

TONSORIAL ART.

French Barbers who are Artists and American Barbers who are Barbarians—Americans behind the Times.

When M. Henri Poujoi was asked if he would challenge Mr. Chas. O. Driscoll, who won second prize in a recent hairdressing competition in London, he replied:

"Challenge Driscoll? No. Hemay be the champion American barber, but he is not the champion barber in America. Besides, he was defeated by one of my Parisian confreres, a professor of the art. Moreover, when I issued my challenge some time ago, the German-American barbers dared not accept. They called me names, and quoted Latin at me; but they were afraid to meet me in the arena with razor, scissors and curling iron."

"You speak of your victorious Parisian confrere as a professor. Have they regular schools and professors of hairdressing in Paris?"

"The Parisian gentleman takes his seat in the barber's chair as often in the day as he sits down to a meal, and sometimes more frequently. To have his hair artistically dressed is as necessary for him as to partake of food. Consequently the Parisian hairdresser must be an artist of the first rank. Your German-American barber compares with him as a sign painter compares with a great artist in landscape, portrait or genre. A French barber cannot attain his rank unless he is born and bred to it. A man in France can be a hairdresser only through the force of genius or by being educated up to the position."

"How does this genius assert itself in youth?"

"In most children who are to be the razor and scissors born, a desire is manifested at an early age to clip domestic favorites, to watch until the cat of the household falls asleep behind the stove and then to try if the contour of its back cannot be improved by a judicious application of the shears. If the child accomplishes his purposes without waking the cat, he may be considered a born barber."

"If a person is born without genius, but with decided talents for your art, how does he develop them?"

"In France every facility is offered to such persons. We have intelligence offices for hair-dressers exclusively. A school is attached to each of these offices. Moreover, many of the skillful barbers in Paris are professors. If a barber from the provinces wishes to learn a new coiffure he can obtain instruction from one of these professors. In the large towns no barber can get much custom unless he has studied in Paris. But even before he comes to Paris he must have served his apprenticeship, for in Paris there are no apprentices."

"How is that?"

"A young man who wishes to become a barber serves his apprenticeship in a city like Marseilles or Lyons for two or three years. Then he makes what we call in hair-dressing *ateliers de tour de France*, adding to his experience and skill as he travels from place to place. Finally he goes to Paris to receive the refinement of a true artist, just as American painters go to Paris or Rome or Munich for what may be called the finishing touches."

"Then Paris is the finishing school for barbers?"

"Exactly. No matter how much they may have learned in the provinces, they can always add to their knowledge in Paris."

"And when they have learned all there is to be learned in Paris?"

"Then they have nothing more to learn. The art of hair dressing, like all other arts, reaches its climax in Paris, where both the customers and the hair-dressers show the highest degree of good taste."

"You do not think, then, that the Americans have as cultivated a taste as Parisians in the matter of hair-dressing?"

"Even your most prominent public men, my dear sir, are uncivilized in this respect. Look at General Grant! The poorest man in Paris has his beard better trimmed."

"And to what do you attribute this lack of good taste?"

"To the ignorance of the German-American barbers, who have sprung up like mushrooms all over the city. They think all a hair-dresser has to do with a man's hair is to cut it short. They know nothing of the art of trimming, of the science of physiognomy, or of the dexterous use of the curling iron."

"Then the curling-iron is peculiarly effective in the hands of a French barber?"

"It is to him what the brush is to the painter. With it he realizes his most beautiful ideals."

"And you don't think the German-American barber is skillful in its use?"

"Skillful, sir? Many of them do not even know there is such a thing. They substitute pomatum, cosmetics, and other sticky things for it. When I see an American gentleman with a flat, greasy curl on his forehead I always think to myself, 'My poor sir! You have not come from the hands of a barber, but from the hands of a barbarian!'"

"And so Americans do not know the value of the curling-iron?"

"No, indeed; unless they are American gentlemen who have visited Paris. An American thinks that when he has had his hair curled his head will look like that of a colored man."

"And this impression is erroneous?"

