



VINCENNES.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1845.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers for our lack of editorial matter this week. The length of Mr. Judah's Temperance Address is the cause; nor do we regret it, because the Address is truly an excellent one—one that should be read by every body, and one which cannot be too highly prized.

Mr. Robert Sears, editor and proprietor of the "New Monthly Family Magazine" will please send us the first volume of his Monthly Magazine, in lieu of a volume of his "Pictorial Publications."

The reader is respectfully requested to read the Prospectus of the "Indiana Farmer and Gardener," on the fourth page of to-day's Gazette.

VINCENNES, Jan. 15, 1845.

SAMUEL JUDAH, SIR:—Having listened to the very able address, delivered by you on last evening in the Presbyterian Church, on the subject of Temperance, and believing that much good would result to that cause from the publication and distribution of said address, we respectfully and earnestly request the favor of a copy for publication.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servants,
WM. BURTCHE,
SAMUEL WISE,
GEO. D. HAY,
H. P. BROKAW,
B. H. CORNWELL,
A. GARDNER,
N. SMITH,
C. M. ALLEN,
JOSEPH ROSEMAN.

ADDRESS.

It is now about three years since more than five hundred persons in Vincennes, pledged themselves to the Temperance Reformation. It was a reformation indeed. Its effects are not yet forgotten. It closed the houses of the vendors of liquid fire amongst us. It stayed the downward course of many good men, then almost tottering on the edge of that proclivity, from whose bottom, when once reached, there is scarcely any return. And it restored peace and comfort, and hope—hope, in whose

Sweet garden grow,
Wreathes for each toil, a charm for every woe,
To many of the firesides of our borough. But it is said, that to a great extent, these effects have passed away. It is said, that of those who then pledged themselves to abstinence from the use of alcohol, a large number have returned to its use, some occasionally, some freely, and many dangerously. And it is said that it is now—even after so short a time—necessary for those, who desire to secure proper examples for their sons and dependents—who wish the welfare of their relatives, friends and neighbors—who hope to witness the continued prosperity of our community, to make an effort to recall those who have abandoned their pledge, and again to attempt to save those who formerly refused to give up the poisonous cup.

This, then, my friends, is the object of our meeting. Hence, it is proper that we should consider why those, who once devoted themselves to the practice of Temperance, have backslid, and why such as these and all men, should abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks.

Why is it that those, who once devoted themselves to the practice of Temperance, have backslid? Because they were tempted again and again—and though they resisted once and again, at last they were overcome—overcome by opportunity and importunity. For I assume the position as undoubtedly true—as beyond contradiction, that no man who has been in the habit of regular tipping, and has once overcome the habit, by the aid of the Temperance pledge, or from the force of other circumstances, but rejoiced in his deliverance—but rejoiced in the freshness of a sweetened breath, healthy muscles, and clear intellect, and in the gladness of improved health, improved spirits, and improved prospects, and in his own self-respect. These, then, backslid because, being tempted by opportunity and importunity, at some moment of excitement, from pleasure or pain, or at some moment of weariness, or vexation, or distress, forgetful of the past, and careless or desolate as to the future, they fell. Thus fell, my friends, the Father, Husband, Brother, Son!

Unhappy man! Who drinks, alast but to forget; nor sees That melancholy sloth, severe disease, Memory confused, and interrupted thought, Death's harbinger, he latent in the draught, And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl. Fell address his, and poisonous serpents roll! Here then we have the causes: opportunity and importunity. Let us consider them, and separately, for they deserve it.

Opportunity is that which invites us to action—which tempts us to embrace the moment for taking the step. The great English moralist has somewhere written "That every man is obliged, by the Supreme Maker of the Universe, to im-

prove all the opportunities of good which are afforded him." But poor human nature is much more apt to improve its opportunities of evil; to forget its cares; to drown its sorrows; to gratify its propensities, and to indulge its passions. In reference then to the subject under consideration, opportunity consists in the present facilities for drinking.

There is a tide in the affairs of men.

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; There is another tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to drunkenness, disgrace and death; and this tide, for the reformed tippler, may flood whenever liquor is convenient, and the state of body or mind suits its use.

This opportunity will scarcely ever occur at home; but from home—all that is the rob! that from home!—and that is for you to think of, my female friends.—Have you ever thought—those of you I mean, whose Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Sons, spend their leisure time, their idle days, their evenings from home—have you thought why this is so? If you have not, it is time you should think of it. It is more important than the shawl, or the fashion of that dress—more important than the last great meeting or the last party—more important to you than the last marriage, or birth, or death, than any social event, than any thing indeed that you have thought of lately. It is for you the most important question connected with your earthly state. It involves the happiness, prosperity, the respectability of yourself and family.

