



## The Susquehanna Register.

H. H. FRAZIER, EDITOR.

MONTROSE, PENN'A.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 27, 1853.

**THE LETTERS OF J. T. RICHARDS** have excited so much interest, and there has been so much enquiry by new subscribers for back numbers of the *Register* containing them, that we have thought best to publish that portion of his last letter which was omitted last week. While it furnishes letters, a graphic account of his voyage to California, it contains enough that is new to make it interesting to all.

### Court Proceedings.

Beside the cases mentioned in our last week's issue, the following cases have been tried or otherwise disposed of at this term.

**Commonwealth vs. Orson Case**, indicted for Assault and Battery. Verdict, not guilty, and the prosecutor to pay the costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Isaac Griggs**, indicted for keeping a tippling house. Plead guilty, and fined \$20 and costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Jess Dix**, indicted for Assault and Battery. Plead guilty. Fired \$1 and costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Richard B. Holdridge**, indicted for keeping a tippling house. Plead guilty. Fired \$20, and costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Wm. H. Trexler et al.** Absalom Vandervort, indicted for grand Larceny. Verdict, guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of \$100, and costs, and suffer imprisonment 3 years and 3 months.

**Commonwealth vs. Michael Golden**, indicted for Bigamy. Verdict, guilty.

**Commonwealth vs. Lewis B. Buel**, indicted for keeping a tippling house. Plead guilty. Fired \$20, and costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Addison Bryant**, indicted for keeping a tippling house. Plead guilty. Fired \$20 and costs.

**Commonwealth vs. Absalom Vandervort and Abel McDonald**, indicted for obstructing Railroad. Verdict, not guilty.

**Commonwealth vs. Absalom Vandervort and Abel McDonald**, indicted for Larceny. Verdict, not guilty.

civil suits.

**D. F. Brudage vs. Milford & Owego Turnpike Road Company and Orville Tiffany.** Verdict for defendants.

**Guy Vandepur and Elsey E., his wife, late Elsey E. Daily, vs. Daniel T. Roe, for slanderous words, &c.** Verdict for Plaintiff, for \$37.68.

**William C. Ward vs. the Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company.** Action for damages, for Railroad passing through Plaintiff's lands, &c. Verdict for Plaintiff. Damages assessed at \$800.

**Matthew Dunmore vs. Martha J. Dunmore.** Libel for Divorce. Divorce decreed by the Court.

### New Publications.

**Globe's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion**—published in Boston, Mass.—will commence on the 1st of January, 1853, a new volume, being volume IV of this elegant illuminated journal. It will appear with new type, new heading, and splendidly improved in every department, besides which, the price is to be greatly reduced.

The publisher is resolved to commence the new year with a circulation of one hundred thousand, and therefore offers the most liberal inducements to clubs.

Realizing the spirit of the age, the great improvements in art, and the constantly increasing intelligence of the people, the publisher with this change of prices, will vastly improve his already splendidly illuminated journal. Especially will a great improvement be manifested in the engraving department, as well as the literary character of the paper, so that the Pictorial shall appear in a style, not only to merit all the encomiums of praise so lavishly bestowed upon it, but also so to challenge increased respect for its excellence and perfection. In short, the whole paper will be far superior to anything yet offered to the public by the publisher.

By referring to the following list, which forms a part of the regular contributors to the Pictorial, its high literary character will at once be understood:

**Mrs. Ann S. Stevens**, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Miss Alice B. Neal, Miss Phoebe Carey, Miss Alice Carey, Mrs. Caroline Orne, Miss Anne T. Wilbur, Mrs. S. P. Doughty, Mrs. C. A. Hayden, Mrs. R. T. Eldredge, Mrs. E. R. B. Walde, Rev. H. Hastings Weid, Henry Wm. Herbert, T. Buchanan Read, T. S. Arthur, A. J. H. Dogana, E. D. Sargent, Geo. W. Dewey, Francis A. Durfee, Park Benjamin, Dr. J. A. C. Smith, Ben. Peirce Poore.

The following are the terms of the paper: "One subscriber one year, \$3; two subscribers, \$5; four subscribers, \$9; eight subscribers, \$16." The paper will be for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country, after the 1st of January, at six cents per copy.

Any paper meeting the above editorially with this paragraph, shall receive the Pictorial on our part.

**The Whig Advocate**, for 1853, besides the usual calendar, tables, &c., contains a large amount of statistics respecting the wealth, productions, population and government of the United States, with

much other useful information. Price, single copies, 12<sup>½</sup> cents—\$1 per dozen, \$7 per hundred. Greeley & McElroy, publishers, New York. For sale by F. B. Chandler, Monroe.