"Erroneous! It is an insult to an implement which has done more to

soften and civilize man than any implement ever invented. A French barber uses the curling-iron, to take the kinks out of the hair without the use of greasy substances, so that it will yield to the most delicate pressure of the brush, the faintest touch of the comb. A burly countryman rises from the chair of the French barber a refined man. He walks, talks, acts differently. It is the triumph of art over gross materialism. Such instances make the hair-dresser proud of his calling. He feels like an important factor in the history of civilization."

"And what do you think of hair-cutting machines?"

"Those horrible horse-clipping machines, by the use of which the barber degenerates into a groom, the barber shop into a stable, and the customer into a horse? They make the ears stick out like windmills, and the hair resembles that of a prize fighter or a convict."

"Then they do not have these machines in France?"

"No, indeed. Frenchmen comprehend that hair is an ornament, and wear it long. That is the reason a French barber has a peculiar way of cutting hair."

"And how does this method differ from that of other barbers?"

"We do not cut it square. We cut it in, so to speak, what we call *effile*. The word is difficult to translate. It means that as we cut we slide the scissors in and out. It requires, of course, a most agile touch."

"And do you not claim the same superiority for French shaving and beard trimming?"

"Decidedly. And here, too, we see the virtues of the curling iron. Do you suppose a Frenchman would allow cosmetic on his mustache? Never. Moreover, in trimming the beard we consider the physiognomy of our subject, and shape the beard accordingly. For a long face we fashion a square beard with an angle *isocèle* at the end—that is intended. For a round face we have the *Henri Trois*. You see, we follow the canons of art and science in our work. It would not be possible to see in France, as you see here, men with mustaches and whiskers shaved and a few stumps of hair on the chin."

"How about the imperial beard and mustache?"

"That has passed into history. It fell with the empire."

"But, despite all you say about the superiority of French hair-dressers, I have heard American gentlemen on returning from Paris complain of Parisian barbers."

"That is because these gentlemen went to the wrong places. You know in Paris many hair-dressers make a specialty of dressing ladies' hair, for French women do not, like the *Americaines*, intrust the care of their hair to ignorant maids. We have, it is true, lady barbers—modern *Delilahs*—in Paris, but for the most part Parisian ladies acknowledge the superior dexterity of the male sex. Now, the hair-dressers who make a specialty of dressing ladies' hair have their shops on the ground floor. They are not specially skillful in cutting men's hair, but if a foreign gentleman is foolish enough to come into their shop they, of course, are not foolish enough to turn him away. I fancy the complaints you speak of originated in this manner. The gentlemen should have gone to some barber shop on the *belle étage*."

"You studied in France, and of course all gentlemen of taste prefer the French tonsorial method. But suppose someone should ask you to cut his hair according to his own taste—or rather want of taste?"

"I would say: 'Monsieur, I am a poor man, but a good barber. As a poor man I would like to comply with your wish; as an artist I must refuse. I cut *effile* or not at all.'"

THE END IN VIEW.

When Lincoln was practicing in the old Sangamon County Court House, in the days of the old-fashioned slat settees, a tall, slim lawyer, noted for wearing a very short coat, slid along on the seat to be nearer the advocate addressing the jury. A protruding tail tore the seat of the lawyer's pantaloons. Obligated to follow his opponent immediately, there was no time to sew up the rent in the garment. A legal wag present wrote a subscription paper: "We, the undersigned, agree to pay the sums set opposite to our several names for the purpose of purchasing Brother Brown a new pair of pantaloons." Several of the lawyers put down sums ranging from ten to fifty cents. The paper was presented to Lincoln, who sat opposite the rear of the advocate, who, bending in gesture, made quite an exposure. Lincoln took out his pencil and wrote upon the paper: "I have nothing to contribute to the end in view." The lawyers roared with laughter; the judge asked to see the paper, when he, too, in turn, had to roar. All this time the unconscious victim of the fun was ignorant of the cause of the laughter, and at last joined in the merriment.

Young lady (just from boarding school, at dinner table): "Please papa, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken." Papa: "You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other." Young lady (in a spiteful manner): "Oh, sure enough! A chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."

Professor Treadwell of Massachusetts found that a half-grown American robin in confinement ate in one day 68 worms, weighing together once and a half as much as the bird himself. With such fearful odds against him, it is no wonder the early worm gets caught, and that the man who digs for them so often gets left.

