

writing with his head clear and his mind renovated and refreshed by repose—the other wearied and exhausted from the ceaseless routine which, day by day, he is compelled to go through. The first reading the sheet, after having filled it—adding, erasing or altering as his judgment prompts—and throwing it into a drawer, with the words—“I will read it again to-morrow, and make new corrections”—the other, handing the sheet to the compositor, ere the ink is dry, and then turning to the table, and seizing the second sheet. The first, having a week or a month to reflect over a subject affording materials for an editorial—the other, compelled to seize the leading topic of the passing hour, and combining upon it an amount of talent, information and vigor that throws the most perfect specimens of the essayists who preceded him far into the shade. The one sits in his chair, conning over quietly the subject discussed with Pope and Swift, and St. John, and Walpole at their last meeting; all the arguments for and against, vividly before his mind; with all the ideas thrown out by these master spirits, fresh in his recollection—and with a week before him to revise the bantling of his brain—and render it elaborate and perfect. The other has just given his whole thought and mental powers to the production of the “leader” of “this Morning’s *Times*”—his mind one would suppose has scarcely recovered from its recent powerful effort—a new question, totally unlooked for, arises—there is a revolution in France—some startling measure has been brought before Parliament—the leader of to-morrow’s paper must be devoted to the subject—it must embody all the information connected with it together—all the reflection likely to arise therefrom—it is now late at night—what can be done? Fifty years ago, the proposal of perfecting a piece of composition on so vast a matter, and publishing it to the world within a few hours after the time of its being written, would have been looked upon as an impossibility. Yet, mark! how calmly the London editor sits down to his task—behold the rapidity with which his fingers move over the paper—without pause or stop, he writes on; and now the sheet is finished—and is placed in the compositor’s hands—and the indefatigable editor turns again to the table—a moment’s pause takes place—he presses his hand for an instant upon his forehead, and again the pen flies over the sheet with its wonted rapidity—and now the leader is completed, and within an hour thereafter the multiplied copies are floating in hundreds and in thousands from the steam press, as they are thrown ceaselessly from its iron wing—and now a nation peruses the proud result of the human intellect, as displayed in that “leader”—and while they read the stupendous words—and survey that mammoth journal, are they not disposed, to say of it—“this is, indeed, the lever of the moral world!”