

## THE LOCOMOTIVE

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## Communications.

For the Locomotive.

### Fire Gazing.

A FRAGMENT.

These words remind one of the Fire Worshipers of olden time, their strange and mysterious faith, their mystical ceremonies, and deep adoration for their loved deity. A people who fondly thought they should exist forever, and that their own heaven descended religion, should, like their cherished and

"Mighty flame, burn on  
Thro' chance and change, thro' good and ill,  
Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable."

But they have passed away, and the mighty hand of change and time has quenched their unearthly flames, and their temples, altars, where it burned enshrined, are all now crushed and broken, and they are fast being forgotten, existing only in dim traditions of oriental climes, in antique histories, or imaginative poetry.

Yet there are those even now, whom one might fancy were nearly assimilated to that enthusiastic and bygone class, and who, if not Fire Worshipers, and Fire Gazers; persons who take a strange, indefinable pleasure, in gazing earnestly into that pure element. True, they may be called visionary and dreamy mortals, but yet withal they are those of gentle and loving natures, who would shun the jostle and bustle of the crowded world, and live a calm and quiet existence.

And who with such natures have not  
When eve has shaded o'er the day,  
And earthly sounds no longer stay,  
But faded, like the light, away;

and when sitting alone in some dim and quiet room, felt a strange feeling of happiness steal over them, and there, while the fantastic shadows played around them, in that lulling stillness, sat for hours, gazing upon the smouldering embers, and the flickering flame. Then forgetting all things else, fall into a deep, thoughtful reverie, with the memories of days and hours long past, gliding and floating before them; dim recollection of sweet childhood moments; pleasant reminiscences of home, friends, and loved ones, that we may never see again, and in the fitting shadows, tracing fanciful similitudes to old familiar faces, that we were wont to see in days gone by.

Then the past seems to us like a varied and transient dream, and the present is made a subject of happy musing, for then how fondly and purely, do the thoughts of those we love, rise up before our spirits, and we invest them with all the nobleness and constancy of unsullied ideal beings, and by some unearthly spiritual sympathy, our hearts seem to commune with them, and our spirits to commune with theirs, though perhaps they are far away.

Yet we still sit and muse, and as the fire grows dim-

mer and dimmer, and the flame fainter and fainter, till it slowly dies and is gone, and the shades deepen and gather around us; then we think of the future, and what hosts of airy forms, bright anticipations, and hopes of happier days come thronging through the mind, till our souls seem as free and ethereal as our own creations of fancy, and we almost seem to tread upon the threshold of an ideal existence.

This is Fire Gazing; and Fire Worship of fancy and thought.

Newark, Ohio.

EDWIN.

### Criticisms from a Window.

Who is that handsome fellow standing at the door of the café opposite? positively he looks quite distingué. He is dressed very negligently, and strokes his moustache with the air of one perfectly aware of the impression he makes. Those young ladies in passing could not resist turning to look at him. Silly girls, why do you allow him to see your admiration.

Oh! what horrid taste, who can she be! This girl with a blue dress, and pink ribbon on her bonnet, and yes, I declare, if her parasollette is not yellow and green. Why don't some one tell her how to dress. This is too glaring for my refined and delicate orbs, and may they never be again thus shocked.

This is a relief indeed. Here's style for you.—Is she not a fine looking girl, yet not pretty. Her walk is noble and elegant. In her dress everything corresponds perfectly, gloves, ribbon, sac, veil and shade. What a pity she has turned the corner.

Egad! there's a fine pair of horses, chesnuts too, my favorite color. The youth driving don't know how to manage them, why does he attempt it, he will only spoil their mouths. He looks terribly frightened.

Certainly arm chairs are great comforts, also dressing gowns, and slippers—*à la Turc*; and since the rain has so uncerimoniously broken in upon my meditations, what then is better to overcome ennui than a quiet doze.

Red, green, blue, and yellow. Still float before my eyes the phantoms of that odious girl, and have imprinted themselves there so painfully distinct, that nothing, no not even the remembrance of the Juno like figure that came after, can efface entirely from my imagination.

