

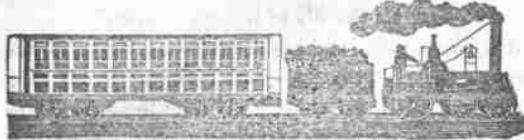
THE LOCOMOTIVE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. H., Bloomington, Ill.—*The paper is and has been mailed regular, carefully enveloped and addressed, and the fault must be on the road. It has been directed to you for the last 3 months.—We send the only missing numbers we have.*

Pathos—*We think yours would have the effect of provoking the person, and defeating the contemplated reform. A few words kindly spoken would have a much better effect. Try it, and if that does not answer, then we will draw public attention to it.*

Greencastle—*No attention is paid to communications of any kind without the proper name.*



SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Norris, Dentist, in another column. The Dr. is well recommended to us by those we can place confidence in, as an experienced dentist, and one worthy the patronage of this community.

Green Apples.—We see a number of youngsters eating green apples, that are not larger than hickory nuts. They had better let them be, and their parents should see that they do so, for nothing is so likely to bring on the cholera as eating green and unripe fruit.

Seranade.—The Columbus band gave a serenade from the top of the Palmer House on Thursday evening. The members of this band are fine looking fellows, and they discourse most excellent music.

Blind Exhibition.—On last Friday evening the exhibition of the pupils of the blind Institute in this city was attended by an overflowing house, and the exhibition was exceedingly interesting. The room was too small to accommodate all that attended, for many were disappointed in not getting standing room. We would suggest that the trustees charge a small sum for admittance at their next exhibition, which will make plenty of room.

Mr. John Hawkins, one of the original Washingtonians, has been delivering Temperance Lectures in this city this week, to crowded houses. Mr. H. is so well known over the Union as a popular lecturer on Temperance, that it is unnecessary to say anything further than that he lectured here.

Worms.—The worms are very bad in some neighborhoods in this county. A farmer told us that he had 15 acres of wheat, and 10 of corn entirely destroyed by them. He said that there was a worm for every stalk of wheat in his field. They are the army and grub worms.

Masonic Procession.—On last Thursday the Masons formed in procession, to the number of 148, and marched from their lodge to the 2d Presbyterian church, where an address was delivered by Rev. C. A. Foster. The Columbus band furnished music for the procession, and the choir of the 2d Presbyterian church sang most beautifully on this, as they do on all occasions.

A Tribute to Merit.—The inimitable, the immaculate, facetious Joe was one of the distinguished characters at the Ladies Fair on last Wednesday night. Joe makes himself very useful sometimes; to him belongs the credit of tastefully arranging the evergreen over and around the Post Office, which made it the bright particular point of attraction. While Joe was eating his supper, or in other words, to use his own beautiful expression, “getting his fillin,” there was quite a crowd gathered around him, and among the number were observed a couple of young ladies, making their way through the crowd to receive an introduction to the distinguished personator of Richard 3d. Joe arose from the table and received them very courteously, and after the form of introduction was gone through, very calmly and deliberately resumed his place at the table and finished the “filling” business, much to the gratification of the crowd. Joe’s a very small eater; it only takes him an hour and eleven minutes to “fill” himself.

About 10 o’clock the Post office was closed, the ice cream was “no go,” and every person was “all attention,” while Joe appeared in his favorite character, which was executed with great artistic science, and highly applauded. We think that for the future Joe will rank as a star, at least among the Indianapolis Tragedians.

After he had concluded his performance he walked up to one of the tables where a very pretty young lady was stationed, and asked what kind of useful and fancy articles she kept for sale? She answered, “herself more than anything else.” That was more than Joe anticipated, so he fainted.

