

was not strapped. He was a long, lank, lantern-jawed, bilious looking specimen, just in from Bushville. After looking in vain for some place where lurked native benevolence sufficient to feed the hungry poor without hope of reward this side the celestial sphere, he entered our only hotel where he was told a first-class dinner would cost him fifty cents. After planking down the specie he sailed into the dining-room, and the exercises commenced with a regular tattoo on a full-grown plate of roast beef which soon disappeared with all its accessories; two pork steaks and a mutton stew followed suit; roast turkey with oyster sauce and cranberry "side" were next in the procession, followed by a liberal slice of cold boiled ham with a sweet potato in uniform; to hold these down a quarter of a mince pie was next introduced; nuts, figs, and raisins innumerable found their way into the great unfathomable who, after stretching himself once or twice, "caught-on" to a two-story apple pie, a generous slice of French-roofed cottage pudding, two plates of waffles, a slice of head-cheese, a tripe sandwich, a dish of macaroni, and a floating island. Just then the belt ran off and the machine stopped. He passed out the front door, sat down on the steps, and doubled up like an old-fashioned jack-knife. He was sick abed for three days' afterwards,—and yet he thinks he didn't really get his money's worth.

Squibb is a misanthrope; he says he never thoroughly enjoyed the consolations of religion until his wife's relatives came to work in the printing office with him and he learned to believe in the existence of a literal hell.

Enter literary crank in haste: "Who can explain to me the elliptication of the concatenating fyanquias connected with our symplectical hyperbolicon?" Bystander: "I can, sir; I can tell you all about it; I reside in Boston."

P. S.—I had almost forgotten to state that a young fellow "up north" has made a fool of himself by insisting upon it that all editors come from Boston.

XYLO.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, Conn., Dec. 16.

Somewhere about the first of the present month the *Bulletin* published the following item of news: "We are sorry to learn that Mr. Gordon Wilcox has entirely lost the sight of his

left eye from purulent ophthalmia, from which he has been suffering several weeks. Mr. Wilcox had an ulcerated tooth break through his cheek, some time ago, and it is thought that he accidentally transferred a particle of the virulent matter from the cheek to the eye, causing the inflammation and ulceration of the cornea. His right eye is very much inflamed, but it is believed that the sight will be preserved." As far as can be learned Mr. Wilcox has not yet recovered from his illness, which is said to have been even more alarming than stated above.

New Haven now supplies Norwich with two Sunday papers.

New London has its *Penny Press*.

The Norwich correspondence of the New Haven *Sunday Register* is not attributable to "a compositor on the *Bulletin*," as stated by a Norwich man while visiting the Elm city.

Frank Utley has taken a room on Main street, laid in a paper cutter and some printing material, and proposes running a small office of his own.

The *News* has been enlarged to its original size—an indication that its circulation is steadily increasing and that fortune is smiling upon its proprietors.

Hereafter the subscription price of the *Courier* will be one dollar a year. *Cooley's Weekly* will continue along at fifty cents.

Mr. Leahy, having severed his connection with the *News*, is now said to be at work in New York.

Mr. MacDonough, of the Philadelphia *Press*, made a short stop here, the past season, while returning from a visit to St. John. He anticipates repeating his visit next summer.

STICK AND RULE.

A New Year's Greeting.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1881.

DEAR MISCELLANY: The "New Year" is upon us, and *few* words we have to say; but from our hearts they call an echo forth responsive to the wish: That New Year's Day may initiate a period of happiness—a year to leave not sorrow, want or suffering on its departure—

"But joy and bliss for all without omission,
To leave the land and its inhabitants
In prosperous condition!"

Yes, 1882 is at hand, and oh! what a host of smiling faces there are in our midst; what a