Why is it then, wife, why is it that your husband spends his leisure time from home? Why is it that he prefers some lounging place, some store room, some street corner, some bar-room, or some grocery, to his own fire side? It is, most probably, because his home is not as it should be. Perhaps he loves neatness and order. If so, he may feel disgust when he looks around. Perhaps he loves peace and quiet. If so, your children may have been spoiled, and he may not naturally prefer even a grocery to a menagerie. Perhaps you are ill tempered, cross, peevish. Perhaps you have the faculty of making disagreeable, bitter, cutting remarks in an exceedingly mild, amiable and gentle manner. If so, be assured, my dear, he will rush from the hell within to the hell without—to where

The public haunt, Full of each theme, and wain with mix'd discourse, Hums indistinct, or where

The sons of riot flow, Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy, To swift destruction.

On the rankled soul The gaming fury falls, and in one gulf Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace, Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

But perhaps, none of these remarks apply to your case. Perhaps you are what you should be, "Heaven's last, best gift to man," indeed. Perhaps you are such as Pope describes:

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded eye Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;

She who never answers till a husband cools,

Or if she rules him, never shews she rules;

Charms by accepting, by submitting sway,

Yets has her humor most when she obeys."

You may be all this, and yet your husband may be inclined to wander. If so, there may be a gradual remedy within your reach. Give him pleasant occupation at your fire side—make his evenings at home interesting to him. Read to him. Contrive that he shall read to you. Read to one another, and to your children. Give a man peace, comfort and occupation at home, and he will stay at home, or he is a brute, and beyond our reach.

And so it is, parents, with your sons.—Afford to the boy an opportunity to be comfortable at home, with an opportunity for such occupation there, as may be agreeable to him; furnish to him resources at home, and teach him to use them; set him a proper example of rational occupation for his leisure, and you will not find him roaming from corner to corner in search of a resting place. You will not find him, as he grows older, slipping into the groceries—and he will not learn to pass from the groceries to the gambling dens.

This subject—innocent occupation for our hours of relaxation from business or study—reminds me of an advantage which we of Vincennes possess over other towns of its size, and which, to our disgrace, is most shamefully neglected by all classes. We have here a large public library—near 2,000 volumes—a great collection of books, of all sorts, excepting French novels—fitted for all capacities, and treating of almost all subjects. The cost of access to it is within the reach of every family. The annual contribution to it is a mere nothing—not as much as every regular tippler spends every week, and sometimes in a night or day; and yet, to our disgrace, with entire truth I say, it is neglected by all classes. It is neglected by the Ministers of Religion, by the Lawyers, the Doctors, the Merchants and Mechanics. It is neglected by all, even by our students. Our Ministers should not neglect it. They should watch over it, and advise, though they could not control, the selection of books made for it. They should set an example to their flocks in its use, and if their store of learning be such, that further reading be unnecessary for the acquisition of professional knowledge, they yet may be assured that constant reading is necessary, to make their sermons interesting to sinners, if not to saints. Our Lawyers and our Doctors and their students neglect it, and thereby show that they do not cultivate their habits of study, and that they do not value general

knowledge. If they were students, they would want relief from mere professional studies. If their minds were improved, they would value general knowledge. If we, the professional men of Vincennes, were as we ought to be, we would value and we would use that Library. And then our Merchants, too, neglect the Library. Some of them have never looked into it. Some of them perhaps do not know that there is such an institution.—In the cities, in other towns, the merchants have formed mercantile library associations. In New York there is published a merchant's magazine, which has merit and has obtained a very high rank in the periodical literature of our country. One only of our merchants, I believe, is a subscriber to our library—one only of them—to be sure he is one of our most valued citizens—has attended the meetings of the share holders, or shown the least interest in the concern. Now I know, that our merchants are generally occupied with their business, and that they are economical men. But they have young men in their employ as clerks.—They have families growing up. They should recall that these young men, that these lads and lasses, cannot, will not, concentrate the powers of their minds on the contemplation of tape, bobbin and shuttle—on the census tables: Rockingham had 45,971 inhabitants, but Essex had 91,787. Rockingham had not any college, and had 19 academies, with 1,015 scholars, and 243 common schools, with 10,618 scholars. But Essex had its own college, with 125 students, and had 44 academies, with 2,109 scholars, and 338 common schools, with 19,269 scholars. In commercial capital, as in soil and produce, Rockingham has the advantage. Its commercial capital is given at \$1,800,000, while that of Essex is only \$1,007,600. In corporation capital, these counties are nearly equal, the annual corporate product of each being about \$1,500,000. Nevertheless, the number of students and scholars in Essex, is near half the total population of Rockingham. Whence, then, you may ask, the support for this superior population? Whence, then, you should ask, the wealth and prosperity that can support these wonderful facilities for education?

