

mashed my toe."] "Cross over and *chassez*, to the right and back again," [I wonder if supper's ready, it must be after ten.] But now the music stopped, and each fair one seated, Hears "are you engaged, Miss?" a hundred times repeated, And alas for those who have no partners engaged, They get that grating "yes sir," until they're quite enraged, For the managers, cute fellows, had already made, Engagements with the Ladies a dozen sets ahead. Tap, tap, tap, goes the fiddle bow, and once more, The managers with their partners are standing on the floor, And through this figure with measured step and slow, The dancers, all in line, like muster men do go; Then file right and left, the ladies then advance, Forward and backward through each other dance. Then all swing to their places, and then they promenade, [But there stand some rounders, Tom, I think that haven't paid.] The dance is over, supper is announced by Dan, And to it they marched in order each lady with her man; Then the rattle of knives and forks, tongues and plates, Some munching, eating, laughing, at the wit of shallow pates. "Are you ready to go Miss?" if so let's go back, For don't you hear the music of glorious old Rackensack. Supper now is over and again the fiddles play, Engage your partners rounders while you may. But how is this! [good evening Miss,] the music halts, [good evening sir,] they're preparing for a waltz. And now around the room some loving couple sails, Like playful kittens after each other's tails. "I do not like the waltz" says one fair prude, "and must condemn, This promiscuous handling of us ladies by the men. 'The breast in public thus resigned to man, May resist right well in private if it can.'" I agree with you dear Miss, but when you took That quotation from Byron didn't you read the book? But the waltz is ended, the dance begins again, And the lucky gentlemen surely can't complain; When music began once more, how could they forget, That they had partners certain for the coming set. And thus they danced and waltzed 'till near the break of day, Careing little, nothing, what the good folks would say; For they were happy, [those that had partners in their sport,] And regretted that a night so sweet should be so short. But the dance is over, and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering hats and caps, [for all wanted to go, Home in the first load,] and hunting cloaks and shalls. "John, find my hat," some young man loudly bawls. "Here, Johnson, with a light," another cries, "make haste." "Good, here's a little a left," there take it, pshaw that was only a taste." And thus in finding, hunting, all things were found at last, To the Omnibus all hurried, very quick and fast; And as quickly stowed away, all snug and safe and warm, [Look out here, you fellow, what you're doing with your arm.] "Ga lang," the Jehu cries, as he gives the whip a crack, And off the horses started in a trot anxious to get back. Each lady was taken home, "the gentlemen the same," Except some two or three 'tis needless here to name, Who agreed to stay, if they could find good quarters, Thinking them vastly better than wading mud and water. And thus they remained, so safely stowed away, That we did not see them 'till very late next day. But every one at length got safely home by chance, And so ended on the 23d the 22d dance. PHIL.

MR. EDITOR.—As the subject of railroads and depots is now uppermost in the public mind, a few hints in this line will not be out of place. Many sites have been looked at and some selected for depots, with how much wisdom we shall soon see; but

one spot has been overlooked in the general rush and search, which seems made by nature and reserved by man as the only proper and peculiar site for all the depots; that spot is the Governor's Circle. It is in the *centre* of town, near the *centre* of the county, near the *centre* of business, and if properly bestud with depots will be the great commercial *centre* of the Great West. Let all the companies join and buy out the surrounding lots at once, that commerce, our king, may sit there, on his throne.

Some talk of locating depots out of the old town proper; nonsense. Who that is acquainted with Geography does not know that the Esquimaux live out North East, and the Bellefontaine Depot being in that direction is in imminent danger; beside, any spot in the north of town would be liable to the incursions of the white bears from the North Pole, but they will never venture down into town; further, all the savages and wild beasts on our frontiers will pester the depot folks if they are not located on the Circle.

Business has its natural centres.—Many think that Pogue's Run is the spot smiled on by Heaven, and picked out before the foundation to entice to its shores the commerce of the world. Undoubtedly it affords great facilities for trade, combining scenery, water privileges, and a central position; it is just the place for romantic merchandising. But the Circle is undoubtedly best for a *dry*, *heavy* business, beside it is removed from the extensive fisheries which are a source of annoyance on the Run.

