Cut this out for your scrap-book and watch for the next. These selections are made with great care by the Editor of the GAZETTE.

Three Sonnets.

I.

With melody of soft accented word
He spoke as speak whose lips the Muse have kissed,
Whom She enamoured summons to a tryst,
To whisper secrets by no others heard;
And then with shyness of a mountain bird,
Flying from valleys of the evening mist,
He vanished far, nor knew his song was missed
By us whom rarely other voices stirred.

We spoke not when he left us, but did sigh,
And knit our brows the tighter for the fray;
But with the Joy of Dionysos I
Poured sad libation to our yesterday.
His empty glass before me clinked to mine
Rang hollow, void of sympathizing wine.

II.

Oh, sweet communion of the vanished days
When his large eyes looked calmly into mine!
Oh, moments buried in the purple wine
When Gods stood by, submissive to our gaze!
Oh, Hours irresolute that gave no sign
Our dreams would melt as into autumn haze,
But half-convinced us Time itself delays
If men would drug it with an anodyne!

Yet gone he is, and I am left alone,
And pleasant places knowing him of yore
Seem strange without him, for their charm is flown,
And yet they speak of him as not before.
Ah, this were better than the vain regret:
To know, to love, then loving to forget.

III

To know, to love, then loving to forget!
We speak half-wisdom when we wisest seem.
Men are as pebbles in a rushing stream
That huddled lie' amid the foam and fret,
All that we are is ours but as a debt,
The polish and the beauty and the gleam;
Through sunlit medium so fair we beam
Contented are we—but as stones; and yet,

Here in the current of the Things-that-Are.
Of Things-that-have-Been, and of Things-to-Be,
We press the tighter lest the waters jar,
Kenning but hearsay of the distant sea.
Ay, prisoners we, and vanity is all—
Save only love, and loving to recall.

William Morton Fullerton.

BISHOP ADAMS' LETTER.

Easton's Chief Pastor Sends Greetings to the Flock.

[The following, republished from *Church Affairs*, will be read with interest and profit by the many friends of the Bishop, who are by no means confined to the Episcopal Church.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I desire by your courteous permission to take the first opportunity afforded me of wishing a Happy New Year to my brethren of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese and sending therewith my cordial and heartfelt greetings. My prayer for them is that they may be happy in that distinct kind of happiness that springs from Divine blessings thankfully acknowledged, and from duties promptly and faithfully discharged; that they may, day by day through all the year, and through all their works, be sustained by the buoyant and cheerful strength which comes from a knowledge that it is primarily God's blessed work that we are at, that the means and instruments are of His own devising, and if these be used according to His will, the end cannot but be good. Let us not be discouraged if the seed we sow does not at once appear in sight. We read no flattering comment in the parable upon that seed which "immediately sprang up." Be it ours to see that we sow the good seed. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. He will take care that it accomplishes that for which it is sent. It will not return void to Him that sent it.

You will be glad to learn that not for ten years—one fleeting interval excepted—has the Diocese been in such full working order as it is in the beginning of this year, and for this we give thanks to the Bishop and Shepherd of us all. There is but one parish in the Diocese without a Rector, Chesapeake City, and beside it are two of our brethren, the Rev. Mr. Schouler and the Rev. Dr. Duncan, who will not leave them destitute.

It depends largely upon the laity whether the present favorable condition shall last. Frequent changes of the Clergy give an ill name to a Diocese. The very same may be said of parishes. It is not always the fault of either. To my certain knowledge it is not so of parishes. Clergy are sometimes forced away by domestic reasons, want of support which parishes are not able to give, or failing health, or other reasons justifying a removal. But I have known them to leave because of divisions and contentions among their parishioners, which after long and patient striving they were unable to heal. They had no fault to find with their people so far as they personally were concerned. They were kind to *them*, but *not* kind to *one another*; and so, unable to heal those festering sores, whose issue exhausted all the strength and life and health of the parish, and utterly prevented all spiritual growth and Christian fellowship. They left them with heavy hearts, weary of their unpropitious endeavors.

God is love, and we know Who it is Who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one to another. Our Blessed Lord gives this as a test or proof that we are *His* disciples, and leaves us to infer *whose* disciples we are if this love is wanting. I am sure, then, that I cannot wish for greater happiness and blessing to my brethren of the Clergy and Laity during this and all coming years than that "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep their hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord." Then, and *only* then, will the "Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst them and remain with them always." Sincerely and affectionately yours,

WM. F. ADAMS.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

THE FIENDISH BEHAVIOR OF WELL MEANING TYPES.

A Few Examples From a Limitless Source of Fun — Poets, Politicians and Editors Who Have Suffered Because of "Foul" Cases and Kindred Misfortunes.

The compositor, casually and unconsciously, is a fellow of infinite humor. The writers and speakers upon whose telling arguments or flights of fancy the compositor exercises his wit may be annoyed, but the general public has no alloy in the enjoyment of these typographical antics. Miss Fanny Fudge, the youthful genius discovered by Tom Moore, who used to contribute to the poets' corner of The County Gazette, complained bitterly to her cousin of the havoc the printers made of her sense and her rhymes. "Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print," she explained. Here is how those devils served her:

But a week or two since in my ode to the spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of "the dewdrops from freshly blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly blown noses!"
And once when to please my cross aunt I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her clique who'd just died,
Having said he had "tak'n up in heaven his position,"
They made it, he'd "tak'n up to heaven his physician."

