

FIRST BOOKS IN AMERICA.

It is a remarkable fact that in a year after the first printing press was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, or in 1640, an American book was issued from it, (being the first published in what are now the United States,) which was soon after reprinted in England, where it passed through no less than eighteen editions, the last being issued in 1754, thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for one hundred and fourteen years. This was the "Bay Psalm Book." It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland, where it was extensively known, the last bearing date 1759; and as it was reprinted without the compiler enjoying pecuniary benefit from its sale, we have irrefutable proof that England pirated the first American book, being in reality the original aggressor in this line. This first American work enjoyed a more lasting reputation, and had a wider circulation than any volume since of American origin, having passed in all through seventy editions—a very remarkable number for the age in which it flourished. Success attended the colonial press, and in 1663 the first "Bible" printed in America was published in Cambridge. It was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures—that right being a monopoly enjoyed by privilege and patent in England. The press printed in Massachusetts was Billop's famous "Indian Bible," and although fifteen hundred copies were struck off, they are now quite rare and "valued books," the tongue in which they are written is literally a "dead language," the tribe and all who had a knowledge of the dialect being long extinct. Elliott's work is unique, being at once a monument to his piety, perseverance and learning. Its literary successor was Newman's "Concordance of the Scriptures." This was compiled by the light of pine knots in a log cabin, in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts. It was the first of its kind, and for more than a century was admitted to be the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until supplanted by Orden's, which is suggested.—*Printing Gazette.*

FOUR HUNDRED MILES UP STAIRS.

Reading about electricity, lightning and the telegraph, the other day, said Uncle Peter, "reminded me of a curious story I once heard, when I was in England."

It seems there was a newspaper in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, which employed a London correspondent. The correspondent made it his duty to gather the news every day and send it to Glasgow every night by telegraph.

He made an agreement with an operator at a certain office, by which his news was sent to Glasgow at a reduction by the year.

One night he arrived at the lower door, at the foot of the stairs leading up into the telegraph office. The door was locked, and he could not open it. The operator up stairs yawned and looked at his watch. "Jenkins won't come to-night," said he, "I may as well go to bed."

And there was poor Jenkins all the time pounding away on the door at the foot of the long stairs, unable to go in.

"Hillo up there!" he cried, looking at the window of the telegraph office that glowed with light. "Hillo, Jones, somebody has locked the outside door, and I can't get in."

"What is the row?" said a policeman, coming along.

"I'm locked out," said Jenkins. "Here I've got a batch of the most important news for a paper—a murder, three fires, and a riot—and the door locked in my face, and I can't get in. What will I do?"

So the policeman began banging at the door, but Jones, the operator, up in his office, was as unconscious of the tumult as if it had been in the moon. He was whistling to himself, and yawning prodigiously.

"Why don't you go to some other office?" asked the policeman.

"No authority to use any other line," said the correspondent. "Ah! I've got it!" he added, and before the policeman could ask him what it was, the excited Jenkins had dashed off down the street, as if a mad dog was after him.

Jenkins rushed breathlessly into another telegraph office, six blocks on.

"Tay," said he to the operator, "I'm in a fix. Got news to go off inside of an hour, and the stupid operator at my office has gone to sleep, and I can't get in—and—"

"Well, that is a fix," said Jenkins, endeavoring to catch his breath. "I want you to telegraph down to Glasgow, and ask the operator there to telegraph up here to Jones, and bid him come down stairs and let me in."

The operator roared with laughter at this, but went to his instrument and began rattling away at a great rate.

This is the message he sent: "Glasgow. Wake up Jones, Station X; tell him Jenkins, at the foot of the stairs, can't get in."

Jones was looking at his watch again, and concluded that he had better put out the lights and go to his little bedroom across the hallway, when clatter went his instrument.

"There's Glasgow calling me," said Jones, and hurried to his instrument, and ticked off—

"What's wanting?"

"Rank Jones the answerer here—go let him in."

Off went Jones with a rush down stairs, threw open the door, and at last the anxious Jenkins got up and sent off his news.

By the way, a London correspondent once sent a message through the telegraph office, and by way of Glasgow, and all within twenty minutes.

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