NONCHALANCE.

### The Councilman's Dream.

I had a dream which was not all a dream, and yet a glorious snooze, a dreamy somniferous slumber, a fitful nothingness, a world of phantasies, unnumbered shapes springing from the heat oppressed brain, scarce half made up, and yet withal imperfect perfectness. \* \* \* In my dream 'twas the hour of nine, and darkness was upon the face of Washington street. Methought I had torn myself from the Council Chamber, had embarked upon a slab walk making tracks for home. When in an unlucky step I slipped, and no kind banister to stay me, I was tumbled into the ocean of slush around. In vain I cried for help; in vain I struggled! The Tenacious Free Soil thickened upon my quivering limbs, and my cries were mocked by the rushing wind. Again I cried halloo! again I struggled, but my stogas bore me down. Ye God's, how hard it seemed to die. What ugly noise of earth and water (villainous compound) within mine ears; what sights of nasty death within mine eyes. Ugh! a convulsive jerk, a smothered yell, a stifled groan,

and 'mid the Hellish laugh of frightful mud fiends, I gave up the ghost. And now I wandered upon the banks of styx, crying "Charon do not tarry, I'll give ye every dime I've got to row me o'er the ferry." "Bang out your tin," the grim boatman cried, "and I'll take ye o'er in a jiffy." \* \* \* Anon I stood upon the other shore, and charon, with his new steam ferry returning, puffed gaily o'er the stream. And now the spirits there flocked around to greet a stranger spirit, and oh! methought many cried aloud, false, fleeting, quibbling, squib, you voted 'gainst the LAMPS. With that methought a legion of noisy devils surrounded me, howling and hissing in mine ears. False, false, false, \* \* \* a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. Again was I ka-splurging upon the bosom of Washington thoroughfare which was one vast liquid mass, heaving tumultuously, wave upon wave. A frail slab was my boat, drifting to and fro. I was wearied unto death, sick at heart. I saw two beings of a dusky hue standing upon the side walk, and one was cold and both were shivering, and loudly grumbling at the mud—the Council. I stretched forth my hands and loudly cried for succor, and then a demon of lucifying form, unearthly shape, clasped me in his clammy embrace, and with glaring eye, with husky voice uttered them lamps—agony—I awoke—and thank god, 'twas but a dream.

W.

GENTS.—I did not, nor do I now, find fault with Henry for soft soaping our young people to his hearts content, but I must object to his manner of doing it. Other strangers have visited us, and thought it not remarkable to find polite and courteous gentlemen here, nor did they think it of sufficient importance to publish to the world anonymously, and then confidentially confide the author's name to every one, that in Indianapolis they found the ladies were as handsome and agreeable, the gentlemen as kind and attentive as elsewhere. Such a state of society was either unexpected to Henry, or he was desirous of informing his friends abroad, that the fashionables of our city are not quite as exclusive as in other places, for "the writer, Henry, was honored by a polite note to be one of the party" to attend a dance, which he did, and after "some trouble in keeping his digits under subjection," thereby preventing them "from performing certain gyrations" that they were anxious to, despite the formality of an introduction and the fact of their belonging to a stranger, he had the pleasure of dancing with our ladies. What an intense excitement would it not have created, had our ladies known that all the while this distinguished stranger was leading them through the measures of the dance, or dropping his sugared nothings from his lips, he was critically examining the colors of their dress, the ties of their ribbons, the cut of their skirts, in fact "taking notes" of their general appearance with the intention of printing them. They would certainly have bestowed more than ordinary attention to their toilette, so as to please the fastidious taste of this looker on in Venice. If Henry was desirous of creating a favorable impression which would give him the *entree* to the society he loves so well to adulate, a public print is not a very discreet medium of communicating such desires, and it evinces a want of refinement of feeling, modesty and good sense. This method of advertising Miss A. B. or C., our first and finest young ladies, may comport with the ideas of a person who, mayhap, has circulated extensively at the Globe masqued Balls of New Orleans, but it is a notoriety that our young people do not envy.