**Godey's Lady's Book** for February, presents a large amount of interesting reading matter, besides several unusually fine steel engravings. One would say, "My Boys Sir," is a gem in its way, and attracts much attention. Appropriate to the season, is the "Dream of St. Valentine's Eve."

### Pennsylvania Legislature.

But little of general interest has yet been done by our Legislature at Harrisburg.

**John M. Bickel** was, on the 17th, re-elected State Treasurer. The vote stood for John M. Bickel 76, for George A. Madiera 50, and for James S. Wallace one.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., Mr. Chase presented a petition from 89 citizens of Dimock township, Susquehanna county, praying for the extinction of the Lenox Road Law to said township of Dimock; also a petition for a change of the Liquor law, and in favor of the Maine Liquor law. This we believe makes three petitions that he has presented in favor of the short Maine Liquor Law—which for the short time he has been in Harrisburg, is doing very well.

### Enormous Yield of Corn.

The following is the statement of Mr. Geo. Walker, of this county, who took a premium of \$50 at the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society, last week, for the largest crop of corn, being 150 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. We believe makes three petitions that he has presented in favor of the short Maine Liquor Law—which for the short time he has been in Harrisburg, is doing very well.

**Commonwealth vs. John C. Bitzer**, of Lancaster county, was the next highest, and 93 by John A. McRea, of White Marsh, Montgomery county, was the next.

**George Walker's Mode of Cultivation.** He ploughed five acres of ground, sowed corn, the beginning of May, and hauled one hundred loads of manure on the same. After the manure was spread the ground was well harrowed, and planted the last of May, in rows 35 feet apart, running north and south, and 3 feet apart, in the rows, running east and west; from three to five grains in the hill. Two bushels of lime, mixed with three bushels of plaster, were applied to said five acres very soon after it came up. A plow did not enter the field after the corn was planted. The ground was kept loose and mellow, and the grass and weeds subdued by the use of the cultivator, making but little use of the hand hoe. A specimen of the corn was exhibited at the State fair at Lancaster, in October, being of the white flint species, eight rows, small cob and long ears, more than one foot in length.

In addition to the enormous yield, one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre of shelled corn, the same field, containing five acres, produced twenty tons of super-mature pumpkins, some of which weighed more than 40 pounds. Said field is situated on one of the highest hills in Susquehanna county, being an Oak, Pine, Beech and Sugar Maple ridge—soil a sandy loam.

**GEO. WALKER.**

October 20, 1852.

This statement is accompanied with the certificates of Hon. Wm. Jessup, Wm. D. Cope, and A. Chamberlin, certifying that they measured the field, counted the rows and hills in each row, and husked twenty-six hills, being a fair average of the whole field, and that this made a yield equal to 150 bushels of shelled corn to the acre.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Sanderson and Worden, of the Senate, and Denison of the House, for public documents from Harrisburg.

**Great Discovery.** A discovery of the utmost importance to wine drinkers, has been made by Mr. Strangler, a maker of Port and Champagne wine in New Jersey. The Lancastrian Express, from which we derive our facts, states that the rapid consumption of cockroaches, used to give the nutty and peculiarly pungent flavor to wines, had made it difficult to obtain a sufficient supply. In this dilemma the wine maker conceived the happy idea that bedbugs might be used as a substitute. He tried the experiment, and the result was far more satisfactory than he expected. It was found that a quart of bedbugs contained as much of the flavoring principle as three pints or more of cockroaches, and that the former had but little of that narcotic or sleep producing effect which is attributed to the latter. Contracts have been made with some of the boarding houses in New York and Philadelphia, for a ample supply of this new article of traffic. It is thought the boarders will be somewhat pleased with this intelligence.

**Getting Money Under Peter Prentiss.** An old gentleman calling himself Wm. Russell, and representing himself as a resident of Orange county, Va., loaded our borough for a week or two during the past month. Being a man of remarkable intelligence, of plausible address and high sounding pretensions, he managed to get deep into the affections of some of our good citizens, whose kindness of heart and noble instincts always prompt them to aid the needy, when so deserving. Mr. Russell professed to be a stenographer and to have been engaged during the last Winter and Spring in reporting to Congress. He laid claims to an extensive acquaintance with all the notable men in the land—and actually occupied the same bed with "Lee's Cadet," it had been "check by jowl" with all the men of mark in the land known to fame!

