

sionaries, and they soon saw that their labors would not be in vain. One Sabbath, an interesting native, called Puluna, was seen by the missionary entering the chapel, leading two shy but bright-eyed girls. They were her daughters. Having sat quietly until the service was ended, Puluna went up to the missionary and asked him to take her children and herself under his instruction. From that day they became constant scholars, and they made good progress. The mother was so diligent that in a few weeks she was able to read and to write, and not very long afterwards her daughters could do the same. When the missionary introduced slates for the use of the scholars, &c., Puluna received one of them. She valued the present much, and was so anxious to make good use of it, that four days after, she brought up her slate to the missionary, with this sentence written in English, "I cannot see God; but God can see me." You may fancy how pleased she was with her success, and you would have laughed outright if you had been there, and had seen how the rest of the scholars, and others who were not scholars, gaped and stared as they heard her read out the words, first in English and then in their own language. They now saw that a slate could really speak, that it could speak in different languages, and that one of their own people could make it speak!

The fame of the school, and the wonderful books, and the speaking slates soon spread; and many others came there to learn. One day, a little boy, with a mild and pleasant face, was seen peeping in through the paling that surrounded the school-house, watching the movements of those within. The missionary saw him, and said, "Would you like to live with us, and learn to work and read?" *Æ* (yes) was his prompt and pleasant answer. He was taken at his word. He became a diligent scholar and a good boy. In a few months he could read several parts of the English Bible well. Soon he expressed a wish to teach others who were still ignorant; and, even while he was still a boy, he made himself very useful in helping the missionaries. At another time, a young man came to the mission-house, and said, very earnestly, "I goin' to live with you now; I want to learn to read, and learn navigation. I like take the sun, sail out o' sight o' land, and go to any part o' the world." He had been to China, and had learned to speak the English language.

But the highest chiefs, as well as the youngest children, soon began to see how useful knowledge was, and they too came to school. Amongst these was the King of Kauai, and he was a good scholar. After he had been learning but three months, he wrote a letter to Mr. Bingham, saying how glad he was that missionaries "had come to do him good," and his thankfulness for what they had done for his son George.

Three months after this school was begun, there were forty regular scholars in it; and, as many of them had learned much in a short time, the missionary resolved to have a public examination. There was one part of this examination which pleased the people wonderfully; it was the singing or chanting of many of the lessons which the children had committed to memory. For example, they chanted, in the Hawaiian language, the following sentences:—

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.
Jehovah is in heaven, and he is everywhere.
We must pray to Jehovah, and love his word.
God loves good men, and good men love God."

The day following this examination, the missionaries entered new buildings which the Government had prepared for them, and in which they were able to carry on their work with more ease and comfort; and, soon afterwards, they saw that the good seed they were scattering had found its way, not only into the minds but into the hearts of some of the people.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

OLD PRINTING AND NEW.

Mr. Everett, in his admirable oration at Dorchester, on the fourth of July last, startled some of his Young American auditors by the remark, that the invention of Printing, four centuries ago, burst upon the world in a state of perfection not surpassed at the present day. The remark, however, as Mr. Everett's happiest illustrations generally are, was a simple and instructive truth, and not a mere figure of speech. A wiser man than Mr. Everett made the remark, in a more general sense, that there was no new thing under the sun. This is equally true. Printing itself, beautiful as the art came from the hands of its inventors, was in one sense nothing new. It was but another form of writing and art which had then reached a degree of excellence which no modern teacher of chirography can even imitate.

The first printed books were exact fac-similes of the manuscript volumes which they were designed to displace. All the niceties and methodical arrangements which constitute books, and produce their convenient forms and elegant appearance, originated not with the inventors of printing, but with the scribes who had already carried the art of book-making to a state of perfection which even at this day it would be vain to attempt to excel. The design of the first printers was to keep the art a secret, in order that they might realize the enormous prices at which manuscript books were necessarily sold. There were Yankees in those days; and the cuteness, therefore, on which we boast, is no new thing under the sun. Printing was made to imitate the writing of the scribes in the minutest particulars. The sizes and forms of types—first cut on blocks of wood, and afterwards made of metal—were careful fac-similes of written characters. The pages and lines of written books, and the correspondence of the lines on each side of the leaf—what printers call the register—were as per-

fect in written books before the invention of printing, as in the most skilful and beautiful specimens of modern typography. The present sizes of types, even as small as brevier, are the same as were used in the introduction of printing; and they were adopted from the manuscripts of the ante-printing period. We have seen a volume written in brevier, before the invention of printing, which none but a practised eye could distinguish from printing itself.

