

the foreman as he builds up these columns into eight great pages; and when they are locked up, he turns to find the press on which they are to be printed. But instead, he sees them placed in a sliding elevator, and a workman taking his place with them on the platform to descend through four or five stories, to the underground floor; and he goes along to witness the process. There he sees these pages covered with layers of soft damp paper, which is pressed into the uneven surface of the types, till a perfect mould of every word and letter is made upon it, and it is lifted off, a complete matrix. He recurs to his effort to cast the first metal types, and the travail in which he devised the means to cast a single letter; and his wonder increases as he sees this paper mould, within a few minutes, dried and made ready to receive the molten metal, which in a moment more will be a solid plate of the size of the whole page, bearing every letter and every point of the form. He beholds with admiration these eight pages cast, one after another, the last delayed a few minutes for the latest dispatches, and notes that it is now past one o'clock. He sees these plates taken up and carried forward to a grand apartment, formed under the street of the city, where they are bent to a perfect curve, around a large cylinder and made fast to its surface. Wonderingly he follows the workmen, as with cranes they lift this cylinder into its place in a vast machine, made up of rollers wheels and springs, so combined as almost to have the movements of life, and it dawns upon him that this is the press. At one end of it he observes a continuous sheet of paper a yard in width and hundreds long, rolled upon a cylinder; and his eye follows the process, as the end of this sheet is led along between guiding rollers till it passes over and around the cylinder covered with the plates of type, which are inked by those mysteriously flexible rollers, so important to the power press, - and thence directed through revolving shears, that cut off the sheets, fully printed on both sides, and whence they are passed into machines that fold them for the mails. The entranced spirit of this old Father of the Art looks on, and sees thousand after thousand of these immense journals thrown off, folded, wrapped, directed and mailed; and