

# PONOLA WEEKLY REGISTER.

FOR HIMSELF ENTERTAIN A HIGH OPINION OF THE UTILITY OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS. I CONSIDER SUCH EASY VEHICLES OF KNOWLEDGE MORE HAPPILY CALCULATED THAN ANY OTHER, TO PRESERVE THE LIBERTY, STIMULATE THE INDUSTRY, & MELIORATE THE MORALS OF A FREE PEOPLE.—Washington.

By F. A. TYLER. DEVOTED TO NEWS; POLITICAL, SCIENTIFIC, COMMERCIAL AGRICULTURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION. THREE DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE.

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## THE REGISTER.

Printed and published every WEDNESDAY at THREE DOLLARS in advance. Subscribers who do not pay in advance, will invariably be charged for dollars.  
Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements which exceed ten lines, charged ten cents per line for the first, and five cents for each insertion afterwards.  
YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.  
Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rate.  
Professional cards, not allowable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.  
The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.  
Election tickets will never be delivered till paid for.  
Political circulars or communications of only an incidental interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.  
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.  
Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.  
All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.  
POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Western Messenger.

### Alms Giving and Lending.

We read of misery in Ireland that seems incredible, of exposure that seems impossible in a Christian land; we turn with wonder to the hardships of the Pilgrims of New England, and the backwoodsman of this Valley; but we do not recognize the misery right about us at this moment, nor know the suffering that is even now in this city dragging down hundreds to the grave. During the last winter, instances occurred here of as great physical want as any that can be met with in the wo-stricken hovels of Erin; and though such extreme cases are rare, cases demanding the advice and aid of every humane man and woman, may be discovered in any square of our thriving town.

The deepest and most permanent suffering, however, which occurs among us is not physical; these cases which peculiarly demand the help of a Christian friend, are such as the one described in this little tract, which though not true in detail, is true in spirit, and drawn from actual occurrences.

I was, some months since, struck by the appearance of a little girl, who was carrying a bowl of soup along Western Row; she was well clad, her shoes were such as poor children never wear, and yet the face looked like that of a pinched and half starved child. The soup which she was carrying, must, I thought, have been given her in charity. "My little girl," said I, "you have a big load; let me help you along with it." She looked up into my face with her swollen eyes, and giving me the bowl, smiled faintly and answered, "that it was indeed right heavy and right hot, too; but if she could get it home before it got cold, it would be mighty nice for mother." "And is your mother sick?" I said. "Not sick," she replied, but ailing; it's from want of good food, the Doctor says, and Miss Wright gives me that big bowl of soup every day." I walked along with the child until we came near her home, when she insisted upon having the bowl back again, so I gave it to her and opening the door, which she said led into her father's shop, let her in and followed after. I found myself in a small close hot room, where a man of perhaps thirty years old, was at work upon something which he laid out of sight as soon as I entered, and opening another door through which the child went into an inner room, turned again, and facing me, seemed to wait my pleasure.

"I met your little girl in the street," said I, taking off my hat, "and was so much pleased by her appearance as to take the liberty of coming home with her."

"For what purpose?" said he coldly. "To learn your condition, my friend, and see if I could do anything for you or her, as from what she said, I presumed you were poor."

"I am not poor," he answered proudly, "nor do I want your help."

"Can I be of service to you by getting her into a school, or Sunday school, or by throwing business into your hands?"

"And pray, sir, who are you, that ask such questions of a stranger?"

"I am one of many," I replied, "who wish to help all men to gain an honest

living, and to bring all, young and old, within the influence of education and religion."

The man paused for a moment, and the color came into his thin, sallow cheeks when he spoke again, it was more kindly and calmly than before.

"I am making enough," he said, "to support myself and my family; as to religion and learning, let them have it that want it; I don't want it for myself or my children. However, suppose I were in want, how would you help me?"

"That would depend on the causes of your want, your means of relief, your habits, and other things, of which I know nothing at present."

