

# CARROLL FREE PRESS.

"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

Vol. 20.—Number 22.

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY April 22, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 1094.

Printed and Published Weekly by  
ROBERT CROMBER.

TERMS.—The CARROLL FREE PRESS is published every Friday morning at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (fourteen lines or less,) three insertions \$1; every subsequent insertion, 25 cents.—Larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

## Poetry

HARPER, for April, has some good things, but nothing better than the following:  
**A MODERN BELLE.**

She sits in a fashionable parlor,  
And rocks in her easy chair;  
She is clad in silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair:  
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,  
And simpers, and giggles, and winks,  
And though she talks but little,  
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.  
She lies a-bed in the morning,  
Till nearly the hour of noon,  
Then comes down snapping and snarling,  
Because she was called so soon.  
Her hair is still in papers,  
Her cheeks still 'fresh' with paint;  
Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint!  
She doats upon men unshaven,  
And men with 'flowing hair';  
She's eloquent over mouseteeths,  
They give such a foreign air!  
She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon,  
And if a mouse was to meet her,  
She would sink away in a swoon.  
Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light!  
Her color is made of cosmetics,  
(Though this she will never own);  
Her body's made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,  
Who swells with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his—hair!  
'One of the very best matches'—  
Both are well mated in life;  
She's got a fool for her husband,  
He's got a fool for a wife.

## THE LIFE GAUGE.

They err who measure life by years,  
With false or thoughtless tongues,  
Some hearts grow old before their time;  
Others are always young!  
'Tis not the number of the lines  
On life's fast filling page;  
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs  
Which constitute their age.  
Some souls are serfs among the free,  
While others nobly thrive;  
They stand just where their fathers stood,  
Dead even while they live!  
Others, all spirit, heart and sense;  
Their's the mysterious power  
To live, in thrills of joy or woe,  
A twelvemonth in an hour!  
Seize, then, the minutes as they pass,  
The woof of life is 'nought'!  
Warm up thy colors, let them glow,  
By fire or fancy fraught.  
Live to some purpose—make thy life  
A gift of use to thee!  
A joy, a good, a golden hope,  
A heavenly harmony!

## The Ship "Trade Wind" on Fire.

The following interesting extracts are from letters of Missionaries on board the ship Trade Wind, to the Ohio (Hudson) Observer:  
"Only one thing has occurred to us, in all of the passage, which has marred our happiness, and that was the great danger which our ship was once in from fire; but, by the kind interposition of that Providence which has conducted us hither, we were saved. It was on the morning of the 21st day of our passage, when in lat. 1° 14', and long. 32° 39', that one of the sailors came running to the officer on the quarter deck, crying out, 'The ship is on fire!'—This officer went forward, and saw the smoke coming out of the chain lockers and crevices of the deck. He ordered the force pump to be manned, and went back to the cabin, where Capt. W. and the passengers were at breakfast. He communicated the fact to the Captain, and they both left without any suspicion being excited as to the cause. After breakfast I went upon deck, and the unusual stir upon the forecastle attracted my attention, I went forward, and soon learned the cause; the ship was on fire—in the cargo—somewhere, it was supposed, between the second and third decks; but how extensive the fire was, could not be immediately ascertained. A hole was cut through the deck, and a stream of water from the force pump, which would throw about five barrels per minute, was thrown in upon the burning mass. Several other places were cut, and lines for passing buckets were formed by the passengers. We toiled on in this way for some three hours, but I see no indications that we were getting any under. The ventilators seemed rather low, as if it was spreading aft, under the cabin, which was then beginning to be filled with gas and smoke.  
The ship was then turned head to the land; we were 450 miles from it. The powder magazine was hoisted upon the upper deck, and placed where it could be easily thrown over-

