

smile—then a very long scrub—then three dots—and so on; in short, they were correcting and finishing off lithographic maps, painted in most beautiful colours; at which, with two hours of “recreation,” they continue to work from seven to seven, as aforesaid, which very probably consists of the dissyllable imprinted in the left-hand corner of a London “At home” card of invitation, namely, “DANCING.”

Above this happy hall we found sixteen lithographic presses, which, besides the maps from below, were busily striking off government papers of various colours and sizes. At several tables I observed otherwise occupied well-dressed and apparently well-conducted persons of both sexes, and yet, as indeed throughout the whole establishment, it was evident that at a single blast of a trumpet the men, like Roderick-Dhu’s “warriors true,” would have, one and all, started up, soldiers!

Below stairs we entered a room full of larger lithographic presses, and then a magazine that looked like a universe of white paper.

We were now conducted into a large, light, airy chamber, in which were to be seen, hard and steadily at work, four huge steam-presses, each of which, as compared with the strength of the human beings that environed it, looked like Gulliver snoring in the land of Lilliput.