



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 VII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., MAY 4, 1853.

NUMBER 31.

THE LEHIGH REGISTER,

Published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Thursday.

BY AUGUSTUS L. RUHE,
At \$150 per annum, payable in advance, and \$200 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrears are paid except at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements, making not more than one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar and for every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. Larger advertisements, charged in the same proportion. Those not exceeding ten lines will be charged seventy-five cents, and those making six lines or less, three insertions for 50 cents.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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

Good News to All!

KROCK & LEH'S FASHIONABLE

Tailoring and Clothing Store,

No. 51, East Hamilton Street, directly opposite the "Register Printing Office," Allentown.

These gentlemen have just returned from Philadelphia with a very large and fashionable stock of Spring and Summer Goods,

which they will make up to order, according to the latest New York and Philadelphia fashions.

They also keep on hand a large stock of Ready-made Clothing, of every description; all of which they will sell so low as to

Excite the Astonishment! and secure the patronage of all those who will favor them with a call and examination of their stock.

They continue to do all kinds of CUSTOM-WORK in the best manner, and at short notice.

ALL FITS WARRANTED. By strict attention to business, and by selling all their goods as cheap as the cheapest, they hope to secure a liberal share of public patronage.

N. B.—The latest Fashion plates always on hand and for sale.

Allentown, April 27. 5-3m

Odd Fellows' Regalia!

KROCK and LEH, Have just received a splendid lot of Camp and other Regalia, richly made up with gold and silver ornaments, all of which they will sell at a very small advance.

Each who anticipates attending the Odd Fellows' celebration, in May next, will do well to prepare themselves with Regalia.

Remember the place No. 31, East Hamilton street, directly opposite the "Register Printing Office."

Allentown, April 27. 5-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County.

In the matter of the account of Thomas O. Glinkner, and Joseph Nollenmeyer, assignees of D. & J. Fatzinger under a voluntary assignment.

And now February 12, 1853, on motion of Mr. Longnecker, the Court referred the account to Nathan Miller, to settle if necessary, and make distribution among the creditors according to law.

From the Records.

Esse:—F. E. Samuel, Proth'y.

The Auditor above named, will meet for the purpose of his appointment, at the public house of Thomas O. Glinkner, in Allentown, on Thursday, the 5th of May next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons interested are notified to attend if they see proper.

NATHAN MILLER, Auditor.

April 20, 1853. 5-5w

Straw Goods—Spring 1853.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to exhibit to Merchants and Milliners, his usual heavy stock of Ladies' and Misses' STRAW AND SILK BONNETS, STRAW TRIMMINGS, and ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Palm-leaf, Panama and every variety of SUMMER HATS, for Gentlemen, which, for extent, variety and beauty of manufacture, as well as uniformly close prices, will be found unrivaled.

THOMAS WHITE,

No. 41, South Second Street, Philadelphia.

February 9, 1853. 5-9m

Poetical Department.

(From the Knickerbocker.)
My Home.

DEAR home of mine, my tranquil nest,
O'ershadowed by the wing of love,
Where youthful hearts found quiet rest,
And peace came like a brooding dove.

Dear were your pleasant rooms to me,
With ceilings high and full of light,
When first in days of careless glee,
I entered here in bridal white.

Dear were your windows, opening wide,
With glorious view of stream and hill;
Dear the bright hearth at eventide,
With one beside me dearer still.

For then a boy, with eyes so blue,
Crept to his father's willing knee;
And one with eyes of darker hue,
Weary with playing, slept with me.

It seemed that grief had passed us by,
So smoothly floated we along;
Scarce had we cause to heave a sigh,
And home was full of joy and song.

But ah! our cup of woe was filled,
Filled to the brim in one short day.
The little forms we loved were stilled,
The childish spirits borne away.

Death came, a dark and fearful guest,
And said, "The FATE hath needeth thee!"
Then clasped them to his chilling breast,
And hushed them in eternal peace.

With silent lips, we laid them down
In one deep grave, with tearless eyes,
Believing each would wear a crown,
And strike a harp in paradise.

And dearer now each pleasant room,
Since sorrow sits with Memory here,
Where flowers, in spring-time's early bloom,
Heavy with fragrance, strewed their bier.

And where the silent echoes sleep
Of voices like a silver lute;
And where we sometimes wildly weep,
To think they are for ever mute.

And where we waited long in vain,
In spite of knowledge, when the door,
Slow opening, gave us ne'er again
The sound of foot-steps on the floor.

And where we sit beside the glow
Of evening fire, subdued and still,
And hear the drifting of the snow
That shrouds their grave upon the hill.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

Life's Horologe.

Tax little time-piece all the day,
Ticking, ticketh constantly;
At weary work or pleasant play,
Unnoticed, still it ticks away,
Ticking, ticking silently.