board; the life boats got out, and the provisions and water, and the clothing which we would need till we could reach the land, made ready. At this time another large opening was made, and a box, on fire, was broken to pieces and its contents passed up upon the deck. Another and another were broken up in this manner, till a place was made large enough to admit one of the sailors, who boldly went down with the hose in his hand. He directed it against the burning mass, till he fell exhausted upon the floor. He was dragged out, and another, as bold as he, came to his place. In a moment or two he fell, like his companion, and was dragged out insensible, and carried upon the deck. Another, and another, took his place, and shared his fate. Thus it went on, till every one of our sixty sailors had taken his turn. At one time I counted sixteen of these generous fellows lying together on the deck.—The ladies came from the cabin, and bathed their heads with camphor, which would, in most cases, bring them to in a short time. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to walk, he would go back and offer his services again. Several of the men were brought up out of this place insensible, as many as eight times. On the most of them the gas which they inhaled seemed to have an effect somewhat like that of laughing gas, particularly when they were partially resuscitated. It was no easy matter to restrain these powerful men, when they endeavored to throw themselves overboard, or do themselves or us some personal harm.

For two hours we labored in this way, and you may imagine the terrors of our position.—We could but fear that the strength of the men, self-sacrificing as they were, would not hold on till the flames were extinguished. Some of them could do no more, and these the hardest of them all. We toiled on, however—the passengers, gentlemen and ladies, working the pumps—for another hour, when the joyful news came that the fire was out. No more flames could be seen, no more smoke arose.—We began to breathe freely, and hope that deliverance had been sent to us. After the rest of an hour an examination was made, but no signs of fire were discovered. We all lay down upon the deck, (it was very warm,) and passed the night. The next day was the Sabbath, and never did a more grateful, a more devout assembly, come together for the worship of God. The most daring and wicked among the sailors, confessed that if God had not helped them they could not have put out the fire.—One of them had said, when the ship was on fire, "You see now of how little use all this praying is, which we have had aft. There was never a ship went out of New York, that has had so much of it on board, and yet here she is, on fire." And yet, this same man, when he went down into the hold, and saw what the fire had done, said, with a great deal of emotion, "If prayer didn't keep the ship from getting on fire, it must had something to do in putting it out."

On Monday, the Captain ordered the cargo to be broken into, and a thorough examination to be made. It was found that the fire had burnt over a space which extended forty feet in one direction and thirty in another. It had burnt through from one side of the ship to the other, and had burnt so nearly through the floor, or deck, that a blow of the hand would break it through. Had the fire made its way through the sides of the ship, I do not see how she could have been saved: as it was, it was a most difficult task. We owe our preservation, under God, to the fidelity of the men, and the excellence and power of the force pump with which the ship is provided. One of the men said to me, that the men would not have worked as they did for any other Captain. They had no grudge against him that they wished to gratify. One of our sailors had once before been on board of a ship that was burned, and narrowly escaped with his life. When it became clear that our ship was dangerously on fire, he ran up and down, raving like a maniac. It was some time before he could be so quieted as to return to his duty.

After a very careful examination of the condition of the ship, the Captain came to the conclusion that she was not injured so as to require him to put into Rio Janeiro. He thought that her strength was not weakened, as her timbers were not much burned. We went on, therefore, and have seen the land but twice in ninety-three days; once the coast of South America, near Cape St. Roque, and the land on both sides of the Straits of Le Marie, through which we passed soon after going by the straits of Magellan. We did not speak a single ship on the Atlantic side. We spoke a whaler off Cape Horn, and spent nearly a day on board of another, when becalmed off Callao. \* \* \*

## A SAILOR'S ELOQUENCE.

This scene, which occurred on Monday after the fire, and which was barely alluded to in one of the foregoing extracts, is thus described by another of the Missionaries—Rev. Mr. Bell. Monday followed. All the ship's company, officers, crew, and passengers—were called aft, where they assembled a silent and expectant throng. Our Captain stood in the midst; orders were given to the helmsman to keep the ship "Steady, steady ho, to the wind!" Then, with head bared, our commander expressed his hearty gratification in his crew and passengers, and paid a well merited compliment to their self-possession and bravery in the midst of their past perils.

He then alluded to the rumors that were or might be afloat in relation to the situation of the ship, as to her sea-worthiness, or her capacity to proceed to her place of destination without putting into some port before reaching Cape Horn.

