

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SONG.
A maid reclined beside a stream,
At fall of summer day,
And half awake and half adream,
She watched the ripples play,
She marked the waters fall and heave,
The deepening shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
The river's bubbling song:
And thus she sang, with thinking tongue,
"That rippling, shadowy river—
"Youth's brightest day will fade away,
Forever and forever!"
The twilight past, the moon at last
Rose broadly o'er the night,
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams
As wrought in silver bright,
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shades rejoice,
And thus she sang, with tuneful tongue,
"That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone, true love shines on,
Forever and forever!"

THE SEVEN LOST BRIDES.
A LEGEND OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the upper part of New Orleans, not far from the Mississippi River, stands an old house, well known in that part of the city, as "the haunted house." It is said that no tenant can be induced to remain long in it; but all, disturbed by supernatural sights and sounds, speedily seek another dwelling. These nocturnal disturbances are sufficiently explained, to some at least—by the following legend.

"Long time ago," long before New Orleans was a great city, and when the quarter now known as Lafayette was occupied partly by cane-fields and partly by marshes, the old house—old, even then—stood, as now, not far from the bank of the river, and surrounded by blocks and squares of substantial buildings, as to-day, was the centre of a plantation, and was haunted only by sunny faces and merry voices. Its owner was an old gentleman, a widower, who had seven treasures in seven daughters—all beautiful, intelligent and amiable.

When the eldest daughter was of an age to marry, she was wooed and won by a young planter of the neighborhood, and for once the course of true love seemed to run smooth.—All parties were agreed as to the suitability of the match, and when the wedding night arrived willing guests flocked from all quarters to do honor to the occasion. The old house was brilliantly illuminated, and music and dancing echoed through its chambers. In short, everything went merrily onward and gay. Louisiana never saw a gayer assemblage.

But all this merriment was doomed to meet a strange and sudden end. Scarcely had the nuptial benediction been pronounced, when it was observed the bride was missing. The evening passed on, and she did not return. Wonder was followed by anxiety. Search was made, first through the house and grounds, and finally through the neighborhood; but all without success.

All that night, and for days and weeks after, the search was continued with the sleepless energy and vigilance which love could prompt; but all in vain: not the slightest trace was ever found of the missing bride.

Had she, in some sudden aberration of mind, wandered into the boundless swamps, and perished miserably of hunger and exposure? Or had she some fearful and unbosomed grief, which had caused her to cast herself into the turbid waters of the Mississippi? Or had she, perchance, met and loved some person so far beneath her in station as to render an open union hopeless, and they had fled together to distant lands?

Such were some of the conjectures of the gossips concerning her fate; while other told dreary stories of dreadful and desperate deeds of the pirates of the Gulf, or, late at night, with terrible glances cast over their shoulders towards the door, whispered ghastly tales of the doings of the demon huntsman, whose horn was often heard among the woods and marshes, and the baying of whose dogs, mingled with the rustling of the wind among the leaves, as it struck upon his ear in the dreary hours of night caused many a pious Acadian to hastily cross himself and utter *Ave Maria* and a petition for protection against the devil and his angels.

It would be tedious to tell—as to hear, save in the briefest manner—how, one after another, five more of the seven daughters disappeared in the same way—each on their wedding night—till but one was left—the youngest, the most beautiful, and the least loved of all. A strange infatuation seemed to enchain all who were concerned; and while, when each was lost, the same scene of frantic search, of wild grief, and despairing acquiescence, was enacted, none ever dreamed of making the mysterious fate which seemed to hang over the family, an objection to the marriage of the young girls. And thus it came to pass that the last daughter became betrothed, as the rest had been, to one well worthy of her; and in due time another large company were assembled to grace the nuptials.

But on this occasion there was but little merriment. The guests clustered together in twos and threes, and in whispers spoke of the lost sisters. All seemed to feel as though they were shadowed by the wings of some dark and terrible misfortune hovering over the doomed house. No one was found bold enough to utter a jest, or to speak a gay or thoughtless word.

In the meantime, all possible care was taken

to guard the bride from the fate of her sisters. A chosen body of friends watched constantly over her, and never permitted her to be absent from their sight.

