

180 feet long—with hand-presses on each side—in which, in a glass frame, I observed inscribed in large letters—

“ATELIER DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.”<sup>1</sup>

On walking down this gallery we found it intersected in the middle by another at right angles of about 100 feet in length, also occupied by a double row of printing presses. From this point the cruciform view was extremely interesting. Two hundred and thirty printers, in shirts (it was Thursday) as clean as the paper they were imprinting, were to be seen at 115 presses, working not only the white paper to which I have just alluded, but of all colours, especially pink, blue, red, and yellow. Strange as it may sound to people accustomed to the cold, steady business habits of England, which nothing can either excite or subdue, the whole establishment stopped working, and for some minutes assumed a grin of delight at the sight of the ladies. Several of these pressmen, who were all remarkably well dressed, shook hands with three or four, who appeared to be well acquainted with them. One pressman, with very long black mustachios, offered the prettiest of the young ladies a pinch

<sup>1</sup> Workshop of the Republic.