



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. BURTON,  
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 backslided, 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 backslided? 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 rejoined in his delivery—but rejoined 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, backslided 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 desperate as to the Future, they fell. Thus fell, my friends, the Father, Husband, Brother, Son!

'Unhappy man!  
Who drinks, alas! to forget; nor sees  
That melancholy slouch, severe disease,  
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,  
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,  
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl.  
Fell adds his hiss, 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 flow 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—ah! that is the rub! 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 quality of that bonnet, or the color of that 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, he assured, my dear, he will rush from the hell within to the hell without—to where

'The public haunt,  
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,  
Hums indistinct,  
Or where

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

'On the rank'd 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 ray  
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 ways,  
Yet 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 grocer's—and he will not learn to pass from the groceries to the gambling dens.

This subject—inocent 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 merited 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 recollect 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 twenty per cents. They will have idle time. They will have occupation for such time, and if they are not provided with opportunities for innocent occupation, and if they are not taught to enjoy such occupations, they will seek and find others. Card parties, stews, fricasees, drinking, and gambling will amuse the leisure of the young men; whilst French novels, dress, and one unceasing titillation will occupy the young ladies. If our merchants are so intelligent that they have no need to read, or if they cannot make time to read, or if they will not read, yet they should encourage this library. It is their interest to encourage their clerks to read. It is their interest and their duty to teach and to encourage their children to cherish the habit of reading; and as citizens, claiming and occupying a prominent station in society, they should encourage and aid their fellow-citizens to spend their leisure innocently and pleasantly in the acquisition of knowledge. A few of our mechanics, more than of the merchants, are share holders. Yet too few, to the town's disgrace; too few for the credit or welfare of this class of men, so important to the prosperity of both town and country; too few for their own true respectability and for the happiness and welfare of their children.

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 there—comfortable there—happy there—it is not probable that he will return to the use of alcohol—he will escape the opportunity.

Importantly, the solicitation of friends and associates to join them in drinking, is the other cause of backsliding to which I have alluded. This often occurs at the houses of our friends. For there are yet amongst us men, and some of them good men too, who, from a love of ardent spirits, or from a weak and erroneous estimation of liberal and generous house keeping, or from a vain imitation of fashionable life, persist in keeping intoxicating liquors; and thinking it hospitable to invite their guests to participate in their own good things, solicit them to take the cup of physical and moral poison. But it more often occurs when men meet at taverns, or in groceries, or on public occasions. And here, as in the dwellings of our friends, the tempter assumes the guise of sociability—of liberality—of friendship.

And yet, my friends, can you believe that there is any man so destitute of the ordinary powers of observation, as not to know the evil consequences which the use of spirits brings to almost all men? Can you believe that there is any one so dull as not to know, that the progress of this vice is gradual—that indeed each glass is but one more step to the perfect habit? If so, is it not strange that sensible and intelligent men, good men and clever fellows, men who have heads to think and hearts to feel, and hands to aid in the service of their friends on all ordinary occasions, that such men as these, should think it friendship to tempt us, to invite us, to importune us to our ruin? Such friendship is indeed

'But a name—  
A charm that lulls to sleep.'

It is such as that, which is by some one well described, as the friendship which

'May a while subside  
Between the sot and sensualist,  
For vicious ends connected.'

There is no true friendship in asking one to participate in that which is evil, or which leads to evil. But to invite, to solicit, to tempt the reformed tippler, again to take the cup of poison, is without excuse. It is a crime.

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 7,640. 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 48,940 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 or results of high civilization, rightly directed. Let us take a few illustrations from 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 13,981 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 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 in vain with the wild growths of the sluggard's field; where every homestead looks dilapidated, and every fence adapted to the convenience of truant 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 as rare a thing to find a farmer without a trade here, 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.'

That residue, my friends, is \$8,500,000 annually, which you may contrast with \$800,000 annually, the gross product of the same classes—the farmers and mechanics not employed by incorporated companies—in Rockingham. The population is as two to one, but the gross proceeds are as fourteen to one. The gross product of each inhabitant of Rockingham is thirteen dollars and a third, whilst the gross product of each inhabitant of Essex is eighty-nine dollars and a half, exclusive of agriculture, commerce and corporate companies in each county.

