and sent to the eastern markets. The American Fur Co. packed over 8,000 barrels last year, 1832.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

The Hon. Mr. Vanderpoel, of New York, in his letter, says, "Nature has indeed been most bountiful to Wisconsin; upland and lowland prairie, and vast openings most conveniently and eligibly divided, a country well watered, and a climate salubrious, and less rigorous than that to which we are here (New York) accustomed. Nothing can surely be wanting to render Wisconsin a point of great attraction to the enterprising emigrant."

The letter of Henry R. Schoolcroft, U.S. Indian Agent, states, that "the fourth lake is a beautiful sheet of transparent water, with an open clear shore, which rises into handsome elevations; in the vicinity some portions of the shore contain precipitous ledges of rocks; it is embraced within the district of a good limestone soil, and has a fair proportion of forest. It is not only beautiful to the eye, but has every indication of being salubrious, and possessing the elements of future wealth and prosperity.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. TUCKER, RACINE, WISCONSIN

TERRITORY, JULY 24, 1843.

"Milwaukee, Racine, Southport, and Chicago are increasing at a rapid rate. Houses are springing up amongst the stumps of the trees left in the ground. The situation of the second town is beautiful, being on the top of a hill overlooking lake Michigan.

"Leaving the town by the United States road to the Mississippi, you pass through the forest which skirts the border of the lake, a mile and half in breadth. On emerging from this you cross over a beautiful green prairie, five or six miles wide, almost without a tree, extending on the left to Chicago, 80 miles; afterwards it is most beautiful, beyond the power of description or conception—a vast extent of undulating ground, of a rich black soil, covered with luxuriant grass, frequently up to your middle, with plenty of living water; sprinkled over with trees and large groves, without any brambles, bushes, or underwood, but, like a gentleman's park, in the highest state of culture and beauty; and actually swarming with fine deer, wild turkeys, snipes, wild ducks, pigeons, flocks of black birds, with crimson breast and prairie hen of the size and appearance of pheasants, from single birds to flocks of from twenty to forty, some in trees and others on the ground, and all as tame as if man had never crossed their path.

"Then two miles south of this place is a lake 2 ½ miles long by 1 ½ wide, fine gravelly bottom, and the finest fishery in the world. It was of this Mr. Cole spake in his letter, seven years ago; there was not more than eleven white men in the territory; now for miles along the sides of road there is not an acre of government land unsold. I beat about in every direction for some days, with my gun in my hand and pistols in my pocket, thinking I was entering on a wilderness. I soon found my mistake. Except a marsh or two, every foot of land is taken for miles, and the country is studded all over with frame houses, and incipient
farms in every direction, tenanted by English, Scotch, and many from the eastern States; and a more kind-hearted, healthy, intelligent, and happy people, I believe, there is not under the sun.

"By chance I stopped at a respectable public house by the wayside, seventeen miles from Racine, as I was returning thither, and under peculiar circumstances I have picked up 80 acres, which, in a few years, will be valuable; it cost me £33 sterling; it faces the south, and runs down to the side of the United States road, and is close by a rising village, studded over with fine oaks, and has two ponds of fine water in it, and in five years from this time will be worth ten dollars per acre.

"There is no fear of robbers here; there is merely a latch upon the door—you raise the latch and walk in. Such a thing as a lock or bolt is unknown.

"If you, sir, were to see this place, you would never think of going to Australia. Our next neighbour is a Quaker who came from there; and you are equally mistaken in thinking that there is no money; all the produce of the west passes Racine, there it is purchased with gold and silver, (we have neither notes nor copper) and the produce is shipped off up the lakes for New York, or the St. Lawrence. There is a cash market for everything. At Mr. Logan’s, a respectable small inn here, you can lodge with comfort, almost luxuriously eating three times a day, of fowls, meat, pies, puddings and preserves, in short a table fit for a gentleman, for two dollars per week, or less for a longer period. I repeat Mr. Cole’s assertion, if any man with £150 or £200, do not in a little time become rich and independent, it is entirely his own fault. There is land at 5a. per acre further to the west, but it is higher if purchased here.

"There are corn and saw mills four miles off, and brick kilns at Rochester; and seven miles on this same road is building a woolen factory. At Burlington, bricks are 4 dollars per 1000; one inch oak board, 8 dollars per 100 feet, pine ditty, at Racine, 8 to 10 dollars; shingles, 2 dollars. Two story French houses, for a family, 100 to 120 dollars. Rails and fencing 2 dollars to 3 dollars per acre. Breaking up land 2 dollars per acre. Two oxen and yoke, 55 dollars. Fine long-tailed highbred horses, 45 to 60 dollars. Milk cows, 8 to 10 dollars. Heifer and calf, 9 dollars. Potatoes 6d. The English bushel; wheat, 3s. 3d.; Indian corn, 1s. 6d.; oats, 9d. A barrel of flour, 100 lbs., 50 dollars. Sheep, 1 dollar; pigs, next to nothing; lamb, 2 to 3 cents per lb; pork, 3 cents; beast, 3 to 4 cents; veal, 2 cents; sugar, 8 cents; coffee, 12 cents; butter and cheese, 8 to 10 cents; rice, 4 cents; brandy, 6d per pint; tobacco, 12 cents per lb; sash window glass, 5 cents 12 inches by 11 square.