"I am an engraver," said he, pointing to a box of tools; "now suppose me sick, and nothing laid up for a wet day; here's my wife, who is never strong, and two young children—and the winter, we'll say, is just setting in, and rent, and fuel, and food, and medicine, and doctor's fees, are all to be paid for—what would you do for me?"

"In the first place," said I, "I should ask you to sell all your needless property of any kind, and to economize in every way that I could think of, and so help you by my advice."

"Very good," said he impatiently: "what next?"

"In the next place, I should ask, how much more than a living you could make if well again."

"Well, say a third more," he replied.

"Then I should say to you, my friend, you are an independent mechanic, able by your trade to make a month's living in three weeks; now, your independence you don't want to lose, you wouldn't willingly live on alms, you'd feel degraded to be a beggar—so I'll make this bargain with you; you shall be decently supported when sick, and properly cared for, on condition that you pay back the money paid for you; if you are sick a week, you shall have a month to pay in; if sick two weeks, then two months, and so on; that is, my friend, I'll loan you enough to make you comfortable while sick and you shall pay it from your surplus earnings when well."

"Would you have done so?" he cried, with staring eyes and gasping for breath.

"You are not well," I said.

"I am not," said he, hiding his face with his hands; "I am sick at heart."

"My friend," he dropped his hands, and I took one of them, "tell me your ailment, and as I am a man, I will do all in my power to cure it."

The engraver rose, and opening the door through which his daughter passed, ushered me into the room within. It was a small room, and looked out into a little muddy back yard; but in the arrangements of the bed, the table, the mantle, and the open closet—the hand of a true woman was visible; all was neat and sensible; no peacock's feathers, nor broken gilt china cups were to be seen—the ware was earthen; and a few hyacinths formed the only ornament. And there too was the woman herself, with her little boy and girl at her feet; she was wrapped up in a loose calico gown, her hair neatly brushed back from her brow, and her fingers busily at work upon some fine linen article, for some fine lady I presumed.

"Ellen," said the engraver, "here's a man who says he would have saved us."

The wife, pale, weak, and evidently desponding, struggled to restrain herself when thus addressed, but she could not, and sobbing, fell back in her chair.

"My good friends," cried I, "tell me your troubles. Save you? Are you lost then? What does all this mean?"

"Matilda," said the engraver to his little girl, "take your brother, and go into the shop; we are going to talk about things which it is not proper for you to hear of—so do not listen, but play with your brother, and when we are ready, we'll call you."

I had been struck, all along, by the good English of my companion, and was very much impressed and pleased by the directness of his speech to his child; I have seldom witnessed so great frankness even among the best people.

The children went out, the door was closed, and we sat down.

"My story, sir," said the husband, "is short, and you shall know it, if it bang me. You have spoken to me as a fellow man, and, come what may, I'll open my heart to you; should I not, Ellen?"

"Everything, everything," she cried, "let but one friend know our misery and my heart will feel lighter forever."

The engraver listened with his whole soul, then turned to me and proceeded:

"Two years ago I was laying by some thing every week, and no man worked more honestly or cheerfully than I. A friend of mine took to speculating, and I endorsed for him; he failed, and my earnings went to smoke. Well, sir, I was in debt and in trouble, and debt and trouble work evil with a free man; I got out of spirits, and out of sorts, and fall before last was taken sick. I had nothing; Ellen was too weak to sit up, and starvation came close to us, sir; I assure you. At last our trouble came to the ears of one who gives much to the poor; he gave to us largely; for two months supported us; then some more pressing cases came, and he quitted us with the assurance that the town would see us provided for. I went to the trustees, they had crowds of poor folks on their hands who could not get trusted for their daily bread; and as we could, why they thought it was not right to do more for us than to give us a little wood.