Our commander here recounted some facts in his history, as reasons for our entire confidence in his bravery, experience and skill.—He had followed the sea for nearly half a century; had served in every capacity, on every ocean; had commenced a cabin boy; had been a cook; had served before the mast some ten years; had been boatswain, third mate, second mate, first officer, and commander; had gone back—served as second mate, first mate, and captain again—had retraced his steps again; and was now commander of the Trade Wind. He had been selected for the post by the owners and underwriters of the ship, and was determined not to betray his trust, should every soul on board rise up against him.

There was but one being in the universe he feared, and that was his God; before him alone he trembled. He was a mechanic; could make anything belonging to a ship; had been a farmer; was now a sailor; had been to China a score of times; had doubled Cape Horn and circumnavigated the globe as captain of the first class vessels; had confidence in himself, under God, that he could do all that would insure the safety of the ship and cargo, and every human being on board. He proclaimed himself as the supreme power on board the ship, to order all things for what he deemed the best interests of all; he had as much at stake as any soul on board, besides which, he had to stand between underwriters, owners, and freighters. He felt the responsibility and delicacy of his position, and knew that a false move on his part might involve much ruin.—He would carefully weigh all the circumstances, critically examine the cargo, and, if he felt it to be his duty he would put into Rio Janeiro, let gainsay who might; or, if otherwise, he would proceed onward around Cape Horn, let who might oppose.

During the course of his remarks our captain sincerely proclaimed himself a religious man; that he had never known what happiness was until he had made his peace with God. Addressing himself to the sailors more particularly, he gave them sterling religious advice, which, coming from a grey-headed veteran mariner, that has seen every service incident to a seaman's life, was admirably appropriate; and we have an abiding confidence before God that his words fell into some hearts that will bear fruit an hundred fold, and that our speaker then and there was the instrument of saving a soul alive, that shall appear as an invaluable gem in the diadem in which he shall rejoice hereafter. That sermon can never be forgotten. The time, the circumstances, the speaker, the hearers, will fasten it on every memory in indelible imprint, and a strict rendering of the account of that hour will be required of us all!

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.—The New York Courier gives some interesting statistics of umbrellas and parasol manufactures in New York city. The trade in these articles is estimated to be worth \$1,500,000 a year to New York city. It is chiefly in the hands of seven firms. One of the largest of these, Isaac Smith & Co., employ about 325 persons, 250 of whom are females. From 1200 to 1500 articles are often turned out in a day; and some \$75,000 worth of gingham and silks are often used in the course of three months. There are in an umbrella 112 different parts; and before being perfected, the umbrella passes through nearly as many different hands. Surprising celerity is acquired in putting the parts together, so that an umbrella is easily commenced and completed within the space of two hours, and might be finished much sooner if the varnish dried quicker. The average price of umbrellas is \$1 05 to \$1 10; of parasols, \$1 75 to \$2 00. An immense quantity of the cheaper qualities are made up, worth from 29 cents down to 12½ cents apiece. The average wages of sewers of umbrellas is set down at \$4 50 a week.

WE have not had a quarrel, says the Boston Transcript, these many years, that did not grow out of Tobacco juice.

In an omnibus, not long since, a well-dressed "stranger" of rather formidable proportions, in dispensing of his salivary favors, sent a brown colored rivulet over our glazed boots. We called his attention to it. He turned away with a careless remark that it was an accident. We requested him to wipe the boot.

He looked at us with an incredulous stare and shook his head; whereupon we quietly lifted our feet, and very carefully wiped the boot upon his new superfine broadcloth unmentionables.

The tobacco chewer began to roll up his sleeves as if to take hold of us, but a burst of applause from three or four gentlemen passengers, who were witnesses of the provocation and the punishment, checked him, and he settled back in his chair with the remark:

"Well, stranger, I don't know but you have done just what I should have done under the same circumstances."

SPIRIT RAPPING.—The St. Louis Republican states that an eloquent member of the bar, in that city, who has been carried away with the delusion of Spirit-Rapping, has become quite deranged.