PREMONITIONS.

Incidents of Real Life that Discount the Vagaries of Fiction—Dreams and Coincidences of Recent Date.

Of late a number of American journals have been discounting fiction by the publication of stories concerning premonitory dreams and coincidences in real life. No little interest has been aroused, and even the medical journals are making efforts to fathom the relations between man and man, and endeavoring to find some hidden link of sympathy between members of the *genus homo*. An Oxford (Miss.) paper, in a recent issue, details the most recent of these coincidences in the following paragraph: "Wednesday morning, May 13, 1874. Oliver Hill was shaved at Mr. W. T. Slaton's barber-shop. That night Cyrennes Elliott, a young man from Tennessee, about 21 years of age, was brutally murdered at a gambling den kept by Doc Jones, a short distance beyond the corporate limits, on the Texas road. The following day Jones and Hill were arrested on the charge of murdering Elliott. Sunday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock, they were taken from the jail by a strong body of men and hung in front of the Court House door. Last Monday morning (7th inst.), C. D. Hutchins entered Slaton's barber-shop, had his hair trimmed and was shaved. That night about 7 o'clock he murdered young Lyon. The following day he was lodged in our parish jail, and Sunday morning he was hanged by a mob in the Bossier Swamp."

PREMONITORY DREAMS.

Among the more recent premonitory dreams is one related by a Boston *Globe* writer, in its issue of May 27th. The story is told as follows: "One of the most remarkable occurrences I ever heard of was related to me this morning," remarked a State street broker in Boston, the other day. "I have heard of a good many wonderful dreams, but this has some features about it which border on the marvelous."

"What is the story?" queried another broker, whose business was apparently dull enough to allow him plenty of time to study the miracles, since he had almost forgotten how to buy and sell.

"Well," replied the first speaker. "I was told to-day by a leading City Hall official, whose trustworthiness is undoubted, that a daughter of the late Harvey Jewell (who was so well and favorably known in Boston in legal and business circles, and was a brother of the late Marshall Jewell) had recently a very queer and unusual experience, and one calculated to make a deep impression upon the strongest mind. Some weeks ago she had a dream in which she distinctly saw an undertaker drive up to her residence with a hearse. He was a peculiar-looking man. His queerly shaped nose, which looked as if it had been broken and was twisted to one side, gave his countenance an expression which would have made identification easy and certain. He came directly toward her, and, as he said 'Are you all ready?' she suddenly awoke."

"The dream seemed a peculiar one, but did not attract very much attention in the household, until a few days or a week later it was repeated, with exactly the same characteristics, down to the 'Are you all ready?' and the awakening."

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. Some little time afterward the young lady was visiting in Cincinnati, and went to an apartment hotel to call upon a friend. She stepped into the elevator with others, and was startled to hear 'Are you all ready?' from the man in charge. She was still more startled on looking around and beholding the exact picture of the man of the dream, even to the misshapen nose. It made such an impression upon her mind that she requested to be let out of the elevator at the first landing. She stepped out, and the other occupants went out at the next landing, and the man remained. The elevator machinery gave out; suddenly the car went up and then down, and the man was instantly killed."

"You have all heard of the warning of dreams. All I can say is that this is the first well authenticated case I have ever known, and if it does not border on the supernatural I do not know what does. It was a good way to restore one's peace of mind, but a most remarkable sequel."

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Is told of by a Trenton (N. J.) correspondent: "Philip Hart, a notion dealer in that city, has been missing since last Thursday. He left for New York on that morning and has not returned. His wife tells a singular story. She says her husband was in the habit of going to New York every month to pay bills for goods and to order new lots. He always stopped at the house of his parents, of Greenwich street, near the Court land-street ferry. When he left home, Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, he had in his possession \$150. He reached his parents' home in New York at 9:30, and remained there until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was his intention then to go and pay his bill, and he asked his sister to accompany him. She was feeling unwell and did not go, and he then left. This was the last seen of him. He had a sister living in Seventy-seventh street, whom he intended to visit, and as he did not come back to his parents' house on Thursday night, they concluded that he had stayed at her house. Next day a member of the family visited the sister and