"What they said was true enough, for every body knew me to be industrious when well—and though ill-luck had loosened some friends, it had not taken all; but some how I hated to go in debt. So I went to some of the societies, and they gave, some three dollars, and some five, but nothing steady. All this while I was getting worse, and the idea of beggary, of starvation, of degradation, of lost character, haunted me day and night; for I was well raised and taught, sir—Well, by and by the societies could give no more, they had so many applicants; Ellen, here, got something from the house of employment, but she was too weak to do much, and so, in spite of all, it came to debt. The greaser, the baker, and the doctor, all had to trust us; and heavy enough the trust lay upon our hearts; that with beggary and debt, it seemed to me I should never get well. However, when spring came, I had picked up enough to go to work once more, but somehow I could not do as I had done before, and could barely get along leaving debts all unpaid. Then came suits and constables; and the doctor, I'm sorry to say it of him, was hard enough to have Ellen's chair and bedstead sold to pay himself with. Last fall came, sir, and I was too poorly again to work; every thing was monstrous high; and poor folks thicker than ever. It was an awful December, the last, for such as we were! You would have thought that woman there could not have lived poorly as she was, sleeping on the floor here, and living on the leavings of the market. God help us, it was a hard time! Any little tea that I could now and then get for her, I had to go to the grocery over yonder for, and there was a set of drinking fellows, that often asked me to join them. Once I did so, and while I was drinking, a lady went through the entry into a room where a sick woman lay, and in passing, saw me. I tho't nothing of it then, but it done mischief. Well, in January, Ellen was likely to die, and I barely able to crawl about; so I went to the council chamber, but it was thronged. I tried the societies, but the lady who had seen me drinking told them—she was one of them, and they sat me down for a drunkard. The baker would not trust, and once more we were close to death from want, and no hope ahead, when one came that I would to God had not come, though we'd have been buried before now, but for him."

"Amen!" breathed the feeble wife.

"He came in one day as I sat in the shop, dizzy from hunger, and asked if I was an engraver. I said, yes. 'You're poor, ain't you?' I told him we were.—Then bade me go with him. I did so. He took me to a coffee house, and gave me some spirit and biscuit, and when I was done, put me into a hack, and got in himself. I felt something was wrong, but it was death, sir, to turn back. I don't know where we went to, for the spirit put me to sleep; when I woke up, I was in a room with my guide and two other men, all well dressed, and the room well furnished. 'Neighbor,' said one of them, 'we want a job done in your line.' I nodded. 'We want a bank-plate engraved.' 'I thought as much,' said I. 'You'll do it then?' 'What shall I have?' 'A thousand dollars, of the bad money, to be done.' 'But suppose,' said I, 'I blow you now?' 'Try it,' answered one of them, smiling; 'try it my good fellow.' At last I agreed to do the job, and the bill to be copied was given me; when you came in sir' he continued, clutching my arm, 'I was at work upon it.'"

The calm distinct manner in which the engraver told his story, struck me with amazement; I asked him to let me see the plate; he brought it at once, it was a common plate, the work about half finished.

"Could you identify the men?" I said. "I dare not, if I could," said he; "but I shall have no chance—I am convinced they do not live in this city, and are never in its streets during daylight."

"At any rate," said I, "you must quit this job."

"And what, then? two hundred dollars have been advanced me."

"It shall be given you to repay your employer. Destroy your plate, and an honest livelihood I'll insure you, henceforth."

Within a few days I saw the plate destroyed, and the sum was soon raised to redeem the wages of sin.

The engraver now stands free of debt, though not of obligation. He is once more a cheerful worker, and his wife's health is rising again under that best of panaceas, a happy mind. But often, very often, do I regret that those who administer charity, do not give, and refrain from giving more thoughtfully. Had constant, friendly aid been bestowed in the case before us, and had the engraver felt that he could, without offence, repay when able, his pride would not have been wounded, his self-respect lessened, his hope diminished, his heart weighed down; he would have dreaded no want, would have been exposed to no temptations.

The case just described was in its circumstance peculiar, but in its essential features and character, only one of hundreds.

## THE FARMER.

From the American Agriculturist.

Wisconsin and its Products.

Manitowoc, Wisconsin Ter., Apr. '43.

A. B. ALLEN, Esq., Sir—

Having had the pleasure of seeing some of the numbers of your Agricultural paper in this region, and thinking a short notice of some things here might be interesting to a portion of your readers, I shall venture to trouble you with a short epistle. The name of my present resting place, above, may seem strange to many of your readers, but not strange to the Pequot, Mohegan, and Narragansett, of the northeast, and Choctaw and Chickasaw of the southwest. The definition, like most of the Indian names, is full of significance and beauty; *Manitowoc* meaning their great Spirit, and *woc* his place or dwelling.

