

DAILY JOURNAL

OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

VOL. 3. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23, 1867. NO. 20.

EVENING MEETING.

Mr. Hamilton :—I have been over to the boarding-house this evening, as they sent to have me come to an oyster supper, the boarders had been getting up. When Mrs. Conant first told me they wished to have me present I didn't know what to think about it; but I finally concluded if they had sent and invited me to come, I would go as a representative of the Community and the Community spirit, and look in upon them. So I went over and took supper with them, and staid to see them commence dancing and then came home.

But the thought that worked in my mind about the matter was, that the time would come, as we increased our business and the number of our employees, that we should exert our influence over them more and more. I thought our employees were a very smart wholesome-looking set of folks. I hope sometime, we shall have a large boarding-house with better conveniences for such parties. It does not appear to me to be an impossible thing, to elevate all those around us out of the ways of the world, into the ways of the Kingdom of Heaven, more or less.

Mr. Hawley :—I believe the Community spirit is hav-

ing an effect on all our employees, and whoever surrounds us, and that this influence is constantly growing stronger. I like Mr. Hamilton's idea very much of lifting them out of their present position into one that is higher and better.

Mr. Hamilton :—I felt free to meet them with all the sympathies common between us. I felt I could do it and have the balance of influence on our side.

Mr. Hatch :—I liked the idea of having our folks furnish music, and keep the control of it, better than to have them go and get outside players. I thought the effect upon them would be much better.

Mr. Woolworth :—I should suppose such a party would seem quite like a Community.

Mr. Hamilton :—Yes, there was something quite pleasing about it. I thought it was an advance in civilization, as far as it went.

Mr. Vanveker :—A good many persons appreciate working for us.

By request Mr. Woolworth read from the CIRCULAR the article "Life Compared to a Tube," and then remarked as follows :—"I think this is a good subject to recur to often, that we may as fast as possible realize the conditions presented in this article. I believe it reveals the great secret of happiness and salvation. The sure condition of peace is here revealed. In the world we shall have tribulation, abundance of it. We know that is true."

One who has had considerable to do with the culinary department gives the following recipe for making cake :

“The three principal ingredients of Cake are *beat*, *stir*, and *mix*. First use beat, beat, beat, on eggs until they become froth. Next compound; beat with butter until the butter becomes cream. (Making butter of cream is a common thing, but to make cream of butter will be found quite a different thing by those who try to do it.) Then take the froth and cream, and add several parts of stir, stir, stir. Then throw in some flour, a little grated nutmeg, a few currants and a few raisins. Now add the last ingredient, viz., mix, mix, mix, mix, mix, mix, until your hands are tired and elbows ache, and still continue to add this important part, until some one mercifully cries out, “That will do.”



It is mild and still, this morning, and the snow is falling gently. The roads are so badly drifted between here and Willow-Place, that free passage is difficult—the sleigh at any moment, being liable to become upset.

The Hamilton stage, which is a covered conveyance, turned over into a snow-drift opposite our home boarding-house, a few days ago. We believe there were no women aboard, though there were several men.



The hands at our home boarding-house, in imitation of the example set by their Willow-Place associates, formed themselves into a club, bought oysters and had

a supper and dance last night. Several of our people were invited, Mr. Hamilton among the rest. Our musicians furnished them with music for the occasion, and all went off pleasantly.

Mr. Andrew Smith, of Verona, the man who laid down our pump logs several years ago, and who with his wife has frequently called here, was buried yesterday. We understand he died of cancer in the stomach.

We have now, employed in the silk-factory, nineteen hired women and girls, and one man.

THE CIRCULARS for some cause are delayed again, and have not yet reached us.

Yesterday's temperature—

7½ A. M., 20. 12 M., 28. 6 P. M., 20. Mean 22½.

