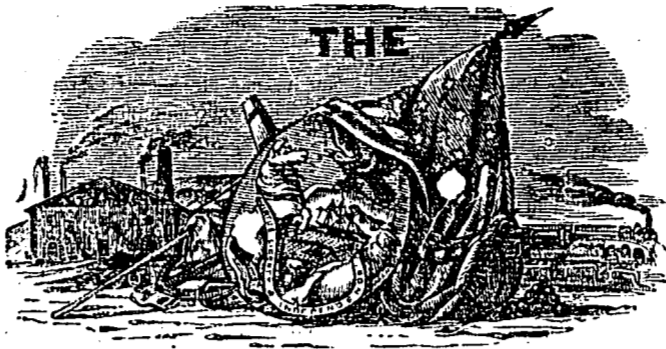


# Lehigh



# Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 14, 1853.

NUMBER 11.

### THE LEHIGH REGISTER

Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by

A. L. RUHE,

At \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2 00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

### Allentown Academy.

The Trustees of this Institution, respectfully announce that the Fall Term will commence on Thursday 1st of September.

Under the supervision of the present Principal, Mr. J. N. Gregory, the school has received a liberal patronage, and has attained a position of the highest rank.

During the vacation, very great additions and improvements have been made to the Academy buildings and furniture, and pupils will now enjoy all the advantages of a thorough course of instruction, earnest and efficient teachers, and spacious and convenient school rooms.

GIDEON IRACH,  
THOMAS WEAVER,  
HERMAN RUPP,  
THOMAS B. WILSON,  
WILLIAM R. CRAIG,  
NATHAN METZGER,  
ROBERT E. WRIGHT.  
Board  
of  
Trustees.

Allentown August 24.

### NEW GOODS! Grand Exhibition of Fashionable Fall and Winter GOODS!

AT THE  
New Cheap Store

OF  
Getz & Gilbert,

These gentlemen, take this method to inform their friends and the public in general that they have received a very large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which they are now ready to dispose of to their customers at the lowest prices.

Their immense stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of **Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets, Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery, besides De-laines, Alpaccas, Debases, Ginghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c.**

To which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, confident that the fullest satisfaction, both in price and quality, will be given to all who may favor them with a call.

The highest prices will be paid in exchange for County produce.

They have reason to be thankful for the favors received thus far and hope by attention to business, disposing of their goods at small profit, good treatment towards their customers to merit still a greater share of custom.

GETZ & GILBERT,  
September 14. 4-6m

### Groceries Fish & Salt.

The undersigned have just received an entire new stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt which they intend to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catasauqua, Lehigh county.

GETZ & GILBERT,  
September 14. 4-6m

### COAL COAL!

The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catasauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Coal which will sell at greatly reduced prices.

GETZ & GILBERT,  
September 14. 4-6m

### Ready-made Clothing.

The undersigned keep all kinds of Ready-made Clothing, on hand, and will make to order, at the lowest possible prices.

GETZ & GILBERT,  
Catasauqua, Sept. 14. 4-6m

### Sanders' School Books.

The subscribers who are largely engaged in the publication of School and other Books, have lately made arrangements for the Publication of one of the best Series of School Books, being seven in number, ever published in this state. They are calculated for the gradual progression of the pupil in the ordinary branches of popular education. The illustrations are admirably adopted and cannot fail to fix the mind upon sound moral principles which is ever the foundation of a good education.

On the whole they believe Sanders' series of School Books by far the most complete, that has ever been published and would respectfully recommend them for adoption in all the free schools in the State.

SOWER & BARNES,  
No. 84, North-3rd Street, Philadelphia.  
June 29. 4-6m

### Poetical Department.

#### Then and Now.

On this same rock in this deep dell,  
With Lily by my side,  
I sat, and heard her blushing  
Consent to be my bride;  
The spreading boughs above our heads  
Almost shut out the sky;  
And at our feet, in murmurs sweet,  
A brook went tinkling by.

It was delicious summer time,  
A day in leafy June—  
For every song I said I loved,  
Sweet Lily found a tune;  
And like the brooklet at our feet,  
Then spread the hours along;  
For oh! her voice was musical  
As e'er was brooklet's song.

The flowers upon the mossy bank,  
Were not more fair than she,  
And sweeter than their fragrant breath,  
Was Lily's love to me;  
Her small white hand was clasped in mine,  
Her heart beat near my own;  
And oh! I felt I would not change  
That seat for any throne.

Years passed away; I sat again  
Upon that mossy stone;  
Not seated by my Lily's side,  
But silent and alone,  
Not joyous as in former years—  
A cloud was on my brow;  
For fearful was the contrast drawn  
Between the Then and Now.