"I have walked over the land in every direction, and have found the prairie bearing the rose, sweet William, the indigo plant, and a great variety of the most beautiful flowers. At the Scotch settlements, one mile distant, are very fine gardens filled with flowers from Scotland.

"The mode of culture is this—in July the clod is turned over with a broad-shared plough, in furrows of 18 inches in breadth; in this state it lies till the ensuing May; then in every five or six furrows are dropped three or four grains of Indian corn, at about 1½ or 2 yards apart, and there is an end; or in the spring it is harrowed. Wheat, barley, and
oats are sown pretty thick, on account of the richness of the soil. Water melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins come to great perfection in the open fields. Hay is 2 dollars per ton, and from two to three tons on the acre. You are at liberty to cut the grass anywhere you think proper, except in the enclosures, whether the land be your neighbour's or not. The cattle graze anywhere, and are in high condition. And the pigs find their living and get fat on the acorn of the bur oak, so as to be ready for the knife without the cost of a single cent.

"The farmers are a very superior race of men. Here is no swilling a gallon or six quarts of beer or cider per day whilst haymaking or harvesting, as is the case frequently in England."

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**EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. JOHN BULLARD, SOUTHPORT, RACINE COUNTY, WISCONSIN TERRITORY, 6TH MONTH, 1843.**

"DEAR FATHER,

"While I am writing this I calculate thou will be just about receiving my letter sent from New York. Since that time I have travelled over a great extent of country, and I think I can now give thee a tolerable description of it. Most of the land in the States is of excellent quality, but I have not seen any so good and rich looking as Wisconsin; I could not have believed that land which has not been cultivated could be so clean and beautiful to look upon; its fertility is proved by the quantity it will produce, even with very rough management, and no manure, sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is mostly an average crop. Hay may be had in any quantity for cutting; the prairie land will yield three tons to the acre; the grass is much longer, but it is very sweet and makes excellent hay. Hogs, cows, and horses, cost nothing keeping in summer time. Sheep are very profitable stock to keep.

"If the American farmers would only be half as industrious as the English they might be as wealthy as any class of people in the world; they may grow, say, the lowest average amount, 50 bushels of wheat to the acre at 3s 6d per bushel, that will be £3 15s, and the cost of producing that quantity will be only at the most 20s.; so that there is a net profit of £7 15s upon every acre; most other grain will bear the same proportion. Sheep are very profitable, their wool is valuable. Horses can be bought for 20 or 30 dollars, very good ones, that is from £5 to £7 each. Milch cows with a calf, 10 to 12 dollars, or £2 to £2 10s. Butter is now worth 6d per pound, and it actually costs nothing but your trouble of making. A man may feed twenty head of cattle without being possessed of an inch of land.

"A few blankets would be needful, but beds here are cheaper and better than in England; in fact you may get anything you want quite as cheap as in England, except woollen cloth. It is expected there will be a woollen factory established at Southport next year. The people here are generally very kind to settlers, and render them all the assistance they can. We have had a good deal of rain here this week, but the corn is looking very well; it is not quite so forward as with you at this time of the year, but it ripens much quicker, so that harvest falls about the same time as yours; most of the wheat is sown in the spring. I think of getting ten acres broken up this summer or autumn, ready for wheat in the spring."
EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. HANNAH RHODES, RACINE COUNTY, WISCONSIN, SEPT. 22, 1842.

"We started from New York for Albany, 100 miles, and reached it next morning; we then agreed to go on the Erie Canal, 360 miles, to Buffalo, in seven days; we then agreed to go in a steamer to Southport; it was fine sailing on the Lakes; it was about 1000 miles. When we landed at Southport they took a house till we could find a situation. There was plenty of second-hand land near Southport, but they thought it better to buy government land at five shillings per acre. They met with plenty on the Burlington road, and fixed on three lots, 80 acres each, sixteen miles from Southport. The country is beautiful pasturing for thousands of cattle. It will feed them fat in its wild state. But settlers are coming in from all parts; a great many from England, Ireland, and the Eastern States. The land is openings and clumps of trees, chiefly oak and hickory. You may put in the plough the first thing, and every thing seems to grow plentiful. We have a fine crop of potatoes, and have put in about four acres of wheat; and we have got two stacks of hay, about fifteen tons weight; our William and his father have got the whole. We have a yoke of oxen, three cows, and two calves; a good log house, twenty feet by eighteen feet within.

