

of two long rows of compositors, all dressed in blouses and black silk neckcloths. At proper intervals were also to be seen, each within a wire cage, that valuable, well-educated member of every printing establishment—a reader. On the first coup-dœil the whole appeared in busy operation; as, however, we passed along, one might have fancied we were a body of magicians, witches, and wizards, whose breath had power to stop the whole system; for however sedulously the compositor had, from the small “case” before him, been snapping up letter after letter to fill his “stick;” whatever might be the subject on which he was engaged; he stood spell-bound in his operation, not only while we were approaching, but for several seconds afterwards he was to be seen standing with a type between his finger and thumb.

“ I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool.”

The sudden appearance of six young ladies and three rather old ones produced upon 150 French compositors the strange symptoms above described. Indeed, every workman—even the jaded reader—stopped to enjoy a good, long, hearty, refreshing look at them; after which one by one faithfully returned to his work. In