

THE O. C. DAILY.

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Mr. Woolworth said in the meeting last night :

"It may interest some to know that several of us have been over to Willow-Place, to assist at the celebration of Mrs. Miller's birth-day. I believe she tried to keep the day a secret. This party was quite a surprise to her. She was presented with a handsome pyramid-cake and a fruit-knife. She appreciated the knife, as she had lost the one she had.

"Nothing of very special interest took place. We had considerable entertainment with this new game of "froggy" as they call it. It was with some reluctance that the young folks entered into it, but when they got started they had considerable fun. The young women tried it, and then some of the men went through the performance, and rather carried off the palm, I thought. Finally we had a mixed game of both men and women, which was a decided improvement on anything we had had. We had some good laughs over it.

"Then G. W. Hamilton wound up with his frog song which was very amusing.

"I think there is a good home feeling over there at Willow-Place—free and genial. All seemed to be happy, so far as I could discover. It is a very pleasant place to visit."

(When they went, it snowed. When they came home, it was still snowing.)

We need only to mention the name Wm. Augustus Doolittle, to remind the Community of the lecturer who inflicted on us "Reminiscences of the War" a few months since. Well, it seems from a circular just received that W. A. Doolittle became discontented with his name for some reason (we think it was very appropriate, especially the surname) and has had it changed to Augustus St. Clair, with Rev. prefixed.

Furthermore, Wm. A. Doolittle that *was*, solicits an invitation to lecture to us again on—what? Why, "Reminiscences of the War." Can we endure it? Can we in consideration of his new name, Rev. Augustus St. Clair, consent to be bored again with his reminiscences? "We pause for a reply."

(If it continues to snow we may be spared this infliction, without the trouble of answering his letter.)

Mr. Hawley reports he has all the business he can attend to in bringing folks from, and carrying them to their work. The Silk-factory girls have to be carried to and from the Boarding-house; the Bag-shop hands cannot get to their work on foot, and the women that work in the washing must be brought in the morning and carried home at night.

Last night he had the extraordinary luck to overturn his sleigh, containing fourteen hired girls, just before the front door of the Boarding-house. This was royal fun for the lookers-on, and nothing serious for the dumped ones.

This morning they have been breaking the road between here and W. P., and at ten o'clock Mr. Hawley, Mr. Kinsley and a load of hired men are going to Vernon to attend a town meeting. Mr. H. says they expect to *shovel* their way through the snow.

* D. M. Kelly thinks those engaged at the shop yesterday had a very narrow and providential escape.

They were planing some boards for a Mr. Thomas that lives near the Foundry. One of the knives of the planer had become worn and thin, and the boards were frosty; suddenly there was a terrific noise, and half of one knife was hurled to the farther side of the room with intense velocity. Mr. K. said he thought by the noise that the whole cylinder had gone, but he soon discovered the facts in the case. He thinks this will teach them not to use the knives after they are worn so much as this one was. But a moment before the knife broke, Mr. Thomas stepped from in front of the planer; Mr. K. says it would have been certain death to any one standing there, and he realized God's care over them in this accident.

(There is a little too much snow at the shop to have the boards work very satisfactorily.)

A copy of F. W. Smith's letter to Charles Guiteau was read in our meeting last evening. It was received with peals of laughter and loud applause. W. H. W.

thought the charge for use of our Hall was light enough, and said speaking of the letter, "I should think it would be rather difficult to 'rebut' that."

(It snowed during meeting.)

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" Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village."

That is the way it does here.

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At the breakfast table Mr. Perkins said he had got to hang out clothes; says he, "We don't hang *up* clothes any more, we hang 'em *down*. Some of the way the snow is within a foot and a half of the line!"

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COMMENT ON THE WEATHER.

Blow! *blow!*

Snow! *snow!*

Bluster, *fluster*, DRIFT!

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If our friends do not hear from us again for a few days, they must attribute it to the snow—consider us "snow-bound."

It is a little stunning to hear the New Haven journalist talk about Spring. Possibly we may, by-and-by, but *it snows now!*