"I like the country well; the people are very kind and friendly, more so than in England; they are all new settlers, the oldest has not been above six or seven years. Provisions are plentiful; pork, 2 cents per lb; beef, 3c, flour 48 to 50 cents per bushel. We make our own butter, soap, and candles. We can put out money at 12 per cent, land security. I should like my father and mother, sister Mary, and Thomas, or any of my brothers or sisters to come; we could keep you on our land very well. Game is very plentiful—deer, partridge, prairie hens, and pigeons, in this part. We are all in good health. Our little John has begun to walk and talk; he is a very fine little boy. William and Thomas like the country well. Clothing is high; also pots. We have preaching every other Sabbath, but expect to have preaching every Sabbath, and a Sabbath School."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. THOS. RHODES.

"There is plenty of fruit in the woods, plums, nuts, mandrakes, wild apples, grapes, and strawberries. There is a kind of small rattlesnakes, but we think little of them, they are easy to kill. We understand there are some small wolves, but we have not seen any. There are no wild animals that will attack man."

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. MR. BARRAY'S LETTERS, OF FORT PLAIN.

"Racine, the county seat of Racine, W.T. is a fine, flourishing village, beautifully located on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the Root river, 20 miles from Milwaukee, and 65 miles from Chicago. Its settlement, as I was told, was commenced in 1836 or 7; and it now contains between 1200 and 1400 inhabitants. It has all the requisite county edifices finished in good taste and style; three large and flourishing hotels, besides other public and boarding establishments; an academy; two churches; a printing office; twenty or more mercantile..."
shops; and all the various professional offices and mechanic establishments found in our eastern villages. Its private dwellings are all of them neat, and many of them elegant. Its streets are regularly laid out, the principal one of which is lined on each side with beautiful white cottages, stores, shops, and offices, for nearly a mile in extent. But there is a newness, a primitiveness about the whole place, and about all the towns in the 'far West,' that first strikes the eye of the visitor from this side of the lakes. Tall oaks are left standing here and there; stumps yet remain in many places, and you may see pretty residences stretching themselves far away into the forest, and surrounded with all its unshorn wildness and beauty.

"Racine is a busy town—has an enterprising and industrious population, and is fast increasing in size and importance. It is perhaps already the greatest wheat market in the territory; and the largest share of her one million surplus, will probably be shipped from its warehouses. An excellent harbour is being built at the mouth of Root river, which, when finished, will add much to the importance of Racine, as also to its growth and prosperity, making it second to none on the lake.

"At one thing I was perfectly astonished, and that was, the number of religious societies in a village of this size—of which there are seven: Universalist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Catholic, and Whitfieldian. Verily, one must be hard to please, if he could not suit himself with preaching here.

"Tuesday, Aug. 22nd, I set out in company with Mr. Lybrand, for Rochester, on Fox River, twenty-five miles west of Racine. Our way lay across the prairie, the greater part of the distance. All was new, delightful, and enchanting. White farm-houses and cultivated fields, dotted here and there the vast expanse. Occasionally large herds of cattle were seen cropping the herbage in the distance; flowers of every hue were blooming all around upon the untamed sod; and as we journeyed along, flocks of grouse and brant would start up before us, and now and then various small animals would dart across the road into the tall grass on the other side. The scene was picturesque and sublime beyond description; at times wild and awe-inspiring; when the vast plain stretched out beyond the horizon, with no human habitation in sight, and treeless, save patches of forest, looking like islands in the midst of the ocean.

"The prairies have a rich and productive soil, covered to a considerable depth with black sand and vegetable mould. A team, consisting of four or five yoke of oxen, is required to break them up; after this, a single yoke or a span of horses, is all that is required. They produce most crops in great abundance, though they are not considered quite as safe for wheat. Their yield, however, in this grain, the past season, was large—say thirty bushels, on an average, to the acre. A gentleman, near Southport, had a small field of four hundred acres, which yielded him 13,000 bushels of good wheat.

"Travelling leisurely through this delightful section of country, we reached Rochester near the middle of the afternoon. This is a small town, containing about 600 inhabitants. It has two public houses, three stores, several mechanic shops, and a large flour mill nearly completed. A short distance from here my parents, and brother, and sister reside; also my wife's mother and two brothers. Of course I paused not until I reached them.
"Immediately after crossing the Fox River, a fine broad stream, you enter the 'Oak openings.' The soil here is dry and undulating, and is composed of a sandy loam, intermixed occasionally with limestone pebbles. When first broken it has a light appearance, but soon turns black by reason of the lime in its composition. The trees, which are mostly white oak, are scattered thinly over its surface, forming natural parks, through which the wild deer roams, and where vast quantities of game are found. I think I would prefer this land above the prairies. It is as easily improved, has the advantage with respect to timber, is better watered, and will produce as much grain of all kinds. Although containing apparently but a thin covering of decomposed vegetable matter, the absence of that material is made up by the admixture of lime in its composition, which is favourable to vegetation; and in summer the surface is almost entirely covered with red, yellow, white, and purple flowers, which spread a gorgeous carpet as far as the eye can reach."

