

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., July 10, 1877.

*To the Editor of the Miscellany:*

SIR,—Not satisfied with destroying your city, the devouring element “laid hold on that which was good”—our Notes. Well, we can send you another batch, and only regret that they are not notes of a more substantial character. We sympathize with you in your misfortune, for you have received a severe blow, not only in the loss of printing material, but in the total destruction of your home and all it contained. Now is the time for your friends and correspondents to do a good work. Let them take hold in earnest, as there is no reason why you should not have a much larger subscription list than the one destroyed by the fire. Now, boys, with a will.

Again we are called upon to record the death of a friend—this time that of a lady—Mrs. Hannah E. Lathrop, wife of Charles F. Tufts, who departed this life Sunday, June 24th. The announcement of her death came upon us unexpectedly, as but a few days previous we learned she was in good health. She was an amiable, kind-hearted lady, a fond and devoted wife, a loving and affectionate mother, and will be sadly missed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Mr. Amos Browning, formerly night editor, succeeds Mr. Stanton as local quill-dozer of the *Bulletin*. A Mr. Slate takes the night editor's chair.

Mr. L. N. Tabor, of the *Bulletin* establishment, has in his possession a set of six chairs (not editorial) made one hundred and twenty-five years ago. They have never undergone repairs, and are still “as good as new.”

In our brief sketches of passing events, it is claimed that we have forgotten several interesting items. Perhaps we have, but don't be too sure about that.

Evidently “Hair Space” has got into the wrong box. Can anything be “Planer”?

No. 100 was the only Connecticut Union represented at Louisville. Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport—are we to have the honor of representing you at Detroit next year? We expect to see the I. T. U. assemble in Norwich one of these days, and then you will all be able to attend.

We learn that one of our old Boston printers,

a former “chief” of the fire department by imagination, has returned home. At a fire he was always known by his white badge. He is, however, a law-abiding citizen. Tumble!

The New London Evening *Telegram* is now sold upon our streets.

The editor of the “Bliss Family in America” is constantly receiving letters from various sections of the country, many of them containing photographs of families of that name. Among them is one sent by a lady nearly eighty years old (evidently a very pious person), which she claims is the family of the “wickedest man” in Chicago. In looking over the collection we have discovered but one familiar face—that of a legal gentleman residing in Richibucto, N. B.

Grant—not U. S., but John—recently paid us a visit. This is the first time he has “called” at this station in seven years. After a short breathing spell he left for Hartford *via* turnpike.

Six tramp printers have registered their names since our last—among them “Short Charley.”

Brockton, (formerly North Bridgewater), Massachusetts, with a population of about seven thousand, enjoys no less than eighteen amateur printing offices. So says “Long John,” and he ought to know, as he recently passed through there on a pilgrimage.

At the present writing jobbing here is extremely dull, except at the office of Gordon Wilcox, whose superior taste and skill ensure him a constant supply of first-class work at A 1 prices.

Stanton, of the *Bulletin*, has resigned his sit. on that paper, and, it is said, will shortly proceed to France, having received an invitation from President Mac to come over and have a game of “seven up.”

A little bare-footed printer arrived in town the other day. Notwithstanding the prohibition of the U. S. constitution, he starts out with the title of Earl. Next!

Our Hartford friends, where they do not wish to confer directly with the editor and proprietor, may address “The Printer's Miscellany,” care box 1518, Norwich, Conn. There is no postage on the *Miscellany*, and orders will be promptly attended to. Send in your subscriptions at once, and thus give Brother Finlay a helping hand in his hour of need.

A “stranger” not long since walked into the office of the Willimantic *Enterprise*. Upon