We since learn that this man makes his living by this system of swindling, and that it is strongly probable he was impressed with this paragraph, shall receive the Pictorial on our part.

**The Whig Advocate**, for 1853, besides

the usual calendar, tables, &c., contains a large amount of statistics respecting the wealth, productions, population and government of the United States, with

### Original Communications.

#### Governor Bigler and Slavery.

It seems Governor Bigler is not satisfied that the repeal of the kidnapping law, and the adoption by this State of the Fugitive Slave Law, are sufficiently retrograde movements in the legislation of Pennsylvania: he recommends the passage of no act that simply amounts not only to a recognition of Slavery in the Slave States of the Republic, but to its re-establishment in this Commonwealth. The circumstances that have ostensibly given rise to this recommendation, are the decision of Judge Payne of New York, that persons voluntarily bringing Slaves into this State, relinquish, by their right to hold them in slavery; that slavery is, in fact, inconsistent with our institutions, which proclaim alike to the stranger and the sojourner that man becomes a nobler and more dignified being when he reaches the soil of Pennsylvania, unless it may be in the cases excepted by the Constitution of the United States. He says that in these provisions of our law there is "a deficiency" that ought to be remedied; and he therefore recommends, (without any limitation as to time,) that persons bringing slaves into this State may hold them in slavery during their continuance here. Whether "the comity" that he speaks of as due to the slave-holders, would extend to any who might have slaves born here during the time they are sojourning among us, we are not advised; but doubtless he is so full of humanity and maternal affection, that he could hardly bear the thought of separating the child so born from its parent, and would violate another principle of our Constitution—that all born in this State are free—for the purpose of compensating both mother and child to the tender mercies of the slave-holder.

We believe no one among us can honorably or honestly deny, that the doctrine that "slavery is the creation of their own laws," was originally put forth by the slave-holders and the slave States themselves, as a counterpoise to the doctrine that the General Government or the governments of the free States had anything to do with it. Pennsylvania only took

no conveyance for us, as we were to be the only passengers, and she was freighted so heavily that six months (if we lived so long) might be counted on as the duration of our voyage—and no company but Captain, crew, and the hen-coups. I did not long hesitate, but took

passage on the steamer "Prometheus," and Saturday afternoon, September 4th, after some delays, we left New York about half past four P. M.

We soon found that the "Adelaide" was no conveyance for us, as we were to be the only passengers, and she was freighted so heavily that six months (if we lived so long) might be counted on as the duration of our voyage—and no company but Captain, crew, and the hen-coups. I did not long hesitate, but took

passage on the steamer "Prometheus," and Saturday afternoon, September 4th, after some delays, we left New York about half past four P. M.

We remained on deck, and watched the receding beauties of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, their teeming environs, and the rich country and residence around. Soon we passed the famed harbor of fort Hamilton that stand out, the defense of America's metropolis against a world of arms.

The crowd looked on, and wondered at the sight. To us it was suggestive of a parallel. We, too, were embarked upon an unknown sea, whose currents run into the mighty deep that bounds the shores of time. What shores, what harbors, what success or loss, remains in store, we know not, but still float on our destiny unknown, and we unconscious of our future fate as they of lone birds of Caribbea! Well may the Power

that "sees with equal eye, as Lord of all, A hero perish or a sparrow fall," extend his equal care to us, to the gentle voyagers of the sea.

Our vessel was bound for Aspenwall, or Navy Bay, to leave a part of her passengers, and then return to San Juan de Nicaragua; but whether owing to the drunkenness of the passengers and crew, or what, I do not know, but when we discovered land, it was on the wrong side, and they were coasting back in search of Aspenwall. They must have run one hundred miles too far.

Well, we discharged our most unruly scamps, and after sticking a couple of hours in the mud, we started again, and coasted up San Juan river and lake Nicargua. The river was beautiful, the green trees and vines rising from the water frequently one hundred feet. The bottom was so dense with chippard that it could scarcely be penetrated, and the parrots and monkeys chattered and gabbled above. We ran about three or four miles, when our boat stopped, and it took all day to get off. While waiting, a poor Swiss who came from New Orleans, sick, died and was buried in the chapparal. There we left him, and after sleeping three nights on decks on plank, with nothing fit to drink with our dry victuals, we reached Virgin Bay, on Lake Nicargua. I had gained strength coming over notwithstanding hard fare, till the night on the lake I caught cold, and found difficulty in getting over the land transit of thirteen miles. However, we all arrived at San Juan del Sur, and looked up on the boundary of vision, and the bland sea breeze seemed to invigorate our frames, while the gambols of "mother Carey's chickens" seemed to cheer us on with auguries of good. On we went gazing at the wonders of the great deep, and buoyed up by the excitement natural to the occasion. A number of water sports appeared, mingling the waters of the floating clouds with those of the great ocean beneath. We struck the Gulf Stream, and then the swell of the Ocean was tremendous. The weather with us was fine, but we were taking the effects of distant tempests, the terror of mariners far away.