The streamlet still was flowing by;  
But oh! how changed its tone;  
Its joyous laughter had become  
A melancholy moan;  
To me it seemed to have a voice;  
I listened, and it said,  
As plain as brooklet speech could say,  
"Alas! sweet Lily's dead."

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### Ghost Stories.

"All experience is for it, all reason is against it," was the remark of Dr. Johnson on the subject of a belief in apparitions. We will not now stop to inquire how far it may share in that want of accuracy which was so often sacrificed by the doctor to epigrammatic point; it is undoubtedly true on the whole; for, while we find it difficult to refuse credence to the apparently irrefragable evidence which is adduced in sport of certain cases of the kind, yet, on the other hand, when we consider the question as a whole, our reason shrinks from allowing the occurrence of supernatural events, in which the seeming absence of purpose is not compensated by any express revelation. Still we have no doubt that the believers in the appearance of spirits, either open or secret, constitute a large majority of mankind; there is an auxiliary at work in favor of such a creed more potent than reason, and beyond the reach of all cavil or suspicion—in the heart of man is to be found that deeply-seated interest in the invisible world, which is at the root of all such superstitions. The idea that the spirits of men, when their mortal race is run, should still be cognisant of what passes upon this earth, and should return at times to visit the scenes of their former existence, is one that cannot fail to enlist our earthly affections on its behalf; much more when we come to reflect that the spirits of departed parents, lovers, and friends, may still move us, though unseen by us, and watch our actions as of old, do we feel that the Valley of the Shadow of Death is well nigh bridged over, and that death itself is but a passing sleep. Reason, on the one hand, may assail, or the testimony of ages, on the other, may strengthen such pleasing sentiments, but their origin is beyond the reach of the former, and is independent of the latter, and will keep up a perpetual and intense interest in the subject, we believe, as long as the world endures. Neither can any but a thorough disbeliever in the separate existence of soul and body, apply Hume's well-known dictum on the miracles to the subject before us. If there are spirits existing in another world, it is more likely that they should occasionally have visited this one, than that so great a number of witnesses, from the beginning of the world to the present time, should have been deceived or deceivers. For ourselves, we confess we have a leaning towards this one superstition; to speak of it superficially, it is at all events a reverend and affectionate one, and although in many current and well-authenticated instances the re-appearance of the dead has seemed to have had little or no connection with the living, yet nevertheless the fact of such re-appearance at all, were it proved, is sufficient to show that the link is not wholly broken, and that human sympathies exist beyond the grave. I trust the reader will require no further apology for a chapter on Ghost Stories, in which I purpose to narrate one or two which are not likely I think, to be generally known which appear to my own mind to fulfill all the requisite conditions of

credibility, and which cannot but force the disbeliever to declare that he will admit no evidence whatsoever in support of such a theory. The first that I shall relate, is one that was told me some years ago by a person who had himself been the eye-witness of the circumstances which he narrated. He was a strong-minded man, of a liberal, and perhaps rather free-thinking turn of mind, and one as little likely to become the victim of any delusions of this kind as can well be imagined. He told me that between twenty and thirty years ago, being then in the army, he was quartered at a small town in the west of England, with a small party of soldiers. It was a very retired neighborhood; but, as frequently happens, the inhabitants were hospitable and sociable, and did all in their power to enliven his somewhat lonely situation.

One day, in the middle of summer, he had been invited to join in a picnic, which was to take place in the afternoon, at a wood which lay two or three miles out of the town. When the day arrived, he found he had business which would detain him till the evening, but he promised to walk over and join the party as soon as he could get free from it. He set out accordingly, on a beautiful summer evening, about seven o'clock, and took his way across the fields towards the appointed spot. He had got about half-way, and had just crossed over a large open grass field, when, on happening to look back, as he was in the act of getting over the stile, he saw, much to his astonishment, in the centre of the field, a female figure pacing up and down, and leading a child by her side. The lady, for such he said she appeared to be, wore no bonnet, and her hair, which was long and dark, fell loosely over her shoulders. Curious as to what she could be doing there, my informant watched her for some little time; at first he was inclined to think that, notwithstanding her superior appearance, she must be one of the peasantry; or perhaps a farmer's daughter, employed in gathering mushrooms; but no, she did not seem to be searching for anything, but continued to walk slowly backwards and forwards, without looking to the right or to the left. He at last came to the conclusion that she must be some unfortunate person of unsound mind, and under this conviction he resumed his walk. He can scarcely, he says, explain the nature of the feelings which restrained him from approaching her; it was not merely the disagreeableness of an encounter with a mad woman, it was something akin to a feeling of awe, which he could not account for to himself. He was not conscious at the time of thinking he had seen anything supernatural, but he felt himself in an uneasy and excited state of mind, which the gay party he soon afterwards joined was scarcely able to banish. At length, however, under the genial influence of bright eyes and festive cheer, he began to laugh at himself for indulging in his former more serious feelings; and presently began to relate what he had seen to the assembled company. As he proceeded, however, he observed one or two of the older guests to look grave, and soon one of the ladies contrived, under some pretext, to interrupt his tale, declaring at the same time that they would hear the rest of it when they got home, before, however, he had any opportunity of continuing it, her husband managed to take him aside, and after questioning him very closely as to what he had seen, begged of him not to talk of it any more. Such an appearance (he added) had been once witnessed before by one of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, and that it was fully believed that some awful and terrible mystery was connected with it; in explanation of which he would relate to him some circumstances which had occurred in the vicinity a few years before, and then leave him to form his own opinion of what he had seen that afternoon.

