

THE O. C. DAILY.

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EVENING MEETING.

Mr. Cragin hoped we should have a spirit that would appreciate and profitably digest all the late talks from Wallingford.

H. C. N.—I hope we shall come into full sympathy with W. C. in respect to the Paper, and that it will be a central object of interest with us. We can make it easy for them to come on here, by doing what we can to create a good atmosphere for them to think and write in. I believe we can also help by writing.

Mr. Woolworth.—It is bringing a new interest, and a very important one among us. We should begin to make some calculation for it, in our minds and hearts at least. We can make a good atmosphere, as has been suggested, and I hope we shall do a good deal more than that, by getting the spirit of truth and love working up into our brains, as Mr. Noyes expresses it. I don't know what we cannot do when that spirit works in us in the true way. It is destined to work as great a revolution for human nature as steam power has effected in the world in the last forty or fifty years. This is a beautiful thought to me, and I feel its force and life. Here is something the world has not done, and can not do without Christ. In the world love is a force that destroys: it works ruin and destruction.

But I know that in God's kingdom love will be made to work life and health and miracles.

Mr. Cragin.—It is a very interesting thought, that love worketh no ill to its neighbor.

B. H. C.—The *Daily* calls upon us for items just as though articles could be manufactured at will, or picked up like pebbles, on any ground.

Our Boarding-house life, outwardly, is quite a monotonous one. The boarders make short work of the ordinance of eating, then disappear till the ringing of the next bell. But Sunday is an exceptional day. Some leave us on Saturday to visit their friends and return Monday. Those who remain, however, (mostly girls), do not usually lack for company of the other sex from abroad. On our return last Sunday evening, from mother O. C., we stumbled upon cozy couples in various quarters. In the mens sitting-room there were not less than three couplets each occupying a corner, having *willed* our steady Mr. Snow into the wash-room somewhat against his sense of propriety and of equal rights. On hearing the facts we felt a little disturbed by it and thought some of calling a meeting of the feminine boarders and kindly suggest to them that if they must be *sparked* on Sundays that they learn to do it up in a Christian-like manner, i. e., discreetly and in order, or in such ways as the world to which they belong, approves, so as not to bring scandal upon our B. H. home.

.c.

A flock of white snow-birds have been seen in the pear-orchard for several days past. Yesterday, Mr. Reynolds shot one. It was six inches long, spread of wings, twelve inches. The head and hind neck was of a yellowish-red, mottled with black; the other parts nearly white. According to Audubon, its name is the Snow-Bunting. It is sometimes called Hudson's Bay Bunting, white Snow-bird &c. It breeds in the most northerly parts of the continent, and on the islands of the Arctic Ocean. As the polar night approaches, it migrates to the south, always keeping, it is said, within the snow-line. R.

Mr. Hawley reports fearful encounters with snow-drifts this morning. He again had the luck to eject the three Misses Wightman from his sleigh with considerable emphasis. The bobs became disconnected; the forward one pitching down and the back part of the sleigh being elevated correspondingly, the young women were in a twinkling, tenderly laid in "a soft, a downy bed."

These turnovers are getting to be of common occurrence, we hear of them nearly every day.

"The old White and black Charlie" with those that accompany them to the other place to work, had a great time breaking their way this morning. Upsetting times innumerable, they at length made the perilous journey and reached W. P., only to discover

that the race-way was so filled with snow and ice that it would be out of the question to run to-day.

The shop is closed, and the hired hands dismissed, so says Myron who is over here.

Uncle John says jokingly, "G. C. wouldn't have guessed my riddle if he hadn't been plowing with my heifer; it was my custom to take tea, not three times a day, but only twice. However, there are two truths to one lie, and as the Indian remarked, that was pretty well for a poor, old Indian!" "Better, perhaps, than Dixon does," some one else remarked.

Mr. Conant says they had drawn last Saturday night, 160 loads of stone. It will require one day more to complete the work, but it is difficult to tell, from the present appearance of things, when this day's work will be done.

"Spiritual Wives" is listened to with increasing interest. We have passed the "Burnt Districts" and are now enjoying his story of Mr. and Mrs. Cragin.

The floor of the composing-room has been oiled. There was considerable discussion which was best to do, paint or oil it. Some preferred one and some the other, but the stronger current seemed to be in favor of oiling.—The carpenters bid us report, that the new type-stands are finished.