found that he had not been there. The most singular thing about the whole affair is the part two dreams play in the matter. Both the wife in Trenton and the sister in Greenwich street in New York dreamed on Thursday night that they saw the missing man on a bridge, with a railing on one side of it, struggling with another man, and saw him fall off while the other man ran away. Mrs. Hart described her dream in a vivid manner this morning. She said she had no uneasiness about her husband's going away when he left, as he had been in the habit for the past three or four years of going to New York every month. But on Thursday night, about midnight, she says she had the dream. She saw him on the bridge plainly, saw his face, and saw the man he was struggling with. The dream distressed her so that she woke up and slept very little the remainder of the night. Next day she felt depressed all day, and looked forward anxiously for the hour when he was expected to arrive at home. He was to have left Jersey City at 7 o'clock, and was looked for at home by 9. When this hour arrived and he did not come the wife grew more uneasy, but thought he would be back on the midnight train, and she sat up waiting. As he did not come she sat up till 3 in the morning, and lay down on a lounge, but slept very little. In the morning a telegram came from his sister in New York asking if he had arrived at home. In greater suspense than ever she sent back a telegram that he had not, and at once started for New York. When she arrived at his parents' house, the sister of the missing man, without knowing anything about Mrs. Hart's dream, related her own dream. When she had finished and Mrs. Hart told her dream, both were astounded. The dreams were almost identical, even to the railing on the bridge. The New York police are endeavoring to find some trace of him. His wife thinks he has been murdered for his money."—[*Globe Democrat*.]

A new and strange vehicle, which has made its appearance upon the Paris boulevards, may be expected in this country in time, and it will doubtless excite much curiosity. It is known as L'Hirondelle, but it has another name in Poland and Russia, where it is said to have been successfully used. One large hoop or spoke wheel, much larger than can be used in any other way, surrounds the driver and his seat, and gives to the vehicle all the advantage of large wheels. As it rolls along it keeps in motion three small grooved wheels which work upon its inner surface. These wheels are firmly attached to the driver's seat, which is also rigidly connected with the shafts. The main weight is borne by the large wheel, but to prevent overturning there are two outriding wheels connected by springs with the driving wheels. The vehicle represents an approximately successful attempt to obtain the ease of friction afforded by a rail for the ordinary road vehicle. It is a tricycle in fact, but a unicycle in appearance, and upon smooth surfaces should afford rapid and easy riding.

Some time ago \$190 was stolen from the premises of H. N. Fletcher, at the Hay Ranch says the *Eureka Leader*. The thief was not discovered until recently, when presentment suggested that it might be found in the pillow-case in the Chinaman's room. It was acted upon, when, *mirabile dictu*, it lay snugly tucked away in one corner of the pillow—at least \$160 of it did. The Chinaman, on being accused of the theft, admitted it, and, frightened nearly out of his wits, quickly removed his shoe and handed over the remaining coin. The sole of his shoe had been removed and was replaced as before, thus making a snug hiding place for the cash. A. A. Andre, on being told of it, remarked, "That goes to show that a Chinaman has more sole than a white man."

THE CHAMPION.

Patrick O'Sullivan died a few days ago in New Orleans, and in the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave, at the age of thirty-six years. Although neither a great general nor a successful physician, he was the champion butcher of the world. He could kill a bullock and prepare it for the market in three minutes and thirty-five seconds. Two years ago he met a Chicago man, Mr. Lader, who could kill and dress a bullock in four minutes and fifteen seconds, which was then the fastest time on record. Lader held the champion belt of the world. At the conclusion of the match, O'Sullivan winked humorously at Mr. Lader and remarked, "You're not as much of a lader as you were in this business, Mr. Lader." O'Sullivan's record was never beaten. It is not improbable that this champion business will, sooner or later, extend to every kind of industry. It has already extended to many. We have champion pugilists, champion billiard players, etc. Why not have champion editors, champion lawyers, champion back drivers? Belts or medals could be given to the editor who could, in a given time, clip the largest number of articles from his exchanges and wedge them into his own columns as original editorials, and the lawyer who could make the most witnesses contradict and perjure themselves in two minutes and forty seconds could be declared the champion. We merely throw out the suggestion.—[*Texas Siftings*.]