He proceeded to inform him that lodgings had been engaged at a farm house by a lady and gentleman, whether man and wife had never been ascertained. The lady was young and handsome, and they appeared devoted to one another. They seemed also in easy circumstances, as they came in a handsome carriage, which, however, they did not use afterwards, but frequently took long walks together. In process of time the lady was confined, and gave birth to a son, and shortly after the gentleman left. He was absent several months; and on his return there appeared to be no diminution of their affection. They took their walks as usual, and every thing went on as before. One afternoon, however, they went out together, taking the child with them, and not one of the three had ever been heard of since. No inquiries had ever been made after them by relatives or friends, and the people at the farm-house had soon let the matter drop. This occurred (said the gentleman) about fifteen years since, but some seven years ago another former, who had been well acquainted with them during their residence here, called one evening at the house where they lived, and stated that he had just seen Mrs. S. and little boy walking in that very same field where you yourself saw what you have described to day. He was prevailed upon without difficulty to

be silent on the subject, and the circumstances are not generally known. I make no comment on them—I seek not to penetrate the mystery; one thing seems certain, that it can have been no ocular delusion either in you or in him. I tell the circumstances as they came to my own knowledge, and judge for yourself. I have had but one opinion on the subject myself (said my friend) ever since, and I do not see how any one else can entertain a different one.

That any solution but one of this very remarkable occurrence is exceedingly difficult, we think, no one can deny. Here, as is rarely the case, there can be no question about the facts; and the only natural way of accounting for them requires almost as much credulity as it does to believe them supernatural. We are to believe, in the first place, that there was some person living in the neighborhood so like this young lady as to have been mistaken for her, and yet that the resemblance had never been noticed before. We are to believe, secondly, that a man of forty or fifty, who had lived all his life on the spot, should have been ignorant of the person of one living, we must suppose, within a few miles of him. We are, thirdly, to believe that this young woman should either have walked in the same place repeatedly for a space of, at all events, eight years (supposing the former had seen her at first) without being seen more than twice, or else that she should have selected these two particular evenings to visit a field for no purpose whatsoever. Or if we say that she was a stranger, the circumstance is equally marvelous, that a young girl should come alone from a distant part of the country to walk up and down in one particular field, with her head uncovered, for no intelligible purpose. We must maintain that this is a marvel which defies all ordinary explanation. The appearance which was there witnessed must either have been that of a departed spirit, or it must remain an impenetrable mystery. Here, indeed, as in many of the best authenticated instances, there is that apparent want of purpose to which we have before alluded. But mortals do not act without a purpose any more than spirits; and, as human motives and purposes are within the scope of that reason which fails to detect any for the action we have described, while those which may actuate spirits are clearly beyond it, this absence of purpose, as it seems to us at least, is rather in favor of the supernatural hypothesis than against it. We have always felt greatly moved by this story, apart from the more awful elements of interest which it contains. The imagination dwells upon the history of this mysterious couple; was it a runaway love-match? Was the young lady one of the daughters of luxury, who had broken through all ties of kindred and fled from a home of splendor to seek that bliss in the arms of her forbidden lover, without which splendor is but vanity, and even love of kindred insufficient? or was she one of those unhappy ones in whom strong and earnest love had yielded itself to faithless vows and a semblance of passion? The fancy busies itself in picturing the story: the first meeting, the thrilling vows, the temptation, the fall—if indeed it were so—the first raptures of happy love untinged as yet by doubt or remorse, the glow of mutual affection as she held up her first-born to his father's arms, and then the dark thoughts which already were gathering in his breast; fits of gloom and unkind words, and then some dark and lonely spot, and a fair pale face turned up in horror and entreaty; a shriek, and then a guilty wretch with no more peace on earth; and the lady and the child in the lonely field with her loose dark hair and her fixed and marble face.

