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Condemnation, discontent and fear, are three of the worst enemies we have to contend with. They stand ready to contest every step we take in our progress towards heaven and full fellowship with Christ and the Primitive Church. The devil as the representative of these three great dragons "was a murderer from the beginning," and is now waiting under condemnation for the past, and under a tremendous pressure of discontent in the present, with a "fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation" that shall destroy his kingdom. Under these circumstances, he seeks to insinuate himself into our spirits and make us feel as he does in this matter. But we shall overcome, for "greater is he that is in us than he that is in the world."

Testimony for Christ and the truth, will give us the victory. Let us assume that the past is forgiven, and that we are contented with the present, and that there is a glorious future before us. Condemnation, discontent and fear, belong to the devil, and not to us. Z. V.

Some remarks about butter, which enters so largely into our daily fare, may not be thought amiss by the Community, from one who buys and generally provides it.

He would say that it is his intention *always* to provide a good article—but that it is sometimes difficult to obtain the same—that he buys the best he can in the limits of the neighborhood round about, and from all he gets he selects what he judges best for table use, and allows the balance to go into the kitchen for cookery.

It is his impression, that on account of the number of cooks and persons engaged in cellar and kitchen, the butter gets more or less mixed and mingled, so that offensive butter comes before people at table, from that cause, occasionally.

All should know that good butter, exposed for but a short time to the peculiar atmosphere of a cook-room, will be impaired in flavor and quality.

Hence the need of observing something like the following:— Keep the table butter distinct from the other, and as closely from the air as possible.

If necessary to use or put on table, parcels the second time, have them taken up speedily and repacked or placed in the coolest and best condition for keeping—and by all means don't mix two sorts—or butter of different firkins together.

Within the past six months, preceding the first of the present, \$3,109.44 have been paid for butter alone, at the counter of the business office.

M. L. WORDEN.

Sitting by the window, yesterday afternoon, we

saw Ann S. Bailey pass by, in close conversation with a gentleman, very fine looking, and remarkably white and delicate. Some one told us, that it was Mr. D, the lecturer, who had just arrived. We wondered, and were not a little tried, that a stranger should find any of our women, so familiar and easy of access.

Then came another report, which was, that it was not Mr. D. but a cousin of Ann's. This relieved our mind somewhat, but upon enquiry, no such cousin could be found. At last the secret came out. It was our friend and quondam fellow-helper in the office, E. M. Mallory, who had donned male attire, and was taken round by Ann, to see the curiosities of Oneida life.

The whole affair, as it was talked over after the lecture, caused a good deal of merriment for the girls, and was well calculated to dissipate the unpleasant thoughts that might linger in the minds of some, after passing with the lecturer over battle-fields, and listening to the groans of the wounded and dying.



The lecture last night was pretty well attended, the house being more than two thirds full. It will be needless to attempt a description of it, as we noticed D. J. Bailey taking notes. Suffice it to say, that we heard enough of the blood and carnage of a battle-field, to last us a life-time. It was quite a relief, when he ceased his tale of horror, long enough to give us a few specimens of negro praying. The exercises were

opened by a piece of music on the piano, played by A. M. Hatch, and "Who'll save the left," by Abram, and at the close the song so popular with us, "The Pacific Railroad" was sung.

We heard Mr. Worden say that the last lot of potatoes he bought, cost one dollar per bushel, and one man of whom he expected to obtain some, would not sell them short of ten shilings per bushel.

A Mr. Decker, a man afflicted with the shaking palsy, staid here last night. We will speak more of him tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt left on the night train for Wallingford. They expected to stop at Kingston and see Leonard on the way.

It is quite cold to-day, and is snowing a little, as it did also yesterday morning.

Answer to yesterday's Conundrum.—Because he is a (*high menial*) hymeneal.

Yesterday's temperature—

7 A. M., 34. 12 M., 40. 6 P. M., 40. Mean 38.