Thus were matters situated when the hour appointed for the nuptial ceremony arrived. But the final vows were scarcely spoken, when the sound of a distant horn was heard, and a thrill of terror struck to each heart.—It approached nearer and nearer, till at last the heavy tramp of a man, accompanied by the pattering sound of the feet of hurrying dogs, was heard upon the veranda. All eyes were fixed upon the closed door. It opened with a crash, and a gigantic huntsman, clad all in green, and surrounded by a pack of huge and panting hounds, stood upon the threshold.—Fixed to their places, the spectators stared with glassy eyes upon the terrible visitor, and awaited, in speechless terror, his further movement. Fixing his flashing eyes upon the bride with imperial air he raised his right hand towards her. With tottering steps she advanced, and fell fainting in his arms. One blast upon his mighty horn, one yell from his ferocious pack, and the green huntsman sprang from the house, bearing with him the inanimate form of the doomed bride. Fainter and fainter grew the sounds of horn and dogs, till they faded quite away in the distance; and then, and not till then, did the beholders of this strange scene recover from the spell which had deprived them of the power of moving or speaking.

All those who were present at this supernatural abduction have long since mingled their ashes with their parent earth, but the old house still stands, a witness to the truth of the legend; and on stormy nights the demon huntsman's horn and the baying of his dogs, rising above the roaring of the tempest, may be heard sounding along the Metairie Ridge and the swamps and woods adjoining; and at midnight hour the ghost of the bereaved old father yet wanders through the deserted chambers of the ancient house, weeping, and wringing his shadowy hands, and repeating, in agonizing tones, the names of the seven lost brides.

THE ELECTION OF BLAIR IN ST. LOUIS.
The election of Frank Blair, an anti-slavery man, an opponent to the extension of slavery, of disunion, nullification, and of the oppression of Kansas, and favorable to the renewal of the Missouri Compromise, in St. Louis—must produce astonishment throughout the country. That the people of a slave state should elect such a representative will surprise those who have not examined the question of slavery, but not such as have viewed it in the light of its effect upon labor and the laboring portion of the white race.

It also shows that there is a deep current of opposition to slavery amongst the laboring whites, in the very region of slavery itself, that only wants an opportunity to manifest itself to tell the North that they are with us on this question. In speaking of his election, the St. Louis Democrat (Benton) says:
"The battle was fought in a great measure against individuals, and against no man was this battle fought harder than against Francis P. Blair, jr. He was known and recognized as the advocate of the working men of St. Louis, he was ridiculed as the man who defended the rights of white labor in preference to that of slave labor, he was abused as the man who desired to devote the new territories of the United States to the tillage and agriculture of white freemen instead of slaves, and yet as such he has been elected. All honor to the noble vindicator of free white labor, and may this be an example to the nullifiers, that their dark and iniquitous designs meet with no favor in this great commercial and industrial center of the Mississippi Valley."

A NEW CENT.—Everybody will be glad to learn that a new cent is to be coined. The old copper-head, which has so long represented the smallest fractional division of our decimal money in use, is too cumbersome and large for the little value it represents, and the substitution for it of a new coin, readily distinguishable from all others in circulation, will be considered by all a great improvement.—It is therefore proposed, by the Director of the Mint, that the new cent shall be eighty-eight parts copper and twelve parts nickel.—It is to weigh seventy-two grains, less than half the present cent, which is 166 grains.

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL'S MISMANAGEMENT.—A development has been made of the mismanagement of Postmaster General Campbell, which has cost the government a heavy sum. A treasury warrant has been issued to Messrs. Glover and Mather for no less a sum than two hundred thousand dollars, which was awarded to them by the First Comptroller as an indemnity for a breach of contract with them on the part of the Postmaster General, in carrying the mail between Louisville and New Orleans. This is a nice little sum to be wasted in this way, the whole amount being of course literally sunk.

REPUBLICANISM IN VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of the Boston Telegraph says that a Free-soil Electoral ticket will soon be nominated in Virginia, and that this demonstration is owing very much to the late blow struck by the slavebreeders at the people's rights in the expulsion of Mr. Underwood from the Old Dominion for participating in the Philadelphia Convention.

