

came in her very face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of firearms coming from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

A SHORT EXTRACT,
OF A COMPOSITION HANDED TO DR. HOPE, BY A
JUNIOR, ON THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The *Hippopotamus* is an aquatic, non-ruminating, quadrupedal, pachidermatous mammal, whose appellation is derived from *hippos*, horse, and *potamus*, river; the primary and grammatical significatio of which is, a horse-river. His occiput is of a cubical form; his organs of vision are exceedingly diminutive in magnitude; the only capillary substance which vegetates on his corporeal system are few filaments issuing from the utmost extremity of his abbreviated caudal appendage: and, not to mention the innumerable other peculiarities of his physical nature, his organ of odoriferousness is totally destitute of the horney protuberance which characterizes his bosom friend and constant companion, the *Rhinoceros*. This pachidermatous mammal being, as I expressed in a more elevated position (i. e. above,) an amphibious creature, enjoys the most extreme felicitousness, whilst submerged beneath that liquid fluid which circumambulates the surface of the terraqueous oblate spheroid which is the abode of Adam's posterity.

To the habitual practice of participation in the unimaginable happiness of having recourse daily to the "sitting bath," his never failing health may doubtless be ascribed. * * * * *

Professor's Opinion.—The above is decidedly the most meritorious piece of composition handed in by any of the class.—*The Nassau Rake*.

[From an English Paper.]

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, and through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with sreach and roar!

Splashing! flashing!

Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges,
By the bubbling rill,
And mill—
Highways,
By-ways,
Hollow, hill—

Jumping, pumping,
Rocking, roaring,
Like forty thousand giants snoring!
O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment lost to view,

Now a tavern—now a steeple—
Now a crowd of gaping people—
Now a hollow—now a ridge—

Now a crossway—now a bridge—
Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble,
Fretting, getting in a stew!

Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought, are lost to view!
Every thing that eye can survey
Turns burly burly, topsy-turvy,
Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge,
Dash along!

Slash along!

Crash along!

Flash along!

On, on with a jump,

And a bump,

And a roll—

Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

Madison Railroad.

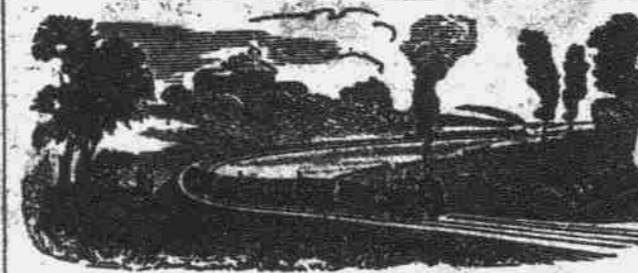
The Indianapolis Locomotive is showing up the extortions of the Madison railroad in a way that must be anything but gratifying to its officers. We think it very clearly demonstrates that the freights upon that road are much higher than they should be. The merchants of Central Indiana are beginning to act upon their knowledge of this fact. The Locomotive says that Mr. A. E. Jones, a dealer in pianos, has been paying \$20 freight on each piano from Boston to the Madison road. He now gets them by the Wabash and Erie Canal and Terre Haute railroad for \$9.10, saving thereby on each piano \$10.90, or \$109 on every 10 pianos. From some little experience we are inclined to believe the statement of the Locomotive entirely correct. A press shipped by the Madison road to Lafayette cost us twice as much for freight as one nearly twice as heavy by canal. The prospect of obtaining other outlets from Central Indiana is truly gratifying under the circumstances. The Jeffersonville road will be finished some time in September. The Lawrenceburg road will probably be completed in the course of eight months, as also the Bellefontaine road, when the Madison railroad will be subject to a competition it has not felt before. The course heretofore pursued by its officers has well prepared the public for pressing upon it the consequences of this new state of affairs, and we are much mistaken if Madison railroad stock and freights are not subject to a mighty fall before another summer's business opens.—*Lafayette Journal*.