A scarcely less remarkable anecdote, though certainly a less romantic one, was related to me by a clergyman in Warwickshire. It occurred at the house of a game-keeper on a neighboring gentleman's estate, and was as follows: One afternoon, when the keeper's wife was out for the day, and he himself was gone his rounds, the eldest child, a girl of about fourteen or fifteen, who was left in charge of the house, and who happened at the time to be in the garden, suddenly heard a violent shrieking from her little brothers and sisters, who were in-doors; so hurrying in to learn the cause of it she found them in an ecstasy of terror and able to articulate nothing further than, "Oh, Lizzy, the woman on the stairs!" After a time, however, she elicited from them that, on opening the room door, which was at the bottom of a flight of stairs, they had seen a strange woman sitting on the top; she was dressed, they said, in what looked like a flannel dressing-gown, and a sort of coil of the same material was bound round her head; on seeing her they shrieked with terror. This one staircase, we may observe, was the only communication between the up-stairs rooms and the down stairs. While they were all standing by the door the keeper returned, so that they were enabled to search the upper rooms. It is needless to add that no one was found there; though no living being could have passed out without being discovered. The story got abroad, and it was soon remembered that since it again had been seen in the

house before, some years back, but village tradition gave no record of who it was supposed to be. Now children are not, we think, generally superstitious, and seldom have any ideas of spirits and goblins; unless put into their heads by nurses or servants. It is impossible, we think, to doubt that these children must actually have seen something—and something, too, which inspired them with horror.

We have selected these two stories for narration because they both present the same difficulty to the incredulous—that, namely, of accounting for them by natural causes. There are no marvellous coincidences or revelations in them which, though doubtless quite as convincing, or more so, to those immediately concerned, cannot of course weigh so much with those who are incapable of appreciating them. But granting the truth of the facts we have above related, it is almost impossible to conceive any natural explanation of them which has the most remote claim to probability. We do not of course expect to convince the sceptical, but it is something if we weaken their fancied grounds of ridicule against those who believe more.

#### The Terrors of a Night.

My dear father was greatly agitated, but we did not linger; and passing through the closet to the door of exit, with which he was familiar, and of which he had the key in his pocket, he found it, like its opposite, by which he had entered, slightly ajar. We neither of us spoke, but exchanging glances my father pushed it open, when we found ourselves in a small room that I seemed to recognize. I looked round it for a moment in astonishment. It was the boudoir—our boudoir—as my sisters and I were wont to call it. On passing further into the room, I perceived that what I had always supposed to be only a large mirror, in an oblong frame hanging from the ceiling to the floor, was in fact the very door through which we had just entered!

My mother smiled at my looks of wonder as of course she was already acquainted with this secret, and, as well as my father, thought that the mirror was the only door of entrance to the private closet. My mother seemed quite exhausted; and throwing herself into a chair, expressed a hope that our search, at least for the night, was ended.

"Indeed," said she, "I know not how it is possible for us to get farther; for, if you recollect, we turned the key of the door of this room on the outside, when we passed through the gallery."

While he spoke, my eye glanced at the table in the centre of the room; and my attention was arrested by a group of things on it not familiar to me. A closer survey revealed to us a dark lantern, in which was a wax candle. Here, too, was my own ebony crucifix, which, by the moonlight, I had seen the figure that stalked through my chamber in the early part of the night take from my toilet-table, and lift it to its lips.

My father saw nothing of all this. He was stooping to examine the floor, with a light in his hand. He started—and raised himself quickly up. As he did so, my attention was riveted by observing him cautiously move to the fire-place, and deposit the candle he held on the corner of the grate. He then stood still, silently gazing on the floor with clasped hands; then, covering his face, remained several seconds in silence. As he looked up, he was so ghastly pale that I moved quickly towards him, to inquire if he was ill. My mother, too, who had observed what was passing, came across the room to us. My father threw his arms around us both, and for a moment wept convulsively.

"My dear father," I exclaimed, "why are you thus? I am sure you must be ill!—Let us get back, without delay, to your chamber."

"Hush! speak not," said he, "Life or death hangs on a sound! Oh, where are my senses!"

I thought him seized with delirium, and felt ready to expire at the idea; when he whispered distinctly and closely into my ear, "Helen, I fear the effect upon your mother of what I must nevertheless speak to her as well as to you. If you have courage in your heart, muster it all! Some incendiary has plotted to set fire to the castle; to this room in which we stand; to the passages by which alone we may be able to escape. How am I to tell this to your mother?"

