

THE O. C. DAILY.

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Probably you have heard ere this that I am on the road talking *Bags* and *Traps* to old customers, and introducing them to new ones. I had a good visit at the Agency—got a little posted in silk matters and started.

I have been out long enough already, to be *homesick* if I would give place to such a temptation, but I know that God goes with me wherever I go, and wants me to be just where I am, so such temptations do not trouble me. But I feel that I am out at sea, and when in a few days I get to Morrow, Ohio, I hope to find some Daily Journals there, and if so I shall feel that I have *touched land* again.

You will recollect that I have for a number of years been very cautious about becoming *fanatical*. Unbelief has always been much pleased with my caution in that respect, but has taken advantage of it so as to keep my heart back and my intellect in the front. I have been thinking about this a good deal since the criticism given me, especially by Mr. Hatch, and I am fully determined that hereafter my heart shall have its proper influence in leading me.

Paul followed hard after Christ, and Mr. Noyes follows hard after Paul, and I feel safe in following

hard after Mr. Noyes. Since I read the first volume of the *Witness* and saw what a *rock* Mr. Noyes was, when God had shown him the truth, my love for him and confidence in him have constantly increased. My ambition is to become like him a truly spiritually minded man, and so strong that he can, if he wishes, swing me around the globe and see me come back as true as the needle to the pole.

Unbelief has at times cautioned me against committing myself too strongly to Mr. Noyes, but finding its influence getting less and less over me, it finally wanted to know, a few days since, if I accepted the healing of Mrs. Hall, as a *miracle*, and I said yes, and that I fully accepted any and every thing that Mr. Noyes accepted in regard to the past, and was determined to accept every thing he may believe in future.

Unbelief then cautioned me against becoming *fanatical*, and asked what I should do if Mr. Noyes should by-and-by come to the conclusion that the moon was made of *green cheese*. It wanted to know quite triumphantly if I would accept his conclusion in that case. That puzzled me for a while, but finally God showed me the *point* and I said *yes, when Mr. Noyes comes to such a conclusion I shall be quite ready to accept it*. Unbelief stared at me a moment, and then retired discomfited, while I shouted in its ears *Hurrah* for Mr. Noyes, and I have not been troubled since.

Yours Truly.

H. R. PERRY.

WILLOW-PLACE.—The shop is now at full tide of business. Entering the Forge-shop, your path is obstructed by piles of springs in different stages of formation, and your ears are greeted with the clash of the presses, the rumble of the ponderous rollers, and roar of the fan.—The chain-makers seem to be doing their utmost, one gang of welders working ten and the other about fourteen hours per day. The Finishing-shop is also well manned. To-day witnessed the successful trial of a new method of making the cross-pieces. It consists in punching, cutting off and pointing them at one stroke: a process which before required three strokes, and 'till recently, four. To make a lot of 50,000 cross-pieces, required by the former method three weeks; they can be done by the new one in about one week.

The number of persons in the various departments stands thus:

Finishing Dept.,	Hired, 25,	O. C., 7.
Forge “	“ 15,	“ 2.
Machine “	“ 2,	“ 6.
Blacksmith “	“ 3,	“ 1.
Chain “	“ 18,	“ 2.
Silk “	“ 36,	“ 4.
Total	63.	Total 22.

In addition to the above, we have a carpenter, and employ three hands in the Office, and also what we call irregular help.

A man who calls himself a hermit came here yes-

terday and took supper with the family. His real name however is B. T. Munn and he has written us once or twice not long ago. He lives in a little cabin he has built in the woods near Skeneateles, and spends his time in reading, writing and study—is a great admirer of Socrates—Jesus Christ and of nature.—He looks the picture of health, though rather awkward in his manners, owing doubtless to his seclusion from society.

Charles Mills reports, that as far as he knows, his father lives pleasantly with his new wife, but his neighbors do not like him at all. He is always in a quarrel with them, has had several lawsuits, in one of which he got beat, and appealed it. His wife is a religious woman and does not like his litigious tendencies. Charles wants to remain—thinks he is now ready to take a through ticket. He has written to Mr. Noyes, and will wait his decision.

It really rains this morning, and the prospect now is, that we shall have a showery day. We are thankful.

Mrs. Smith's father, Mr. King, came yesterday; also Mr. Bloom to make his long contemplated visit.

412½ doz. traps ordered for the week ending August 9th—to be delivered immediately.

H. W. B. arrived about midnight.