

CORRESPONDENCE.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., April 22, 1878.

As all the Norwich readers of the *Miscellany* are aware, its editor and publisher came out of the great conflagration of the 20th of June last minus everything he possessed except his family—and that, by the way, a pretty large one. He was left high and dry upon a lee shore, and amid the general wreck and ruin he did not so much as save his private papers, excepting those which his pockets contained. As a consequence, his subscription and mailing books were lost—licked up by the flames—and he is, therefore, unable to tell at just what date our subscriptions to the *Miscellany* began or expire. Of course, this applies only to those who subscribed previous to the fire, and to such we would ask, if they have any recollection of the matter, that they furnish the canvasser with the date, or somewhere near it, that the editor may be enabled to give due satisfaction to his patrons. For our own part, we have endeavored, with the scant material at our command, to make the Norwich column interesting; if we have failed, it has not been altogether our fault. In some instances, it is well known, we have been just a little tempted, but if children will play with fire, they must, at some time, expect to get singed. To-day, the *Miscellany* has a large circulation in this city, nearly every printer, apprentices included, being a subscriber thereto. The coming year we expect its circulation will be even larger than in the past, and to the few who have not yet subscribed, we extend the invitation to do so. As it is, we consider Norwich the “banner town” for our little friend, the *Printer's Miscellany*.

Wm. H. W. Campbell (late editor of the *Bulletin*) and wife sail for Europe on the 27th.

Charles Wilberforce Denison has returned home from a visit to the land of roast beef and plum pudding. His face looks as if he had enjoyed a little of the 'op, also.

The man who prints 1,000 business cards for \$1, and then takes his pay in suspenders, must be doing heaps of work.

It is said there is a printing office in a neighboring city the proprietor of which will take bull pups, curs, or anything one has a mind to give him in exchange for his work. Only think

of his compositors, at the close of a week's work, leading home a string of curs or Maltese cats!

Rumor has it thusly: A reporter for a paper in an adjoining city, one Saturday night, went off on a little toot, got “mussy,” had the devil thumped out of him, went to church the following evening, asked for prayers, and was converted. “An o'er true tale,” but slung together in a hurry.

The Norwich press works, situated at Thamesville, can now be had at a reasonable figure if you have any spare change laid away in your stocking. Ours are out at the toes.

Add. D. Welch, formerly of *Town and Country*, Providence, made us a short visit on the 6th, while on his way to fill a lecture engagement at Danielsonville.

As a preacher, some who heard him say, that book agent was a failure. When he realizes the situation, perhaps he will don the cast-irons and start out in the old business again. In this way he might get plenty of “subbing” to do on the road, especially in the summer season, when the “regulars” want to go to the seaside.

“Xylo” says: “A recent subscriber to the *Miscellany* wishes to know where the best wood type is manufactured.” We would gladly answer that little conundrum, but fear the editor would hardly allow us to use this column for that purpose. He has already been generous, and we are not going to impose upon good nature. As the *Miscellany* now circulates throughout most of the States, probably we shall soon see advertisements in it giving a complete and comprehensive answer to the question.

The *Webster Times* office, at Webster, Mass., is said to be one of the handsomest little country offices in New England, and the paper a model of typographical beauty.

That little fellow with the bow and arrow appears to be doing a thriving business, and is bringing down his game at every shot. The last one to yield at his command was John Frankla, jr., of the *Bulletin* job room, the particulars of which will be found under its appropriate heading. We have contracted with the little slayer to furnish us an item once a month during these dull times, which will be a great help, as items are almost as scarce as a glass of good whiskey.

Having been christened in Spain, an ordinary-