THE RAPPITE COMMUNITY.
AT ECONOMY, PA.

The editor of the Pittsburgh Dispatch writes as follows from the village of Economy, Beaver county, Penn'a:

"This place was finished long ago. The community or society once numbered eight hundred souls; they are now less than three hundred. From one third to one half the houses are tenanted. Neat comfortable dwellings, both brick and frame, are 'voiceless as the grave.' Elsewhere in the town all is still enough, indeed at most hours of day or night, save for the strangers who come to relieve the quietude. After 9 P. M. not a footfall is to be heard, save when a traveller drops in from the road or a locomotive snorts by with its rattle and clatter. At 6½ A. M. all who hope to eat breakfast must be ready to sit down at the hotel table. Those who are laggard will have a sound scolding most surely from 'Joseph,' the worthy host, who occupies that troublesome post for his share of duty as a member of the society, aided as far as practicable by 'David,' another 'excellent little fellow,' who, in addition to the duties of cutting tailor and barber for the whole community, also helps Joseph at the tavern. The fashions do not vary much, however, and probably David has not an onerous post as tailor; but I observed with surprise that every grown male member of the community is shaved, at least on Sabbath, though all wear whiskers, great or small.

The community seems to be pretty evenly divided, male and female; the latter almost as hearty in appearance as the former. The society, as you are aware, first settled at Old Harmony, Butler county, in 1805. Finding themselves too far from navigable waters and markets, they removed thence, about ten years afterwards, to New Harmony, on the Wabash river, in Indiana. Here, owing to the unhealthy climate, many died, and the community again removed in 1824-'5 to their present location; having remained at each of the first places chosen about ten years, and here, to the present time, thirty-odd years. George Rapp, their beloved leader from Germany, came here with them. He had adopted a son, called Frederick, who also came to this place, and died before his adopted father. George Rapp died in the fall of 1847, then in his 90th year. He had preached more than fifty years; had led his people in all his wanderings, from Germany to their last 'promised land' here; and when all was settled hopefully, the community prospering beyond his most sanguine expectations, he prepared to lay down his shepherd's crook, and, summoning his people around his window in the yard of his dwelling, he thence delivered to them his last discourse; and, though of age so advanced and on the grave's verge, his voice was yet strong enough to be heard half a square. During that same week he died, and lies buried, like all the rest, in the common lot, without even a hillock to show where he lies. Mr. R. L. Baker, a very able and worthy man, succeeded in the spiritual and temporal leadership of the society. More recently, Mr. Henrici, the very able and intelligent treasurer of the society, has been appointed joint trustee with Mr. Baker. In the society, as is known, there is a perfect equality in all respects; all are proprietors, all equal in rights and in dignity; none are hirelings. The cook at the hotel, who for thirty-odd years has occupied that post, David the tailor, barber, &c., and all, of whatever occupation, stand alike respected.—The people are all pleasant and kind; nothing of austerity about them, except on Sunday, and then they appear truly plain, devout worshippers.

We attended morning service in the nice cool church yesterday. Mr. Baker led the services, with two old men sitting on either side of him in the pulpit. The choir had about twenty-four performers, male and female.—Two pianos were in lieu of an organ; Miss Gertrude Rapp played one, Mr. Henrici the other; the music was rather monotonous, but fair. The services were: First, music, singing, &c.; then prayer; then a chapter, sermon, singing, and prayer. For the first prayer all rose; during the succeeding services preachers and audience sat, in the last prayer leaning forward. On entering the church the men and women came in at different doors, and took opposite sides of the house. On leaving, the men sat waiting till all the women had gone out and the coast was clear; then the preacher led out, and the other male people followed. We omitted to say that, at the close of each division of the service, the audience respond "amen" in what sounds exactly like a sharp quick guttural "ugh" and rather startling at first. All the men wear blue clothing; all the women blue clothing, with silk caps of exactly the same make and material as if moulded. The ceiling of the church is arched handsomely, and it also is painted blue, bright blue. Blue is "the rage" here decidedly. I estimated (pretty accurately) the congregation at 225; the balance of the near 300 were confined at home by their avocations or by age and infirmity. There were a few young people, and I even saw one infant child, whose parents recently joined the community, but the average age of the members is computed to be now over sixty, and some are over ninety; so that death must soon be busy thinning out their ranks. I observed very few tottering steps, but nine-tenths of the men

were bald, and most of the others gray; the women look more fresh; some wear wigs.