## Mrs. Abigail Fillmore.

A funeral sermon on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Fillmore, was preached in the First Unitarian Church, of which the deceased was a member, by the Rev. George W. Hosmer, on last Sabbath morning. The discourse was a touching and eloquent tribute to the lamented lady, and went home to the hearts of the congregation, to most of whom her many social virtues had endeared her. The reverend gentleman, in the course of his sermon, made the following allusions to the life and character of Mrs. Fillmore:—*Duffalo Com. Adv.*

Scenes of the past week are crowding upon my mind. I could speak of nothing this morning but death and immortality. The sudden departure of Mrs. Fillmore has created a deep feeling of sorrow in this community, and indeed throughout the country. The time of her death, just when she was released from the cares and burdens of official eminence, and was turning towards the quiet scenes of private and domestic life, gives to her unexpected decease a touching interest.

Associations of bereavement and grief have gathered closely around the executive mansion of our nation. Two venerable men in the early months of their high honor, have suddenly closed their career, and gone from the Chair of State to the bar of JUDGEMENT. The present Chief Magistrate assumes his honorable burden, smitten with sadness by the death of his only son, an only child; and he who had but lately retired from the great trusts committed to him, is made a mourner—at the very gate of the Capitol death meets him; and he, with his children, bearing with them the remains of the wife and mother, have come to their home to commit dust to dust, and find in the bosom of long tried friendship a place to mourn.

Our hearts are full of sympathy and sorrow. Mrs. FILLMORE was widely known and every where respected. She sought not the glitter of superficial accomplishments; she cared not much for the soft graces of facile sentiment; her character was one of principles—a fabric of worth, consistent, substantial, enduring; not a spontaneous product from the soil of felicitous opportunity, but reared by good resolve, and patient, persevering endeavor. Her life has been filled with valuable services. All who were near have found support in her strength. Her practical good sense, softened and made genial by passing through her genuine woman's heart, rendered her welcome and useful and honored every where.

Our departed friend was born at Stillwater, Saratoga county, New York, March 13th, 1798. Her father was Rev. Lemuel Powers, a respectable clergyman of the Baptist communion.—Her youth she devoted to teaching; honoring a profession which also honored her; and in that employment, probably, she took her earliest lessons, so thoroughly learned and so wisely practiced, in self-knowledge and self culture and control. Thus prepared, in the strength of mature womanhood, she assumed the relations of domestic and conjugal life. As a wife and mother, I forbear to attempt a description of what she was. I may not speak imperfectly, what by some is felt so deeply. Her husband by constant affection and tender confidence praiseth her; and her children, by reverence love, rise up and call her blessed.

Though so thoroughly faithful and efficient in her home duties, she found time, and had vigor enough to pass beyond the closer spheres of domesticity. In a most quiet and unobtrusive way, she made herself acquainted with the topics of the day and public affairs; and in all her husband's distinguished and responsible positions, she has been at his side with sympathy and counsel. By abiding in her own appropriate sphere, she has shown the gentle power that every true woman wields. Suddenly she has passed away, with a calm and humble trust in the FATHER'S gracious mercy as revealed by Jesus Christ. The glare of this world's light never dazzled her sight; exalted eminence did not make her giddy; nor did distinguished honor harden her heart. Quietly and meekly she passed along through this world's high places; and when weary with services, and broken by disease, and longing for repose, she has gone to a nobler rest than any home of earth could give her.

AN old philosopher gives the following advice to builders:

"Never erect a house after you are five-and-forty; have five years income in hand before you touch a brick, and always calculate the expense at double the estimate."

There is a deal of wisdom in these few lines. House building ruins more people of moderate means than any speculation that they embark in. A man with a surplus of five hundred dollars, wishes to build a house that will cost two thousand dollars; he pays the five hundred down and gives a mortgage for the fifteen hundred. To keep up his mortgage he takes money that should have gone into his business.—His business being neglected, becomes unprofitable; this leads to low spirits, low spirits to inactivity, and inactivity to ruination and a sheriff's sale. The unhappiest man in the world, in our opinion, is the poor devil who undertakes to build "before the signs come right."

