

for the great mass of the children and youth of our public schools than this same simple elegy of a former century. That it is not more thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the Gospel may be regretted, but a truer or more life-like picture of the folly of human ambition and the wisdom of a contented spirit it would be difficult to find. The anecdote with which the following sketch is introduced renders a brief sketch of the poet the more interesting:

An early tribute to the merits of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* occurs in an anecdote related by Professor Robison, of Edinburgh, and then a midshipman on board the "Royal William," one of the fleet engaged in the taking of Quebec. He happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine; and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy* (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

Goldsmith, having published a "Life of Parnell," with the zeal of a biographer thinks it necessary to exalt his hero above everybody else, and says, "The 'Night Piece on Death' deserves every praise; and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night pieces and churchyard pieces that have since appeared." On which Johnson remarks, "The 'Night Piece on Death' is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's *Elegy*; but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment."

Johnson himself had criticised the poems of Gray with severity which appears almost malignant; but when he comes to the *Elegy*, his tone is entirely changed. "In the character of his *Elegy* I rejoice to concur with the common reader. The churchyard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The stanza beginning 'Yet e'en these bones' is to me original. I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him." Robert Hall thought Gray's *Elegy* "the finest thing ever written."

Mr. Gray was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His father was a Mr. Philip Gray, a scrivener of London. His mother's brother, Mr. Antrobus, was assistant to Dr. George, at Eton; and under him Mr. Gray was educated at that celebrated school. At eighteen he left school, and entered a pensioner at Peterhouse, in Cambridge. Five years afterwards, in 1739, he travelled in France and Italy as companion to Horace Walpole, whose friendship he had gained at Eton; but unfortunately they quarrelled in the course of their tour, and Mr. Gray returned alone. Mr. Walpole took the blame of their disagreement on himself. In 1741, he retired to Cambridge, and became Bachelor of Civil Law, and excepting occasional absences, he passed at Cambridge the rest of his life. When the British Museum was first opened, he took a lodging near it, where he resided three years, reading and transcribing. In 1768 the Duke of Grafton appointed him Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He died of gout in the stomach, producing strong convulsions, on the 30th of July, 1771.

Gray was a man of great learning and research, but he did not mix much with the literary society of his time. He was timid and reserved, but very affectionate to the few friends whom he admitted to his confidence; and he merits much of our compassion, as being subject to the dreadful malady of low spirits. "Melancholy marked him for her own." He had the most unbounded contempt for the infidels and sceptics of former days and his own—the Shaftesburys, Voltaires, and Fredericks, who did their worst to discredit Christianity. We can only wish that the philosophic and virtuous author of the *Elegy* had gained a clearer knowledge of the consolations which the gospel holds out to those who, with a meek and thankful gratitude, are enabled to embrace it.—*S. S. World*.

2. THE LONDON TIMES PRINTING OFFICE.

A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* has paid a visit to Printing House Square, and passed through the various offices of the London *Times*, excepting the "Lion's den," which no one is permitted to enter, or have communication with unless by writing. This is the office of the editors-in-chief. The writer says:—

At the right hand of the square is the office for advertisements, looking like a busy and crowded post-office—the advertising of the *Times* is immense. Everything about the *Times* office is done with the utmost system and economy—there is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. There is a perfect division of labor,

and a place for each division. You enter a long room on the first floor where the *form* is got ready for stereotyping; for with the exception of a single page left open till the last moment for the latest intelligence, every particle of the paper is stereotyped before it goes to press. A part of this room, as well as one of the same size above it, is used by the compositors; these are always at work, day and night, having two sets of hands.

In another room were two telegraphic apparatuses—one communicating with the office of Reuter, the king of telegraphs, the other with both Houses of Parliament. What comes from Louis Napoleon or Palmerston's brain, is here almost as soon as it is there. The department of proof-readers is prominent and complete. Every word and point undergoes the utmost scrutiny.

The stereotyping was to me a point of culminating interest. To set up a single page of the *Times* takes six men eight hours, and there are sixteen pages. From the moment the "form" is finished until it is reproduced in stereotype is exactly twenty-five minutes. Away it is whirled to the press, and another page quickly follows. In stereotyping, tissue paper is laid on the types, and over that paste-board; the whole is subjected to heavy pressure—the impression thus obtained is inclosed in a mould, the metal is poured on it, and the work is done. Sixteen tons of paper are consumed each day. From the *Times* office 130,000 sheets are sent forth daily.

I have not time to speak of the luxury of the reporters' room, of the library or the multitude of things, curious and useful, that were shewn to me.

"And now," said I, when the gentleman conductor had taken me through the establishment, "can you let me see the Jupiter, the head thunderer?" He answered solemnly, "He is invisible.—He is to be communicated with only in writing."

3. THE PECUNIARY PERILS OF JOURNALISM.

A London journal portrays the shady side of journalistic enterprises in that city, and the story has its parallel in the experience of American journalism. The London paper starts with the fact that, leaving the great *Times* out of the account, the entire press of London does not pay expenses; that is, the profits of those which do pay are less than the losses of those which do not. The London *Daily News*, the chief rival of the *Times*, spent half a million dollars before it paid expenses, which it barely does now. With several other special facts of this description, our authority goes on with its story thus:—"There is scarcely a newspaper in London in which three or four fortunes have not been sunk, and by which as many persons have not been ruined. The usual history of a journal is this: A, thinking to make a fortune, starts a journal. He spends a thousand pounds upon it, and finds it still exhibiting a loss. Money goes very fast in a newspaper, for the drain is a steady one, week by week, without pause—a process that will soon empty the wealthiest pocket. Having spent so much, he does not like to stop there. He proceeds, and another £1000 vanishes. He stakes his last £500, and that goes too. Then he is obliged to sell at any price. He perhaps gets £100 for that which has cost £2,500, and he is ruined. Then the buyer expends another £2000 in like manner, and he is ruined, and sells to a third for £200 perhaps. The process may be continued even for a fourth or a fifth, until even hope dies, and the enterprise is abandoned. But sometimes it happens that the fourth or fifth fortune has succeeded by the mere force of living on, and the journal is made to pay. But even then, what is the profit, commercially considered? True, it is a fair profit for him who bought it for £100 and expended £2000. But the actual cost of establishing it was the three previous fortunes of £7,500; add these, and the expenses of establishing the journal were in fact £10,000; and the profits do not pay as well as any other occupation would do for such a capital as that. Try it thus: what annuity could not be bought for £10,000, and would not that annuity be greater than the profits of the journal, successful though it may appear to be? These results may occasion surprise; but when we show what are the expenses of establishing and conducting a journal, and what are the receipts, the reader will cease to wonder at the ruin in which journalism involves so many, and at the certain sinking of capital that is occasioned even by the most successful of these enterprises.—*Prescott Telegraph*.

4. CORRECT SPEAKING.

We advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads,