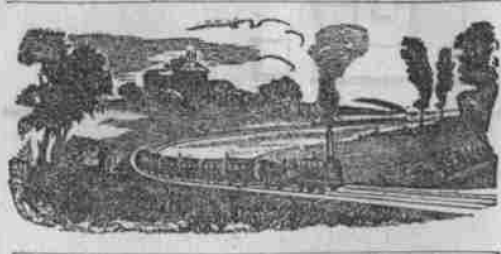


CORRESPONDENT'S TRAIN.



FORGOTTEN.

TO M. E. A.

Thou hast forgotten me! My heart is lonely,
Invisible to all save sorrow's pain;
I loved thee as the heart can love once only,
I loved thee as thou'lt ne'er be loved again.

Thou hast forgotten me! Oh, words unmeaning!
I ne'er was loved—for love forgetteth not;
Oh, would I could like thee all memories smother,
I am forgotten! would I could forget!

E'en now to hear thy name awakes emotion,
And rouses in my heart one anguish thrill;
To thee doth yet belong my heart's devotion,
I am forgotten—but I love the still.

WHAT IS BEFORE US?

Is our country rising in greatness, or is it in its decline? What are the signs of the times? What effect the interest of science and commerce may have in warding off disruption, we cannot tell; but judging from the political aspect of the country, we cannot but fear a storm of revolution and darkness not far ahead. We may hoot the idea of disunion, but come it will, unless by some unforeseen development of the future, the whole power of the country becomes once again completely concentrated in one common cause. We are a peculiar nation. We hear peace, peace from war, but we have no peace from politics.—What is politics? What does it mean with us? Does it mean anything more than demagogical advocacy of sham pleadings for official position and emolument? The people are inflammable and rise like a tornado at the bidding of unprincipled demagogues. There is danger in excitement. It makes no matter how small the point may be—how unsubstantial and immaterial—if the people are only flattered into the importance of it, and excited to action in regard to it, there is no more reason in them than in the maniac's brain. They are rolled and tossed hither and thither in unmanageable grandeur like the ship in the ocean storm. We have seen political excitements in this country—we have seen slight rufflings of angry waves, but the storms are to come yet. The elements are with us, and they will meet in awful warfare. Looking at the state of politics in the country, we are almost forced to believe in the total depravity of man; and more,—in the utter impossibility of regenerating him. Who are to manage the vessel when the storm comes? Will the demagogues who now invite on the storm do then? Where are the spirits of the old revolutionary heroes to come from? When the flag of independence was unfurled first, it was supported by heroes; not by hungry, unprincipled dogs; not by those who would rush their country into ruin if only themselves may escape with plunder gathered from that ruin. It is a sad thing for the country that the so called politicians of the day fight only for party—for the spoils of office, instead of for principle and right. And the country is made up of parties; just these parties who, however much they may deceive the people, have only the one object in view—to gain private, personal, ambitious ends. There were once two respectable parties—the Whig and the Democratic.—They were parties divided on principles: principles that bore on the welfare of the government. The Democratic party triumphed in the end, and the Whig party with their principles was lost.—The Democratic party is still in power, and if not now in the advocacy of, guarding the principles it nourished into life. Of late, there has been a fusion of parties, and a new party ushered into existence. The new party is styled the Know Nothing party. What they may be we do not know, except that we understand they are Native Americans. But why is it that in this land, where we hold that we are politically free as the air that floats our flag, we must condescend to hide ourselves in the shades of night in order that our principles may triumph? Owls, bats and burglars, choose the night; the flag of freedom looks glorious in the sunlight.—“Ah, sir, if I cannot combat your principles in open broad day light, I can meet you in the dark and assassinate you in the midnight hour.” But why is this jealousy of foreign population fostered among us? Is it not a mean, petty feeling? But man is a jealous, selfish being, and thus we account for it. To have been born upon American soil is a happy accident—an accident flattering to the heart, but it is only an accident. God favored our forefathers in battle, but did He then command us to spurn the oppressed from our shores when afterward they might ask a share in His blessing? Is it christian to deny the unfortunate a participation in that gift of Heaven which we value as next to life? Demagogues—office seekers—have taken up the idea of Americanism simply for the purpose of self aggrandizement. They know that vast numbers of foreign mechanics and laborers are among us, and that their coming in competition with native born mechanics and laborers, and wages in consequence being reduced, it is an easy thing to touch the hearts and arouse the jealousies of the natives. And this they do, not from any patriotic, national spirit, but as we said, from a pure demagogical spirit; a desire to boost themselves into favor and position, even though the country sink under their feet. To this party there is attached the Abolitionists, who likewise led on by unscrupulous demagogues, who regardless of consequences, are brewing a storm on which they hope to ride in to glory. These two questions, Native Americanism and Abolitionism, we