But when the midnight, dark and cold,
Comes and shutteth out the day,
Then it ticketh loud and bold;
As each moment's swiftly told,
To the spirit seems to say:

I am echoing forth the number
Of the unheeded steps of Time;
He whose eye-lids never slumber,
And whose form no years encumber,
But is ever in his prime.

Like my voice, man heedeth never,
In the morn or noon of life,
That the shades of eve will gather,
And this life's light shroud for ever,
With its vain ambition rife.

But when age, all cold and dreary,
Boweth low his manly form,
And his tottering steps are weary,
And no voices kind and cheery
Greet him now as in life's morn:

Then, alas! his spirit heareth
The great life-clock beating fast;
And the hands the dial neareth,
Where his soul, now fainting, fears
That each stroke will be its last.

In each breast a clock is beating
Through the morning, noon and night,
And a record there is keeping
Of the moments swiftly fleeting,
Hastening ever from our sight.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Little Outcast.

"Mum! Mum! Mum! I'll do anything
you give me—only, go after water, and
do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. "It was I that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to disbelieve the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a black moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boards of the two only naked trees near the house, and fell with a shivering sound into

the narrow door way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perished with cold."

And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then suspiciously gazing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued preparing the supper.

Presently, came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a jerk, and the "good man" presented himself wearied with his daily labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself—he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and they enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept only till to-morrow; so the good couple, after due consideration concluded that as long as he was docile, and worked so heartily, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, I saw splitting wood," said he, pointing in the direction where the lad was employed.

"Yes, do you know him?" replied the pedlar enviously.

"Where—who is he? what is he?"

"A jail bird" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, heard his sentence—10 months—'s a heard one—you'd do well carefully to look after him."

"Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail; the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Asbamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word was branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, "his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tough me!" said the woman, who stood far enough off for flight if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"Oh! exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that thrilled to behold, "Oh! I haint no mother—oh! I haint had no mother since I was a baby! If I'd only had a mother she continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking gray eyes; "I wouldn't a been bound out, and kicked and cuffed, and laid out to with whips, I wouldn't a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I haint got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing, great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she boldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird?

No, no; she had been a mother, and although all her children slept under the cold sod in the church yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy; not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly softly on his head—to tell him to "ok up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from a mother's heart sweet womanly words of counsel and tenderness.

"Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had looked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal. None but angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! he is with her still—a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study.

His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."—Cayuga Chief.

Burning of The Independence

(From the New York Tribune.)

Statement of Capt. Sampson.

I am under the painful necessity of reporting the loss of the steamer Independence, lately under my command, on her passage from San Juan del Sud to this port, and about one hundred and twenty-five lives, consisting of the passengers and fifteen of the crew.

She was lost on the Island of Margarita, off the coast of Lower California. After leaving Acapulco, we experienced strong breezes from N. W. to N. passed Cape St. Lucas on the morning of 15th Feb. At 12 o'clock M. of the 15th, we were in lat. 23 04 N., lon. 110 42 W.; steered N. W. by W. 1/2 W. per compass, intending to go to the westward of Margarita Island. On the morning of the 16th, at 1 o'clock A. M., made the main land to the eastward of the Island, having been set in-shore by the current.

Altered the course to S. W. At 2 A. M. made the Island of Margarita, the south point bearing W. by S. per compass; then altered the course to W. S. W. I intended to give the point a berth of three miles, but owing to a haze over the land, I was deceived in the distance. At 5.15, just as day was beginning to break, she struck on a sunken reef, extending off from the south point of the Island about a mile from the shore.

The sea was very smooth at the time, not breaking on the reef at all. Backed the engine, and she came off; examined the hold and found that she was filling rapidly; knew that I should have to beach her to keep her from sinking; got a sail over the bow (under her) to try to stop the leak, and set a gang of men at work at each hatchway bailing, and ran along the west side of the Island, close in, to find a good place to put her ashore.

Told the Engineer to let me know five minutes before the water would be up high enough to put out the fires. When we had run about four miles the Engineer came up and reported the water nearly up to the fires, and that they would be extinguished in a few minutes. Put the helm hard a-port, and ran her ashore in a small cove on the S. W. side of the island, head on. Lowered a boat, and sent the mate and two men in her to run a line ashore to the beach, which was about one hundred yards distant, but the boat bronched to and was swamped in the surf. Lowered another boat, and sent three men in her with another line, which they succeeded in getting ashore. Told the Engineer to take his men and put out the fire if possible.

