SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY & MARKET STREET.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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Philadelphia, June 3, 1848.—1y

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Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually attended to.
Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—y

MEYER'S
FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELEBRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS, at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and beautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States.

These instruments are highly approved of by the most eminent Professors and Composers of Music in this and other cities.

For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the celebrated Pianist, and many others of the most distinguished performers, have given these instruments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.

☞ Another Silver Medal was awarded to C. Meyer, by the Frankln Institute, Oct 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still greater improvements in his Instruments within the past 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.

At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Diploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufacturer's lowest Philadelphia prices, if not something lower. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber. H. B. MASSER.
Sunbury, April 8, 1848 —

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Country Merchants and others Purchasing in the above line will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality and prices will be fully guaranteed against all competition.
Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—ly

SELECT POETRY.

[From the Boston Courier.]

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BAR.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

[*Read at the late Bar Supper at the Revere House.*]

[There has been a movement in Boston among the members of the legal profession to "purify the bar." They have had a meeting and proposed to form an association. The movement has produced this "good thing" if it does nothing else.]

The Bar of the State had grown wretchedly sick
It must plainly be cured, or "step out" very quick;
So there gathered together, from near and from far,
A jury of lawyers to sit on the Bar.

Sage Counsellor Grave commenced the debate;
Says he, "Matters have got in a terrible state;
The Bar is as bad as the Devil could wish:
Who can tell how to cook such a kettle of fish."

"There ne'er was a time, that the oldest remembers
When disease so infected the head, heart or members;
To discover its seat we are here now assembled;
Our purpose is good—let it not be dissembled."

'I have pondered it well, and I speak it with deference,
To others more knowing, and having no reference
To A. B. or C., it may truly be said,
The disease of the Bar is a void in the head.

'When I was a student, I swallowed Coke whole:
Special pleading was dear to my innermost soul;
To a Counsellor's place was then a long journey,
And it took me seven years to become an Attorney."

Next Counsellor Squibob jumps up on his legs;
Bowing low, the indulgence of all men he begs;
Says he, "submit that the crying disease
Of the Bar of our State is the lowness of fees."

"You may say what you will about 'voids in the head,'
If your pocket is empty, you'd better be dead;
I therefore most humbly ask leave to suggest,
That the Bar's chief disease is a void in the chest."

Next Counsellor Billious got up and suggested,
That the Bar was not duly nor truly respected;
He mixed up the Bible with every day's reading,
And morals enforced in the whole of his pleading.

Yet he, even he had been widely blasphemed;
When he said it, he almost believed that he dreamed;
Yet he, as he sat in his office so snug,
Had been called by a client an arrant H—bug!

He therefore proposed, and thought it not visionary,
To send out at once a pure, legal missionary,
To enlighten the public, and show them how far
They were wanting in proper respect for the Bar

Next rose Counsellor Sly, with a plausible air,
As disposed to do everything honest and fair,—
Though yesterday caught in a false affidavit:—
Says he, "Our loved Bar, from disgrace I would save it:—

"I have heard what 'Squire Grave and 'Squire Squibob have said,
That the Bar was diseased in the chest and the head;
But I roundly appeal to each member's sagacity:
The main fault of the Bar is the want of veracity.'

After him, lawyer Splurge rose up much elated:
"The Bar's insults," says he, "cannot be oversated
I think they are wanting in proper effrontery,
To gain the respect of the folks in the country.

"You men in the city and populous towns
Do not know the importance of putting on gowns;
But unless we're disposed to be treated like pigs,
Our salvation depends upon wearing of wigs."

Then Counsellor Soaker rose up, and says he
"Nothing does as much harm as a dinner or spree
The truest account of our troubles by far
Is, that lawyers too often attend the wrong Bar."

Next rose lawyer Lovelaugh, well known in the city,
Although not a member of any Committee,
And gravely proposed the subjoined resolution,
Which broke up the sitting in utter confusion:—

Resolved, "That the Bar here gathered together,—
A motley assemblage of birds of a feather—
Recommended to the public, as wisest by far,
Baron Bradwardine's motto,—'Beware of the Bar.'"

HISTORICAL.

EXTRACTS FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARACTER OF JEFFREYS.

