

another room, about 180 feet long, were distributed in a similar manner a double row of compositors, closely packed along each wall. On descending to the ground floor we passed through a long, dark store-room, which reminded me of a coal-mine, about 150 feet in length, filled almost from the floor to the ceiling with "type in form," that is to say, in the square frames in which they had been fixed, and in which they were reposing until again required for a reprint. Twelve thousand of these forms were so arranged that, like the tray of a wardrobe, any could at pleasure be drawn out without moving the one above or below.

The very first compartment of this dark receptacle, principally filled with government publications, was labelled—

"GUERRE."¹

From it we passed into a beautiful yard, covered with skylights like a greenhouse, and surrounded on every side by low cisterns, above each of which appeared, protruding from the wall, one or two cocks for filling them with water. In this cheerful workshop we found several men employed in damping paper for the press.

We next entered a beautiful printing hall,

¹ War.