Hence the wonderful wealth, comfort, and civilization of Essex county. Mr. Peabody states the value of the Palm leaf hats made in Massachusetts chiefly by female laborers at \$610,000 annually, and the value of the straw bonnets made chiefly by female laborers also, at more than \$1,250,000 annually. I have made these long statements, for the purpose of exhibiting the results of regular employment; and of enforcing on the attention of our wealthy and benevolent merchants, the propriety of, and their own interest in, providing employment in the winter, for those of our mechanics who can only labor at their trades in the warm season. These men can all learn, and I believe would all gladly learn to braid straw and palm leaf, and to make common shoes, if they were furnished with the material for the one, and with the facilities for making sales for all.

For this, and for these, they are dependant on the merchants. Will some one risk a few dollars in the importation from Boston of a little Palm Leaf? Will some one, risk a few dollars, and a little trouble, in the attempt to introduce the manufacture, as a regular winter labour, of coarse shoes, into our Borough? He who shall do this, will not only add to his business, but he will add to the comfort of families; and he will rescue from the dangers and temptations, and from the opportunities and importunities, which idleness—an idleness now too often forced—presents to the use of ardent spirits, and to habits of intoxication, many of our best men, who now roam from corner to corner, from store to store, from grocery to grocery, almost a burthen to themselves, their families and friends. He who shall do this, will merit the name, Merchant, indeed—and whether he succeeds in piling wealth on wealth in his own coffers or not, when he shall pay the great debt we all owe to nature, he will leave behind him a claim to the grateful remembrance of his townsmen, which will secure a more enduring monument, than lands or houses, or sculptured stone can give.

But, why should those who have been tempted to leave us, and why should all men abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors?

Because all experience proves, that it is a habit which grows on man—on some faster, on some slower—but on all certainly, and because, all experience proves that this habit, thus constantly increasing, as constantly and certainly, effects the body and the mind. Each one who indulges knows it, and knows it well—we all know it—sometimes the body is inflamed, bloated; sometimes it is emaciated—but it is always affected—and Chymists have taught us the reason—the alcohol we drink consumes a portion of that oxygen in the arterial blood, provided by nature for the continuance of healthy action.

The mind, too, of the tippler, is affected as certainly as the body. Who doubts it? Who so hardy as to deny it? Here in our own town, again and again, we have witnessed public exhibitions of that demoralization, which only the use of ardent spirits can produce. The Minister of Religion, who thus degrades himself, is soon exposed and driven from the trust he has betrayed. The Lawyer may continue for a time to impose on his clients, and to earn his fees by false pretences, but he will gradually lose his business. And the Doctor—what shall I say of the dram drinking Doctor? what of his patients, what of the parents, and husbands, and wives, and friends, who blindly trust to his discretion and skill? With blunted attention, confused memory, and impaired judgement, sensibilities dulled, feelings imbruted, and temper irritated, the Doctor may commit murder blindly. But how much better or worse than the Doctor, is the parent, or relative, or friend who called him? Such is human nature! whilst the Minister of Religion, suspected of the free use of intoxicating drinks, is driven from the desk, which he can only disgrace, and the Lawyer, who permits himself to become a regular toper, gradually loses the business of his clients, whose pockets only can suffer—the Doctor may continue a life time of drunkenness, blindly tampering continually with life. Alas! my friends, it is melancholy thus to repeat only the truth upon such a subject. Once, in a neighboring village, I walked into its Grave Yard, and was astonished at the number of its graves. I wondered that such a location, and such a stout and hardy looking people, should have been so unhealthy. My wonder ceased, when I recollected that the most popular Physician there, for twenty years, had been continually under the influence of whisky or opium. On inquiry, I found that his most popular successors continued the same habits—and the people continued to die!

'In the tempting bowl  
'Of poisoned nectar, sweet oblivion swirl.'  
I have only to say that the results are certain, and may be pictured forth without much imagination.

'Your means, your health, your parts decay;  
'Your friends avoid you; brutishly transformed,  
'They hardly know you; or, if one remain,  
'To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
'Despair, onward, you fall, who might have left  
'A sacred cherisher, sadly pleasing name,  
'A name still to be uttered with a sigh.'

For the families of such as these, there is generally some provision, the relics of property left, family connections or family friends left, to save them from destitution, when the drunkard's grave is closed. But for that other more numerous class, who depend on the daily exertion of personal

industry or skill for their support, the mischiefs produced by a tipping husband and father, are infinitely worse.

'Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts  
'His every action, and imbrutes the man.'