There is one fact pertaining to book-making which we are apt to think is new—that is, the multiplicity of books. But here, too, we are at fault. The wise man to whom we have alluded above seems to have had occasion, as we have, to mourn over a multitude of books; for he said, feelingly and prophetically, "My son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." He was, however, a great book-maker himself; "for he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were three thousand and five." He wrote also upon natural history, "of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes." It may be that his remark concerning the making of books was made as a natural inference from the fact that he found subjects so inexhaustible, and not in a tone of complaint or depreciation. And who knows that Solomon's books were not *printed*? The exclamation of Job, "Oh that my words were now written; oh that they were *printed* in a book!" renders it possible that typography at that period was no new thing.

To return to Mr. Everett's remark. It is really surprising how little real improvement has been made in printing during the four centuries of the existence and progress of the art. Going back as far even as the infancy of the invention, we find specimens of printing which in respect to beauty, skill and accuracy, will compare favorably with the most modern typography. Our public libraries, and some of our antiquarian readers and collectors of ancient books, can produce specimens of early printing which will verify the truth of this remark. There is now, we suspect, in the library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, a copy of the Bible, printed at Venice in 1476—which is within twenty years of the time when metal types were invented—which is an elegant specimen of printing for any age. The ink is clear and black; the type is of great beauty and neatness of form; and it would be difficult to find better press-work in any book since printed.

We have wandered, however, from the object of this notice—which was to speak of a book just published in this city, entitled "Exercises of Piety, or Meditations on the Principal Doctrines and Duties of Religion; for the use of Enlightened and Virtuous Christians. By G. J. Zollikoffer." Printed by Isaiah Thomas, Jr., Worcester, 1808; and reprinted in 1855 by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. No one acquainted with the teeming and tasteful publication list of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will suspect them of old foggism, certainly in any other than the best sense. They have, however, made a practical application of Mr. Everett's sentiment, so far at least as to go back half a century for a pattern of typography. And in doing so, they have given us as beautiful a book as adorns their beautiful list. The volume, of 186 pages 18mo., is an exact reprint of that originally issued from Mr. Thomas's press more than fifty years ago. The type, the arrangement—all is the same.

Among the innovations which are not improvements in the typographic art, is a change in the formation of letters from the fair, round and generous Roman face to the flattened, condensed and penurious features which mark most modern type. This innovation has an economical quality—it "gets in" more, as the printers say—which commends it to an utilitarian age; but for the adaptedness to easy reading and for beauty and gracefulness of form, it is infinitely inferior to its archetype. We have noticed with great satisfaction that within a year or two there has been a disposition to return to the old and neglected, but by no means forgotten style. The patterns of a century or two centuries ago have been revived, and partially introduced into book-printing. But the present is the first instance in which a printed book of olden time has been completely and perfectly reproduced. It has been admirably done by Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., at the Riverside Press, in Cambridge. It is in every particular a beautiful specimen of typography.

The fair-faced type enchants the eye and tempts a perusal; and the even and elegant press-work allures the reader through every page of the graceful volume. It proves that if the art of printing burst upon the world in a high state of perfection, it at least has not degenerated on the spot where it was first introduced into the English colonies of America. We commend the little volume to our readers, as a work of great intrinsic excellence and value, and also as a choice memento of both ancient and modern typography. We hope the publishers have issued a large edition. Should there be a demand, as we apprehend there will be, for still another edition, we would suggest to the publishers that if the paper were made to bear a yellowish tinge, it would not only more nearly resemble the original edition, but would add materially to the beauty of the book. Our publishers, as it seems