Land is scarce.—The trading of this country for the next five hundred years will be done on Washington street between the Court House and State House; all the taverns, all the warehouses, all the retailers, all the produce dealers will throng from the four corners of Earth and squat down in the above space. Every one who has traveled the least, knows that all the taverns in our cities, are within three hundred yards of each other, and that all the business is done on one or two squares. The Washington Hall and Palmer House are built of adamantine materials and will accommodate all travelers till the year 2200, so will our present store houses. Let no one be so infatuated as to think that Railroad Depots should be located where commerce is not planted by the Author of Nature, where the officers will have to spend a backwoods life, and where Business, the Goddess, will have to be torn from her rightful centre, on or near Washington street, and dragged weeping and disconsolate a half a mile to four or five depots.

Beware then, ye depot locators! lest in scattering them, you scatter our prosperity, blast the blooming hopes of the living, annul the prayers of the dead, and despoil the inheritance of the unborn.

B. & M.

Valentine.

Dear sir, this splendid gift I send,
It is a Valentine you see,
It is a gift from muslin's end,
That Richard gave to me.

This is a rich boquette you see,
With gold all spangled o'er,
Oh! do accept this gift from me—
My heart can give no more.

To you this card I do devote,
With all it's gilt and flower,
When e're upon it's face you look,
Oh! think of Eden's bower.

CHORUS—My heart is warm as woolen gloves,
In August's hotset day,
And true as any chirping bird,
That flies about in May.

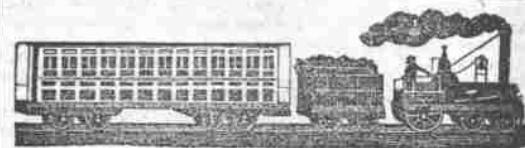
For the Locomotive if you wish.

The lady author of the above is very cruel in withholding her name. Can't she give us a hint of who she is? we are dying to know.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
If E. W. will give us his full name, to assure us that the lines "to the prettiest girl in Indianapolis" are original, they shall be published, otherwise they cannot.

W. O. H., Urbana.—The fault is in the Post Office department between your place and this city. The paper is mailed regularly every Friday evening, in time to suit the mails. We send the missing numbers, and hope you will receive them regular in future.



SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

Public Meeting.—A public meeting will be held on this evening, at the Court House, to consider the propriety of admitting railroads inside of the city. Attend, everybody.

GEN. RILEY has been delivering temperance lectures in this city for the last few days. His style is good, and he draws good houses. Instead of charging admission, he gives 12½ cents an hour to every drunkard that will come to hear him—at least so he promises.

Good bye.—MAJ. SIMONSON, of the U. S. Dragoons, left this city on Monday last, en route for Oregon via. Jefferson barracks, with the balance of the recruits enlisted here. They filled one car, and we noticed one *female* recruit that had been enlisted in the service.

We see by the Sentinel, that MATTHEW S. WARD, late of this city, has been admitted as an attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of the U. S.

A New Business.—We see wagon loads of turkeys and chickens coming into town, intended for the Southern market. We don't know who is the dealer in this kind of stock here, but suppose it is the man that wants every body to "Have a turkey? Have a fish?"

Philadelphia.—We understand that the Post Master at Philadelphia, Ind., is in the habit of circulating our paper through the whole town before he delivers them to subscribers. This is contrary to his oath and duty as a postmaster, and if it is continued we will complain to the Department.

Good Boy.—The crossing on Washington st., between Talbot's corner and the Post office, has been finely fixed by having a lot of gravel thrown on it. It was very bad, and we are sorry to say there are a few more of the same sort left.

Railroads.—The Council deferred the final decision of the railroad question until next Monday. We are glad to see the people becoming awake to their interests, but the other side is also active, and it is now a very doubtful matter which party will carry the day.

Tri Weekly.—The Editor of the Journal finds that a daily paper cannot be supported in this city, and hereafter it will be published tri-weekly.