The great seal was left in Guilford's custody; but a marked indignity was at the same time offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigor and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous violence; for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy, and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of all the crimes which had sullied their triumph.—A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated; yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall.—Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital.—Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession.

All tenderness for the feelings of others, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish market or the bear garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable; but these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion.—Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common sergeant, and then recorder of London. As judge of the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterward, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously: and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxurient amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, 'Hangman,' he would exclaim, 'I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly! He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet. 'Impudent rogue!' roared Jeffreys, 'thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had hitherto professed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explained to popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death. But, as soon as he had got all that the city could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court.—Chiffinch, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent his aid. He had conducted many amorous and many political intrigues, but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys to Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revengeful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. 'That man,' said the king, 'has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street walkers.' Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who reverenced law or was sensible of shame, and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind; but he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he had seldom the full use. Even in civil cause his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths, and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him.—Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful; but, in general, his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good humored. He was constantly surrounded on such occasons by buffoons, selected for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstacy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way, for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity, and as he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly brow-beating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.

The services which the government had expected from him were performed, not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with this beginning. Respectable Tories lamented the disgrace which the barbarity and indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice; but the excesses which filled such men with horror were titles to the esteem of James.—Jeffreys, therefore, after the death of Charles, obtained a seat in the cabinet and a peerage. This last honor was a signal mark of royal approbation: for, since the judicial system of the realm had been remodeled in the thirteenth century, no chief justice had been a lord of Parliament.

From the New London Atheneum.

SOMETHING ABOUT PRINTING.

We live in an age and in a country wherein it would almost be considered a proof of lunacy, or great temerity at least, to say that printing is not the most useful of arts. That the art of printing is like salt—"it is the preservative of all arts"—seems to be a position conceded by all civilized communities where its benefits have been diffused with either an unsparing or stinted hand. That it has facilitated the march of improvement, spread abroad and propagated correct principles, heralded forth the principles of christianity, carried civilization, the arts and knowledge, to heathen lands, and that it has elevated man, shown him what he ought to be, besides conferring numerous other invaluable advantages, no one who is cognizant to its operations for a moment doubt. But the intention in commencing this article was not to eulogize the art for the benefactions it has conferred upon man, but for entirely another purpose.

Common or letter press printing, such as books, newspapers, &c., is carried on by a large number of *fonts* or types, every one of which costs money, labor and ingenuity to fit for use. A type of long primer size, although it is but eleven twelfths of an inch long, one seventh broad, and one fourteenth thick on an average, still costs something. It is said that there are but two or three men in the United States who can make the matrices in which types are cast, so peculiar, complete, proportioned must the work be done. The letters are principally made of lead, mixed with other metals in order to harden it sufficiently when cool, while at the same time those other ingredients caused the fused composition to fill the most tenuous crevice of the matrix completely. For every sized type, and differently shaped types—and there are more than 300 shapes and sizes of letter in our alphabet in use—new matrices have to be made, and each with the same exactness or the font is defective. In Roman each letter has to be made three times—large and small capitals and lower case, saying nothing of points and other indispensable characters. To give some idea of the number of characters and letters which go from a font of types, it may answer to state that there are two *cases*, as the the printer terms them. The *lower case*, containing all the common or smaller letters; with the figures and points for punctuation, double letters, and quadrats; this case has commonly 54 boxes, and every one is occupied. The *upper case*, containing the large and small capitals, and numerous marks and characters which are in common use; and but two or three of them are unoccupied.—Thus you see the type founder in order to supply a common font of roman letters, has to have constructed 150 matrices—and the italics are not included here, which will make over a hundred more—just to manufacture letters &c., of one size and corresponding faces. Here then, there must be about *two hundred and fifty* characters made, and some of them a good many thousand times over, just to print the plain matter of a common newspaper. To give the uninitiated an idea of the numbers and proportion of types used—for printers have no secrets that I know of—it may answer to state that we use, say for a common average fount:

a	8,500	n	3,000
b	1,600	o	8,000
c	3,000	p	1,707
d	4,400	q	500
e	12,000	r	6000
f	2,000	s	8,000
g	1,700	t	9,000
h	6,400	u	9,000
i	8,000	v	1,200
j	400	w	2000
k	800	x	400
l	2,000	y	2,000
m	3,000	z	200

Nothing here is said of points, figures, double letters and other characters, which would swell the list amazingly. And all this makes but *one* item in a newspaper office.