know are enough, and will prove enough, unless the public mind be soon diverted from them, to make such a scene of blood and battle upon American soil as makes the heart shudder at its contemplation. Then what is the duty of sound, substantial, true, national patriots? It is to shut their ears against the hollow bellowings of unprincipled demagogues. To come out and speak peace and quiet to their deceived, impulsive countrymen. The American heart is right, if not poisoned by corrupt, designing demagogues: and if left alone, its first breathings are kindness, love, and charity. We have a country and a constitution; a government founded wisely and with great hardship, upon a constitution. That constitution is a glorious one; such an one as perhaps we being the possessors of it, do not therefore properly appreciate. Strike that constitution out and where might we go for another? To the discordant factions that now irritate the nation? To the wisdom and honesty of professional politicians? To those who are carrying about with them the powder and the torch, and whose glory would be to blow up—to tumble down the great span of republicanism that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Could that constitution—could one like it be now framed and adopted by the discordant factions that are crusading the country? Never. The spirit of opposition—sectionalism—is too strong; too much bitterness and animosity exists. Is that constitution worthy of being preserved? Is the Union worthy of being preserved? If they are both, then we had better commence preaching peace and charity, and cease from stirring up the blind passions of those of our fellow citizens who are so easily led from excitement to mobocracy, and will be as easily from mobocracy to anarchy and ruin. Poole died not long since in New York and the people turned out in mass. When Pooles lead the masses, and the virtue of patriotism is locked in such characters, what may we expect next? Loring must be turned out of office for sitting in judicial judgment under the laws and obligations of his country upon a fugitive slave case! When such an outrage occurs what may we expect next? Straws show which way the wind blows. The ripple upon the wave foreruns the onward march of the mighty storm. We fear for the future. Blind passion—paid service—may be unable and refuse to see the future, but we say there is danger. Disunion may be our destiny, and if it is possible, we pray still that it may come in honor and peace, and not in the horrors of civil war.

“Read the Imprint.”

MR. EDITOR: I agree with you in your notions as embodied in a little paragraph in your journal of the 24th inst., under the heading of “Read the Imprint.” You say—“One of the best evidences of a successful merchant, is to get all his printing done at home, by his own customers.” Now that is a sensible doctrine; but how badly it chimes with the everlasting cry of “free trade,” and its twin-sister, “buy where you can purchase cheapest.” I am one of those old fashioned men who believe that “sausage for the goose should be sauce for the gander;” and if your doctrine is good in regard to your own calling, it is equally good for all other trades and business; consequently, I hold that the same doctrine should apply to the policy of our whole Union. If I am correct in this view of the matter, then one of the principle “planks” in the platform of one of the late political parties of the country needs to be entirely remodeled. When this auspicious event is consummated, we shall not witness the shipment of a million of dollars of gold per week to pay for pauper labor done in the workshops of Europe, which, to all intents and purposes, could be done cheaper and better at home.

Yours in the bonds of
COMMON SENSE,

Pike Township School.

