

preparation and issue of one of our great morning Dailies. I can imagine the spirit of Father Caxton rising from the shadowy past, to look upon the workings of the art he loved, and see what four hundred years had wrought of progress in a process that he was supposed to have completed, with his cast metal types. I see him, (inspired by a wish to know how far the art had blest mankind,) coming down to a land unknown in his time, where forty millions of men speaking his tongue, spread over a continent risen to fill the place of the lost *Atlantis*. He has alighted in the midst of a great city. It is night-fall; and he betakes himself to his beloved Printing Office, one of the thousand in the place, but one whose proportions are multiplied an hundred fold to any he had ever seen. He sees the same types, in the same cases, and distributed in the same order as when he used them; and the workmen are taking their places, each with the old composing stick and rule, as the printers of old were wont to use. They are for a night's work; and each compositor, before he begins, touches a little point with a lighted taper, and there flashes before him a new illuminating power, and reveals to the astonished ghost a modern composing room. The editors are at work in another apartment preparing the morning edition; a messenger brings the copy to the printers, where it is divided among them; in a few minutes it is all in type and they wait for a new supply, which is disposed of, till column after column is composed, proof-read and corrected; and there is before him a mass of reading, made up of news, editorials, correspondence, commercial and shipping intelligence, miscellaneous selections, poetry, advertisements, etc., equal to a year's work of his day. He inspects the matter, is attracted by the head "Despatches," each item beginning with a date that is the present time; and he reads before the same date,—London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome, Alexandria, Calcutta, Canton, Yeddo, and other places from as wide a world beside, to him unknown. It is now "the very witching time of night," and the clock points towards *one*. The last regular telegraph dispatches have been set up and the "latest" are waited for, while the forms are prepared. He curiously watches