

DAILY JOURNAL

OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

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FRIDAY.

1144 quarts of berries were picked yesterday from our own beds. 810 qts. were received from Davis. 990 qts. were sent to Martin at Troy. We have already received 1170 qts. from Davis since purchasing his berries, and the prospect is that we shall make a good thing of the investment.

We are all rejoiced to hear by Edward Inslee that we may expect Mr. Noyes next Monday night, in company with little Ormond.

Mr. Woolworth and Mr. VanVelzer went west yesterday afternoon, to attend to the forwarding of cherries. Mr. V., we understand, intends to be absent only a few days.

Mr. Nash and Mrs. Sears are engaged taking up the tulip bulbs from the beds on the lawn.

Mr. Delatre has received a letter from Reginald, dated "Dinapore Station, East India Railway, Bengal Division, May 1, 1866." Speaking of the Community he says:—"You say you hope you do not trespass on our patience by mentioning little Community matters. Why, that is just what we like to hear about! I wish you would tell

us every thing about the Community that you think of. I should like more particulars now and then: names of persons or places or any thing that would remind me directly of the days we spent there, would be very interesting, also the doings of individuals that I knew &c., &c. How do you manage the children's department now?—What has become of our old "ogre," Mrs. B.? We have to thank her for our leaving the Community. Why don't you go hunting too? Have you lost your fondness for the sport? Do any of the people there ever ask about us or seem to remember us? You never mention any one sending remembrances as of old; that is because we are of the "world;" or perhaps long years of absence have caused them to forget our existence. There are many I should like to name but I have not room now. Perhaps you will give my kind remembrance and regards to them all."

59 dinners were furnished to visitors yesterday. It has been decided to charge from 75 cts. to \$1 for meals according to quality. A good dinner will be furnished for 75 cts., while for a first rate meal \$1 will be charged.

This morning was so cool that fires were called for in the furnaces.

Mr. Tobitt left yesterday. He expressed great satisfaction with his visit, and appears much interested in the Community. He proposes to come again some time this season and bring his wife with him.

535 bottles of fruit were preserved yesterday, 189 of which were strawberries, and the remainder cherries.

Last evening, Mr. Guiteau was criticised by request. A report will probably be sent in manuscript, so we say no more about it here.

Men and teams are busy to-day clearing away the stone and rubbish from the site of the White-house, and we hope by to-morrow night to have the grounds there in an orderly condition.

Nine crates—two bushels each—of cherries were received this forenoon.

Mr. Leete is here, busily engaged painting the store.

Our friends will be interested to hear that Sir Christopher *Wren* and family occupy "Squash Hall" as a residence for the season. Unable, however, to fill the whole space with their usual effects, and being somewhat crotchety on this point, they have succeeded with no little *architectural* skill, in reducing its dimensions by the introduction of a mass of incongruous material, and will no longer feel lost in its immensity! "Squash Hall" may be visited at any hour of the day, by the aid of a short ladder, the foundations having been laid high. It is situated in "Pear Orchard." o.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Thermometer, June 28.

6 A. M. 61. 12 M. 63. 6 P. M. 63.

SOUNDS OF JUNE.

All day the Veery's song is heard
From out the hemlock grove,
All day the Hermit's far refrain
Deep thrills his woodland love.

The Robin's home-like song at morn,
Awakes the Sparrow's lays,
The Catbird's merry notes call forth
The Thrasher's hymn of praise.

The Red-winged Blackbird's liquid tones
Beside the river's brink,
Are echoed from the meadow-weed
In mirth of Bobolink.

The Wood-Thrush in the forest glen,
Most sweet of all the throng,
Awaits the cadence of its mate,
Then lifts its mellow song.

Thus, underneath the myriad leaves,
In sunshine and in cloud,
The anthem of the summer hours
The Birds pour forth aloud.

