

THE O. C. DAILY.

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Last evening Mr. Woolworth re-read the Talk entitled the "Word of God," and then said, "The word of God should sanctify all our efforts and control our lives. It will sanctify our food for one thing and make it digest well. It will sanctify our fellowships to give the word of God free course, and it will sanctify all our contacts with matter and external things. The spirit of God is the great digester. It is the gastric juice of heaven, and we want it in our stomachs and in all our fellowships."

Much appreciation and thankfulness for the Talk was expressed.

W. P., March 3.—Work in the shop commenced this week under the ten-hour system; the hands like this much better, as they get more money. One of them remarked that he liked the eight-hour system but he didn't like the pay.

There is quite a reinforcement from O. C. Milford, Orrin, Charles Van and James Vail in the inspecting-room, and H. R. Perry packing traps.

Three or four of our men were engaged most of the forenoon in cleaning out the race-way. One of them worked diligently, utterly unconscious of the cold, until his neighbor informed him that his ear

It appears as if.

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was frozen, when he concluded to leave for the house.

G. W. H. left this morning on his usual two weeks trip.

March 4.—Soon after breakfast Mr. Westcott arrives from the Depot with the silk girls. They unload at the shop and just as he drives inside our gate over goes the sleigh fairly on its side. He says this is the third tip-over since starting. Luckily, the girls got out and walked each time. They were not very warmly clad and some of them cried bitterly with the cold. C. A. C. distributed a pan of apples amongst them and they went home again nothing daunted by their previous adventures.

The express man does not appear, but at ten o'clock in comes Sidney and Myron, bringing us the reports and the names of those who are coming from W. C. We read them eagerly. Only a little while and they will all be here.

In the afternoon we have a family game of "froggy" which is highly amusing. Mr. Burt and Mr. Higgins enter into it with a great deal of zest. Mr. H. thinks it is an excellent game to take the starch out of the old folks. Then we try "Old mother Grimes" which proves even funnier than the other.

A splended sun-set ; the storm is over ; Spring has come ; and we expect ere long to hear the birds sing.

Charles Olmstead accosted one of our men in the street yesterday, and inquired if we had received a

letter from a Mrs. Williams of Utica lately. He was told that we had not. He then inquired if one of our men had not been to Utica to see Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Butterfield, who are heirs to the Olmstead estate, for the purpose of purchasing their right and title in said estate. He had been told, he said, that one of our men, answering to the description of W. H. W., had been there, and offered them \$100 per acre for their interest in the property. Charles was told that there was no truth in it. "Well," he said, "I didn't hardly believe it, but father was induced to believe it, and felt pretty cross about it. He thought the Community might come to him if they wanted to buy the farm."

Moving! In attempting this subject we feel some as the man in Putney did when he lost all of his ashes through the back part of his cart; he was so notorious for his use of profane language, that every one paused to hear what he would say on this occasion: his only remark was, "Gentlemen, I've nothing to say; I can't do justice to the subject." There is a great deal of sweeping, mopping, setting up of bedsteads, moving bureaus, shaking carpets, etc; and under the generalship of Mr. Hatch this seems to go off pleasantly and well. We hear they have been successful in furnishing suitable places for the nineteen that are expected.

It has proved that Uncle Heman was injured more

than was at first supposed. His knee-pan was fractured and displaced. He is confined to his bed, only sitting up to have his bed made. Mrs. Kinsley says he seemed some better yesterday, but his leg is sore and painful yet. He told Mr. Abbott if he had got to be confined to his bed long, he should wish he was as poor as the man in Vermont, who, as the story went, carried a string in his pocket with a corn-cob attached to it, which on windy days he threw out as an anchor.

Yesterday was perfect in its loveliness. The sun was warm and bright and it *didn't snow*. To-day however, there is a good "spanking breeze" coming from the south. Those wise in such things say it bodes a thaw.

Prof. Frobisher has sent us two copies of the *Cooper Union Journal* "published by the literary class," and several tickets to "The People's Readings." We shall have no use for the tickets, and can send them to our friends in New-York if they desire to attend the "readings."

The teamsters are drawing coal from Oneida. There has been a car load there for several days, but they could not draw it on account of the drifts.

Mr. John Sears has been putting a line-shaft, which will connect with the one below stairs, through our office into the school-room, where it will drive the printing-press.