

THE O. C. DAILY.

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W. P., MARCH 16, EVENING.—G. W. H. having heard Dickens read in Buffalo, gave us some description of his appearance—manner, dress &c., and then read some of the selections which he heard. Before doing so he remarked that it would be impossible for him to imitate Dickens, but he would read as well as he could. So we had the Court Scene from Pickwick Papers if not by the great Charles, in the characteristic style of the great George. We question whether Dickens could do Sam Weller much better.

Tommy O'Brien, one of the shop boys, had his thumb "nipped" by the "drop" this afternoon. He was not seriously injured but was wholesomely frightened. He was meddling.

MARCH 17.—The proposal to buy a press for W. C. was read at the dinner table to-day all the business men being present. It was responded to by cheers.

Some seven years ago when Cornelia was "baby girl" for S. B. C. she commenced reading the Bible to her. Mrs. Campbell soon went to Newark which interrupted them; but on her return they again took it up and read until Mrs. C. went to Wallingford. Not long after this the paper was removed to W. C. and Cornelia went with it; so here again they read to-

gether and had reached the forty-second chapter of Jeremiah when S. B. C. was called to return to Onecida. This last has been a somewhat protracted break, but the next day but one after Cornelia's arrival here, they appointed a time and have gone on with their reading, beginning where they left off.

We wonder if they will now remain together a sufficient length of time to complete it.

B. H. C.—The B. H. has been run six months by a Community family. The four members of the family entered upon their new calling with some trepidation as to their ability and fitness to make the experiment a successful one. The boarders too, at the commencement, were not, by any means, such as we should have selected for an experimental expedition to the *frontier*. At first we experienced a little heart-sinking, occasioned by the roughness of our new situation. When under such temptations we remembered him who placed us here as one who had been guilty of no mistakes in his matured plans, so we took in fresh courage to press on and came out of our momentary temptation to run up a signal of distress.

We purposed at the beginning to make a loving, unitary home for ourselves, and if successful, depend on our family contagion for securing a quiet, parental, home-feeling for the comfort of our boarders. We purposed also, to treat all with due respect and show partiality to none. How well we have succeeded in

the execution of our purposes and aspirations, it does not belong to us to say.

C.

Some days since Mr. Newhouse had some conversation with Henry Wilson about the railroad business. Mr. Wilson said he thought our folks too unselfish; we stood and looked on and let Vernon get a depot when we needed one more than they did; wanted to know why we didn't put in our claim for a depot.

Mr. Newhouse told him, with a very grave face that we believed Providence was overseeing this railroad building and that we should be cared for. Told him if we *ought* to have a depot, and there was not much doubt about it in his mind, we certainly *should*; all we needed to do was to wait on God about it.

Mr. Wilson assented to this, said he supposed that was the best way, but looked a little puzzled at having it laid before him in this light by our "Canadian Trapper."

Yesterday, Mr. Daniel Nash exchanged his crutch for a cane, and last night commenced going without a watchman. He expressed himself this morning as having got along just as well as though some one had slept in the room with him.

He is frequently seen through the day walking about the grounds with no accompaniment but his staff.

These fine spring-like days have tempted folks out after greens. Three or four different parties were to be

seen coming in yesterday abundantly laden with their verdant burdens. We noticed six baskets well filled with "scurvy grass" standing in the arched-way, and thought of Helen Hutchins.

"Mr. Conant, what have you been doing that is reportable?"

"Not much, some of us have been looking about the farm to see what needs to be done in the way of fences and one thing and another, that's pretty much all."

"Is there anything to report from you Mr. Hawley?"

"No, nothing. It's too muddy now for news."

We are a little mortified to be obliged to correct a mistake made yesterday, but none the less delighted to state that our folks do not saw wood by horse power but by steam. That seems more merciful, doesn't it? They are busy about it again to-day.

Mr. Edwin Nash says the press is up; there is considerable work in details yet but the main part of the job is satisfactorily accomplished.

We were favored last evening with one of Oneida's richest sunsets; a most gorgeous panorama spread for all beholders without any miserable twenty-five cent admission fee. One young lady lately from the foot of Mount Tom was heard to say, "Oh! isn't that glorious? I havn't seen the sun set before for years."