Ordered the other two boats to be lowered and to come forward, and the women and children to come to the forward gangway; and sent them ashore. The ship had now swung round broadside on. The mate and two men came off with the boat that took the line ashore, and she was immediately loaded with women and children and went ashore with them. The fire originated from the furnaces. It was necessary, after the steamer struck on the reef, to use wood and boards for fuel, in order to keep up steam until she struck on the beach, when the water was so high as to stop the draft from the lower flues, which forced open the furnace doors, and flames rushed out and caught the wood work in the fire-room, and also around the smoke-stack, thence spreading very rapidly. Every effort was made to get the fire under, but of no avail. The flames were now coming up from the hatchways fire-room, engine room, ventilators and around the smoke-stack; every thing was consternation and dismay; the people seemed completely bewildered, and were jumping overboard by dozens. The scene was perfectly horrible and indescribable—men, women and children screaming, crying and drowning. I ordered the spars, masts, tables and every thing that would float to be thrown overboard, which was done, and they were immediately covered with people.

About an hour after the ship struck the beach, and was in a perfect sheet of flame, and there was no one on board of her except one of the coal-passengers, named Beaumont, and myself. The smoke stack had tumbled in; the flames were coming out of the side lights, and it was impossible to stay on board any longer. A boat came off from the shore with two of the deck-heads in her. Beaumont, who was near the fore rigging, jumped into her, and I jumped overboard, swam to her, and commencing picked up those who were afloat. After picking up three boat-loads, Thomas Herren, the steward, succeeded in launching another boat and saving some of the people. When all that were alive had been picked up and some of the baggage, I landed, and had the spars which had drifted ashore hauled up into a ravine, and with one old sail that had washed ashore, made a tent large enough to shelter the women and children. The ship was still in flames, so that it was impossible for any one to board her. I gave the Mate and Engineer orders to have the dead taken up above high-water, and buried, and to board the wreck as soon as possible and have all the provision and water that they could. I then took a boat and four men, and started to pull round the north end of the island to

Magdalena Bay in search of assistance, expecting to find some ships there. We pulled until 10 o'clock that night, when, not being able to see any vessels, and not knowing in what direction to pull, I landed on the north shore of the entrance to Magdalena Bay, hauled up the boat, and waited until daylight, when I started again to pull across the bay; after pulling an hour and a half, I discovered a vessel close into the main land, pulled for and reached her at 11 o'clock A. M.; found her to be the schooner A. Emery, Captain Gordon. The Captain and most of the crew were ashore looking for water; set a signal, and they came on board.

Capt. Gordon said that he had been in the Bay five days, and that there were no other vessels in the Bay. After stating the circumstances of the wreck to him, he consented to get under way, (although he had but sixty gallons of water on board at the time), and take the survivors to San Jose or Cape St. Lucas, where they could get the necessities of life until other assistance could be rendered them; and he immediately got under way and commenced beating out.

At daylight of the 18th, it being calm, and the schooner being a long distance from the wreck, I took twenty gallons of water and a sack of bread in the boat, and started for the camp, expecting to find the people suffering for water, as there was none on the Island fit to drink. Arrived abreast of the wreck at 2 P. M., having been gone from there 51 hours. The surf was breaking very heavily, making it dangerous to land. The mate came down on the beach, and said the passengers had gone across the Island to the other side, and that I had better pull round the south end of the Island to the other side, which I did, and found the boats and crews from the whale-ships Omega, James Maury, Meteor, and bark Clement, busily at work taking the passengers on board the ships, which lay about twelve miles distant from the point of embarkation in the lower Bay. While I was away in the boat, the mate and engineer had gone across the Island, seen the ships and boats and signalled to them, and so obtained relief.

I then took a boat and crew and started off to meet the schooner and take her back into the Bay, where we arrived on the morning of the 20th. I then went on board the ships and mustered a party of men, and went across the Island to the wreck to save and bring over all the provisions we could find.

While at work getting provisions from the wreck, we saw a steamer bound down the coast about six miles distant. We made signals for her, but she did not notice them. Launched a boat and took two men in, and attempted to get off to speak her, but the surf, which was breaking very heavily at the time swamped the boat and broke one of the oars, and when I reached the shore again, I was so much exhausted that I could not make another attempt.

After getting all the provisions that had been saved—which occupied two days—I chartered the ship Meteor, Capt. Jeffries, to take us all to San Francisco, to sail as soon as the vessel could be made ready. While the ship was being fitted, I took a boat and crew from the ship Omega, and lay off and on the Island on the look out for a steamer, hoping to speak one on her passage up and get some assistance from her, but none came in sight of us.

On the 3d of March, everything being ready, and the passengers all on board, (except a few who had chosen to go to the Sandwich Islands in the other ships), we sailed for this port.

I was on the larboard paddle-box when the steamer struck, and had been on deck the whole night. If the steamer had not taken fire, not a soul would have been lost, for they could all have been landed safely if there had been time.

The reef on which the steamer struck is about two miles long, making off in a southerly direction, and is not laid down in any of the charts that I have ever seen.