The evidences of decline and decay are manifest painfully, and teach a sad lesson of mortality. Count Leon took away about 250 of the original 800, others left at other times, death has reaped many, and less than three hundred remain. The advance of age and decrease of numbers compels a curtailment of occupations. Silk manufacture is therefore abandoned; cotton and wool manufactures are confined now to the little winter work for their own wear; so of tanning and other employments. The museum is gone long ago; their music bands are no longer kept up; even in the harvest fields they must hire help, and reduce the amount of land in cultivation. They have fifty of the finest milk cows I ever saw, and even this spring Mr. Baker purchased a five hundred dollar bull, and eight or nine cows at two hundred each, for improved stock; they have also the choicest varieties of shanghai and other fowls in thousands; but of sheep only two hundred for mutton, none for wool; of hogs about seventy-five, which are bought for fattening and killing alone each year, as they raise none; of horses about forty head, for ploughing, &c. Every dumb animal is kindly tended; all are as fat as can be, and neither man or brute is overtasked.

The people feel independent, and care very little for accumulation at present; hence they labor regularly, but never hurriedly, and the hotel is merely kept up as a matter of public accommodation. They own some five thousand acres of land, worth say \$100 per acre; add value to town buildings, money, stocks, &c., they cannot be worth less than two millions, I believe. They are kind to the poor; a house is set apart for indigent travellers, where beds are furnished, and supper and breakfast freely given to any wayfarer. They have also kindly received back several truant, who went abroad in former times, did badly, and returned, like the prodigal son. The society has some very active members yet; some very ingenious mechanics too. They have within a few years purchased pine land up the Allegheny, and have a saw-mill here, where all kinds of timber is saved and sold to the neighborhood. They have a cider mill and press, of home invention, which will turn out forty barrels of cider in a day. Grape, currant, and other wines are made in abundance, as also beer and even whiskey, but drunkenness is unknown among them. Tobacco is not used by a single individual in any way. On the whole they are a happy and contented, and I think a really religious people.

ATROCIOUS FRAUD ON THE PUBLIC.

ARREST AND COMMITMENT OF THE PERPETRATOR.—We learn from the Philadelphia press, that Hollis who was charged with counterfeiting so extensively the labels of Holloway's Pills, has been committed to Moyamensing jail for trial in default of bail. The examination showed that the immense sales of Holloway's remedies in this country had long since excited the cupidity of a class of miscreants known as "medical counterfeiters." The establishments of Professor Holloway, in every city of the Union, had been closely watched, the extent of their business ascertained, and finally a system of counterfeiting planned out which, in extent and magnitude, has probably never been equalled in this or any other country.—We hope the fortunate arrest of the chief conspirator, Hollis, will tend to explode the whole scheme; all the material of the rascally combination is now in the hands of the police. It is somewhat difficult to counterfeit the remedies of Professor Holloway with impunity.—His agents "cover the land," constituting an all-pervading "vigilance committee" whose Argus eyes are ever open to his interests and the interests of the sick, which are in fact one and inseparable. Hollis and his gang forgot this independent medical police, ever on the alert, all in direct communication with the office in New York. They left out of their calculations the boundless pecuniary resources of Professor Holloway, and underestimated his zeal and liberality when engaged in hunting down the double knavery that tampered with the public health while it sought to rob him of his reputation. The timely discovery of this scheme of wholesale rascality, will, we trust, be a warning to "medical counterfeiters." The counterfeit plates, labels, &c., are all in the hands of the authorities of Philadelphia, and the conspiracy is utterly crushed.—Its effect has been to exhibit in a more striking light the unparalleled popularity of Holloway's Pills, for only against the leading medicine of the age would such a scheme have been organized. It would be well for the trade to be on their guard against similar frauds for the future. One scheme of imposture is put down, but the popularity of the medicines may give rise to others.—N. Y. Nat. Police Gaz.

