

His description of the "Celebration Ball" was a mongrel mass of verbiage, misquotations and impertinence, strung together in the gossiping style of a six penny novel, in which flattery "is piled on in such a perfect agony" of profusion as to excite disgust, and swarming as the description does with old maidish notions of female dress and propriety, does infinite credit to the reputation of this man milliner, whose first appearance among us was noticed by himself in an exquisite specimen of his superior powers as a toady to well dressed people. I do not set myself up as a critic, and my strictures on his communication were but echoes of the general voice, which disclaims against this parading our young people before the public, considering it rude even in an acquaintance, but much more so in a stranger, who is presumed to know nothing of their feelings or tastes. Henry declines modifying "in one jot or tittle" of his description. I did not think for a moment that he would dream of taking any of his sweetened flumery back; that would be an excess of verdancy that even his most intimate friend would hardly look for. Now, Henry, I have done with you for the present; instead of lighting my cigar with this effusion, I offer it to you for that purpose; be careful in using it, not to burn your fingers with

Fitz.

INDIANAPOLIS MARCH 20 '49.

MR. EDITOR.—Hitherto, I have written in great haste, my two former pieces not even having been reviewed by me. To write to please the taste of the critic, was not the object I had in view, being satisfied in my own mind that there were amongst us, those that needed employment to keep them from idleness, or a worse thing. Like the boys who play prisoner's base, I concluded I would dash out as though I intended to surround the whole community, and see who would be fool enough to get after me, and it seems one fellow becomes alarmed for fear he might be caught, and some of his faults fastened down upon him. He begins to fire away before I got to him, I mean Fitz, (or Fitz perhaps, for there seems to have come a fit over him to turn critic.) And it would seem from the quotation, (he has it too all by heart,) that he makes, all should think before they write. Wonder how long it took this modern critic to think out his wonderful production; it must have cost him immense labour, oh! the midnight oil consumed by him, the restless nights he must have spent. Well, Mr. Editor, don't you think he has done well; I say let him go up head; he can spell *baker* better nor all the boys, and now, as he seems to be so well acquainted with all the Toms, he ought to let us know if he is not a relation of that last Tom, he named in his article. I remember several of the family of Fitz's that died with that complaint, and they always turned critic just before they left the world; they lived down in Raccoon Hollow. But stop, I must think before I write, and if I can succeed in writing to Mr. Fitz's notion, I shall next be called Tom Jefferson. Then won't I be up in the pictures? I expect he will write another piece and say he won't do it; won't I be sorry? I tell you what, Mr. Editor, if I had lived on gravel as long as Mr. Fitz has, I would give him grit for grit. He ought to be ashamed of himself *comin* out on a fellow so harsh. Callin his fellow citizen a fool. After I *seed* his piece, I says, "dad, do you think that are Fitz has got any more of that in his head." "That there what," says he. "That fool," says I. "Haint got *nothin* else," says dad; so the old man began tellin what Solomon said about him. Then he quoted "though you bray him in a mortar yet will not his foolishness depart from him." So I reckon he'll be out again with an other piece. Won't he eh? Well, if he does, I will have to turn him over to some of the rest of the boys in my absence; but take care who ever does attempt to write must look out.—This mighty critic is a great thinker, and thinks, too, just before he writes, but no doubt he has a great head of his own, and I don't know but Solomon was right when he said that about him, for it seems

I have beat a little of that stuff out of him. But I am sorry, Mr. Editor, I have not thought before I wrote, and have spent so much time on Mr. Fitz. Now, if the gentleman really thought I was in earnest in my last piece, he ought not to become so soon alarmed, but they say a guilty conscience needs no accuser. Perhaps it would have been as well for him, to have practiced upon the advice he is so free to give others. If I have time I may appear again in your columns, on some more interesting subject, my former having been written more for the amusement of young people, than any thing else, and if Mr. Fitz had been as smart as he thinks he is, he might have so understood it, and saved himself from this exposure.

TOM.

For the Locomotive.

