

THE O. C. DAILY.

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W. P., MARCH 5.—At seven o'clock this morning a company of men, numbering twenty-eight, each with shovel or ax in hand started for the race-way. They worked until nearly nine, getting it so well cleared that all but three left. The gate was hoisted, the bell rung to call the silk girls in the neighborhood, and again the busy hum of machinery was heard. Mr. Westcott brought his load of girls from the Depot at half past ten. One man has been employed most of the day in cleaning out loose masses of snow and anchor-ice from the race-way.

Several callers from O. C.: among them Mr. Bradley, who comes to improve the fine day by taking Mrs. Miller to ride, and two little folks, Theodora and Emily Easton, who tell us they have come to stay all night.

Orrin is a member of our family for the present.

Mrs. Aiken received a sincere criticism this evening. The family felt like making a strong push against the spirit of disease which would be glad to force itself in among us. Disease has taken root and strengthened itself in Mrs. Aiken's old life and she was advised to abandon it; not try to save it, but to yield herself entirely to the family. In so doing she will find relief from her present troubles.

Thursday evening Mr. Woolworth said he would say one word about butter, just to let the folks know we hadn't any. Homer said the three families had used of late about 300 lbs. per week, but we now have only 100 lbs. on hand, and the present prospect for getting more is a little dubious. All seemed to think if there was no butter we could easily do without it; and the announcement that we might possibly be obliged to get along with very little for a month or two, was received with cheers. How different this, from the butter discussions of former times.

It is now about two weeks since George E. began to be troubled with a pain in his side. For a week he attended to his business and was about the house, but for a few days past he has kept his bed most of the time. He don't give his malady any name. S. B. C. waits on him.

The thaw, predicted by the weather-prophets, has arrived. It rained quite smartly last evening and considerable during the night. We heard some of the men debating the liabilities of a somewhat serious freshet that seems to be impending. Mr. Hawley says the snow is so soft that it is impossible to do anything with the teams. Frederic says a company started out this morning to shovel the roads, so that a passage can be had between here and Oneida.

The children's play-room has comprised three bedrooms heretofore, but it has been thought best to re-partition off one room for the use of Mr. Jones. He has lately roomed in the back part of the tin-shop, and has felt rather lonely; it is not so good for him to be isolated, and he appears much pleased with the idea of his new abode. This will be a better place for him than for others as he will not be disturbed by the noise.



As George E. is just now unfitted for his post, it was thought best to send for Dr. Carpenter to come and see Uncle Heman. Although his knee is not so sore and painful now, yet some fear it may knit together in a way to become stiff. G. R. K. will call on Dr. C. this forenoon.



We have nothing more to report and we take it for granted that our friends had rather have blank paper than a dissertation to fill up.

You can imagine what thrilling incidents might have been recorded had we gone on and filled the space. Each one can fill it out to suit himself.



Traps ordered since last reported, 29 $\frac{2}{3}$ dozen.