THE DEMOCRACY IN NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY is split, and a bitter contest is going on between the two divisions. A convention has been held and a ticket nominated by one wing. The other has called a counter convention to meet on the 18th, also to nominate a ticket.

THE HON. ANDREW J. HARLAN, a Pierce member of Congress from the 11th district of Indiana, has declared for Fremont.

Nearly every paper that reaches us contains accounts of Union district and county tickets being formed, in opposition to the Democracy.

THE PRESIDENCY.

George Law has written a lengthy letter on the present political crisis, from which we make the following extracts, as being worthy of the attention of every voter:

NEW YORK, July 8, 1856.
DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th ult. I have carefully reflected on its contents. In reply I beg to state to you that I deeply regret no more perfect union has been effected by those whose duty it was to have accomplished that object—to unite the whole elements of opposition to the present corrupt administration, wielded as it is by the extreme Slave Oligarchy of the South. For the last three years this same oligarchy has used the entire power and patronage of the General Government to crush out all independent action and honest representation on the part of the North; to purchase up Northern men to misrepresent their constituents from personal motives and for promises of favor from the present corrupt administration.

All good men who have the love of their country at heart, both in the North and in the South, should unite cordially in a common effort to destroy the viper that has coiled around the freedom and independence of the American people. Freedom of speech is prohibited in the halls of Congress; bowie-knives and revolvers are daily appendages at the capital as a means of assault and defence. The Senate declares itself not only powerless for punishment, but even palsied for protection. Its members look quietly on and see a member stricken down in open day in the Senate Chamber, without even the common effort of humanity that would be exercised in a bar-room to save a man that was prostrated, without an opportunity of defending himself. Thus you see that those who represent their constituents honestly, and by unanswerable arguments, and who cannot be purchased by executive favor, must be awed into silence by bowie-knives, bludgeons and revolvers. Such is the scheme of government inaugurated by the Pierce dynasty, and fostered by the Southern sectional power that supports it. Upon this basis, and into the arms of this power, the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention surrenders himself before the country, without the slightest reservation or individual independence of his own. What has the country to expect if Mr. Buchanan succeeds? Nothing better than it has experienced under Mr. Pierce, and perhaps something worse. One is an old man without independence of mind or energy of character, which the country is forewarned by his declaration that he is no longer James Buchanan, and has no views or opinions of his own, and is therefore the pliant instrument of the Slave Power that nominated him at Cincinnati, and must reflect their views only. It will be well for the American people to remember this when they cast their votes for Chief Magistrate in November next.

The other came into office, a man in the prime of life, without any submission or pledges, backed up by almost the unanimous voice of the country in his election, and yet he was not three weeks in office before he surrendered himself to the same oligarchy that has wielded his power during his administration, as absolutely as if he had no will or mind of his own, and had no responsibility to any section of the Union except to the 350,000 slaveholders of the South, who now control the Executive, the Judiciary and the Senate. The only voice the Free States have in the Federal Government is in the House of Representatives.

Is it not fair to expect that if Mr. Buchanan should be elected, the evils that the country has experienced for the last three years will go on increasing during his administration until the Northern mind will submit no longer to be cheated, bullied, defied and deprived of its just rights and fair representation in the federal government?

As one of the leading features of the coming administration, Slavery is to be forced into Kansas. The rivers, the great highway of the Nation through Missouri, a Slave State, are to be closed, as they are at present, to the freemen of the North, who desire to emigrate to that Territory. Those great thoroughfares which have hitherto been looked upon as the pride of the nation, and that steam has rendered so valuable for transportation of persons or property, must be closed to the freemen of the North; or they must be subjected to examination, insult, loss of property, and turned back, unless they proclaim themselves in favor of the institution of Slavery in this Territory. Such means as these are made use of to force Slavery into Kansas. When free emigrants arrive there, after all these difficulties and delays have been surmounted, they must undergo another examination, and swear allegiance to the government of the Slave Power organized in Kansas by the Missouri mob, or be deprived of the right of franchise and of holding office. This is the operation of squatter sovereignty, which deprives a man of his citizenship unless he swears fidelity to Slavery; and all this is to be carried out and put in execution by an armed force, furnished from Missouri—the adjoining Slave State; and the federal government, with federal troops in the Territory, will look on calmly without interfering, so long as the Missouri mob succeeds to enforce Slavery upon Kansas; but if the men from the free States, who believe in Free