MR. EDITOR:—We thought it due the instructor and scholars in this part of the State, to notice and speak of their progress, if you thought it advisable. Accordingly we repaired to the school room and found it excessively crowded with old and young. The performance, or exhibition, commenced by singing an introductory song, immediately followed by an introductory speech, declaimed by a young lad. The ladies were then called on the rostrum, and performed beyond our expectation, as we previously understood that some of them had never before undertaken such a task. We noticed, too, that they had chosen Dialogues that embraced truth, morality, and fidelity, which are characteristic of females. In short, we were truly gratified and highly entertained and pleased with the exhibition, and found there was more to be learned from a few small boys than a thousand circus shows. Bearing this in mind, and also that several of them, as well as others, are readers of your paper, we thought it would encourage them to persevere in their studies, for while they were singing the farewell and concluding song, we thought if they should live and perform on the stage of life as they have done to-day, it would be a blessing not only to themselves but to the society in which they live. If you see fit for this to occupy a space in your paper, you can act accordingly, if not, no harm done I hope.

A WITNESS.

“Thirty Years Since and Now.”

MR. EDITOR:—Within the past few months, while visiting an old friend and acquaintance, we casually were drawn into a comparison of the manners and customs of new beginners, when we first began for ourselves and those who now set up on their own hooks, both being possessed of about the same amount of pecuniary means.

When a couple began then, might be seen the husband engaged personally superintending the labors of his farm and having an eye over the whole, keeping up all necessary repairs, feeding his stock with care and economy, and losing little by waste. If he was a mechanic, or engaged in merchandizing, that same vigilant, ever watchful eye guarded the whole with the best economy,

and kept the constable and sheriff at a respectful distance from his doors.

Within the house, too, that same observant eye presided in the person of the wife, who, whenever able to be, might be seen at the head of all household affairs, giving the general directions and seeing that they were rightfully performed.

But the difference of thirty years is too great to put on paper, saving a few honorable exceptions. You start a couple in the world with the same means as formerly and, in many cases, (and I regret to say there are by far too many,) the first thing will be to get some person to do the very things that should be done by himself, while he whiles away his time about some town, in public houses, stores or shops, instead of attending to his own farm, store, workshop, or whatever business he may have espoused, trusting, until too late, the almost entire management of his affairs to others, whether competent or otherwise. When the day of reckoning comes, he has but a small amount wherewith to meet all his bills, whether for needful expenditures or the whims of folly, and not unfrequently is reduced to want.

The same may be said on the part of the wife many times. She looks for a fine house, and it must be furnished in the most costly modern style, without regard to ability. Next, whether necessary or not, she suddenly thinks that it is beneath her dignity to attend her household affairs, procures a domestic, puts her into the kitchen, and gives herself no further trouble about the work than if she was not in the same house, leaving her, unseen, to manage the whole culinary department, whether with economy or cleanliness, it matters not, so long as she can pass away time and keep up the appearance of gentility. But such was not the character of the times when I was young. Then for a man or woman to know how to do work and superintend the same, was considered not only honorable, but genteel, and more real happiness was observable in the whole community than at the present time.

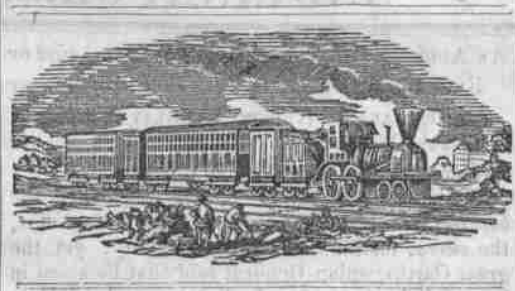
OLD TIMES.