"The 'Oak openings' are fast receiving a hardy and industrious population. Where but a little time ago the red man dwelt, and the wild beast roamed, the sun shines and the rain falls upon the cultivated fields, teeming with the rich fruits of the honest husbandman's toil. And the period is certainly not far distant, when every rood of this rich soil will be upturned by the busy plough, and when the hum of industry will go up in the midst of these wilds, making them glad. Already we may in more than fancy, hear

'The sound of the advancing multitude,
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Combines the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds,
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain,
Over the dark brown furrows.'

"Saturday, Sept. 9th, bidding my friends adieu, I set out for Milwaukee, the emporium of Wisconsin.

'I had heard much of this place, and found that I had not been deceived in regard to it. It is situated on lake Michigan, 180 miles from Mackinaw, 90 from Chicago, and 910 miles from Buffalo. Its settlement was begun in 1830—it numbers now between six and seven thousand inhabitants, which fact exhibits a rapidity of growth not much, if any, excelled by the history of any place. There are in this village—or city as it is called—eight religious societies, six of which have churches—the Congregational, Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian, Methodist, and Catholic.

"As a place of business, it is not to be outdone, and its merchants, at least, are driving a profitable trade. Hundreds of emigrants are arriving here weekly, and one may find representatives from almost every nation under heaven—Germans, Poles, Swiss, Welsh, Irish, Norwegians, and the wild Indian in his paint.

"This flourishing town has many large and elegant buildings, and its hotels, for comfort and accommodations are scarcely surpassed in many of our eastern cities. Standing on Water street, and casting his eyes upon the large brick blocks which adorn it, and around upon the busy bustling crowds that throng about them, one forgets that he is in
a city scarcely eight years old. But when he is reminded of this fact, he is astonished at all he sees, and finds cause for renewed wonder at every step.

"On the afternoon of the day on which I landed, I enjoyed a ride to Southport, distant from Racine ten miles. The road winds along through the forest near the lake shore—was at that time perfectly dry and hard, with no ups and downs, free from stone, and overshadowed by the branches of the oak and linden, among whose branches the wild birds, with many toned voices, made sweet music. Need I tell you that I was delighted and in ecstasies? 

"Southport is also situated on lake Michigan, ten miles above Racine; and is a fine, flourishing village, of the same number of inhabitants. It is beautifully laid out and arranged, is a place of extensive business, has a pier, or steamboat landing, and efforts are being made to obtain for it a harbour; which when obtained, will enable it to keep pace with its sister villages on the lake.

"Now for a leave-taking of Wisconsin. We found it a beautiful country—we believe it will be a great country—greater than it now is, when its resources are developed. It has a healthful climate, a rich, productive soil, an enterprising, industrious, and intelligent population—it possesses exalted commercial advantages, and it must advance rapidly towards wealth and prosperity. 'Seven years ago,' says a recent writer, and the Territory was almost a trackless wilderness. Now, flourishing towns, villages, and settlements, are sprinkled over the whole country. Roads are built, markets are at hand, all the conveniences and luxuries of life are easily and cheaply procured, the hardships incident to the first settlement of a new country are over, and the way fully open and prepared for that influx of wealth and population, which never sets toward a country perfectly new, but which in a rapidly increasing ratio pours in, as improvements are made and society formed."

THE CLIMATE OF RACINE.

Having in the last number treated of the healthiness of the country, I propose in the present to speak more particularly of the climate. Racine is situated in latitude about 42 degrees north. It has been observed in all parts of the west, that the climate west of the Alleghany mountains is milder than it is in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast.

I believe that there is less snow in the winter here, less rain in the summer, and more wind throughout the year, than in the same latitude at the east; all of which, I think, may be attributed, either to the absence of mountains, or contiguity of the lakes, or both. I heard a Frenchman, who has resided in this country for the last twenty years, say, that there had scarcely ever, during that period, been more than a foot of snow upon the ground at any one time, and that during the most of the winters there had not been over six inches. That we are apt to have a long time every summer when there is but little rain, I think that the experience of all our farmers proves. Yet, owing to heavy dews, and the peculiar nature of the soil, our crops seldom suffer from drought. At the mouth of the Columbia, in Oregon, it is said that no rain falls for three or four months, in the summer season. Some have thought