Speech, Free Territory, Free Labor, Free Press and Free Men, should be too numerous for the Slave Labor, then the federal troops organized for this special purpose under the command of a Southern favorite of a Southern secessionist Secretary of War, are to interfere and decide the contest in favor of Slavery in Kansas. So much for the chances of the Northern principles and Northern men in Kansas, and all that vast territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. secured to Freedom by solemn compact, in which the great minds of the country united to build up and preserve to Freedom, and which the pigmies and traitors, aided by this corrupt administration, have attempted to pull down and destroy. Here is where Gen. Pierce stands, and here is where James Buchanan stands, while asking for the support of the freemen of the North.

I intend to go for the man who most nearly represents the American sentiment, and the sentiment in relation to Slavery of the Freemen of the North, which declares that Slavery is sectional and that Freedom is national. At the same time I desire to have the best representative of the progress of the age in which we live. I want a man who has done something for the great material interests of the country. I want to see his foot prints, not promised, but already made in the direction that has led to the development of the resources of our country—who has enlarged the field upon which the labor and intelligence of our country is to be applied—one who has done something for American interests and American rights—one who has done something for the area of freedom—something for material progress and benefit to his fellow men. I want no old politician, with his host of dependents as needy as himself. Let us have a man in the prime of life, full of energy, and yet sufficiently familiar with the vicissitudes of life to judge of men correctly—to appreciate the wants of the whole country—to avoid the intrigues and traps of politicians—to devote himself honestly and fearlessly to the interests of the country—to apply the resources of the government to the accomplishment of such improvements as are national in their character and that will result in the greatest benefit to the whole country—one who has no old political friends to reward, and no old political enemies to punish—one who will feel that he is elevated by the people and not by intrigue.—Now, Sir, of the candidates who are before the people for the exalted position of Chief Magistrate, I prefer John C. Fremont. I prefer him because he is not an old hackneyed politician, and all sold out. He is in the prime of life—forty-three years old. He has been brought into notice by the energy and exertion that he has evinced as a great explorer of the route to the Pacific Ocean. He first opened up the pathway through the wilderness that others had followed to the golden fields of California, and gave the most accurate and extended view to the American people of all that vast region of country between the borders of civilization on the Atlantic slope and the Pacific Ocean. He took an active part and was foremost in raising and sustaining the American flag in California. He commenced first and went all through that campaign with signal success, that ended in the acquisition of all that vast territory and wealth—that opened up to American energy such a field as has no parallel in the history—which has advanced this country 25 years at a single bound. It gave us the facilities for increasing our commerce. It enabled us to extend largely our railways and other internal improvements, and thus has greatly increased our manufacturing and agricultural interest by enlarging the fields of production and consumption. It has added hundreds of millions to the capital of the nation. By his explorations he has opened up the most central and convenient railroad to California. He aided in the organization of California as a State, and devoted her institutions to Freedom, and she acknowledged her indebtedness to Fremont by sending him as her first Senator to Congress. He protected American interests in California. He protected and advocated American interests in the Senate of the United States. His antecedents are American. He rose by his own energy, his own industry and his own merit. These are antecedents that will be appreciated by the American people. They are not promises of to-day of the suffrages of the American party, but they are a history of his life from his youth upward, when actuated by no other motives than a true American heart, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his country.

I am, with much respect, yours truly,
GEORGE LAW.
To G. A. Scroggs, Buffalo, N. Y.

A negro woman having died in Richmond, Free day or two since, after a brief illness, it was thought expedient to hold a post mortem examination, and the result was the discovery of a pin embedded in the lungs, which she had probably swallowed a considerable time before.—Doubtless the careless practice very common among females, of holding pins in their mouth, has been the cause of death in many cases, besides the one alluded to.

Jas. Burns, aged 10, residing in Syracuse, N. Y., while playing with some companions in a Salt Block, on Wednesday, accidentally fell into one of the kettles and scalded to death.