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(From Harper's Magazine) .

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

ARPER'S MAGAZINE, some time since, suggested a collection of Typographical errors. The following may be accepted as a contribution in that direction. Many of these instances may be familiar, while many others have not before received special notice. Now for a beginning, with illustrations of paragraphs made ludierous by the transposition of lines.

Two articles had been prepared for a New York Daily (one containing a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog), but, unfortunately, the foreman, when placing them in the form, "mixed" them, making the following contre temps:

"The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will but farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy Street to Johnson, and down Benefit Street to College. At this stage of proceedings a couple of boys seized him, tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running, and confusion. After some trouble he was shot by a policeman."

A similar accident of the types lately occurred in the experience of a Western editor, who gave out two articles for his paper—one on a political subject, and another on fattening swine. What was his surprise, in looking over his paper on the following morning, to find that by some sleight of hand on the part of the printer, the articles had changed headings, and that one of them began:

"GREAT HOGS!

" Under this head; we include the clergy, the editorial fraternity, and the members of Congress."

Blackwood's Magazine mentions an odd incident which occurred to a book called "The Men of the Time." It sometimes happens in a printing office that some of the types, perhaps a printed line or two, fall out of the form. Those in whose hands the accident happens generally try to put things to rights as well as they can, and may be very successful in restoring appearances with the most deplorable results to the sense. It happened thus in the instance referred to. A few lines dropping out of the "Life of Robert Owen," the parallelogram Communist, were hustled as the nearest place of refuge, into the biography of his closest alphabet-