

DAILY JOURNAL

OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

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THURSDAY.

Mr. Hamilton arrived this morning about 7 o'clock.— We are all glad to hear that the N. Y. Branch have been successful in their moving operations, and that they have got so good business quarters. *Vive les Shakers!*

The late cool weather has checked the progress of vegetation somewhat, and slight injury by the frost is noticed in some places.

Martin Kinsley, while harnessing a colt yesterday, had his foot stepped upon, and in attempting to extricate it, wrenched it badly. Alice Ackley also, has sprained her ankle, and experiences some inconvenience therefrom.

A number of bag-photographs have been received from the Rome artists, and are very satisfactory. They bid fair to be a great convenience to our salesmen.

We were mistaken yesterday in announcing that the Mr. Lansing associated with Mr. French, was the Hon. W. E. Lansing. His name is Jacob S. Lansing, and he is *not* an ex-member of Congress. In making our report we followed a statement which, at the time, we supposed to be correct; but the "reliable gentleman" who made the statement, was misinformed.

The house-cleaning company have attacked the Upper Sitting-room to-day, and are making thorough work.

Mr. Knowles has had a return of his bad symptoms during the last few days; but to-day he is better, and we trust will continue to improve.—Mrs. S. B. Campbell is getting quite well again.

From last evening's conversation, we take the following paragraphs:

Mr. Pitt.—I had some thoughts to-day about this battle with disease, that we are engaged in. I remember that some time ago, after the Community had cast off Warren Chase and his hadean influence, Mr. Noyes remarked that probably the next principality we should have to meet would be New-York Perfectionism. I have questioned whether in this battle we were not fighting that principality. I trace the beginning of this dispensation of disease, to the time Mrs. K. came here. Before she came, the Community were remarkably free from ailments of all kinds, and had been so for a long time. There was a buoyant state of health among us. Mrs. K. was a thorough representative of New-York Perfectionism, and was formerly known as such in the region where she came from. She came here full of the evil-thinking devil, and full of disease. While she was here, every one who sympathized with her, was more or less affected by disease. And when she went away, she sent a diabolical shaft of disease into Mr. K., from which he has been suffering ever since.

Now I have no doubt that the head-quarters of New-York Perfectionism, are in Hades. The leading spirits of that dispensation, have passed into that world. The old reprobate leaders who tried to crush New-Haven Perfectionism, are there. But they have their mediums in this world, and I have no doubt we have been in contact with one of them in this case. Mr. Noyes told us to beware of New-York Perfectionism. I felt to-day that I wanted every vestige of sympathy with that principality, cleared out. Another indication that we are in a battle with that spirit, is the fact that Mr. Cragin has been exposing the corruptions of New-York Perfectionism in the recent chapters of his history.

[Several spoke of having similar impressions in regard to this matter.]

Mr. Woolworth.—If this experience serves to stir us up to put on the whole armor of God, it will be good. I believe that is the lesson God would have us learn.

Shortly since, a gentleman who shall be nameless, spent two days here on business. On both evenings, he was courteously invited to be present at meeting, but he respectfully declined. He was sitting in the Library when THE CIRCULARS arrived, and one of them was offered to him but not accepted. We learn that his *better half* had prudently warned him against our influence; hence his shyness. Here was a reversing of the dynamic and conspicuous!

Jane Seymour died this morning about 10 o'clock.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Thermometer, May 2.

6 A. M. 39. Cloudy. 12. M. 44. Wind west. 6 P.
M. 40. Very chilly day. Mr. Hall reports having seen
snow on the northern hills.