New Route to Cincinnati.—The staging between Dayton and Indianapolis is but forty-two miles. Oliver H. Smith has control of the works between Indianapolis and the Ohio line, and he will, doubtless, push matters as rapidly as any other man. The work on the other side, says the Cincinnati Gazette, is in good hands and progressing finely. In a few weeks the Bellefontaine road will be finished to Winchester, twenty miles from Greenville, and the trip then may be made from Indianapolis to Cincinnati by day light. The Madison road has a great many enemies, and when there is an opportunity of getting to Cincinnati any other way, except by that road, a large portion of the travel will forever leave that monopoly. Madison has seen her best days, and

she is coming when her business men will have to desert her, as does a rat a sinking ship.

[*Putnam Banner*.]

CORRESPONDENT'S TRAIN.



A VISION OF YOUTH.

BY J. C. MILLER.

An old man sat by his cottage door,
In the light of the setting sun,
When the reapers homeward bent their way,
Their harvest-labor done.
The red light gleamed on the distant hills—
The rosy air was balm—
Not a leaflet stirred, for the winds were lulled
To a pulseless, cradle calm.

Before the cot on the soft greensward
His three grandchildren played—
Two rosy boys and their sister fair,
A bright-eyed little maid.
The zephyrs played with their sunny curls,
As they laughed and sported there,
And the old man smiled as his glad sight caught
The gleam of their golden hair.

He smiled, for he thought of the halcyon days
Of his own happy childhood then;
And his pulses leaped, and he felt the fire
Of youth, in his heart again.
The cot of his fathers rose once more
To bless his wavering sight,
And the view lit up in his failing eye,
The long-departed light.

He roamed again o'er the wood-crowned hills
And the flowery vales among—
He joined his mates on the village green—
He laughed, and danced, and sung.
He stood once more on the old hearthstone,
Beside the blazing fire;
And a mother's form above him hung,
And beside him was his sire.

His brothers and sisters stood around—
He heard the loved ones speak,
But his mother's joy was too big for words—
Her tears fell on his cheek!
"No tears to-day, dear mother, I pray,"
With choking voice he cried;
"For never again, shall my form be missed,
From the group at the old fireside!"

He strayed with Mary at eventide,
Along the flowery brink
Of a warbling brook, whose limpid wave,
The water-lillies drink.
The maid was kind, and the lover asked
No other boon beside,
But to clasp her fondly to his heart
His own affianced bride!

In youth the Future's a fairy land—
Old age looks on the past;
But their waking dreams are alike in this,
They are all too bright to last!
With a bounding step, and a ringing laugh,
Flew winsome Ella past,
And the vision fled, as the sunlight fades,
When the skies are overcast.
The vision fled; the sun was set,
And the moon was bright above;
But the old man rose with a thankful heart
For he'd something yet to love!

Greenfield, Indiana.

For the Locomotive.

LITTLE NELLY.

Lay her where the ivy creepeth—
In the tangled wood;
Lay her where the violet sleepeth,
Lay her where the willow weepeth
In the lone solitude;

Lay our Nelly.

Lay her where the woodbine growtheth,
Round the old elm tree;
Lay her where the soft wind bloweth,
Where the stranger never goeth—

There let Nelly be:

Little Nelly.

Lay her where the cypress bendeth,
Down in yonder glen—
Lay her where the streamlet wendeth;
Where its murmuring song ne'er endeth,
Far from haunts of men,

Lay sweet Nelly.

Indianapolis, Sept. 1, 1852.

G. W. B.

Education, Reformation, and Advancement.
[CONCLUDED.]

Who would have supposed that these two individuals although they were actuated by the pure principles of philanthropy, and patriotism, could have so operated upon and influenced the public mind to such a degree as to totally annihilate the monster evil in the government of England. But such was the brilliant success which crowned their efforts in the noble enterprise that the inhuman system which had so long involved the government into difficulties of a serious character, was removed. It required several years of hard labor to bring about the desired end.—Public sentiment had to be changed in order to

insure triumph. Long and loud did these men plead that the dark pall which was spread over England's future might be removed. But at last there was a glimmering star seen in the horizon of hope, which cheered them onward to the work. Finally their desires were accomplished and victory perched upon the standard of right. It must be perfectly obvious to every person who is a candid observer, that all such reformations which have for their object the melioration of the condition of mankind must be necessarily slow in their progress. But slow as they may advance, yet if they are founded upon correct principles, and their claims and demands upon the human family presented and advocated by men who can testify to their excellencies and practical results; men who have pure hearts, honest intentions, and sound judgement, they can and will triumph.