Nor is anything said of the numerous pictures, flowers, ornamented, shaded, condensed, &c., &c., types, used in job and newspaper printing, all of which are necessary to make up the stock of an ordinary newspaper establishment. These types, that is the plain ones, cost from 30 cents up to $2 a pound. A common newspaper requires, or ought to be supplied with from 800 to 1,000 lbs. of type. These, with some two hundred dollars worth of wood works, $250 for press, a good many more for brass rule, and still more for iron matrices, also paper, ink, &c., &c., will make a very large substraction from $1,000.

When all these items are paid for by the printer, he is just about ready to go to work—if he has a roller made—and set his type. The usual width of newspaper colums is 17 ems of long primer type; but ours are twenty-one ems wide. An em is the thickness of a line. On an average, nearly three types will go into an em, counting spaces. For every one thousand ems a printer sets, he handles near three thousand types; and if he sets five thousand, which is a day's work, with correcting the same, and distributing enough for the next, he handles not far from thirty thousand types.

The remark is often made, that there are many errors in the papers, and it is too true; but let the 99 out of the 100 who makes the observation, try the experiment and make fewer errors—*if they can*. All the printers ought to be good spellers; but a few of them are deficient in the qualification, while others are careless, just like some other folks.

These are but a few things, and but very few, concerning the important and useful business of printing; and if printers read them and find errors, as very, possibly they will, let them go to work and correct, if they think worth while; for, if printers do not correct each other, who will?

Will any conscientious man, after knowing these facts, refuse to pay the printer? If so, I will advertise his conscience to let, for nothing. It is in view of these things that printers write so freely of those delinquents who will not PAY THE PRINTER.

LATER FROM THE GREAT SALT LAKE—THE MORMONS—CALIFORNIA GOLD, &c.

The *Pittsburgh Gazette* announces the arrival in that city of Mr. E. Whipple, one of the leading Mormons, from the settlement in the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake.

Mr. Whipple left the Great Salt Lake settlement on the 13th of October, and arrived at Fort Kearney, on the Missouri, in 51 days. The settlement of Mormons with which he is connected, is located in a beautiful valley on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, in the north-eastern part of Upper California. The Great Salt Lake is about 150 miles long, by 50 broad, and contains nothing living. It is said that three barrels of water will make one of salt.—The shores of the Lake, in the dry season, are encrusted with salt fit for use. It has no out-let.

Nearly south of the Salt Lake is a fresh water lake called the Utah, which empties its waters into the former. In this lake, fish, the mountain trout, are found. The river which connects the two Lakes the Mormons call the Jordan. The valley in which they are situated slopes from the mountains to the river, on both sides. These lakes, we may state for the information of those who have not access to late maps, are situated on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the head waters of the River Platte, which runs into the Missouri, the Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California, and the Columbia, which empties into the Pacific. The waters of the Platte and the Colorado almost unite by means of the Sweet Water River, which heads west of the Rocky Mountain chain, and runs into the Platte through the famous South Pass. Between these Lake and the California mountains, in which the Sacramento rises, is a vast valley or basin, supposed to consist principally of sandy plains about 400 miles wide from east to west, and some 600 to 700 miles long from north to South From this immense basins no egress for water has been discovered, the rivers losing themselves in the sand.

The valley, in which the Mormons settlements are, is about fifty miles long, and forty broad, and is surrounded on three sides by mountains, and on the north side by the lake. It gradually slopes from the mountains to the River Jordan, and is formed into steppes. From various gorges in the mountains, numerous fresh water streams pour their waters into the Jordon, affording fine water power. No timber grows in the valley, but an abundance is supplied by the valleys of the streams in the mountains. It consists of fir, pine, hemlock, and sugar maple.

In this delightful valley, about 1,000 miles from Missouri on the east, and 700 from the gold-diggings of the Sacramento, on the west—the Rocky Mountains being a barrier on one side, and the Great Basin, and the Californian or Sierra Nevada range on the other—the Mormons have at last found a resting place. About 7,000 persons, of all ages, and both sexes are now collected in this valley They commenced arriving in the valley in July, 1847, and last season they raised, a fine crop of wheat corn and other productions, sufficient for their own consumption and of those of their faith who are yearly coming in. After next harvest they will have provisions to dispose of. They have two grist-mills and four saw-mills in operation, have laid out several villages, and a town on an elevated plat, which overlooks the whole valley and lake. They are building substantial houses and surrounding themselves with many comforts. They expect a large emigration this season from their brethren in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, where there are some thousands congregated.

