

a poorer class absorbed the contents. With such expedients as these, the wants of the public were in a manner supplied by the slow means then at hand; and the reading public was content and happy, rejoicing in their wonderful facilities for looking over "the map of busy life." Then the enterprising newspaper boastfully told that its proprietors had secured the landing of a swift boat at a near point, with the news of the last great battle, and how fleet horses carried the dispatches overland in a few hours, and how they massed a force of printers at midnight and at day light laid the important news before the public in less than a week from the event,—and never dreamed that they might live to read at breakfast the last night's dispatches from around the whole earth.

But the world was growing, man was enlarging his sphere, and all his wants were expanding. The ever present *Necessity* called forth her child *Invention* to the work. The Power Press, the Stereotype plate, the Paper Machine were produced; and the means of supply became all that the demand could ever require. Then the power of human expression was indeed unfettered. Men could make known their thoughts as they willed, and intelligence waited only to be received. All the books could be made and all the periodicals issued that the entire world was prepared to read. Still this, which seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of the art was not perfection, or the kind of perfection that we enjoy. But there waited to join the train, in the triumphant march of the *Fourth Estate* to its grandest domain,—the Railway, the Telegraph and the Photograph. These unite as if by elective affinity to produce the results we contemplate in *THE PRESS* of our time,—an institution that once would have been thought magic; that within my own recollection, would have been called impossible, and which to-day creates no astonishment; because it has so entered every household with its marvelous effects.

We sometimes imagine the spirits of the great of other days coming back to earth to note the contrast of the times. I have contemplated in fancy, one of the fathers of this art,—Aldus or Caxton,—watching the