

The lesson ended, we began to write. For to-day, M. Hamel had prepared new examples on which were written in round hand, France, Alsace; France, Alsace. They were like so many little flags which floated about the class fastened to the corners of our desks. It was wonderful to see how each one tried to do his best, and how quiet every one was! There was not a sound but the scratching of the pens over the paper. At one time some beetles flew into the room; but no one looked at them, not even the little ones, who applied themselves with all their might, making pot-hooks just as if they were writing in French. On the roof of the school some pigeons were quietly cooing, and I said, while listening to them: "Will they not be obliged to coo in French too!"

From time to time, as I raised my eyes from the top of the page, I saw M. Hamel sitting quietly in his chair and looking fixedly at everything about him, as if he wished to remember everything in that little school-room. Just think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with just such a class before him; only the benches and desks were polished now, rubbed smooth by long usage; the walnut trees in the playground had grown, and the hops which he planted climbed up from the windows to the roof. What a heart-break it must be for this poor man to leave all these things, and to hear his sister, as she went into the room upstairs to close their trunks, they being obliged to leave the country the next morning, never to return.

Nevertheless he kept up until the end. After the writing lesson we had history; then the children sang their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. There, sitting at the end of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his spelling-book with both hands, he spelled the letters with them. One could see how diligent he was, his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah! I remember that last lesson so well.

All at once the church clock struck twelve; then the Angelus. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel got up, his face became deadly pale; never did he seem so noble.

"My friends," said he; "my friends, I—I—"

But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, with all his remaining strength, he wrote in large letters:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood perfectly still, his head resting against the wall, and, without speaking, with his hand he made us this sign:

"C'est fini; allez-vous en."

ZARA.

A BOOK MANUFACTORY IN ANCIENT ROME.

In the *Illustrirtes Schweizerisches Unterhaltungsblatt für Stenographen* we find an interesting account of the production of books in ancient Rome. It is stated therein that, notwithstanding that the Romans had not printing-presses, books were at that time produced much more quickly and in larger numbers than most modern works. Paper was used which was almost woven out of the fibre of the Egyptian papyrus, which grows to a height of ten feet and which has given its name to paper. A Roman residing in Egypt assures us that the yield of his paper manufactory would be sufficient to support any army, and whole shiploads of paper were sent from Egypt to Rome. Before books of any description were reproduced in large numbers, they were read mostly in private circles, or publicly, so that the author could adopt suggestions for the improvement of his work. Wealthy Romans used to own a large number of slaves for all kinds of service, which rendered labour cheap, as they cost nothing in many cases, and had only to be supported. They were mostly prisoners of war, the pick of nations, and often more cultivated (especially the Greeks) than their masters. They were consequently also employed in the education of Roman boys. The works of authors were dictated to a number of slaves, women also being employed for that purpose. Even among freemen and liberated slaves the desire to obtain employment became so great that hundreds of willing hands could be had for writing books at a very low rate of wages. The instruction imparted in the workshops of Roman publishers necessitated a regular course of training, which was to teach the apprentices an easy and elegant handwriting. If a publisher had at his disposal say a hundred writers, and reckoning the working day at ten hours, a document which took an hour to write would be multiplied in the course of a day to a thousand copies. The writers became in time expert to such a degree that they combined quickness with elegance. It must also be added that in cases where speed was the first consideration, the use of stenographic contractions became general, and we possess illustrations of their employment in the old manuscripts still in existence. We are also informed that both readers and copyists were instructed and trained, the former in the solution, the latter in the application of contractions. Their object was to copy work as quickly as possible, the use of full words being only resorted to for the best works. The above brief account demonstrates to us the fact that the Romans made the nearest approach to the invention of printing, although they never attained to it. The movable stamps of iron or other metals used by the Romans for marking earthenware vessels and other utensils also prove this. But the art of rapid writing, which was perfected by them to an unusual degree, counteracted a further development, while the number of slaves and other willing hands at disposal, by which means the most astonishing results were obtained, operated in the same direction.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

SAILORS THREE.

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowls so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim, the moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine;
And your ballast is old wine.

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, in *Macmillan*.

THE BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

THE Ontario Society of Artists deserve great credit for the opportunity they have afforded the Toronto public of viewing the original drawings made for the *Century* and *St. Nicholas Magazines*, exhibited at the Society's rooms, 14 King Street West, during the past few weeks. The collection was certainly excellent, and well repaid a careful and prolonged study. It is only to be hoped that the praiseworthy effort of the body in question was properly appreciated and reaped its due financial reward. Judging by the very limited attendance on the day I visited the rooms, I should fear Toronto is not yet educated up to black and white effects. Writing as a mere amateur, I am only a superficial critic; at the same time I have seen enough of pictures in various parts of the world, besides my own practical experience and study of art work, to feel competent to make, at any rate, a few remarks. In the first place, I must risk offending the Society by saying that the pictures suffered considerably from not being arranged in proper numerical order; moreover, the catalogues, though ambitious, inviting, and inexpensive, were extremely awkward, unwieldy, and provoking. The preponderance of their width over their depth upset the centre of gravity, and made the constant reference to their pages, to which the unfortunate holder was doomed, if he wished to follow and enjoy the drawings, a hideous task, very inducive of bad language. When the pictures were unpacked it seems to any average intelligence that it would have been just as easy to arrange them in proper sequence as not, especially as each frame had its number printed and attached to it.

Neither does the selection of the originals engraved into the condemned catalogue do justice to the exhibition, the very first one in the book, "Brunhild Hurling Her Spear," by Robert Blum, being one of the few poor specimens in the rooms. The woman's figure is quite out of proportion in the length of her nether limbs, while some of the men in the background are decidedly bow-legged. Another of this artist's works, likewise introduced into the catalogue, is called "The Attack," and represents a Spanish bull-fight, in which the fore legs of the distant horse are dislocated, and the near animal, which is being attacked by the bull, looks as if it were kneeling on the beast's broad back; nor is the "Landlady of 'Grand Vatel,'" by Douglas Volk (gouache), interesting in design or execution. Engraving 3, "I Come to Claim My Dead," by W. T. Smedley (wash), illustrates a very touching little story called "Crow's Nest," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, which appeared in the September number of the *Century* (1885)—an incident in the late American war, and is, on the contrary, a striking and powerful study in which the artist has seized upon the individuality of the heroine, and in depicting the noble but defiant expression of her face as she addresses the officer in charge, he conveys the author's idea, at least to me. Engraving 4, "Grassy Mountains," by Alfred Parsons (gouache), is a pretty enough pastoral scene with strong effects of light and shade, but devoid of force or originality. No. 5 is "The Attack," by Robert Blum, above referred to. No. 6, "Storming the Gate," by A. Kappes (oil), is heavy, unattractive, and incomprehensible. I cannot see any motive for its selection as a typical work. No. 7, "Street Scene in Washington," by J. H. Cocks (gouache), is one of a clever series of Southern studies of negro life, the best example of which is found in an "Ideal 'Still Fisher,'" by the same skilful brush. The engraving does not at all do justice to the soft, delicate tints of the original. No. 8, "Funeral of Father Junipero," by Henry Sandham (wash), is a strong and clever drawing, and represents the wild, passionate grief of the Indian race at the loss of their beloved pastor, in contrast with the calm repose of the extended figure on the bier and the motionless attitude of the priest standing at its head. No. 9, "Seals in Sight," by W. Taber (wash), is very charming, light, airy, and atmospheric, while the sense of motion expressed by the men rowing their boats out of the immediate foreground is excellent, and the hovering gulls give the characteristic