

THE O. C. DAILY.

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Mr. Noyes's talk, the evening he spent at New-York, was read last night. It sent a thrill of joy through every loyal heart and a feeling of gratitude to God that we have lived to see the day

“That kings and prophets waited for,
But died without the sight.”

There was a very free spirit of testimony in the meeting. Mr. Woolworth remarked: “I confess my union with the Primitive church. I believe there is where our power lies—our strength and our victories. A superficial observer that sees only the external world, will see only evil, perhaps—selfishness, oppression, sin and death, suffered to reign and hold high carnival in this sphere; but to one who sees the great principality in the heavens, and that the kingdom of God was established eighteen hundred years ago, and has been living and reigning since that time, mere externals will seem very insignificant—our trials and sufferings will all be swept away when that church is recognized and let into this world by faith. I believe they are near us and near the world, and are pressing their way into this world, and that sin and selfishness will flee before them.

Mr. Underwood:—I believe *there* is the secret of our success as a Community, the secret of our power and

unity, as manifested day by day. Visitors, with whom I talk about that church, seem to be struck with our attitude in relation to it. I press that point very often, for I feel in my heart that it is a very vital one to us. I confess unfaltering love and loyalty to Mr. Noyes and the Primitive church.

Mr. W. :—I confess that our citizenship is in heaven, with the Primitive church, our conversation is there with them. If we can dwell in that sphere, as I know we can, we shall rise above the lower magnetism, into the higher magnetism of Christ and good spirits.

Last evening a Mr. Nevoni, a young man from Palmyra, entertained us in the Hall with playing on the Piano and Violin. He has taught music for seven years as a profession, and becoming acquainted with Charles Van, was induced to call. He played "The last rose of Summer" with variations, "Humming Bird Waltz" of his own composing, and a piece giving imitations of Fife and Drum, Guitar, Band, Banjo, &c. on the Piano. He also played simultaneously, Yankee Doodle with his left, and Fishers Hornpipe with his right hand. This last was very cleverly done, and elicited much applause from the family.

On the Violin, he performed "Yankee Doodle," with many variations, and gave an imitation of the Organ. Altogether it was quite an enjoyable affair. Mr. Nevoni staid over night with us, and left this morning.

F. W. S.

Yesterday while sitting sewing with our little four-year-old Fanny by my side, she suddenly drew a little closer to me and with bright eyes and animated countenance, (without a word having been said on the subject) said, "The king is a man, and he kills the little baby boys, but he didn't kill little baby Moses, for the good woman hid him away in the bushes where the naughty king couldn't find him."—The simple childish manner of telling her story, touched and interested me, and from the earnest manner in which she related it, I could but note the impression it had made upon her infant heart. I believe that the good seed thus sown in these tender minds will in due time spring up, and that we are not laboring in vain.

E.

It seems to me that the difference between the righteous and the wicked, is, that the righteous are thankful to God for all the good things they have, and delight to praise him for every little comfort they enjoy, while the wicked do not appreciate God's gifts, but greedily appropriate them, and then go their own way in pursuit of more, all unmindful of the giver.—I thank God that I am learning to love him. I thank him for the ten thousand good things he gives me. Most of all I thank, and praise him for his goodness, in opening my spiritual preceptions so that I can see and feel him from whom all good comes. I love him with an unspeakable love, and I thank him for every token of his love for me.

T.

100 bushels of peas are on hand this morning, all of which are to be put through the shelling, boiling, and canning process to-day. Two machines are running, the largest of which, has a wringer, or rubber roller attached to the under side of the wooden roller to carry off the moisture. Mr. Burt will be interested to know that it works first-rate.

Two ladies were here yesterday, from Gerrit Smith's; one was an elderly woman and very fleshy, and a relative of Mr. S.'s. They attended the noon-meeting awhile, then went to their lunch. When they left, it took two or three hands to assist in getting the fleshy woman into her carriage, she was so afraid of falling. She bought \$60.00 worth of preserved fruit.

Mrs. Skinner came over to O. C. yesterday forenoon, and staid to dinner and the noon meeting, and returned to W. P. in the afternoon. It seemed good to see her at Oneida once again. We understand that she will be over every day to attend our meetings at noon.

About 100 quarts of raspberries were sent to Saratoga yesterday, for which we get twenty-five cents per quart. We have been selling for twenty cents.

The water is drawn off from the mill-pond, and the carpenters are making a new water-wheel and also repairing the flume.