

THE O. C. DAILY.

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We received a letter yesterday, from Miss Susan B. Munson, the first we have heard from her for six months. It is dated at Dansville, where she is at present stopping. She writes:

"I made up my mind, that I never would write to you again, until I had found some steady employment; but I do not know as that time will ever come, and I want to hear from you all so much; and then, I do not feel as if I can live much longer without the CIRCULAR. I tried to borrow some to read of the Dr. and of others who take them here, but have not succeeded as yet. I came to Dansville the 4th of Oct. I at once fell in love with the place, and made up my mind, if possible to make this my home for the present, as I could dress and live here more to my mind than any where else, except ———. I had encouragement given me, of having the care of the Dr's. Cottage in the spring, but there has been great changes since then, and the Dr. and family take their meals now at the Cure. I shall stay here in Mr. Johnson's employ until May, I think. I can lay my plans no further, but I feel there is one who can plan for me better than I can for myself, and I am ready to give myself into *his* hands, who 'doeth all things well.'

“So you see it is not my fault, that I do not find some steady employment as you advised me to. So please do not scold me any more. That letter of yours grieved me very much, it would not hurt me now, I was sick then.

“I have often thought that you must have a very persevering family at Oneida, if they have all struggled as hard as I have to gain admittance. About fifteen years ago a still small voice whispered to me of a true spiritual and social life on this earth. About two years after, I heard of Oneida, and my heart yearned to know more of you—I improved every means to know and understand you. I wrote to you—my letter was miscarried. I wrote again and received a reply; also a third and a fourth I think. I afterwards obtained permission to visit you. After leaving, I wrote, and received a reply; I wrote again, received no reply. I then wrote to Mr. Cragin, received no reply. I then wrote to the Editor, received no reply. I began to feel as if I was entirely cut off from you, but thought I would try once more. I then wrote to you and said considerable about the Community. In reply you told me you did not think I was as well prepared to join you as I thought; but you did not tell me what other preparation I could make. I am just as much in the dark to-day, with regard to it, as I was then.

“I have given up all, even my children, and I desire

to be guided wholly by Christ, and love him with my whole heart. I try to live up to my highest ideal of a true life, every day of my life. In Bible times, if any one asked, they werè told; and if there is anything more, I am anxious to know what it is. I also asked permission to call on you, on my return to Boston, as I visited you the most unfavorable season in the year to see the external beauties of your home—you did not answer my question. I afterwards wrote to Mr. Noyes, but received no reply. Now, I write to you once more, hoping to hear from you soon."

In the Theological class one evening last week, Mr. Pitt was called on to close the exercises, by singing, as he had previously volunteered to do. He complied, and sung a song of his own composing, which we have tried in vain to obtain for insertion in the DAILY. It was so characteristic of its author, and sung with so much self-possession and earnestness, (if not with perfect correctness of intonation), that it "brought down the house," by repeated and prolonged cheering. Mr. Inslee has succeeded Mr. Bolles, in conducting the class.

Mrs. Aiken was criticised last night, by her request. It was thought she had improved considerably, the last six months, and had overcome some of the faults for which she had formerly been criticised

—was more spiritually-minded. She still lacks faith in respect to her bodily difficulties, and needs to look to Christ with more earnestness, for help in that direction. She has done good service in her connection with business at the store, and her labors in that department are much appreciated.

Not far from 150 distinct "pitch-holes" so called, and a corresponding number of hummocks to match, now diversify the Willow-Place road. A ride over and back in the antiquated pung now plying on that route, is productive of a series of sensations more marked than agreeable. Imaginative persons compare it to boat-riding—if the waves were *frozen* the similitude would be more apparent. ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

FOUND.—In the Hall this morning, some money. The loser will please prove property, pay charges to Mr. Clark, the finder, and it will be restored.

It rained considerably last night, is foggy and misty this morning, with plenty of "slush."

Traps ordered the last two weeks. 79 doz.
mostly large sizes.

Yesterday's temperature—

7½ A. M., 34. 12 M., 46. 6 P. M., 34. Mean 38.