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

ECCENTRICITIES OF ADVERTISERS.

The advertising world, strictly speaking, may be divided into two classes—the practical and the impractical. These might be, by any one who is thoroughly conversant with the advertising public, subdivided under various other heads, but the line is nowhere so distinctly drawn as between these two. Among the impractical advertisers are those who suddenly take it into their heads to make a grand push in this line. They conceive a wonderful enthusiasm for advertising, becoming suddenly convinced that it is the best means to make fame and fortune, and, like most persons who are influenced by hurriedly acquired convictions, are, as a rule, doomed to disappointment. These sudden converts usually advertise in the most unprofitable publications, or in any way that will not attract the particular trader or buyer they intend to reach. This is only natural, for they have had no experience, and possess no previous knowledge of the art—for art it is, just as much as that of painter or sculptor. A piece of canvas, with the colors and other materials which produced a Raphael or a Turner, would be just as likely to produce a picture superior to the original, if placed in the hands of a person who had no previous knowledge of the art, or the use of colors, as to expect that a sudden convert to advertising will realize his expectations on his first venture. Some of this class indulge in a small advertisement inserted in an out-of-the-way corner of an obscure journal, and, because they do not obtain an extraordinary influx of good trade at once, without either reflecting or applying the most ordinary business methods of testing their new departure, come to the conclusion that there is no real benefit in advertising. The absurdity of this first trial theory is plainly exposed by Mr. Robert Bonner, whose experience and knowledge of advertising is such that it must have weight and influence on all who wish to make advertising a study or make it pay. He says: "One of the points of good advertising is to address the same people over and over again. For instance, suppose you were introduced, with about 500 others, to the President, the chances are that he would not remember you. But if you had an opportunity of seeing him again, and said: 'Mr. President, I am Charles Wolsey, of Brooklyn; Senator So and So did me the honor of introducing me to you, and you did this three or four times, you would be sure to be remembered. In the same way an advertisement presented once is forgotten almost invariably, and so thrown away, while one presented three or four times makes an impression.' A man, if he does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, will soon find himself alone; therefore, he should keep his friendship in constant repair. This is true alike of business as it is of an individual, and the best possible way to keep up the acquisition of acquaintances is by judicious advertising."—[*American Grocer*.]

THREE GOLDEN BALLS.—It may not be generally known that the game of billiards originated in a pawnbroker's shop. In the latter part of the sixteenth century a London pawnbroker, William Kerr, was in the habit of amusing himself in wet weather, when there were no customers, with pushing about three balls on the counter with a yard measure. This suggested a board with side pockets. An old manuscript says: "Master William Kerr did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Paul's; hence one of ye strokes was named a 'cannon,' having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by the name of 'billiard,' because William or Bill Kerr did first play with the yard measure. The stick is now called a 'kew,' or 'kue.' The billiard is modernized into billiard and kew into cue."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GOLD PLATE.—No monarch living, European or Asiatic, not even the Czar of all the Russias, can boast of such a service of plate as that owned by Queen Victoria, to whose guests it is often exhibited on huge buffets at either end of the banqueting table in St. George's Hall—vases, plateaux, cups and canisters, all wrought in gold, the net value of which is said to exceed two millions sterling. Conspicuous among the trophies are the mimic lyre bird and tiger's head taken from Tippecoo Saib eighty odd years ago, and presented to her majesty's grandfather, King George III. The lyre-bird's body and tail are composed of solid gold, richly studded with brilliant rubies, emeralds and pearls. The tiger's head once served Hyder Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-sized model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its tusks of ruck-crystal, and its tongue of pure gold. Like the lyre-bird, it fell into the hands of the British at the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippecoo, its valorous owner, met his death.

A San Francisco professor spells potato as follows: "Goughphtheightean," and declares it to be correct according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you will find from the last letters in hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisis. Eigh stands for s, as in neighbor. Tte stands for o, as in gazette, and enu stands for o, as in bean." We should like to see his method of spelling the various names of the Czar.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

EDITED POETRY.

