

# DAILY JOURNAL OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

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FRIDAY.

THE following note from Mrs. Bolles was read last evening:

*Oneida, Feb. 22, 1866.*

DEAR FRIENDS:—I wish to make a public confession of God's goodness to me, in the year that has past.—It has been a time of great trial to me, and yet it has been the happiest year of my life. It is one year since I virtually received Communism. I am thankful to have a home in the true Church of Christ, and be permitted to bear some part in the great work of establishing Christ's kingdom on the earth. It is my purpose to be a sincere disciple of Christ, and a true Community woman. I confess my entire separation from my old life, and from legality in all its forms, particularly the marriage spirit. I desire to have every vestige of that spirit eradicated from my heart. I am thankful for Communism which delivers woman from the bondage of the marriage system. I thank God for Mr. Noyes, I regard him as the great deliverer of our sex. I confess my confidence in him, also in Mr. Hamilton, as our leaders, and confess my love for the family. I shall be glad of

any criticism or discipline that will improve my character and make me more useful in the church.

Yours for the truth.

R. M. BOLLES.

We are in the midst of another thaw. A strong south wind prevailed all yesterday and last night. The snow is fast disappearing from the fields.

Miss A. M. Hatch has commenced taking lessons in book-keeping, in the office. She is to devote two hours a day to the business at present.

E. H. writes from Willimantic: "There are about twenty-six girls in the factory. They are a good and intelligent looking set of girls. They were quite anxious to see me in my short dress, so last evening I put it on much to their amusement. Some of them liked it very much. We are in hopes that we shall be able to wear them in the factory by and by."

H. E. A. says, "Last evening the girls said they wanted to hear about our home. We answered their questions and gave them the O. C. Pamphlet to read. None of them ever heard of the O. C. before C. came here. They all treat us well. We feel that the angels have us in charge."

In last evening's meeting, Mr. Hamilton referred to the large amount of attention that has lately been given to crochet-work and "tatting," especially among the younger portion of the family. He questioned whether it was not being carried to an unprofitable extent, and divert-

ing attention from more important and useful employments. It was not very enlarging to the mind. He thought the taste for ornamentation might find a better scope in the bag business, for instance, and so be brought into the public service.

A letter was received to-day from a man in Massachusetts, inquiring if he could find employment on our farm. He is somewhat out of health, and thinks if he could get out of the city and work on a farm for a couple of years, and "could get with a congenial society of people, where he could throw off all restraint and act natural, he could be perfectly happy." He is a spiritualist, has a family "who are all in a measure harmonious, when nothing happens to disturb their equanimity." Is a barber by trade, has worked at coloring photographs, and on farms both in this country and South America, and is twenty-three years of age, &c. We are hardly prepared to employ him.

A bag order was received yesterday but we have been unable to learn the amount. Several small trap orders have also been received within a few days.

There have been but few reportable events since yesterday. The family generally seem in good spirits.—All are busy as usual. There is much interest felt in Mr Noyes's project of a purchasing agency, and in the general aspect of things at New York.

ARRIVALS.—Mr. and Mrs. George Covill, of Higginsville, on a visit to the Community.

“What does make those men who work with the locomotioners, talk so much about switching injuns off the track? What good does it do to switch those insensibillious things?” said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as he was finishing his breakfast of biscuit and coffee. “Because they have a tender *behind*, I suppose,” said he. The old lady seized the broomstick a moment too late to reach the young rascal as he rushed out the door with a broad grin on his face.