

On the summit of each of these powerful machines, instead of a boy, as in England, I observed sitting up aloft a young girl, who, at every aspiration of the giant over which she presided, fed him with a large sheet of cool damp milk-white paper, no sooner in his power than it was remorselessly hurried over a sort of iron cataract, at the bottom of which it came out printed, on both sides, into the hands of a young woman, a little older and a little stouter, by whom it was scarcely laid aside when, the operation having been repeated by the angel above, there came out, for our weal or woe, another sheet full of the knowledge of good or evil. With the assistance of its two hand-maidens, and of some men seated at tables close behind them, employed in preparing the paper for the operation above described, each of these great presses, which cost 10,000 francs, strikes off from 1000 to 1200 sheets per hour.

In an adjoining room we witnessed a simple and very ingenious invention for rapidly drying the paper thus imprinted. A hot iron cylinder, of about six feet in diameter, encircled by coarse brown canvas, and made to revolve by the power of steam, is attended by a woman, who keeps putting between the heated metal and