Probably no class of men are thrown into more intimate relations with poets than editors of newspapers. A hand-made, patent poet came into this office recently, and he had his manuscript with him. He cleared his bronchial tubes, threw on a few tremolo, flute, vox harmonica and other stops, and commenced:

"Under the willows a maiden fair,
Was braiding her wealth of yellow hair."

"That won't jibe with the tone of this paper," we said sharply.

"It won't!" inquired the poet in a tone of surprised suddenness.

"Why, no. Don't you realize that this journal isn't a second-hand music-box? The rhythm is all right enough, but you don't seem to catch on to the true ring. Don't you think this would be better?"

"Down in the kitchen a maiden fair
Out of the hash was picking a hair."

"Well, possibly, the way you put it," said the poet, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Why, of course it would. Give us the next stanza."

"She thought of the flowers, the stars above,
And then she thought of the power of love."

"Oh, she did, eh? Well, we shall have to get you to fix that up this way:

"While thinking of Mike, who was oft beside her,
She turned around and stepped in the spider."

The poor poet wiped away a tear. He saw at once that, with our strong, practical common sense views of life, we had him at an advantage, and he couldn't help himself either. "Warble the next stanza," we said curtly.

Breathing hard, like a pacing horse just in from a dash, the poor wretched poet proceeded:

"The wind came up from the sunny south,
And kissed the maiden on cheek and mouth."

"That verse will do well enough if you'll only make one little change in it."

"What is it?" inquired the perspiring poet, brightening up a trifle, and exhibiting a little more animation.

"Say you make it read this way:

"She grabbed it up with a sorry growl,
And wiped it out with a Turkish towel."

"That is quite a little change," said the depressed poet. "Do you think it would improve it?"

"Certainly. Swing in with the next carmen."

"The maiden rose from her rustic seat,
And silently passed through the lonely street."

"That's the close," he said timidly, and with a long sigh of relief.

"Oh, that's the close, is it? All right. Well, you will find we are right along with you. Just alter that this way:

"Down on the girl the housewife bore,
And fired her through the kitchen door."

"Now, you see, with the aid of the few minor suggestions which we have made, you can trim that thing of yours into some respectable kind of shape. Besides that, you have got a poem which you can split—a kind of double-barreled poem—and sell half to one paper and the other half to another."

The poet exhibited no little alacrity in preparing to take his departure.—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

A SYMPATHETIC AUDIENCE.

An American audience is good-natured and willing to be pleased. If rightly handled, it meets musician or lecturer more than half-way, and its sympathies are at his call, provided he has the tact to call them forth. An illustration of how sympathetic an audience may become, when judiciously manipulated, is given in Gottschalk's, the pianist's, diary.

Having announced a concert in a Western city, the pianist took the cars in ample time to fulfill his engagement. But circumstances so delayed him that he found it would be impossible to reach the hall until long after the appointed hour.

A telegram stating the facts was read to the waiting audience by the pianist's agent, who offered to return the money to those who did not care to remain. The audience was willing to wait, and the pianist received a telegram informing him of their decision.

From station to station he sent telegrams with which the agent kept the audience in patience. A sympathetic tie is established between the flying pianist and the waiting lovers of music. They became interested in the approaching man, whose words they read almost as soon as he had written them.

Girls flirled, their mamma's gossiped and their fathers talked business or slept. The hall was transformed into a reception-room, where everybody was at home. As the telegrams followed each other the enthusiasm rose. The pianist was now only twenty miles, now less than ten. At last the agent tremulously said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of announcing to you that Mr. Gottschalk has just arrived."

Amid the clapping of hands and the shouts of hurrahs, the pianist made his entree.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, "PRINTER'S DEVIL."—Everybody knows who is the printer's devil, but there are few who know how he came to be so dubbed. Printing used to be called the black art, and the boys who assisted the pressmen were called the imps. According to legend, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his business. It soon got wind that Aldus was assisted by a little imp, and to dispel the rumor he showed the boy to the assembled crowd, and said: "Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and the Gorge, have this day made a public exposure of the 'printer's devil.' All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him." The people were satisfied, and no longer molested the negro lad.