Too much cannot be said in favour of the humane conduct and kind treatment received from Capt. J. Fisher and officers of the ship Omega; Capt. Wheldon of the ship Meteor; Capt. Lane, of the bark Clement; and Capt. Gordon, of the schooner A. Emery, who promptly came to our relief as soon as they heard of our situation, and rendered us all the assistance and made us as comfortable as possible during our stay in the bay.

Yours respectfully,
F. L. SAMPSON.
Late Master Steamer Independence,
San Francisco, March 31, 1853.

Statement of the Passengers.

So great has been the anxiety weighing upon the public mind, regarding the fate of the unfortunate Independence, that it was almost a relief, although a mournful one, to learn the particulars of her mishap, to know that she had not gone down with all on board, but that some were saved to tell the story of their disaster. We have conversed with several of the surviving passengers, and have gathered various details that will prove interesting; these we place before the public, as they were given, without comment, but in the belief, the simple narrative of an

eye-witness to the horrors at the last medium of communication. The Independence, as all who had to do with her will remember, was never a favorite ship; in the present instance, it is stated that most of the passengers went on board at San Juan, with a species of anxiety, resulting from the size, and apparent incapacity, in point of size, to accommodate so many human beings without prospect of some casualty. Our informants observed, that there was a great chance against their reaching San Francisco. The ship was crowded—so much so, that many were without berths and obliged to sleep on deck. With the crew, and fourteen who came on board at Acapulco, we understand there were four hundred and fourteen souls on board.

The morning of the 13th March was clear, the atmosphere pure and transparent; the vessel struck at about 5 o'clock, while the decks were yet strewn with sleeping passengers.

Immediately after the vessel touched, most of the passengers came on deck; the rocks were distinctly visible, reaching about two feet above water, and about a quarter of a mile from the beach; the surf was high and a series of breakers stretched along the beach, dashing over the rocks with violence. Immediately upon striking, the Captain gave orders to back; the engines were reversed, and the ship glided into the deep water; they then ran forward about two miles, when the water was found to be rushing in with fearful rapidity. At this time there was not much excitement or confusion on board; the steerage passengers were quiet, and the ladies behaved remarkably well. Men were stationed with buckets to keep the water down; it gained rapidly, however, and its pressure forced open the furnace doors. Capt. Steene, a passenger, then advised Capt. Sampson to beach her, which was done; as soon as she struck the engines stopped working; there was a very high surf between the vessel and the beach, rendering communication with the shore apparently perilous.

The passengers were orderly enough until the fire broke out; they saw the smoke coming up from below, and some asked the Captain and crew if the ship was on fire; they answered no, and that there was no danger. They believed themselves safe, even as to the preservation of their baggage, and so great was this feeling of security that some of the ladies remained in bed. When the flames began to burst forth, and the alarm began to reign; men seemed deprived of reason by excess of terror, and leaped widely into the sea, where they buffeted the waves frantically for a time, and then went down like lead. The first boat that was sent to communicate by a line with the shore was swamped; the sailors clung to her and were thrown in safety on the beach. Another boat was started under the guidance of Captain Steene; this succeeded in reaching the shore with a line.

The flames now began to rage with redoubled violence, the wind driving the smoke aft, so that most of the passengers congregated about the bows; a scene of terror, confusion and suspense ensued, which baffles description; many were so frightened that they made scarce any effort to swim, but went down without a struggle; others came back and forward by the powerful surf, battered and bruised against the rocks, gave up the fight and sank from sheer exhaustion. Most of the passengers had assembled upon the bows to escape the driving flames and suffocating smoke; a group of nine remained upon the poop until driven to the water by the heat; one of their number, seized with a sudden panic, leaped overboard to a floating spar, missed it, and was drowned; the others, acting more deliberately, reached the shore. But few were saved by the boats—but two boats loads, we understand, most of those who were saved floated ashore upon spars, benches and other articles thrown overboard. Many of the ladies were saved by the buoyancy of their inflated clothing, which enabled them to float upon the water.

The following act of devotion and its unfortunate result is sad to relate: A Mr. Taylor swam to the shore with his child upon his back, and placed the infant in safety upon the bank; then, through the masses of the wreck through floating spars and struggling swimmers, he made his way back to where he had left his wife, clinging in the water to the rudder post; he bore her also to the beach, but she had been so much bruised by being repeatedly dashed against the ship's bottom by the heavy waves, that she did not survive to bless her husband for his devotion; she died on board the Meteor. Mr. Saunders and four others floated three miles out to sea upon a hen-coop; they were picked up by Capt. Sampson, who went to their relief in a boat. The water was chilling cold, and they were completely exhausted and benumbed with chilling beneath its surface for several hours, to their frail raft. It is supposed that many floated out to sea and were lost, as the tide was on the ebb; there was an eddy at the bow, and some were drowned by being drawn under by the suction of the sail that had been passed beneath. There were four boats in all, three of which were of iron; they were capable of