MR. EDITOR:—In the history of human character there is nothing that has come within the range of our observation that has so triumphantly outraged christian propriety, enlightened and elevated patriotism, as the scenes and ceremonies enacted by the forty thousand New Yorkers in the funeral and burial of the notorious buffer, Bill Poole. If the greatest and best man that now lives in the nation had died, no more magnificent parade, no more extravagant ceremonies, that those that attended Poole's last remains to the grave, would have been necessary to convey to the nations of the world our high estimate of departed worth. It is becoming the conduct of a civilized and intelligent people to honor in every suitable way the funeral and the tomb of great, moral, social, and political worth with tokens of their highest esteem and deepest sorrow—this is humanity. That we may rouse the aspirations of the youth of the nation, to noble and generous deeds, and inspire them with a laudable ambition to love their memories immortalized in the hearts of coming generations, we must perpetuate the memory of the good by holding up bright and beautiful examples of moral character. But that such manifestations of pomp should be made over a grog shop bully, a midnight ruffian,—that the church of the living and pure Redeemer should lend its livery or its followers to sanctify the memory of one who lived to insult its precepts and to violate its most sacred commands, is as destructive to a sound system of morals and pure religion as it is disgusting to every intelligent and high-minded citizen of the nation. The standard of a true American must ever remain as far above the character of Bill Poole as virtue is above vice, as heaven is above hell. In his very death, before the law of his Maker, he stands a self-condemned murderer—an outlaw on the providence of the Almighty—banqueting on the overthrow of the great physical and moral laws of his nature—a gambler—staked on the die his own existence with that of other as black and infamous spirits as his own. In a den where crime walks unpunished, the die was cast, in which Bully Poole came out missing, and appeared before his offended judge stained with his own blood and polluted with his years of blasphemy, uttering with his expiring breath a falsehood on the character of every decent American citizen. But it afforded an occasion on which forty thousand of the citizens of New York exhibited their pomp, their patriotism, and pious veneration for the notorious dead.

“I die a true American” might have been uttered by the mouth of any other drunken rowdy in New York, foreign or native, with as much truth and propriety as by Bully Poole. Nor does the fact that he was murdered by a band of Irish ruffians entitle him to any other position than that his conduct merited. The testimony in his case represents him as rioting from day to day and year to year—breaking, on every occasion, some law on which the peace and order of society are founded, squandering his own living on that of others to feast his brutish passions on the innocence he betrayed, or on the pollution with which he associated—blackening with his conduct and his presence every vestige of humanity over which he exercised an influence—and slain in the midst of his midnight bacchanals. How unreasonable that the sympathies of the Empire City should bemoan him as martyred patriot, and their wealth and character, their church and State, assemble to honor him as they would honor a true American. There would be just as much sense and quite as much propriety in calling him a true patriot and honoring his decent from the scaffold who had spent his life in making war on his country or in offering her for sale, and in the midst of his treason, when dragged to execution, with his last words he had exclaimed, “I die a true American.” Should a man spend years in denouncing the christian religion as a farce—blaspheming its author—trampling on its authority, and when overtaken by the judge-

ment of heaven and destroyed, he should cry out, “I die a true Christian,” and the church gather around him with her ceremonies, and exalt him as a martyr to her cause, and hold up his case as a standard of christian character, she would forget her claims to moral purity, and justly incur the rebuke of all intelligent and sincere men. Bill Poole may pass for a true American in New York, but in the west the standard of a true American is so far above him that the conduct of the forty thousand New Yorkers in his funeral, must ever be looked upon with the utmost astonishment and contempt of every high-minded western native American citizen.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.



SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

IF Saturday is the day of publication of the Locomotive when it will always be ready for subscribers. In no case will we let a copy of the paper go from the office before publication day.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR THE CITY.
OFFICIAL PAPER TO PUBLISH THE LIST OF LETTERS.

Read the advertisements—the new ones and all. You will see what is going on in the city by them.

Hon. JESSE D. BRIGHT, Vice President of the U. S., is here for a few days. He informs us that if a suitable location can be procured, the work on the Government building can be commenced immediately. \$50,000 has already been appropriated, and he thinks there will be no difficulty in getting as much more.