MR. EDITOR.—There seems to have originated a sentiment in this city, among the Temperance folks, that the merchants that take their customers into the back part of his store, or down into his cellar, for the purpose of adling their brain with a little blue ruin, shall not have any encouragement from them. Now what others may think of this sentiment I know not, but for one, I think it just right, but I shall not now go into an argument to show why I think it so, but there is one thing sure, that men who make pretensions to one thing, and do another, ought to be exposed, so that those who hold that sentiment may not be deceived, and thereby deal with those who treat in their back rooms, whilst they make pretensions to Temperance &c. &c. I have said this much, in order to let a certain House in this city, that is doing quite a business in a certain kind of dry goods, know what Madam Rumor over heard the other day; a kind of Dialogue, between a son of Temperance and an old Bloat.

S. of T.—Well sir, you seem to have drank considerably to-day.

Bloat.—Well sir, what is that to you?

S. T.—Oh, sir, nothing more than I am sorry to see you drunk.

B.—I am not drunk sir!

S. T.—You are sir; you are so drunk you cannot tell me where you got your whiskey.

B.—Yes I can, sir.

S. T.—Well then let me hear if you can, sir, if you please.

B.—Well, sir, I took a dram at home, and another one on the other side of the river, and then sir, I bought two hats at Mr. —'s store, and he brought out his bottle and gave me a good dram, sir.

S. T.—Oh! does he keep whiskey to treat with?

B.—Yes sir.

S. T.—And did he take you into the back room and treat you, or did he bring the bottle out to you?

B.—None of your business sir, I see what you are after.

Then Madam Rumor left, but she says if that merchant don't look out she will slap the truth right out on him, and she is the very one to do it. She says the merchant belongs to a certain church in this city; maybe she is mistaken in that, but she certainly did hear that conversation. Did the drunkard tell the truth, or not? She can't say, but Mr. — knows.

JACK.

P. S. Jack says if this is not true he will take it all back.

The Tomb of Woman.

For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of indifference. "But when I survey the grave of a female a sigh involuntarily escapes me." With the holy name of woman I associate every soft tender and delicate affection; "I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of her heart; as the kind affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercises of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired of the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend." Oh, there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society. She is

formed to adorn and harmonize mankind; to smooth his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion! man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one, but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtue of the saints, the energy of the man with the tender softness of the woman. She too may have passed unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

D. C. D.

For the Locomotive

Parents and guardians of Indianapolis and its vicinity, see to your young men and young women.—There are young scamps in the city that have no visible means of making a living, and of course must make it by sporting in the dark. We would advise parents and guardians to keep a look out and learn their names, and then keep your young men and women out of their company. These scamps are a disgrace to the community, and should not be admitted into good company until they reform.

A FRIEND OF GOOD ORDER.

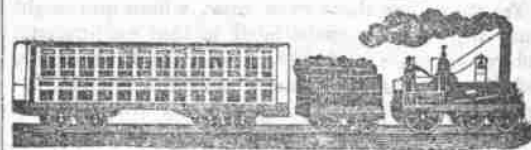
THE LOCOMOTIVE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Nonchalance can rest perfectly easy, as we always feel honorably bound to inviolable secrecy—our objects in requiring the names are to guarantee originality and prevent deception. We should be pleased to hear from you often.

Jo., of Columbus—"Bill Jenkins" shall have a ride in the Bulgine before long, but the tickets were all taken for this trip before it was taken out of the office.

Fantasia—the idea of getting a communication into The Locomotive without giving the proper name is all a phantasy—with it, it is an easy matter—for our reason, see notice to "nonchalance."



SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

It is on next Tuesday that the markets commenced in the morning, instead of last, as we published last week. We copied from the Sentinel in giving the notice, and were led into mistake.

Off.—On Tuesday morning a large multitude were collected at the Depot to see the California b'hoys off. Those we mentioned last week started, well equipped, with the good wishes of the entire community for their success.

Brevity.—We wish our correspondents would constantly bear in mind that "Brevity is the soul of wit," or good sense. A few well digested, short paragraphs, on any subject, will have much more effect than as many columns of long, wordy articles, with little or no point.

The Post Office.—It seems the rumor afloat last week about the Post office was all a hoax, started by some wag to see what effect it would have on the "19." It flew with electric speed, and reached the head quarters of Locomotiveism just as the sheet was going to press—hence the announcement.