The road to Oregon and California, by the North Fork of the Platte river, and the South Pass, passes some 60 miles to the north of the settlement but a route by the way of the Salt Lake can be taken which will not take the traveller out of his way more than 40 or 50 miles. The Mormons will be able to supply fresh mules and oxen; and after next harvest provisions to those who are emigrating to California.

Mr. Whipple says the road is very good all the way from Independence to west of the mountains. In 1847, about 1,000 wagons passed over it, and last year some 350. The trail is so well defined that no danger from losing it need be feared. Mr. Whipple recommends oxen in preference to mules, and says they will make very good time. Emigrants usually make about 15 miles a day. On some portions of the route there is a scarcity of grass. For about 500 miles, buffalo meat can be obtained in abundance.

Mr. Whipple represents the valley of the Salt Lake as perfectly healthy, and the journey to that region as attended with no dangers and but little fatigue. He returns again in the Spring.

The Mormons have established ferries over the only rivers which are not fordable on account of high waters—the Platte and Green rivers,—so that no hindrance to emigrants from that cause need now be feared. No gold has yet been found in the neighborhood of the Salt Lake, or anywhere east of the Sierra Nevada, as far as Mr. Whipple is informed. What has reached that region, was brought there by the discharged Mormon soldiers, who had returned from the Placer to visit their families.

With the reference to the story that the Mormons had claimed a pre-emption right to the diggings, and were demanding a per centage on the gold found, Mr. Whipple gives the following account. The first discovery of gold was made by Mormons, (discharged soldiers,) in digging a mill race for Mr. Sutter. As the discovery was on his ground, he gave them the liberty of digging gold, on condition of paying him a certain per centage. This they agreed to do but soon started off to explore for themselves, and having found some rich spot they demanded a per centage from new comers for digging in their ground, to which they claimed a right of discovery.—This practice is general in the mines, and the Mormons, Mr. whipple says, no more claim the whole of the mines than they do the whole of California.

Another Good Move by Congress.—The House of Congress, having abolished flogging in the Navy, have followed up the good movement by abolishing the grog ration, which is two gills a day In place of this the sailor is to receive four cents. Mr. John A. Rockwell, of Connecticut, has the credit of this act, and Mr. Sawyer, of Ohio, the credit of the former. If the Senate confirm these proceedings, we shall soon see a desirable improvement in the character of the Navy.

Something Curious.—Mr. Samuel Greece, left with us yesterday a small phial, containing some fifty or more small worms, preserved in spirits, which he scraped up from the snow, on the morning of the 5th of December, last.—They are about half an inch long, and about as large around as a common needle. Mr. Davison informs us that they came down with the snow in innumerable quantities, and were found for more than half a mile from where he first observed them, in some place almost covering the surface. They showed signs of life, and on being put into warm water, became quite lively.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Cultivating Fish.—The Boston Chronotype says that in some countries a practice is introduced of cultivating fish as a crop, which might perhaps be profitablly imitated.

A spot of poor land, commanded by some brook or rivulet, and so environed that it can be easily overflowed, is selected. By making a dam or embankment, the water is easily raised to the requisite height, and a good friable kind of fish is introduced, that sort which has been found by experience in the neighborhood to be best adapted to the soil. The fish multiply from the abundance of food which they gather from the soil. For two three or four years the place is constantly cropped, with the same sort of fish and a good profit made on the land and labor. At length the fish run out, and another sort is introduced, when flourishes, probably on food which the first rejected. After a considerable rotation of fish crop, the pond or tank is drawn off and is found in an improved condition to be cultivated with vegetables.

Gen. Shield, says the Boston Post, was shot through the breast at Cerro Gordo, and reported "mortally wounded," yet recovered: and now takes the place of Judge Breese in the United States Senate. This has given rise to the following good thing by a sucker wag:

Some men have "*lost their heads*" and lived,
But stranger far than these
The shot that pass'd through Shield's breast,
Instead of him killed Breese.