The Belknap Gazette says there is a candidate for the office of Postmaster up in Grafton county, who "founds his claim on the fact that he once played cards all night with the 'President.'"

## "A Funny Bit."

Who saw the man with the crowbar? Who heard him break down the vaults of the banks? Who witnessed the capitalists mourning over the loss of their specie? What sights and scenes these for tragedy! Saturday was the day for that!

There be land rats and water rats, as there be, also, legal wags and bank wags. But who would look for waggery on tax day, in the Banks? Who expect Presidents and Cashiers to turn wits? The "Lion" could not play; so the "Fox" entered. And such fun and frolic! Alack-a-day, if we had a caricaturist and a good natured satirist, what a "funny affair" might be made of the "crowbar work" of last Saturday.

Look at the outline. There stood the bank officials, in their places, on Saturday. Nothing, seemingly, was to be done: nothing could be done; the law was explicit; "the crowbar" at their vaults, and all they had to do was to submit. Now the Treasurer enters.—A good citizen: a trust worthy officer, ready to do his duty, but anxious to do it without giving pain, or, if pain must follow, to alleviate it as far as he could. He bears on his back "the crowbar." He piles it. Open fly the vaults. There is the coin. He counts it. "All right," and having done "his duty" he retires, depositing it near by. Look at the outsiders. Hear the talk. "What have the Banks done?" "Did they resist?" "Did the Treasurer break into the vaults?" "Yes! No! Answers came; guesses; the bank officials were quiet; the Treasurer silent. But out he went and off he sped to "the right quarter" and the outsiders said—"the crowbar has triumphed—the money is safe; they have paid." So the worthy Treasurer thought! So all thought! But the Bank wags! The fun was in them; all of it. And to enjoy that, enter again into the place of deposit. There stood the Treasurer. "Have you succeeded?" asked breathless lookers on. "Look at the money there" was the reply.—"What did the banks say?" was the general inquiry. "Nothing," answered the Treasurer. "I took my pay without a word—no harsh remarks—not an unkind expression on either side." Enter officer. "I hold in my hand a writ of replevin; I demand this money"—pointing to the very coin which the Treasurer had—"as the property of Mr. Deshler." All was right. The officer stood in his legal shoes.—The crowbar fell. It was broken: and the money, "all the hard cash" passed out of the Treasurer's hands. Oh the wags! Everybody laughed. Who could help it! The Banks best.

So ended the Tax fight in Cleveland "for the present time." When the play is played out may we be there to see it.—*True Democrat.*

## John Randolph Outdone.

Of the many amusing anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we do not believe the following was ever in print:

He was traveling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted; in the meantime he stopped during the night at an Inn near the forks of the road. The Inn-keeper was a fine old gentleman, and no doubt one of the "first families" of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Randolph with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well I'm just going where I please—do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few moments the servant returned to inquire for his master, which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please."

It is said that the air turned blue, with the curses of Randolph.

A correspondent of the New York Observer writes as follows, on a subject which ought to be of national interest: "To reach Gen. Taylor's grave you must wind about through by-ways, and finally stop before a small enclosure on the top of a hill in an open field, surrounded by a rude stone wall; and just on the other side of that wall, you will see a very plain vault, with a front of limestone rocks, roughly hewn, and an iron door, and that you will be told is the tomb of the once famous General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States of America. No monument has been erected to his memory. His name has not even been inscribed on his vault! In the center of the small grave-yard there is a monument erected to the memory of his father, Col. Richard Taylor, a revolutionary soldier."

A young lady recently refused to get out of her bed, because a copy of the Salem Observer lay in her room. She had no objection to the New York Mirror.

The Law of Newspapers.

Subscribers, who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their paper discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places without notifying the publisher, and the paper is not sent to a former location, they are held responsible.

Getting an Appointment.