But again the great political revolutions which have dyed the soil of Europe with a crimson hue, have resulted in many instances in advancing the political condition of that country. We could refer to several which were the means of bursting the iron bands which bound many of the sons and daughters of that beautiful clime. But at the present time we will only refer to one which happened upon that continent, the tendency of which was to establish more liberal principles respecting governmental policy, and a more universal diffusion of knowledge amongst the peasantry. Macaulay's history of England in the last chapter of the second volume in writing up on England's last revolution of 1688, says, "yet this revolution of all revolutions the least violent has been of all revolutions the most beneficent.—It appears from the history of this revolution, presented to the world by this celebrated and talented writer, that there had been evils existing in the government for a long time, which had resulted in spreading misery, poverty, disgrace, and crime throughout that fair country. The government had almost ceased to perform that function for which it had been organized. The fate of the government was about to be sealed. But the happy termination of the revolution served to remove the numerous hindrances towards national advancement and perfection, and gave life, energy and vitality to the government. Liberty, that priceless gem, was again restored. Those odious laws which had so long disgraced the statute book were altered or repealed. Modification succeeded modification and laws which were calculated to be the most wholesome enacted, with an eye single to the promotion and prosperity of the whole people. The cords which bound so tight her subjects gradually slackened. Education with its golden wings is now spreading and imparting joy and peace in and around the humble cottage of the peasant. It invites its inmates to look away from the vale of dismay, gloom and despair, to a beautiful road upon either side of which are gorgeous flowers of every hue. It leads from nature up to nature's God. Education, the great companion of life, the great link which connects man to his Author, and which adorns and renders so God-like and noble human nature, is fast being introduced amongst those whose features indicate that something not possessed is requisite to make them comfortable and happy. This glorious revolution gives an impetus to education. Happy was the hour when peace was again restored. The mind of the peasant which had been so debased by tyranny, commenced gradually to rise. Each generation which has risen since that time have become more enlightened and refined. Like the gentle showers which fall from heaven upon the earth causing it to bud and blossom, so was education upon the poor peasant's heart. It caused it to leap for joy, and to bud here, to blossom only in a more beautiful clime. Go with me in imagination to yonder cottage in England, and behold the wonderful change, traceable directly to this revolution. Once the aged parents had nothing to cheer them in the world. True they had sons and daughters, but they were doomed to the same disgrace with themselves to have tyrant's withering hand to seal their lips and paralyze their energies. But now behold the change. Although the parents have been deprived of the blessings and comforts which result from a proper education, yet they know its value. Their hearts beat with anxious hope when they behold their offspring lingering around the great fountain from which emanates such valuable blessings. They look forward to the time when their sons and daughters will occupy proud positions in life. England can boast of her institutions of learning and of her noble deeds. America can do the same. Although she has been continually advancing since 1688, yet we are ahead of her at this hour. Colleges and means of instruction adorn every hill-top and deck every valley in this country; science, art, education and all the Christian principles are being universally established through the agency of the two governments. Then let the queen of the seas, and this giant republic go forth and prosecute the work of earth's redemption. Let the poor in both countries be taught, and let them contrive to send out men of honest purposes in heathen climes, and we believe that the day is not far distant when all the evils which infest society will fall "like the forest before the sweeping tornado," and the glorious son of righteousness which now gilds the mountain top will rise higher and still higher until purity and virtue shall cover the earth, as the "waters the great deep."

Duncan's Row, Indianapolis.

Tweedledoo and Tweedledee.

Mr. KIRKON.—I heard of a little incident the other day that is worth preserving among the records of "The Locomotive," for future reference. It will show to "those who come after us," that snobism and codfish aristocracy of the vulgar small-potato kind had not died out in the year of our Lord 1852.

Not many days since, two sisters, blooming young ladies, were sitting in their father's parlor, not a thousand miles from Indianapolis, conversing with a lady who was "making a call," when the following dialogue took place:

Sister.—Don't you think, madam, that my sister L— has been highly honored in the calls she has received to-day?

