

# THE O. C. DAILY.

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Among the numerous letters received yesterday, was a long and spicy one addressed to Mr. Noyes, from a lady in Rockland, Maine, Miss Lucretia E. Pillsbury. She sent the *Tribune's* article about the O. C., enclosed in her letter. She says :

"The enclosed article cut from one of our Rockland papers, I read with much interest, and was not, as the correspondent anticipated people would be, either startled or appalled ; but *was* much surprised that I had not heard of your Community before. I really hope you will be kind enough to answer this letter. I wish to know how much of this article is true, and how much is false." [She goes on to ask a multitude of questions about us, which were quite amusing.] She says again, "You may think I am asking too much, but *I* do not. \* \*"

"One portion of the account given of you in this article I enclose, I do not fall in with ; I will leave you to guess what it is, and I know too, you will guess wrong ; I should think you more than common gifted if you should guess right. The vision of your delectable savannah, has haunted me ever since I read this account of you. I see you all seated in your Hall, of an evening, reading your papers and correspondence, to ready and willing listeners, and my

vanity goes so far at this moment, as to imagine you reading my letter, and wondering what manner of person I am."

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"Extremes meet," I thought yesterday, as I saw before the portico a swarthy low-browed Italian, patiently grinding music from an old hand-organ and a little girl, mayhap his daughter, waiting with a weary air to receive the pennies that the children delightedly put into her tin-cup, as she held it out to receive them. After listening a moment, I wended my way to the Hall, and what should I behold but the faces of our sable friends Mr. Bailey and son of Vernon, entertaining quite an audience with violin and piano. They play much better than formerly, those say that have heard them. Though of the accursed race of Ham, their faces were bright and intelligent, and their manners easy and courteous. Their winters are spent in New-York, where they earn much by playing for dances. The Italian would no doubt have scorned his African brethren, but in my heart I was thankful that the good time was coming when the whole earth should dwell in perfect unity. B.

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As James Hatch was emerging from the grove over east of the Creek and horse-barn yesterday, he heard a report of a gun near by, and at the same instant felt the raking of something across his leg on the outside of his pantaloons, which produced a

stinging sensation. On looking down to see what caused it, he saw that a bullet had passed through the bottom of his coat which was buttoned closely at the time. James then saw two young men coming, one with a revolver in his hand, who proved to be Byron Olmstead. He made a great many apologies, said he was shooting at a mark, &c. J.'s escape from being wounded if not from death, was certainly a very narrow one, and is another striking proof of God's providential care over us.

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VARIETY THE SPICE OF LIFE. We have had beautiful garlands of roses encircling the white arbor for a number of years past, but this year the scene will change, giving place to a lot of vigorous sprouts, which hope sees adorned with beauty next year. Also the Big-*onia*, or Trumpet-flower, the pride of the middle house, has, for unknown reasons, retired from the scene, a grief to many. But cheer up, a young sprout, a new creation now appears; see it attracting particle to particle and building up, which in time may rival its predecessors and show that nothing can be lost.

ROSE TRUMPET.

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A man by the name of Norman Safford, of Deansville, writes to "Brother Newhouse," making application to join. As an apology for calling him brother, he states that he thinks they agree on the point of the common relations of life. He says in conclusion, "I

have some money laid up, am a blacksmith by trade, earn two dollars per day, and think I could help in your Trap shop, if you think me worthy of your *honorable consideration.*"



In the course of Mr. Noyes's criticism of low speaking in the Hall yesterday noon, he said that persons did not get half the benefit of their confessions, when they spoke so low that only a few who sat near could hear, he wanted them to speak with spirit and power—produce a sensation. On this Mr. Easton said, "what if Christ should confess us before the Father and the angels in the same low tone of voice? would that thought be pleasant to us?"

A full-blooded darkey, a son of South Carolina, came here yesterday, and rapped for admittance at the Tower door. On being told that the Brick house was a dwelling house instead of a Trap-shop, as he supposed, he withdrew—wandered around a while then took his departure.

Two hundred and sixteen bottles of pine-apple were put up yesterday, and only two of the bottles were broken in the whole process, and those by accident.

Victor came home quite unexpectedly last night. We are all very glad to see him.

ERRATUM.—On the second page of yesterday's DAILY, toward the top, instead of "and posted," read, "is to be posted."