Miss Donkey.—There is a candidate for public favor in the person of Miss Donkey, first cousin to the late lamented John Donkey, that has been neglected for some time. She is backward and diffident in her deportment, as quiet and gentle as a lamb, perfectly docile, and comely in form and features; her voice is her main attraction, and *sic* a voice; and she has ears as is ears, none of your little dainty ears that blush and hide themselves beneath the hair, but ears that stick out about a foot, and were made expressly for drops and rings. Although Miss D. is not blushing sixteen, still she has occupied places of high distinction—the honorables, the members, graciously permitted her to preside over their legislative sittings, and her voice was heard high above the cheers and hurrahs that greeted her. She has now retired to private life, and is the delight of all the unsledged urchins in the neighborhood—if they were her own children she could not carry them with greater gentleness.—Such is Miss D., and she is neglected and deserted save by these delighted youngsters.

In consideration of her public virtues, and the distinguished honors she has worn so meekly, we would recommend that a pony purse be raised, and Miss D. be purchased and presented to the Hon. J. Lawson, for an humble servant and companion.—What more can we say. All must appreciate the peculiar talents of both, and see the propriety of this. At present Miss D. is boarding near Tennessee, south of Maryland street.

Most Through.—The man that is straining to get through the world, in front of our office, is not quite through yet. Can’t somebody give him a boost, to help him through.

The following is an extract of a letter from Connersville, Ind., to a gentlemen in this city, giving an account of an awful tragedy that occurred in that city on last Sunday. The letter is dated on the 30th, and is from an intimate acquaintance of the deceased Gregg.

“Our place has been the scene of the “*tallest tragedies*” on record. There is some romance connected with it, but it is the romance of reality.—The gentleman engaged in it is an old friend of mine, we have been intimate and almost confidential friends for years. He was one of “nature’s noblemen,” an honest man. He was the best friend I ever knew—possessed of a high sense of honor, and for it he forfeited his life. The circumstances were these—they cannot fail of being interesting. Joshua G. Gregg, of the mercantile firm of Danl. Hankins & Co., had unfortunately for himself, formed an illicit connection with a Miss S. J. Stevens, of this place, and of respectable parentage. A short time since they discovered that their conduct could no longer be concealed from the eyes of a gossiping world, and he, fearing the maledictions of his friends, and burning under the lashings of a sensitive and disapproving conscience, and refusing, from principle, as he thought, to marry her; she insisting upon it. They mutually agreed to destroy their lives by drinking laudanum, which they did on Sunday, the 20th, at 2 o’clock P. M., taking 2 ounces of laudanum each. Gregg accomplished his design, for at 8 o’clock next morning he was a corpse. She was restored by medical aid, but I have just now heard she is about to die, refusing to take any nourishment, still declaring she will finish the work so criminally begun. During his illness he utterly refused medical aid—said he wanted to die—that he was weary of life; the only reason he assigned for so fell a purpose, was that she told him that if he did not marry her she would destroy herself—he said he could not consent to be the cause of so criminal a death and live himself; hence they agreed to take the poison in equal portions, at the same time, and to meet at her house in 15 minutes, lock themselves up in a room together, and die upon the same bed. This they did not do, however, for he was so powerfully operated upon by the poison, that he did not return from Hankin’s, whither he had gone just after quaffing the fatal draught.”

Fires.—There has been property to the amount of nearly \$20,000,000 destroyed within the last month, in different parts of the country, and in many cases it has been caused by incendiaries.—This has given our citizens considerable uneasiness, and it has been talked of by many, of having a night watch established. This would be a judicious arrangement, if it could be done, but in the present state of finances in the city it is doubtful whether it could. To effect this, and many other necessary improvements, the city should first get out of debt—let the city vote for an extra tax next Saturday, and then it is more than probable a night watch can soon be established.

Important Improvement.—Our attention was called to an improvement in the building line, that should be recorded for future reference. In the month of May, in the year 1849, in the city of Indianapolis—noted for its fine buildings and streets—a *clap-board* roof was put on a brick building by its owner, a man owning property to an uncalculable amount.

Think of that! a man with means putting a *clap-board* roof on a brick building at this day and generation! If any body doubts this, and we doubt not many will, let him look on Washington street, east of Delaware street.