The following good thing was related to us a few days ago, by a friend as an undoubted fact:

Under the Tyler administration, the office of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, was besieged for some time by a portly, handsome specimen of humanity from St. Louis, who, keenly scenting an office, and not fastidiously particular as to what it was, posted himself as the elbow of 'the god-like,' at an early hour of the morning, and remained there nearly all day, determined to wear him out. Mr. Webster noticed his pertinacity—of course he could not do otherwise, even though absorbed in business, and he entertained a kind of remote hope that the silent applicant would be ultimately disgusted with his inattention to the evident purport of his daily visit and leave.

But our Missourian had no such an idea of vacating the fort when once in it; he had come all the way from Puk-don for an office, and he was not 'going to give it up so.' And so it went on for a week or ten days—the applicant looking quietly over the papers, counting the files on the ceiling, taking aim at the smallest spittoon by the fire place; in short doing everything to pass the time, but talking. He had made his application once to the great dispenser of official good things, and now it was the other's turn to speak out. Meanwhile the case with Mr. Webster grew desperate; he had evidently mistaken his customer; he wasn't the kind of a man to be put down by such tactics, he wouldn't be subdued; he was good for a month or six weeks in just that same position, counting the same files, spitting at the same mark, and leisurely spelling the news out of the same papers. Something must be done; to get rid of him with out an office of some kind, was seemingly as difficult as to fabricate a crowbar without coffer. But the time came at the expiration of about fourteen days of incessant companionship.

One morning Mr. Webster came into his office rather riled on some official matter, and there, as usual, sat the pertinacious Puke, at perfect ease with himself and the world. Webster went to his desk, sat down, tossed the heap of documents about in a sweet mood, or to take a simile, just like the crater of a volcano just before the breaking of the fire.—Forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, he turned and looked at his tormenter, but Missouri was firm as a rock, not to be moved by a look even though it came from the 'god-like.' He clutched the small bell. Missouri knew the crisis was at hand, and read the paper, or seemed to read, more intently than ever.

The bell rang and the chief clerk appeared. "Is there any vacant place on this side of H—1?" thundered Webster, pointing to his hearer.

The chief clerk understood the whole matter at a glance, and replied laconically:—

"There is a special messenger wanted for Mexico."

"Then send him to Mexico or H—1! but never let him come back here."

The applicant rose, bowed graciously to the Secretary and walked out, as Mr. Webster sank into his arm chair, exclaiming, "Thank heaven he has gone at last!"

The Missourian went to Mexico, as a special messenger, in a steamer expressly provided for him.

LIFE'S CHANGES.—A lady of this city, who had been over-persuaded by her parents and her lover, whose affection she did not reciprocate, to approach the hyemal altar, on Thursday evening last, plucked up courage, when the important question was put to her by the officiating clergyman, and resolutely answered "no," when, by the rubric, the reply would have been a faint blush, a soft sigh and a whispered "yes." The consternation of all parties may be imagined but not described. Remonstrance was in vain. No said the young lady and no it was. The swain was embarrassed but not discouraged. Casting his eyes about the room, he enquired, is there any lady here who will have me; if so, let her make it known. One arose and declared her willingness to undergo the infliction. A bargain was instantly struck, the knot was tied as quickly, and the parties have departed for the home of the gentleman in New York.—*Cin. Gazette.*

ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.—The Boston Post states that J. S. Richardson, of that city, has put in operation a machine in the Merchants' Exchange, for the transmission of letters by atmospheric pressure. The vehicle for transport, as experimented upon, is a lead tube, one inch in diameter and twenty feet long. The letter or package to be conveyed is folded and placed in a bag attached to a plunger, and is propelled by pressure of air. The plunger is so arranged that the air cannot pass it. No friction is created. We saw packages pass and re-pass in the tube mentioned above in a second. We understand that an Atmospheric Telegraph Company has already been formed, and that a line is to be erected between this city and New York, having stations at Wooster, Springfield, &c. Mr. Richardson is very confident that by means of the tube, letters can be conveyed to New York in fifteen minutes! or as speedily as business is now done by telegraph.

A young lady recently refused to get out of her bed, because a copy of the Salem Observer lay in her room. She had no objection to the New York Mirror.