But where is it, is the next inquiry? It is somewhat diffusely located, it being the name of a river, county, harbor and county seat; but all lying between two lovely sheets of water, Lake Winnebago on the west, and Michigan on the east. The country is delightfully situated, having a surface gently undulating, with hill and dale, and streams as pure as wells out of the granite hills of the north. This is the country of woodland and forest, yielding some of the finest timber, in great abundance. The prairies commence about 35 miles west of the lake shore in this latitude, and thence extend, with slight interruptions, I believe to the Rocky Mountains. The principal growth is Sugar Maple, Beech, Pine, and Oak in terms. I have seen the most beautiful and extensive orchards of the first, stretching for miles over a clear grass sod, which would laugh to scorn all the feeble embellishments of art, around which were located, at convenient distances, the wigwags of the red man.—These, during the sugar season, are always occupied by their owners, for the purpose of securing their annual supply of sugar.

In the spring of 1836, I was threading my way through this, at that time, totally unoccupied country, taking the route from Milwaukee to Green Bay, on horseback, in company with a western missionary, and a half breed mail-carrier as our guide. After camping out in the woods the first night of our journey, we came upon an extensive sugar ground towards evening, having passed several during the day, and making our way near the centre of it, we espied two large, snug, well-constructed wigwags, where we concluded to put up for the night. We unhorsed, tethered our beasts, and at the request of the inmates, went in and prepared for our lodging. We found large rooms, piled up with the crystallized juice on two or three sides, part of it in large cases, and another portion handsomely

grained in large birch-bark *mo-koks* (if our orthography does not suit our accidental readers, they have my full permission to improve it,) weighing from 25 to 40 lbs. each.—Such a sugary I never before witnessed and it was all accomplished by an old man, some 90 years of age, three or four well-favored, neat, comely-looking squaws, and the children. It was the season of trapping, too, and the men could not forego their harvest of peltry, and left this duty to be performed by those who could not be of service elsewhere. What added to their difficulties, was the total destitution of food, except what was afforded by the sugar, some wild roots, and an occasional wild duck, which the boys, contrived, now and then to secure, by the aid of their bows and arrows. I had an excess of provisions, and took out a large flat loaf of hard, unleavened bread, which I offered one group.—Their eyes sparkled with delight, and at once the matron took a large knife, and divided it into as many *equal size* pieces as the number composing the circle, and to each she gave alike, the totting papoose having as much as the matron herself—all of which was eagerly and ravenously devoured. Their gratitude for this small favor seemed to know no bounds; and they pressed on me cake of their sugar, and I verily believe, had I a wagon, I could have loaded it in return for my petty gift, which I added to subsequently by giving them all I could spare. But I was no "trader," and I forbore. Is it strange that our crafty, gripping whites get rich out of the unstinted generosity of the red man? Verily "they shall rise up in judgement against this generation."

This was one of the pleasantest nights of my life; the novel, wild, picturesque, and beautiful scene before me; the profusion of this luscious store, with all its appliances of boiling kettles suspended over a large fire by a pole, supported by crotches, and running lengthwise of the cabin; the large, canoe-like trough, extending through the walls; with one end near the kettles to contain the sap; the well-ordered apartments; the industry, intelligence, and kindness of the inmates; the historical reminiscences of the old man, who witnessed while a stripling, and yet distinctly recollected, the chivalrous battle on the Heights of Abraham, 80 years ago, between those model champions, Wolfe and Montcalm; his tender age, like that of young Norval, inducing his father "to keep his only son, himself," from the tented field, though yet near enough to see and to be interested in the bloody fray; a young urchin displaying much of the genius of an artist on the doors and walls adorned by his rustic, untaught sketches; and the robust forms, and open, intelligent countenances of all; these, and my reflections, stretching through the uncertain past, and probable future history of this proud, yet pitiable race, gave an intensity of interest to the scene, I shall never, never forget. But I am wandering.