The responsibility for these humors of the composing room rests sometimes with the author's vile handwriting, but it is mainly due to the conditions under which the compositor works. A wooden frame (or case, as it is known in the trade) is divided by ledges into several receptacles or boxes for the various letters of the alphabet and points of punctuation. In one box there are all A's, in another all H's and in another all Y's, and so on, and from this case, picking up the letters one by one as required, the compositor turns the manuscript into type. Practice enables him to do this not only with extreme rapidity, but with remarkable accuracy, but he has often to deal with what he calls a foul case—that is, a case in which several of the letters have got into the wrong boxes—and as he thus unconsciously picks up the wrong letter from the right box we find oats turned to cats, poets to posts, arts to rats and jolly to folly.

A theatrical critic in a notice of a charming young actress whose treatment of Portia had afforded him much pleasure wrote, "Her love for Portia made acting easy." That was right enough, but what the types made him say was "her love for Porter," etc. A compositor who was better acquainted with the geography of the west than with Biblical lore set up the phrase "From Alpha to Omega" as "from Alton to Omaha" and possibly found himself compelled to start for those places next morning. In the earlier half of the present century it was announced in a London newspaper that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland," whereas the minister and his friends were only indulging in the comparatively harmless pastime of pheasant shooting. Shortly after the battle of Inkerman or of the morning papers informed its readers that "after a desperate struggle the enemy was repulsed with great laughter." The omission of a single letter has rarely played more havoc with a subject which was no laughing matter.

It must have been the very printer's devil himself who represented a very worthy advocate of the cause of female suffrage as exhorting her hearers to "maintain their tights." What the bridesmaids at a recent wedding must have thought when they read that they had all worn "handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom," one can only guess. But whatever their thoughts may have been at seeing their pretty brooches thus transformed their language at any rate cannot, we may assume, have matched that of the politician who read the following comment on one of his speeches, "Them asses believed him." Possibly he was not much consoled by being assured that the reporter had merely wished to signify that "the masses believed him." On another occasion a reporter wrote, "At these words the entire audience rose and rent the air with their snouts." The compositor had set up shouts correctly, but had not observed that the top of the h was broken off. An enthusiastic editor began his leading article on a local election campaign with the phrase, "The battle is now opened." Unfortunately the compositor transformed battle into bottle, and his readers said that they had suspected it all along.

Landor, revising the proof of a poem he had written for The Keepsake, found the concluding stanza thus printed:

"Yes," you shall say when once the dream
(So hard to break) is o'er,
"My love was very dear to him,
My farm and peace were more."

This error seems to have angered the poet, whose temper, indeed, it was not difficult to upset, for upon the margin of the proof (which is still extant) he wrote: "Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor farm instead of fame is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed my farm and peas." Richard Proctor, the astronomer, writing in his magazine, Knowledge, stated that the most remarkable change which printers had ever arranged for him occurred in the proof of a little book on "Spectroscopic Analysis," written for the Society For Promoting Christian Knowledge. The words, "lines, bands and striæ in the violet part of the spectra," were printed, "links, bonds and stripes for the violent kinds of specters." A still more amusing blunder, which Mr. Proctor declared that he had seen in the proof of a poem written by a friend, was the transformation of the line, "He kissed her under the silent stars," into "He kicked her under the cellar stairs."—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Moral Pirate.

Up to this time the greatest regularity had been observed aboard the Victoire, but the captain, noticing an unusual laxity of conduct among the crew and hearing them in their cups making use of blasphemous and profane language, justly attributed it to the influence of the Dutch prisoners and determined to take measures to stop it. Accordingly he mustered all hands to the mast and addressed them as follows:

"My men, before I had the misfortune to bring these Dutch prisoners on board I never was pained by hearing any of you use in vain the name of your Creator. Lately I have often heard you indulge in this sin, which can produce neither profit nor pleasure and may bring down upon you a severe chastisement. If you have a just idea of the great being, you will never mention his name without reflecting upon his purity and your own vileness. My own sentiments are that the Dutch have allured you to a dissolute way of life in order that they may take some advantage over you, and I hereby give notice that the first Dutchman I catch with an oath in his mouth or liquor in his head I will bring to the gratings and whip and pickle as an example to the rest of his nation. As to you, my friends and companions, generous and noble souls whom I have the honor to command, I admonish you like a parent by reason of my office against the sin of intemperance, which damages your bodies, and the sin of profanity, which imperils your souls."

It is hard for one to realize that these words came from the lips of an avowed pirate, sailing under the black flag, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

His advice was followed, and both nations led thereafter a life of clean speech and temperance, the Dutch in dread of punishment and the French to avoid offending "the good captain," as they called their beloved Misson.—Harper's Round Table.

A Wagner Letter.

