it could always be drawn by pumping. But all subsequent attempts to obtain it, except by a spontaneous flow, have entirely failed. There have been two spontaneous flows within the two last six years.—The last commenced on the 4th July, 1835, and continued about six weeks, during which 20 barrels of oil were obtained. The oil and the salt water which is invariably combined during these flows, are forced up into the pump, supposed by the gas, above 200 feet, and thence through the spout into a covered trough, where the water soon becomes disengaged and settles at the bottom, whilst the oil is readily skimmed from the surface. A rumbling noise, resembling distant thunder, uniformly attends the flowing of the oil, whilst the gas which is then visible every day at the top of the pump, leads the passing stranger to enquire whether the well is on fire.

The Baltimore Athenaeum mentions a curious case for the lawyers, as having recently occurred in that city. A laboring man engaged himself to dig a cellar in Old Town a few weeks ago, and was to have, according to agreement, the dirt which should be taken out in the excavation. While at work he found a jar containing a considerable quantity of gold and silver, and very naturally concluded that it of course belonged to himself; but the owner of the property, hearing of his luck, put in a claim for the money on the ground that only the *dirt* was to belong to the laborer; this the laborer resisted, upon the plea that the understanding was that he was to have all that he took out of the cellar. The case is now undergoing legal investigation.—Metropolitan.

GOLD MINES.—The gold mines at the South appear to be yielding liberally the precious metal. Hughes' mine in Fluvanna county, Va. with ten hands employed, and one small mill, affords an average of more than \$100 per day. A mine on Col. Bowles' land, in the same vicinity, is said to be still richer. A letter from Fluvanna, published in the Richmond Inquirer, says, "The day is just dawning on gold mining in this region of the country, and it must contribute largely to the sound currency which is endeavored to be established."

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.—The people of the valley of the Mississippi are persuaded that the Texian contest will terminate in the conquest of Mexico. The Grand Gulf (Miss.) Advertiser says: "As it is pretty well understood that the uprise of Texas is based upon the downfall of Mexico, there will be no lack of volunteers, particularly in the autumn, when there will be an open road to the ancient city of Montezuma."—N. Y. Star.

HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has been invited by the City Councils of Boston to deliver a Eulogy before the Bostonians on the character of the deceased MADISON. The ceremonies in honor of the Sage of Montpelier are expected to take place late in August.

The mills in Dearborn county in this State are now offering 87 1/2 cents per bushel for wheat. This is the highest price we have noticed in any of our exchange papers.

Indianian, Charlestown.