Visiter.—In what way, Miss—, has your sister been so much honored?

Sister.—Why, she has been favored with calls from most of the shoemakers' wives in town!—This very afternoon, Mrs.—, and Mrs.—, were here in flying colors! Only think of it!—What an honor!

Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to ask, what is the difference in point of respectability, between these two interrogations:—"Can I sell you a pair of shoes to-day, sir?" and "Will you have your horse put up, sir?" Or, can you tell me who but a shallow-pated and weak-minded female would discover the difference betwixt tweedledoo and tweedledee?

It is time, in this practical age, and especially in this republican land, that all such petty distinctions of business and labor should be rebuked sharply by all sensible people. They are not only unchristian and anti-republican, but supremely absurd. They have no legitimate place in all the political, social or religious framework of American society. The "platform" upon which all such distinctions are based, is the offspring of ignorance, and wholly out of place in any enlightened republican community. "Worth makes the man."

COMMON SENSE.

A FEW OF 'EM.

A debate is about to come off in the Flitzmudium Lyceum upon the following resolution:—Resolved that the moral influence of the cat-o'-nine-tails is superior to that of the cat-e-chism. We understand the Pres. has decided beforehand in favor of the affirmative.

'Siah says he once saw a fellow who could lie down and jump over himself, stand up and jump under himself, turn round and jump beside himself, then turn back and jump Jim Crow! We should call that a Jim-nastic exercise.

The man who returned his neighbors borrowed umbrella, was seen yesterday walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. We believe they are engaged.

'Siah is about to publish the results of his three month's labors in the department of Lexicography under the following title, viz:—"A Hugeaceous Defining Dictionary of the annexed American Language" from which we make the following extracts.

A great Man.—One who has been most abused by little men.

A Gentleman.—One who abuses none but his inferiors.

A Yarn.—An old fashioned "whopper," long drawn out.

A Tale.—A sentimental salmagundi of smiles, tears, sighs, moonshine, love, murder and matrimony!

A fine young man.—One who sports a fine coat, chews fine cut, says fine things to fair young flirts, feels fine from the fumes of flip-jack, finds fortune favorable to funkeyism, and flames fiercely furiously, in favor of fine flowers, fertile fields, famous feasts, and fashionable follies first followed in France!

A fine young lady.—One who lounges lazily, languid, loving lace, laziness and lovers, loathing labor, letters and learning, least literary lore leave her lady-ship loverless and lonely. She follows fancy, fiction, and fashion; fans furiously, flirts finely, faints femininely, feigns feebly, and finally forsakes father, friends, and fireside to find felicity in fetters!

The man who exclaimed, while contemplating the cataract of Niagara, "What a grand place for a sawmill!" has not a few representatives in this utilitarian age.

For example, 'Siah tells us of a man whom he met with in his travels who was endeavoring to manufacture lovers out of no other material than moonshine!

Also of another who had actually succeeded in producing most beautiful ribbons from grass-mer and rainbows. We should call that ribbon-weaver an ARCH-I-TEST!

The superiority of hard knocks over soft soap in conciliating friendship, is now almost universally acknowledged! Knock a man down once, and he wishes you in purgatory; repeat the dose, and he is mum; make a third affliction, and he is your fast friend forever; and may all sceptics come to an experimental knowledge of the truth!

J. C. M.

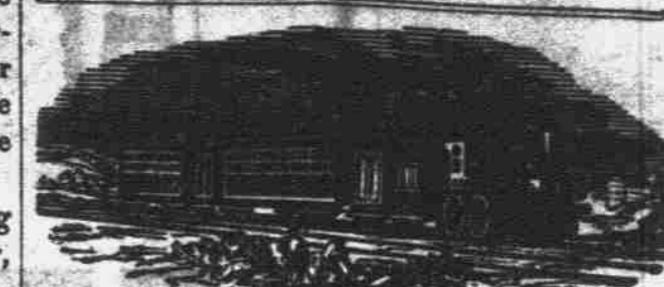
Men would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the change of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering, and other foolish grates.

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J. C. M.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

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