My friends, Rockingham possessed only 2,514 mechanics and tradesmen; while Essex counted 13,984 mechanics and tradesmen—more than five for one. Besides in Essex, (and this is the matter to which I wish your particular attention,) in Essex county, every man whose calling occupies him but a part of the year, spends the residue in some branch of productive industry. But it is time that I should return. If the reformed tippler can be induced to remain at home—if he can be made content—comfortable there—happy there—it is not probable that he will return to the use of alcohol—he will escape the opportunity.

But I will let Mr. Peabody state the matter:

I have had the curiosity to compare as to their modes and amounts of industry, our county of Rockingham and Essex county, Massachusetts. You all know how many cheerless regions there are in our own county, where the lazy hand of cultivation competes with the wild growth of the sluggard's field; where every homestead looks dilapidated, and every fence adapted to the convenience of ruant cattle. In the interior of the country you seldom pass a work shop, except that of an occasional blacksmith, and he seldom does more than keep suitably ironed the wheels and hoofs in his neighborhood. In Essex, with inferior natural advantages, you hardly find a spot that does not suggest associations of good thrift, comfort and prosperity. An Essex county farmer with fifty or sixty acres of uneven, rocky, and unpromising land, will surround himself with all the comforts of life, and at the same time add to his property every year. With a farm two or three times as large, and of much better land, a Rockingham farmer will barely sustain his family. The reason is, that the Essex county farmer, and all his family are manufacturers also.—He has, if nothing else, his shoemaker's shop, where he and his sons work in the winter and in rainy weather. His wife and daughters do their part in braiding straw or making Palm leaf hats. The two counties have each about the same number of farmers, and about the same amount invested in foreign commerce.—From these sources I am disposed to think that Rockingham derives the largest revenue. But Essex county supports twice the population, and in a very much higher style of comfort; and she does it by her manufacturing industry. Of persons called mechanics and manufacturers there are nearly six times as many in Essex as in Rockingham, and as I said before, besides, every farmer is a mechanic. It is a rare thing to find a farmer without a trade there, as it is to find one with a trade here. The fishermen too are mechanics—and every man whose nominal calling occupies him but a part of the year, spends the residue in some branch of productive industry. The gross proceeds of the manufacturing industry of Rockingham does not exceed \$2,000,000 per year, of which \$1,400,000 or more, consists of the products of corporations; whilst the boot and shoe manufacture of Essex county exceeds \$5,000,000 and its entire manufacture amounts to \$10,000,000 of which about \$1,500,000 represent the proceeds of corporate enterprise, and the residue is the fruit of private industry.

I have already spoken of the necessity of securing rational occupation at home for our leisure hours. I have pointed out the use which might be made of the library. There is another subject connected with this, to which I desire to attract the attention of the heads of our borough. We have a class of men amongst us, who now seem, to a great extent, destitute of employment in winter. Such are all mechanics connected with the erection of buildings; and there are others. Amongst them are some valuable citizens, and some promising young men. If practicable, employment should be found for these men.

I was lately engaged in conversation with a friend respecting Massachusetts and New Hampshire, which led to an examination of the census tables, and elicited some striking facts. Some person had

sent to me a copy of a lecture, delivered in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, on the means of improving the business of that town. It gave rise to our conversation. Essex county in Massachusetts and Rockingham county in New Hampshire, join each other on their longest side. The size of these counties, the climate, the soil, the natural advantages, are about the same—or rather, in all these respects, Rockingham has the advantage. Rockingham had, when the census was taken, 6,000 persons engaged in farming, and Essex then had 7,610. But Rockingham produced 204,000 bushels of corn, 805,000 bushels of potatoes, and 57,000 tons of hay; whilst Essex produced only 166,000 bushels of corn, 437,000 bushels of potatoes, and 48,000 tons of hay. With all these advantages—on the same coast, inhabited by the same race of men, living under the same free institutions, it is nevertheless true, my friends, that Rockingham county is not to be compared to Essex county in intelligence, prosperity, comfort, in moral or physical improvement, in any, indeed, of the evidences of results of high civilization, rightly directed.

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