

# THE O. C. DAILY.

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## A DIALOGUE.

A.—Counterfeiting is bad business, very bad, and I am very sorry B. to see that you are engaged in it.

B.—What do you mean, A.?

A.—I mean just what I say, that you and C. are coining spurious money and passing it for genuine, among the ignorant. Don't you understand?

B.—Well, I suppose you mean that I am involved in false love.

A.—Yes, I do. False love, is counterfeit love, and to coin it and pass it off for true, genuine love, is worse than stealing. Heaven alone issues the genuine greenbacks and they are very different bills from those that you are issuing I can assure you. The paper on which your bills are printed is very coarse and the engraving is poorly executed indeed. Besides, they do not read like the genuine. On the genuine you will find in the center, in letters of gold, the words "Ascending fellowship." In your counterfeit you have substituted "Horizontal fellowship," for ascending. Moreover you are continually tormented with the spirit of fear; fear that somebody will examine your counterfeit currency in the light. And what is still worse, you are laboring hard, most of

your time, in trying to persuade yourself that it is no worse for *you* to pass spurious love than it is for D. You say that D. is passing it freely among the *novitates*, and you don't see why you have not just as good a right as he to do the same. You have just the same right as D. which is no right at all. Falsehoods have no rights whatever, and what is false love, but falsehoods? Love is the food of the soul, so when you eat false love, you are cheating your own soul—starving it on sugar-plums—giving it the dyspepsia. Now B. you had better abandon at once, this way of life, and begin to do business like an honest man. Turn states evidence and expose all your associates in counterfeiting the true love of God. Heaven's police is after these gangs of counterfeiters, and they cannot long elude the light of day.      DETECTIVE.

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We had quite an interesting meeting last night, in which the spirit of brotherly love prevailed. Mr. Kinsley and others expressed their sympathy with Mr. Noyes's appointment of George E., as successor of Mr. Woolworth in the oversight of the family, and their desire and willingness to sustain the second generation in responsible positions.

Mrs. Maria Kinsley said she wished to separate herself from her father's spirit; she had done it in private, and tried to help herself in that way, but she now wished to do it more publicly. Her father was

an irreligious man, and had a cough similar to hers, and she might have inherited his infirmities, but that was no reason why she should not hope to overcome them. Many expressed their sympathy for Mrs. K. and a hope that she might get a victory over the spirit that oppressed her.

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A No. of the *Optimist*, a paper published at Berlin Heights, and which we should call *blue* literature, was sent us yesterday by J. W. Towner. It contains a reply to one of Mr. Towner's articles published in the CIRCULAR, and is an attempt to prove that Mr. T. was a downright hypocrite when he was a member of the Berlin fraternity. Mr. Towner writes that if that is the case, he thinks the O. C. ought to know it. The paper also contains some of the mystical sayings of a Miss Brown, a seeress, or medium we should judge, respecting the state of the Oneida Community, but as the paper is not to be found this morning, we will not attempt to speak of it further.

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A letter received from Mr. Reeve a few days since, states that he is selling out and disposing of his property in Berlin, and thinks he shall be ready to move away by the first of March. He don't mention that he has any place in view, but he is anxious to quit Berlin at any cost. I suppose he would be right glad to cast in his lot with us.

Mr. Nash says he has sat up all night, or nearly so, for two nights past, to keep a fire in the Green-house, to protect the plants from freezing. A fire has also been kept up nights in the fruit-house.

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Yesterday at four o'clock P. M. the mercury stood at six deg. below zero; at a quarter to ten, at twelve, and this morning at seven o'clock it had sunk to twenty deg. below zero.

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Traps ordered Thursday and Friday,

55 doz.