His drink consumes the money that should feed and clothe his wife and children. They neglected, pine at home, while he drinks. They go hungry and naked that he may drink. It is hard to contemplate such results, and not join Cowper in his honest indignation, and exclaim with him,

'Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck,  
'Who starves his own, who persecutes the blood,  
'He gave them in his children's veins, and hates,  
'And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love.'

Surely, my friends, all men should abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors; those in danger from a habit of excess, to shun the deadly danger; and all others, from caution, as respects themselves, and for the sake of example, as respects others; and these, one would think, were reasons sufficient for the wise and the prudent, for the good and the benevolent, for all who can or will think.

An Act to amend the act to establish a levee from the town of Vincennes through the Lower Prairie near the Wabash river to the Grand Coulee, approved February 2, 1833.

SECTION I.  
BE it enacted by the General Assembly of the state of Indiana, That Pierre Andre, Vinet Bousha, John Richardville, William Butch and Benjamin M. Thomas, and their successors in office to be appointed annually, as hereinafter provided, be, and they are hereby appointed commissioners for the purpose of improving and keeping up a good and sufficient levee and public highway, from the high ground in the town of Vincennes, along the Wabash river to the Grand Coulee south of said town, and to extend said levee around said coulee, as a majority of the inhabitants of what is termed the Lower Prairie south of the boundaries of said town, acting with the owners of property within said boundaries, may from time to time in public meeting, to be convened after ten days public notice in a newspaper printed in said town determine and direct.

SECTION II.  
That it shall be the duty of Knox county commissioners, or board doing county business at their first session, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, and at their first session, annually thereafter to appoint five citizens residing in Vincennes township, who shall be interested as owners or holders of land in said lower prairie in maintaining and improving the utility and stability of said levee as commissioners under this act, and the act to which this is an amendment, any three or more of whom are hereby empowered, and shall be deemed fully authorized to act in all cases touching the premises.

SECTION III.  
If the commissioners or any of them herein appointed, or hereafter be appointed, refuse to qualify by taking an oath to perform the duties required of them by this and the act of which it is an amendment, faithfully and impartially, or refuse to act, die, or resign within the period of their appointment, it shall be the duty of the board of County Commissioners or board doing county business of said county of Knox on being apprised and satisfied of the fact when in session, to appoint some suitable person or persons as aforesaid, to fill the vacancy and to serve during the unexpired portion of the year.

SECTION IV.  
That so much of the act to which this is an amendment as comes within the purview of this act, be, and the same is hereby repealed, and all other of the enactments thereof are to be deemed valid and in full force.

SECTION V.  
This act to take effect and be in force from, and after its publication in the newspapers printed at Vincennes.

A. C. STEVENSON,  
Speaker of the House of Reps.  
JESSE D. BRIGHT,  
President of the Senate.  
Approved, January 8th, 1845.

JAS. WHITCOMB.  
INDIANA, to-wit:  
This certifies that the foregoing is a correct copy of the original roll on file in my office, in testimony whereof, I, William Sheets, Secretary of state of the state of Indiana, have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of said state, at Indianapolis, the 14th day of January, 1845.

Wm. SHEETS.  
January 23, 1845—34-3w.

MARRIED.  
On the 10th instant by the Rev. Doct. Hall, Mr. WILLIAM C. SCOTT, of this place, to Miss MARIA FRANCES H. CRAWFORD, of West Lebanon, Miami county, Ind.

With the above notice we received a nice slice of Wedding cake. It has been a long time since any one has been thoughtful enough thus to favor us; we therefore cannot help making mention of it. May the happy couple never know sorrow except by name, and may their sun of happiness never set.

On Thursday the 16th inst., by John T. Boyd, Esq., Mr. HENRY CORTON to Miss ELIZABETH GETTY, all of this county.

LOST.  
ON Tuesday last the subscriber lost a small Microscope, by having a "hole in his pocket." Any person finding and returning it to the undersigned, shall be suitably rewarded. It was enclosed in a pasteboard case.

R. Y. CADDINGTON.  
Jan. 23, 1845.

PILL CHARGE BUT LITTLE.  
I will act as Agent for all non-residents who own land in Knox county, Indiana, in seeing their taxes paid, their lands leased, or rented, and prevent the destruction of their timber, (if possible), as a reasonable compensation, providing they will entrust me with such agency. Auditor of the county it will come directly in my line of business, and be certain to meet with prompt attention. W. says so to mine!

SAM'L H. ELLIOTT.  
Jan. 23, 1845.—34—tf.