

# THE O. C. DAILY.

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## EVENING MEETING.

C. A. Cragin was criticised last night by his request, and the following are some of the remarks made on his case.—*Mr. Woolworth*:—I have had a great deal of admiration for Charles's business capacity and energy. I think he has marked abilities as a manager, or superintendent of business. I have similar impressions, however, to those expressed by others, that he relies on himself too much, and not enough on inspired action and organization. He should seek to organize his business as perfectly as possible into the Community spirit and the general business. If he should do that, he would work with more ease to himself, and give better satisfaction in the long run. I have an impression he finds a good deal of friction. I know he has great enthusiasm, and a strong purpose to carry it through and make it successful at all hazards; and yet I have the feeling that he doesn't work with the ease, pleasure and satisfaction that he might, if his own spirit was more perfectly organized and in rapport with the Community spirit. It would be less wearing on him, as he would feel strengthened and supported more than he does now. I think any amount of sympathy and support are ready to be extended to him, whenever he puts himself in the attitude to receive them.

*C. A. Cragin*:—I have felt the business wearing on my life some of late, and I think Mr. Woolworth has hit upon the reason.

*Mr. Woolworth*:—I guess you have got it too much on your own individual shoulders. I am afraid you will not be able to carry it in that way. It would be likely to break you down before you had fulfilled your mission or destiny.

*Mr. Inslee*:—I have thought there was danger of that, as I have noticed his care-worn appearance.

*H. E. Allen*:—I have sometimes thought him too open toward outsiders. He is not sufficiently reticent toward the help. It is too easy for him to confide his plans and schemes to outsiders. He is rather isolated, and spends most of his time at the factory. He doesn't seem to mix up much with the family in a social way. He is too impetuous, and frequently makes up his mind without sufficient thought or deliberation. I think he has good purposes and means to have a good spirit.

*Libbie Hutchins*:—I have thought since my acquaintance with Charles, that he did not appreciate sympathy and union with those around him. There is an individuality about him that makes him independent of others. I think he has improved in that lately, and begins to appreciate sympathy. I was very much impressed with this trait when we were in Willimantic. He didn't seem to appreciate fellowship with Harriet and me, but felt perfectly competent and rather preferred to stand

alone. I think he needs to be pretty earnest in regard to his fellowship with outsiders, as he is very apt to be open and free with them.

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I would like to endorse the criticism given the other evening, of Daniel Abbott; also what was said of the Abbott spirit. I know it is a prominent trait of the Abbott character to be very self-reliant and independent, to stick to their own views and judgment in a very obstinate, egotistical manner, in a way to exclude the judgment of others or the Community spirit from coming in to lubricate and modify their judgment in the premises. I wish to confess Christ a saviour from an isolated independent judgment, and I confess him in me a spirit that is modest, and esteems others better than myself, and is conducive of unity, brotherly love and true organization. I believe what Daniel and I both need, is to die to egotism and our old life, that the meek, humble, childlike spirit of Christ may have full possession of our hearts.

JOHN ABBOTT.

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Mr. Aldred and family left yesterday afternoon. He offered to pay for his board while here, said he expected to do it; but Mr. Bolles told him we did not charge him anything, and on his insisting to pay, Mr. B. told him if he wanted to give any thing for the cause, he might do so. He left five dollars.—Mr. Hamilton also left for Wallingford, on the afternoon train.

## REQUIUM.

Old Tom is dead, that good old cat,  
 We ne'er shall see him more.  
 He used to watch for rats and mice,  
 Beside our old shop door.

When Tom was young, a little kit,  
 A neighboring man one day,  
 Quite kindly left him for our use,  
 And then went on his way.

We fed him well, he grew apace,  
 A goodly cat was he,  
 Who once was seen to catch at once  
 Of mice, no less than three.

He lived to see the Trap-shop moved,  
 The Bag-shop in its place ;  
 Yet he remained a faithful cat,  
 The cutest of his race.

The years sped on ; as Tom grew old,  
 He grew so *very* cross,  
 That of his former pleasant ways  
 We deeply felt the loss.

Peace to his bones ; we'll let him rest :  
 His mousing toils are o'er ;  
 He's gone to join the race of cats  
 Like him, who've died before.

B. B. H.

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The sun shines beautifully this morning, the first time  
 for many days, but the wind blows, and the snow flies,  
 and withal, it is pretty cold.

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Yesterday's temperature—

7½ A. M., 18. 12 M., 28. 6 P. M., 30. Mean 25½.