Friends of Wagner abroad, as well as in Germany, will read with interest a letter written by the composer 40 years ago to Herr Albert Niemann, the famous tenor, and the eminent performer of "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Siegmund" and "Siegfried." It is dated Zurich, Jan. 25, 1857, and shows that even when he was a political fugitive in Switzerland he had the idea of founding his own theater, a plan which was realized only 20 years later by the building of the house at Baireuth. The letter is as follows:

HONORED SIR—Everything that I hear about you makes me believe that in you I have found the anxiously sought singer of my Siegfried. As soon as you learn to know the work at which I am still busy you will be easily able to judge of what decisive importance this is for me. On my part the whole thing is to be ready for performance in the summer of 1859, if I am not prevented by serious illness. * * * My greatest anxiety is whether I shall be fortunate enough to find the performers such as I require. Now, I have cast my eyes first upon you, and I therefore address you thus early. Even you, however, cause me some anxiety, as I hear that you are one of those uncommon natures who, in their zeal, sacrifice themselves. Kindly receive, therefore, my sincere request to remember the extraordinary undertaking for which I am enlisting you, and not to waste your powers. Take care of yourself, and always remember that you have still a noble and great art work before you, which, as I promise, will be worth your while taking care of yourself now. If you can visit me this year in Zurich, I should look upon it as a proof of great friendship. If it should prove true, as somebody told me, that you visited me last summer, I should be very grieved that I did not meet you. Farewell. Be kindly disposed toward me, and don't forget, for both our sakes, my urgent request. Your devoted,

RICHARD WAGNER.

—Lokalanzeiger.

The Needle and the Pole.

Over 300 years ago a scientist studied out the theory of the compass and why the needle pointed to the north. It is not, however, a fact that the needle points exactly to the north. Sometimes it veers to the east and sometimes to the west, depending on the locality, and as a curious phenomenon it does not always point the same way in the same place. The entire earth is a magnet and naturally controls all the lesser magnets. The pole in the northern hemisphere is consequently called the northern magnet and the opposite the southern magnet. But, says an authority on this subject, "since poles of contrary names attract each other while those of the same name repel each other it follows that the pole of the magnetic needle which turns to the north is really the southern pole of the needle, while the pole turned toward the south is the north pole. As the vertical plane passing through its poles does not coincide with the meridian plane of the place it follows that the needle does not always turn to the true north. The declination, as the angle of the two planes is called, is not the same in every part of the world, which accounts for the variation." The study of magnetic influences is most interesting, but as a rule the subject is quite imperfectly understood. —New York Ledger.

It Was All Right.

The gray haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yes. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every one.' Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first class chance for a neat compliment to her esteemed parents; that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by peddling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good night." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To The PEOPLE of TALBOT COUNTY

THERE will be published and is now in course of preparation a book of rare value to the people of Easton and the citizens of Talbot county, and will be a valuable accession to the historical annals of the county, entitled

"A Land of Legendary Lore,"

— OR —

ROMANCE AND REALITY

ON

"ON THE SHORES OF THE CHESAPEAKE."

The Book is now rapidly being compiled by Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who has devoted months to its preparation.

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HISTORY OF TALBOT,

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Commencing with Talbot's earliest days, when the Indians dwelt here, the book follows the march of enterprise from the crude days of danger and struggles up to Talbot and its towns today. The book will be well printed, bound and illustrated with

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while the price will be within the reach of everyone. A large edition will be issued and the earnest support of the people is asked for it. It will tell the outside world just what this county was in the past and is in the present.

A book for subscribers to the "The Land of Legendary Lore" is at the GAZETTE office, where persons can name the number desired, and see just what the work is. The following will give an idea of what the book is to be.

CHAPTER I.
The White-Winged Canoe.
CHAPTER II.
The Passing of the Indian.
CHAPTER III.
The Romance of Reality.
CHAPTER IV.
Retrospective Musings.
CHAPTER V.
Some Gleanings from Early History.
CHAPTER VI.
Talbot County's First Town.
CHAPTER VII.
Two Hundred Years Ago.
CHAPTER VIII.
As Seen Through Strangers Eyes.
CHAPTER IX.
Colonists and Their Customs.
CHAPTER X.
Names Well Known.
CHAPTER XI.
Old Families.
CHAPTER XII.
Old Homes.
CHAPTER XIII.
Old Time People.
CHAPTER XIV.
Fireside Talk.
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Tales Retold.
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The Age of Superstition.
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Characteristics of the People.
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The Romance of Perdito.
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Tales of Revolutionary Days.
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Military and Naval Officers of Talbot.
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Ye Old Time Way.
CHAPTER XXVI.
Weird Memories.
CHAPTER XXVII.
The "Friends" of Then and Now.
CHAPTER XXVIII.
Easton the Hub.
CHAPTER XXIX.
Easton's Environs.
CHAPTER XXX.
The Yachtsman's Mecca.
CHAPTER XXXI.
Pride, Progress and Prosperity.
CHAPTER XXXII.
The Talbot of Today.

In the way of illustrations there will be Scenes in Easton, County Landscapes, Marine Views on the Avon, Choptank, Miles, Wye and Chesapeake, Old Time Homes, Homes of today, Churches and Burying Grounds, Water and Land Views of Talbot Towns.

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