Public Economy.—The cost of maintaining the city paupers of New York is represented by the Knickerbocker to be $10 a head per week. It suggests, as a measure of economy on the part of the public, that these paupers should be boarded at the Astor House, or some other commodious hotel, at $7 per week.

The Black Diamonds, from Pennsylvania, have already commenced going to *California*. The ship Lavant, which is to leave this port for California, on the 17th inst, we learn, carries out three hundred tons of our anthracite coal in ballast.

Somebody says that females go to meeting to look at each others' bonnets. That's downright scandal! They go to show their own!

A BOSTON ICE ESTABLISHMENT.

In the vicinity of Boston the business of securing ice is a regular systematic operation. The Cambridge Chronicle gives the following description of the mode or gathering the ice crop at Fresh Pond:

"The mode of cutting is this. Two men go upon the pond with a straight edged board which they lay parallel to its margin, and just outside the rough ice, which usually occurs next the land. This board being held firm by the two, another runs a species of saw or coarse comb, with an iron handle, along its edge, making a groove an inch or two in depth The board is then moved in the direction of its length and the groove prolonged. When the "bass line," as surveyors would call it, is laid out, the plough, drawn by a horse, is employed to make a series of grooves parallel thereto—one share running in the channel just cut, while another cuts the next at the proper distance. This operation is repeated until they reach the limit proposed, when another series of grooves is made at right angles to the former, so that several acres may often be seen divided into squares of about twenty inches on a side. Then by means of whip-saws, at large mass thus prepared, some hundred feet square is seperated, and floated along the canal made by the removal of the ice already taken into the house, until it reaches the machine for elevating it Here a few blows of a large chisel break off cakes of the size of an ordinary breakfast table—containing nine of the cakes as channelled by the plough, and usually seen in our ice carts.—These blocks are float still further, until they disappear by passing into the house containing the steam engine which drives the lifting apparatus.

This engine is the "Philadelphia," a locomotive originally employed on the Boston and Providence railroad, standing, tender and all precisely as if it were about to shoot out of the house and away, and really, when the tinkle of the bell which announces that all is ready in the house, some hundred feet distant is answered by the locomotive's bell, and its puff and snort, one can hardly help clearing the track. A friend with us would not trust himself in front of the engine, until solemnly assured there was no no danger, as the "critter" was tied. From the large driving wheels on each side, a chain passes down to a drum on a shaft below the surface of the water. From this shaft three endless chains, made like the chain on the barrel of a watch, but rather stouter, lying parallel to each other, pass up at an angle of forty or forty-five degrees, to a drum about thirty feet from the ground.

To these chains, at intervals of twelve or fifteen feet, are attached transverse strips of wood, which, catching behind the cakes of ice, as they are floated over the chains, most unceremoniously draw them out of their native element, and drive them through a planing machine which reduces them to a uniform thickness—at present twelve and three-eighths inches—leaving two longitudinal bars on the upper surface, an inch in height and five inches in width, by resting on which they are prevented from freezing into a solid mass when packed. On leaving this planing machine they are shot off upon a species of trial railroad to the doors of the packing house each cake sliding upon a frame balanced by a weight, which frame slowly sinks until it discharges its load upon a little tram-road of wood, along which it is propelled to its destined resting place.

The large building of Mr. Wyeth holds about forty thousand tons, though it is rarely more than seven-eighths filled. Some idea of its size may be obtained from a knowledge of the fact that more than a thousand of these large cakes, containing twenty-five cubic feet each, are required to cover its floor. Between three and four thousand tons of ice are raised daily, employing in all the operations from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty men, none of whom receive less than a dollar a day, being paid each night in tickets redeemable at the Charles River Bank. The ice was never better than at present, and our parting advice in simply this—before the weather changes—go out to Fresh Pond and see for yourselves Mr. Wyeth's machinery remembering that ice which will bear a horse is not likely to give way under the weight of a lady; and that the most timid need not be afraid of the locomotive as it is positively tied.

A Lesson for Scolding Wives.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply—

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it!"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often.

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness, which all the poetry in the world cannot excel. "How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

A Citizens' Union of colored persons in Pennsylvania has been formed, to obtain for themselves all the rights and immunities of citizenship.

The First Postmaster General in the United States was Dr. Franklin. His salary was $1000.