E. constituted herself a committee of safety, and kept on guard pretty much every night, contrary to my earnest instructions, and she soon managed to get sea sick, though not very bad. For me, I could not get sea sick, but grew so weak I could scarcely stand on my feet. Thus we progressed, while nearly every one on board, besides us, was intensely sick, until we came within the tropics, and my strength again partially returned.

We ran through the "Windward Passage," and down the coast of St. Domingo, its entire length, admiring the magnificence and beauty with which the Creator has invested this lovely spot, but looking in vain for the evidence of man's improvement in the glorious talents committed to his care. We could only see the distant mountain peaks of Cuba.

My views of these Islands, and all of them that girt our shores,—and I include the Sandwich Islands with them,—have perhaps undergone a radical change. I see in them glorious spots in the ocean, designed by the Great Disposer, to be the receptacles of innumerable happy beings, and Edens in the pathway of commerce, yielding from the stores both of their mental and physical wealth, their contributions to the world's great store of human wealth and human happiness.

With the present inhabitants and laws, this glorious design must, from present indications, be long thwarted, if not forever defeated. Let us then secure them, and bring them under the broadegis of the star-spangled banner; let Yankee capital and enterprise now in upon them, and the great progress of humanity toward the perfection of its destiny will be advanced, and those islands speedily be

come what they ought long since to have been—a cirlcle of gems amidst the works of creative wisdom and human skill. But it is not the islands alone that I would see embraced in this broad Union. Central America is already punctured with the true spirit, and would form a brilliant star in our mighty constellation. She will come in naturally. Mexico, torn by civil dissension, will come and ask admittance to the ark of safety, and the small Republics of the South will hasten to escape from the horrors of their present state, and they, too, will be with us in the great march of human progress.

On the north, Great Britain will readily, by treaty and for a consideration, yield her unsteady tenure of the Canadas, and her possessions north. The Russian Bear must yield his frigid prey, and to his eastern continent retire, while we advance in power and in extent.

"Till the whole boundless continent is ours."

Letter from J. T. Richards.

San Jose, California, Dec. 13, 1853.

Dear—After writing by every mail,

and addressing myself to every body in general, and to my wife in particular, and failing wholly in eliciting any reply, I thought I would try once more, and address myself to you, assured that you will not overlook me in the hour of my adversity.

Of the hardships of our trip to New York, I deem it now scarcely worth my time to speak, though weak and sick as I was, we were delayed on the road, and did not reach our hotel in New York, until after two o'clock, at night, and then were sent up two or three flights of stairs to while away the hours till morning.

We soon found that the "Adelaide" was no conveyance for us, as we were to be the only passengers, and she was freighted so heavily that six months (if we lived so long) might be counted on as the duration of our voyage—and no company but Captain, crew, and the hen-coups. I did not long hesitate, but took

passage on the steamer "Prometheus," and Saturday afternoon, September 4th, after some delays, we left New York about half past four P. M.

We remained on deck, and watched the receding beauties of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, their teeming environs, and the rich country and residence around. Soon we passed the famed harbor of fort Hamilton that stand out, the defense of America's metropolis against a world of arms.

The crowd looked on, and wondered at the sight. To us it was suggestive of a parallel. We, too, were embarked upon an unknown sea, whose currents run into the mighty deep that bounds the shores of time. What shores, what harbors, what success or loss, remains in store, we know not, but still float on our destiny unknown, and we unconscious of our future fate as they of lone birds of Caribbea! Well may the Power

that "sees with equal eye, as Lord of all, A hero perish or a sparrow fall," extend his equal care to us, to the gentle voyagers of the sea.

Our vessel was bound for Aspenwall, or Navy Bay, to leave a part of her passengers, and then return to San Juan de Nicaragua; but whether owing to the drunkenness of the passengers and crew, or what, I do not know, but when we discovered land, it was on the wrong side, and they were

overcome, and being directed to the wrong house, I knocked the door open, and I fell fainting into the arms of a stranger. They were very kind, however, and I soon recovered.

We took our passage