I felt as he pushed that my suspicion of his delirium was confirmed. But I had not a moment to ask myself what I should do for him or for ourselves, for, pointing to the floor, he again whispered—"See!—Helen, and do not start at what I tell you! I know you have a firm heart—the floor within the passages, and in this room, is covered thick with gunpowder, and unless we can avert it, the whole building will shortly be in flames! Our minutes are numbered!—Listen! are there not steps? perhaps those of the incendiaries in the corridor!"

I stepped quickly to the table to get my taper, that I might examine the floor, and convince myself of what he had asserted. He saw my purpose, and seizing me with a rapid grasp, withheld me; and exclaiming, "at the same moment the taper of my hand."

"Do you not know that one spark would fire the whole train? See! here are wisps of straw, and there are shavings, regularly laid at intervals! Now we have already passed through those passages with naked lights in our hands, and escaped destruction is indeed a miracle!"

My mother had been clinging closely to him, and had heard enough of what he had said aside to me to comprehend our situation. She expressed no fear, she uttered not a sound, but looked deathly pale, and repeatedly crossed herself.

"This lantern and these matches," said my father, as he surveyed the table, are but accessories to the plot. "Safely! softly! the least sound might accelerate our destruction!" Then again he covered his face with his hands.

I can never forget the feelings of that moment, standing as we did on the brink of a fate so dreadful; my mother and I gazing at each other with clasped hands, and nearly lost to consciousness. Yet it was but for a moment. My father recovered his presence of mind, and, assuming a look of tranquillity, spoke so reassuringly and so calmly as to recall our flying senses.

"That lantern," said he, "is invaluable; it will enable us to pass in safety over the destruction beneath our feet!"

It was but the work of an instant to seize it—light the candle within—and close it.—"Now, my brave darlings, as we cannot escape from this room by the door which opens on the corridor, and which my own unfortunate head heeled on the outside, we must return back through those secret passages."

Familiar with the spring of the mirror-door, my father found it open. We were already in the closet. He turned the light to the secret door (which we had shut after us as we came through) to search for the spring. He could nowhere find it. He passed his hand over every part of the surface. Nothing was there to indicate it.

"Are we shut in by this door also?" said my father, with gestures of the most poignant distress. "We must return!—and what then?"

My mother, who had been revived by the words of hope which he had previously uttered, now exclaimed with imploring look—"Oh! try! try, once again!—Oh! Dana!—Caroline! what will become of you?"

My father still stood at the door, repeating his fruitless efforts, when we neared a slight sound in the boudoir.

"Hark!" said my father, in a hurried whisper, "I hear a movement at the door!"

There could be no mistake, the key was cautiously and slowly revolving in the lock. Quick as thought my father was in the boudoir. We rushed breathlessly after him and saw him seize the handle of the door. It was forcibly held on the outside. "There was a violent struggle. 'Help! help! Helen,' cried my father in a tremendous voice. I grasped with both hands the partly opened door. One moment, success was with us—the next—with our adversaries! and there was grasping for breath on both sides. Life or death was in the struggle! Another supernatural effort on our side, and my father and I fell back, with the door in our hands!

In a moment he was on his feet again and had rushed out into the corridor. He called to us to follow, and we kept up with him, in full pursuit of retreating footsteps, along the corridors, down the back stairs through the kitchen passages, and out to a door that led into a court yard; which before we could reach it, was violently banged to.

My father wrenched it open just in time to descry two figures in rapid flight through an opposite door-way in the court yard. He would have pursued them on the instant, but the gunpowder track reached to the very sill of the doorway at which we stood, and we knew not but some hidden accomplice might yet be lying in wait, to put the finishing stroke to the plot, by firing the train at its extremity.

There was a large fierce dog in the yard, furiously barking as we made our appearance, and leaping about at the extremity of his chain, as if he wished to take part in the fray. My father crouched down, set him free and showing him the neck of the flying figures, although they were already nearly lost in the darkness, cried, "He is gone! Rover! After them! Seize them my brave fellow, and bring them back!" Off went the noble animal, swift as the wind leaping over fence, paling, and every other impediment. We watched him until his outline was no longer visible although we could still hear his loud deep voice booming on the morning air.

This done, we turned to look at and embrace each other, which we did, with the most fervent love and gratitude to Him who had preserved us through such a night.

My mother, unable to support herself any longer, was nearly fainting, and father observing it, caught her in his arms as if she had been an infant, and bore her to her chamber.

Rose Partington says she never cared much about grand spectacles, or other sights; but there are two things she would like to have seen—the incalculable of Franklin Pierce and Corporation of Queen Victoria.