

# DAILY JOURNAL

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WEDNESDAY.

THE Bag-bees were brought to a close to-day, the first time in eight or ten years. The suspension will probably be brief, as it results only from the present light demand for bags. There is an interesting history of these bees which we hope will sometime be written. There has been romance in them as thrilling as anything in Scott's Novels. They have been a school of intellectual improvement as well as of industry. Hundreds of books have been read while thousands of bags have been making. A wide range of literature has been canvassed, from Scott and Cooper to Dickens and Thackeray and Charles Reade. The last popular new novel and the last Atlantic Monthly have been listened to while fingers were busily stitching. These bees played an important part in the solution of the problem of attractive labor. They have been means of fellowship between men and women, and between old and young. Who will ever forget them in the Old Parlor, under the Butternut tree on bright summer afternoons, in the New Hall, and in the Upper Sitting Room?

In the evening meeting Orrin was criticised. The stand he has taken in separating himself from his father

and turning his heart to the Community, was commended, and a great deal of good feeling for him was expressed. But it was thought he would have to be very much in earnest, to carry out the purpose he had confessed, and become a truly spiritually-minded young man. He has much to repent of in the past, and must now prove by deeds his devotion to the Community and the truth. It was thought best to let him remain here a year on trial.

Startling apparition! "All at once a ghost appeared!" H. C. N. took care of her mother to-night. In the middle hours of the night she came out of Lady C.'s room with a dimly burning night-lamp in her hand, into the sitting-room, to look at the clock. Glancing across the room she beheld a white figure standing motionless in front of the entry door. With an emotion partaking slightly of the terrified, Helen cried out to the ghostly presence: "Who are you? Speak!" No answer. The figure lifts its arm and places it across its breast.—Helen's cry awakens Chloe, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. Chloe sprang out of bed and as she was coming out of her room found herself confronted with the mysterious figure. Though somewhat startled, she concluded it would be best to grapple with the mystery at once and so settle its ghostly pretensions. So rushing forward she seized the "Woman in White" by the arm; when, lo! the substantial form of Mrs. Kinsley appeared!! She answered not a word, but shook Chloe

off with her arm and walked in dignified silence to a chair and seated herself. The terrified damsels retired to their rooms again, philosophizing on the materialistic character of ghosts. The object of their terror, we learn, soon after retired to her room and shook her sides a long while over the adventure.

At the machine-shop the handles are being fitted to several thousand mop-irons. This job closes up the mop business.

An ex-soldier called with pictures to sell. He was in the second battle of Bull Run, where he lost a portion of one of his hands. He afterwards lost his arm, by being run over by the cars.

To-day was clear and sunny until evening, when it assumed the usual stormy aspect. During the night a little snow fell, just enough to whiten the roofs and bare ridges.

The fruit-growers have been examining the buds on the plum and cherry trees, and find considerable injury done by the recent cold weather.

The ice-cutting machine, on trial, proves to be a success. It is properly named an ice-plow, and is drawn by a horse in the same manner as an ordinary plow.—A series of eight cutters are fastened on a line in an iron beam. Going back from the front end, each succeeding cutter is a little longer than the one in front of it, and consequently, when the plow is properly held, cuts a little deeper. The plow will cut a groove about half an

inch wide and eight inches deep. It is provided with ordinary plow-handles. In cutting the ice a marking plow, with a gauge, is first used, The cutting plow follows the groove made by the marking plow. The ice is cut into square blocks.

Several typographical mistakes and omissions occurred in our previous numbers owing to the haste with which they had to be set up and printed in order to be in time for the mail. We hope to avoid errors of all kinds as much as possible in the future, and to make our little sheet an accurate transcript of the events and spirit of our daily life.