

the cross of knighthood at the breast, to fill the yawning *chasm* in the hearts of men, once these things were won? Verily, the very mockery of childhood, which charm but in anticipation.

To fill the void, the prize sought for must elude the grasp; it must be one continued struggle to achieve, and one continued disappointment; but under that disappointment the spirit faints not, neither does the iris-eyed Hope cease "to spring triumphant in the breast." In that struggle the mind becomes enlarged, and its capabilities to achieve increase, as the object to be attained fades dimly in the distance, and becomes more difficult to attain. This is the search for knowledge,—for the perfection of intellect,—for the magic word and sign which will cause the revelation of all hidden things.

But how vain would have been this search—how beastly the condition of man, had he not discovered a method to record and communicate his thoughts, and transmit them to posterity!—so that the ideas springing forth from the human mind, and once born in the world of intellect, should die no more—but animate other minds, when its originators had ceased to think forever.

What, then, do we not owe to the Art of Writing? With that discovery the mind of man was RE-CREATED; and that hour when the grand idea burst upon the giant soul of the first inventor is imperishable, while the ages of old time are noted by human ken. The hour before its invention, man's voice, exerted to its most extreme pitch, could be heard but by a few thousands, and that but for an hour or two, when it must become silent from exhaustion. The hour after that invention, and man could impress his immaterial thought in living and imperishable characters on material matter, giving to it a tongue and a mind which would speak for him and be heard in every home and hamlet of an empire, and be re-echoed to posterity far down the tide of time, even when the mind which gave it birth had returned to its Maker.

The day before this invention, the spirit of one country was estranged from the spirit of all other countries, and for almost all the purposes of intercourse, the families of man might as well not have belonged to one race. The day after—and wisdom was endowed with the gift of a tireless tongue and spake, through her interpreters, to all the tribes of the earth,—to all the children of Adam. The day before its invention, and nothing but a faint and fading tradition of all that had been spoken by the wisest and best of men, could be preserved by the over-burdened memory. The day after—and thought became imperishable; it sprang up in *that* hour to an earthly immortality; it seized its new-found instruments of record and commemoration, and, deserting the body as it sank with its weak organs into the dust, it carved on its very gravestone—"Henceforth the mind of man shall live forever."

Till that moment the proud eloquence of the orator, and the calm wisdom of the sage, and the triumphant minstrel's song, died in echoes on the air, as the words were uttered by the lips and were remembered no more. But in that