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SATURDAY.

MRS. H. A. Hall submitted to a surgical operation yesterday. For many years—ever since she was at Putney—she has had several excrescences growing on her head, somewhat similar in their structure to the swelling on Mrs. Abbott's neck. Yesterday they were removed by Dr. Fitch. Mrs. Hall bore the operation, which was quite painful, with fortitude.

Edith Waters also had a swelling on her neck, which has been troubling her for some time, lanced by the doctor.

The conversation last evening turned on the subject of the cultivation of fortitude and strength of heart, in meeting disease, by fellowship with Christ, and laying hold of his faith and resurrection power.

The following note from Mrs. Kelly was read last evening :

April 20, 1866.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—It is one year to-day since we came to the Community. It is a year long to be remembered. I cannot but look back and see what a wreck I was then in body and spirit. I can hardly realize that I am the same person. Now I think

I can do as hard work as any woman in the Community, and am well and happy. I thank you all for the great kindness and patience shown us as a family. My prayer is that each one of us may prove a true soldier in "the army of the Lord."

Your sister in love of the truth. L. E. KELLY.

Another letter from "Riley Hunter":

GENTLEMEN:—I received the trap springs yesterday, also one copy of the Trapper's Guide, which as yet I have not had time to read. I think the Guide is a good thing for young trappers, or new beginners, and it will meet with the approbation of many of my large circle of acquaintances.

Inclosed you will please find five dollars. Send me that amount in copies of the Guide. You will please send one of the copies and THE CIRCULAR, to the address of P. F. Cavaliere, Fremont, Ohio, as he has a desire to see THE CIRCULAR.

I consider myself under many obligations to you for those springs, and will endeavor to exert my influence for the benefit of the honorable Community for the furtherance of their already wide sale of traps.

I notice in the Trapper's Guide two new kinds of traps lately introduced. Those two traps have never been in this region to my knowledge. The mink trap I think will be quite sure to find ready sale here when once introduced. The small traps I would prefer by all odds, if they should prove of sufficient strength to hold

the marten, on account of their lightness, as a man could carry a greater number of them. In this letter, you will find an extra dollar, for which you will please send me one of each as a sample, and I will show them to the trappers here.

Yours Respectfully,

SAMUEL SHANNON.

Mr. Jones is improving, and is well enough to go about considerably. His suffering of body appears to have been the occasion of much improvement in his spiritual experience, and we understand that he enjoys a clearer sense of justification and union with Christ than ever before.

METEOROLOGICAL.

April 20.

A. M. Mercury 60 deg. 12 M. 86 6 P. M. 85.

The day was very pleasant. In the afternoon the mercury rose to 90 deg. and there were thunder-clouds and signs of showers. During the night there was some rain.

SONG.

How happy the birds are ! I heard one this morning, singing in a strain that seemed expressive of such intense delight that one could easily suppose the well-spring of gladness in its breast so strong, that it *must* break forth thus in song, or the bird would die.

There is a kind of joyfulness inherent in some of God's creatures, that demands musical expression as its own

peculiar outlet, and which feels itself restrained, hampered and pent up if it find not this its chosen utterance. This is true of birds, and frequently also of mankind. I know not if it is strictly true of any other creatures.

I have heard Signora Piccolomini and other noted female singers who, in their higher flights, tossing aside all the conventional restraints of formal, measured music, seemed to pour forth their whole souls in glorious outbursts of delicious song, as if a fountain of unmixed joy arose from their bosoms, flooding the atmosphere and filling the hearts of the audience with unspeakable delight.

Warbling so ecstatic as this, cannot be called "singing"; the word is too tame. I know no word that can describe it. The influence that such a performance has on a susceptible listener, it is difficult to imagine. The eloquence of a great orator may accomplish more, and has a wider scope, but it cannot produce such intense, unmixed happiness—happiness reflected from the singer, and which, for the time, seems like that of the lark, knowing nothing, remembering nothing, anticipating nothing, but completely absorbed in the glad sensations of the moment.

Yet perhaps it is not to be regretted that pleasure of this kind comes not often and comes not to all. What it gains in intensity it loses in breadth. We may safely assume that mere melody-happiness is at least nearly akin to bird-happiness. But the happiness of God is broad, deep and "endureth forever." The poet was very nearly right when he said

"There is no joy but calm."