The MARION COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have published their list of premiums to be awarded at the next county fair. The premiums mainly consist of silver ware, when the amounts are such that articles of that kind can be awarded, and appear to be liberal. We notice the riders come in for a chance this year, as four premiums are awarded to both gentlemen and lady riders—this will create an interest.

We have received the first number of the Rockport Democrat, published at Rockport, by R. S. Hicks, late Deputy Auditor of State. It is a large, well printed paper, and from the editorial and selections, we should think if it is not well supported it ought to be.

We received a note from Messrs. Fonda & Spoon, notifying us that W. Robertson, Dyer and Scourer, opposite the Carlisle House, has run off, leaving an unpaid bill of some six or eight dollars. By the Terre Haute papers we see an advertisement of James J. Fonda, “under the firm of Robertson & Fonda,” advertised as Dyers and Scourers. If this is the same Robertson, and we are disposed to think it is, from his connection with Fonda here, we would recommend our cotemporaries in Terre Haute to get their pay before they advertise or do work for him. We are decidedly in favor of putting the brand on every scoundrel that runs off leaving unpaid printers' bills, so that he can be tracked through the world. The *Prairie City* and *American*, of Terre Haute, will do well to make a note of this.

Agricultural.

The Executive Committee of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, adjourned yesterday, after making out a Premium List for the year 1855, appointing Awarding Committees, and transacting other business of importance. The time of holding the next State Fair was fixed for the third week in October next—the place will be determined on the 11th of April next, by the Executive Committee. The members of the Executive Committee present yesterday were, Gen. Joseph Orr, of Laporte; John Matson, of Putnam; Geo. W. Lane, of Dearborn; G. D. Wagner, of Warren; W. T. Dennis, of Wayne.

The following delegates from County Societies were present: David Henry, Switzerland and Ohio; A. D. Hamrick, Putnam; Seth Platt, Dearborn; T. T. Bauler, Hamilton; John A. Graham, Miami; Volney Wilson, Delaware; J. D. Wilson, Decatur; J. L. Bradley, Johnson; Calvin Fletcher, Jr., Marion; George Crawford, Laporte; I. S. Jessup, Laporte; D. C. Branham, Jefferson.—*Journal.*

A resolution was passed by the Executive Committee, that if \$1,000 was subscribed and guaranteed by the 1st of April, by our citizens, the Fair would be located here for the next three years. This is liberal and fair, and our citizens should not fail to subscribe that amount. Efforts have been made to raise the money, but with what success we have not heard.

We would call attention to the Engraver's card of T. B. Perrine, in this paper. From specimens we have seen of Mr. P.'s work, both in cards and door-plates, we have no doubt all work entrusted to him will be satisfactorily executed. Young ladies can now get visiting cards engraved without sending off for them.

Messrs. SNYDER & DUKE have purchased the store of Mansur & Furgason, and will continue the business at the old stand. See advertisements.

If the juvenile Shanghai of the *Republican* don't know the difference between a few small jobs and the State Printing, he had better seek information from those that have valued it in dollars and cents. The sneaking insinuations that paper conveys is not becoming either in a man, or a noble hearted chicken, the emblem it assumes.

Messrs. MOORE, CARTER & OWSLER, are getting in a large stock of New Goods. The Ladies say they are beautiful—they know.

Rev. D. THOMAS, late President of Hanover College, will preach to-morrow, and each succeeding Sabbath, until Mr. McClung returns, in the First Presbyterian Church.

LAND REFORM.

It is thought by many that the late Bounty Land Bill, disposing of an immense quantity of the public lands to those who have served in the wars of the country, is wrong; for the reason, as they say, that the lands do thereby, instead of passing into the hands of actual settlers, pass into the hands of land speculators; or, as seems to be feared, into the hands of feudal lords. Wonderfully afraid, some great politicians seem to be, of the introduction into this country of the old odious feudal system. For ourselves, we cannot understand how there is any greater danger in this country of the system of lords and vassals, than of the establishment of the English law of descent. It is an exception here, for any large area of land to remain long in the hands of any one proprietor. Our laws of descent and our penchant for purchase, sale and barter, are great slicers of the soil.