The pines grow singularly in this country, pushing their straight trunks upwards for 150 feet in height, by the side of the sugar maple and beech, which at the east, choose very different soils. The soil is generally very good, though somewhat varying with the hills and valleys. The richest, deepest upland soil I ever saw, is on the Stockbridge and Brotherton reservation, on the head waters of the Manitowoc which was selected with a great deal of judgment, and after much examination, by some of the most intelligent Indians, & their friendly white superintendants. These Indians form an extensive settlement, of intelligent, moral, and perfectly reclaimed natives; the gathered fragments of many an extinct tribe from New England, whose ancestors once waged exterminating wars against each other, but whose descendants now are like a band of brothers, pursuing the peaceful paths of civilized life. I will add, for the honor of our Government, that they are in the full enjoyment of all the rights of American citizens.

The valley which opens at the county seat, Manitowoc rapids, three miles from the harbor on Lake Michigan, though not extensive, is as fertile as any portion of the famed valley of the Genesee. Every crop which is cultivated there, thrives here in great luxuriance; and I have nowhere seen better returns for seed and cultivation than are furnished here. There is a good deal of enterprise among the settlers here and the vicinity, many of them having paid considerable attention to the improvement of their stock, Berkshire and short-horns already having become citizens of this region. Although the earliest settlements were not made here till 1836, there is already a goodly population; the county notwithstanding its small dimensions, containing about 1000 inhabitants. Population is pushing its way into this territory rapidly, owing to the agreeable diversity of the surface, the purity of the waters, the salubrity of the climate, the richness of the soil, and the varied advantages of location. It has Lake Michigan on one side, and the Mississippi on the other, connected by a line of scarcely separated water communication, through the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, to Lake

Winnebago. This lake is within two miles of the river Manitowoc, which empties into it. Steamboats from Buffalo pass its mouth daily during the season of business.

In addition to all the foregoing advantages, there are in the western and central portions of the Territory, rich and extensive beds of lead and copper, which probably extend eastward to the Lake. These are some of the inducements which point out this Territory, and especially the eastern portion of it, as full of promise to the hardy, industrious, and intelligent emigrant. The force of the advantages is seen in the press of settlers, who seem to be hurrying into this El Dorado, to secure their section or quarter section for themselves and their posterity.

I trust your exertions will not be wanting to induce more of these settlers to take good agricultural works of the day, that they may not fall behind in the intelligence which is, by these means, making such inroads upon the imperfect systems of farming which are still too much practised here, as well as elsewhere. I may write you again from this enchanting country.

Very respectfully, yours,  
VIATOR.

## The Spine of Plants.

In all vertebrate animals there is a part at the back of the neck, between the spine marrow, and the brain, where a serious injury will occasion death.—There is a corresponding point in plants, between the root and the stem, which is called the neck or collar; and at this point plants may be more readily injured than any where else. Most plants, also may be killed by covering this point too deeply in the soil. In all seedling plants, this neck or vital part is immediately beneath the point where the seed leaves originate; and if the plant be cut over there when in a young state, the part which is left in the ground will infallibly die. In all plants, however, and particularly in herbaceous plants which have creeping stems, and also, in various kinds of trees and shrubs, the roots after the plant has attained a certain age, become furnished with adventitious buds; and when the plant or tree is cut over by the collar, these dormant buds are called into action, and throw up shoots which are called suckers. No suckers, however, are ever thrown up by a plant cut through the collar while in its seed leaves. The branches of a tree may be all cut off close to the trunk, and the roots also partially removed; but if the collar remain uninjured, the plant in suitable soil and under favorable circumstances, will throw out new roots, and in time will completely recover itself. On the other hand, if the collar is cut off, the stem or trunk is left without roots, and the roots without a stem, or the power, in general, to throw up one. There are some plants of the herbaceous kind (such as the horse-radish, for example,) that do not suffer even if the collar should be buried two feet, or even three feet; but by far the greater number of the plants (such as the hepatica, the common daisy, the common grasses, &c.) are killed by having the collar covered two or three inches; and nothing is more injurious to woody plants, whether large or small. It is to destroy a large tree, by heaping up earth around its trunk; and easy to prevent a small one from growing, by lifting it and planting it six inches or a foot deeper in the soil than it was before. Hence the great importance of not planting any plant deeper in the soil than it was before taking up; and hence also the reason why trees planted in deeply trenched ground, and especially fruit trees often disappoint the planter. In planting these trees, the soil immediately under and about them is more consolidated by treading and watering than the soil in the other parts of the plantation, and hence it soon sinks below the general level; to maintain which level, the gardener fills up the depression every year, till the collar of the tree becomes buried several inches below the surface.—*Loudon's Suburban Horticulturist.*