Why is it that large quantities of land are bought up by wealthy men? Not because these men wish to make lords of themselves or of their children; but because they wish to make a profit by the retail of their wholesale purchases; for the same reason that wealthy, speculative men, sometimes buy up large quantities of ham and eggs; for the profit to be realized on the purchase and sale.

The Land Reform idea we conceive to be the idea of visionary minds. If all men were alike, it might be a practicable idea; but as all men are different in character and habit, it seems to us the idea is a mere idea—a dream. Suppose a Land Reform bill should pass Congress, and every man who chose might go and settle upon his selection of the public domain, and by holding on a few years be thereby fully entitled to it, what would be the result? What character of men would be the first to emigrate and squat? We apprehend, not the best class of farmers.—We apprehend, not the most industrious class of citizens. We can imagine the moving multitude of poor, miserable, inefficient, shiftless, lazy beings, who would be the first to think of growing rich by the lucky hits that perhaps otherwise never would have hit them. Now we know this: that at this day and generation, in this land, there is no man of sufficient capacity to take care of forty or eighty acres of land, but may be, if he is not now, able, in a very short time, to make the little pile to pay for it; and we say it is the man who has the energy and the industry to make the money to buy the homestead, who ought to have it. Give it to your imbecile, worthless loafer, and he would not have it long any how. He would perhaps drag a poor family from the settled country, where the charity of friends at least would be some comfort to them, to a far off western wild, where they would only starve and shake with ague until the natural tide of industry and energy, fortunately would bring some real hero of the axe and plow, to give him enough for his barren farm, to pay his way back to the land of old habits, old cronies and do-nothing-ative-ness.

In the Bounty Land bill, giving land to those who have served in the wars of the country, we can see some reason. The land is given as a reward for peculiar service to the country. That kind of service which, for the honor and glory of the country, risks the life of the servant to the perils of war.

It is thought the late bounty land bill is the death of the cherished land reform idea. We think it is well enough if it is so. We cannot see how, under our laws and institutions, there can ever be, by any possibility, a landed aristocracy, and we are decidedly of the opinion that the best mode of settling the wild lands of the west, is by waiting the natural stride of energy and industry, which has sufficient stimulus within itself. There is a class of people who might be provided with all the land they could look over, to whom such land would be of no more use for the actual purposes of farming, than so much space in the heavens above their heads. They have not wit and industry enough to acquire one acre, nor would they have, to keep and profit by all that could be given to them.—The soil is the property, by nature, of those who by their industry and energy acquire it, and there is no kind of sense or propriety in diverting it even for a short time—as it could only be diverted for a short time—from its natural current to one of sluggishness and inutility.

Dogs.—On last Sunday, Mr. John Heiner was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad—before the dog was killed he had bitten a number of others. In consequence of this, and the feeling it excited, the Council revived the dog ordinance on Monday, and during the week near three hundred dogs have been killed. We believe there is more excitement than the case demanded, and unfounded rumors circulated of other mad dogs, but there was hundreds of worthless curs that are better dead than alive. Mr. Heiner is in the hands of skillful physicians, who will save him from that dreadful disease, hydrophobia, if possible.

We would caution our country readers not to let their dogs follow them to town. Although the Council were particular to direct that dogs from the country should not be killed, if with their masters or their wagons, still we understand some have been, and others may be. Keep them at home. The ordinance will be found in this paper.

Prepay your Letters.—Remember, that after this day all letters put in the post office, that are not prepaid, will not be sent. Letters sent by mail must be prepaid—so says the Post Master General. We imagine hundreds, that don't take the papers, and read them, will be dropping their letters in the office as heretofore, to be thrown aside and read by the clerks. We would like the office of reading all unpaid letters dropped into this office—we imagine many rich items could be gleaned from them.

Next Monday is the day of the township election. Don't forget it.