## Soaking Corn to Feed Horses.

One of the best farmers in the vicinity of Baltimore, saves one third of his corn by soaking it before he feeds it to his horses. He places two hogheads in store secure from the frost, and fills them with ears of corn and pours on water to cover it. When well soaked, he feeds it to his horses, and when one cask is empty, he fills it again, and feeds from the other. By the time one is empty, the corn in the other is well soaked. The cobs are so well soaked that the horses eat the whole, and require only two-thirds as much corn when prepared in this way; and there is no doubt that this preparation, and the eating of the cob with the corn, renders the food more wholesome.

## Farmer's Journal.

Hard times! and we must make the most of what little we have—as the greaser said when he watered his vinegar.

There is a man in Vermont who sneezes so hard, that every time he commences he pitches a Somerset.

le done.' 'But suppose,' said I, 'I blow you now?' 'Try it,' answered one of them, smiling; 'try it my good fellow.' At last I agreed to do the job, and the bill to be copied was given me; when you came in sir' he continued, clutching my arm, 'I was at work upon it.'"

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In the spring of 1836, I was threading my way through this, at that time, totally unoccupied country, taking the route from Milwaukee to Green Bay, on horseback, in company with a western missionary, and a half breed mail-carrier as our guide. After camping out in the woods the first night of our journey, we came upon an extensive sugar ground towards evening, having passed several during the day, and making our way near the centre of it, we espied two large, snug, well-constructed wigwags, where we concluded to put up for the night. We unhorsed, tethered our beasts, and at the request of the inmates, went in and prepared for our lodging. We found large rooms, piled up with the crystallized juice on two or three sides, part of it in large cases, and another portion handsomely

grained in large birch-bark *mo-koks* (if our orthography does not suit our accidental readers, they have my full permission to improve it,) weighing from 25 to 40 lbs. each.—Such a sugary I never before witnessed and it was all accomplished by an old man, some 90 years of age, three or four well-favored, neat, comely-looking squaws, and the children. It was the season of trapping, too, and the men could not forego their harvest of peltry, and left this duty to be performed by those who could not be of service elsewhere. What added to their difficulties, was the total destitution of food, except what was afforded by the sugar, some wild roots, and an occasional wild duck, which the boys, contrived, now and then to secure, by the aid of their bows and arrows. I had an excess of provisions, and took out a large flat loaf of hard, unleavened bread, which I offered one group.—Their eyes sparkled with delight, and at once the matron took a large knife, and divided it into as many *equal size* pieces as the number composing the circle, and to each she gave alike, the totting papoose having as much as the matron herself—all of which was eagerly and ravenously devoured. Their gratitude for this small favor seemed to know no bounds; and they pressed on me cake of their sugar, and I verily believe, had I a wagon, I could have loaded it in return for my petty gift, which I added to subsequently by giving them all I could spare. But I was no "trader," and I forbore. Is it strange that our crafty, gripping whites get rich out of the unstinted generosity of the red man? Verily "they shall rise up in judgement against this generation."

This was one of the pleasantest nights of my life; the novel, wild, picturesque, and beautiful scene before me; the profusion of this luscious store, with all its appliances of boiling kettles suspended over a large fire by a pole, supported by crotches, and running lengthwise of the cabin; the large, canoe-like trough, extending through the walls; with one end near the kettles to contain the sap; the well-ordered apartments; the industry, intelligence, and kindness of the inmates; the historical reminiscences of the old man, who witnessed while a stripling, and yet distinctly recollected, the chivalrous battle on the Heights of Abraham, 80 years ago, between those model champions, Wolfe and Montcalm; his tender age, like that of young Norval, inducing his father "to keep his only son, himself," from the tented field, though yet near enough to see and to be interested in the bloody fray; a young urchin displaying much of the genius of an artist on the doors and walls adorned by his rustic, untaught sketches; and the robust forms, and open, intelligent countenances of all; these, and my reflections, stretching through the uncertain past, and probable future history of this proud, yet pitiable race, gave an intensity of interest to the scene, I shall never, never forget. But I am wandering.

The pines grow singularly in this country, pushing their straight trunks upwards for 150 feet in height, by the side of the sugar maple and beech, which at the east, choose very different soils. The soil is generally very good, though somewhat varying with the hills and valleys. The richest, deepest upland soil I ever saw, is on the Stockbridge and Brotherton reservation, on the head waters of the Manitowoc which was selected with a great deal of judgment, and after much examination, by some of the most intelligent Indians, & their friendly white superintendants. These Indians form an extensive settlement, of intelligent, moral, and perfectly reclaimed natives; the gathered fragments of many an extinct tribe from New England, whose ancestors once waged exterminating wars against each other, but whose descendants now are like a band of brothers, pursuing the peaceful paths of civilized life. I will add, for the honor of our Government, that they are in the full enjoyment of all the rights of American citizens.

The valley which opens at the county seat, Manitowoc rapids, three miles from the harbor on Lake Michigan, though not extensive, is as fertile as any portion of the famed valley of the Genesee. Every crop which is cultivated there, thrives here in great luxuriance; and I have nowhere seen better returns for seed and cultivation than are furnished here. There is a good deal of enterprise among the settlers here and the vicinity, many of them having paid considerable attention to the improvement of their stock, Berkshire and short-horns already having become citizens of this region. Although the earliest settlements were not made here till 1836, there is already a goodly population; the county notwithstanding its small dimensions, containing about 1000 inhabitants. Population is pushing its way into this territory rapidly, owing to the agreeable diversity of the surface, the purity of the waters, the salubrity of the climate, the richness of the soil, and the varied advantages of location. It has Lake Michigan on one side, and the Mississippi on the other, connected by a line of scarcely separated water communication, through the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, to Lake

Winnebago. This lake is within two miles of the river Manitowoc, which empties into it. Steamboats from Buffalo pass its mouth daily during the season of business.

In addition to all the foregoing advantages, there are in the western and central portions of the Territory, rich and extensive beds of lead and copper, which probably extend eastward to the Lake. These are some of the inducements which point out this Territory, and especially the eastern portion of it, as full of promise to the hardy, industrious, and intelligent emigrant. The force of the advantages is seen in the press of settlers, who seem to be hurrying into this El Dorado, to secure their section or quarter section for themselves and their posterity.

I trust your exertions will not be wanting to induce more of these settlers to take good agricultural works of the day, that they may not fall behind in the intelligence which is, by these means, making such inroads upon the imperfect systems of farming which are still too much practised here, as well as elsewhere. I may write you again from this enchanting country.

Very respectfully, yours,  
VIATOR.

## The Spine of Plants.

In all vertebrate animals there is a part at the back of the neck, between the spine marrow, and the brain, where a serious injury will occasion death.—There is a corresponding point in plants, between the root and the stem, which is called the neck or collar; and at this point plants may be more readily injured than any where else. Most plants, also may be killed by covering this point too deeply in the soil. In all seedling plants, this neck or vital part is immediately beneath the point where the seed leaves originate; and if the plant be cut over there when in a young state, the part which is left in the ground will infallibly die. In all plants, however, and particularly in herbaceous plants which have creeping stems, and also, in various kinds of trees and shrubs, the roots after the plant has attained a certain age, become furnished with adventitious buds; and when the plant or tree is cut over by the collar, these dormant buds are