

RUTLAND HERALD.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO BE A GENERAL REPOSITORY OF POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, DISCUSSIONAL, MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND ENTERTAINING READINGS

BY H. T. WHITE.

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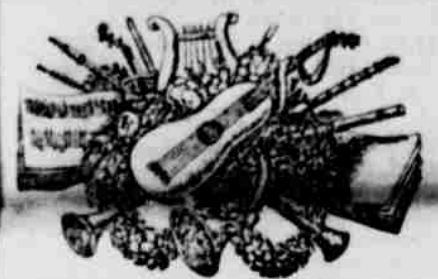
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THE FIRST DEAR THING.

The first dear thing that I ever loved,
Was a mother's gentle eye,
That smiled as I woke on the dreamy couch
That cradled my infancy.
I never forget the joyous thrill
That smile in my spirit stirred,
Nor how could it charm me against my will
Till I laugh'd like a joyous bird.

And the next fair thing that I ever loved
Was a bunch of summer flowers,
With odors, and hues, and loveliness
Fresh as from Eden's bowers,
Never can find such hues again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume;
And if there be odors as sweet as these,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next fair thing that I was fond to love
Is tenderer far to tell;
It was a voice and a hand, and a gentle eye,
That dazzled me with its spell.
And the loveliest things that I loved before
Were only the landscape now,
In the canvass bright, where I pictured her
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er all these lovely things,
For ever, for ever flown.
Then out I walk'd in the forest free,
Where wand'ring the autumn wind,
And the covered boughs hung shivering
In harmony with my mind.

And a spirit was on me that next I loved,
That ruled my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
And then did I love the snow;
And I heard the gales through the wild wood
Like the Lord's own organ below.

And the bush I had lov'd in my greenwood walk
I saw it far away,
Sprinkled with snows, like the bending priest
That kneels in the church to pray.
And I thought on the vaulted fane on high
Where I stood when a little child,
And by the lauds sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undecified.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayers,
And the same full organ peels up sent,
And the same soft soothing airs.
And I felt in spirit so dear and strange,
To think of the race I ran,
That I loved the sole thing, that I knew no
In the soul of the boy and man. [change,

Pontius Pilate at Vienna.

Translated and abridged from the 'Courier des Etats Unis.'

Vienna in Dauphiny, a province of France, the capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There on the bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of ancient architecture, which according to tradition is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Pontius Pilate* It was in Vienna also that the wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the bones of the Judge of the Righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old manuscript found in a monastery near Vienna. It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcellus was praetor at Vienna, that an old man, bent with age yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written, in red letters, the name of Albinus, who was an old acquaintance of Pilate. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accused by the day which succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the front of Imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Candane Furcula* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Partians in the war against Artabanus. And I—misérable me!"

"You miserable!" asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienna, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the *Tribunal*. You are denounced by Vitellius, prefect of Judea, your enemy, for having chastened the rebellious Jews, who had slain the most noble of the Roman emperors, and who afterwards withdrew themselves from Mount Garisim. You are also accused of having thus out of hatred against the Jews."

"No," replied Pilate, "not by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me. What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you—sensible, humane. I see it you are the victim of Vitellius."

"Say not so Albinus, say not that I am the victim of Vitellius—No! I am the victim of a higher power! The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's disgrace; the Jews as the severe Proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God, did you say, Pilate? Impious wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross."

"Beware, Albinus, beware," continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple, he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

On arriving at Jerusalem I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with his high priests and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards, the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the tables of the gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time, Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people, that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single Centurion, and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiable thirst of empire! to extend its conquest beyond the means of defending them.

Among the various rumors which came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man it was said had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unction, a new law in the name of the God who had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as the friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or a more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers with their black beards and tawny complexions. Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators, who were camped in Etruria, waiting for Catalina. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence. On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manlius, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the Philosophers, any thing that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, Jesus replied:—*Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act and speak without restraint, as was also his disciples.

Should it ever happen—may the gods avert the omen! should it ever happen I say, that the religion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—whilst I, miserable wretch! I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and we—Destiny.

But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews—not the poor but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter; and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" would he say to them, "you are a race of vipers! you resemble painted Sepulchres!" At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the publican, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him, that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets—and that, if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Caesar.

This I had prevented, by informing Caesar of all that had happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus requesting an interview with him, at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then I was young, in my veins flowed the Spanish blood, mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilisk, and my feet seemed fastened, with an iron band, to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene, calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and, by a single gesture, seemed to say to me, here I am.

For some time, I contemplated, with admiration and with awe, this extraordinary type of a man—a type unknown to our numerous sculptors, who have given form and figure to all the gods and all the heroes.

Jesus, said I to him at last, and my tongue faltered—Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for the last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage, I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great Philosophers. The emperor is informed of it—and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and terrible enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings; against me, on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them. My request, I do not say my order—is, that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice. The Nazarene calmly replied:

"Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent, stay in the midst of the mountain, because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the Just will be spilt."

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I, with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches! they are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge—it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said with a graceful and divine smile:

"When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on the earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the Just is there, (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the Province which has been confided to my care requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders; you know them. My happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love, and charity. I was born the same day when Caesar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution I have always expected from sinners, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Retrain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilisk.

Herod the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene.

Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of this regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium;—and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied, that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching;—and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the Temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city—too weak to suppress disorder, and no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized Jesus, and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating—"Crucify him! crucify him!"

Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman emperor; and although, in this instance, I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scowled at. Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness a severe reprimand which the Nazarene, during three years, had been continually throwing out against them

wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a detestable act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came in Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountain of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she to me, "beware and touch not that man for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision, he was walking on the water,—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempests, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake—all were obedient to him. Behold the torrent of Mount Cedron flows with blood, the statues of Caesar are soiled with the filth of the gemonies, the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Pilate! evil awaits thee,—if thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curses of a Roman Senate, dread the frown of Caesar!"

By this time my marble steps groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was bro't back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded! The death of the Nazarene, was their reply. For what crime? He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the Temple; he calls himself the Son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews! Roman justice, said I, punisheth not such offences with death—"Crucify him! crucify him!" shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriate multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the temples of Eumindis. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which, at that moment, appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged; then, calling for a crier, I washed my hands in the presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our civil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portal of the Pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with hoarse screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise towards the ideas of March, I, the contemned governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilisk, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was desert.—Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers thro' the funeral gate that leads to the Gemonies. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as had never been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and large ruptures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the Author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Towards the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city towards the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consummated. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed, had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman Cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his Eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt; then, looking back towards Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium sad and pensive. On ascending the stairs, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep—"Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you and what is your request?" "I am Joseph of Arimathea. I am come upon my knees to beg permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and at the same time, ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned.

A few days afterwards, the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform. It was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn.

At that moment the sound of clarions playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eyes towards the Cesarian gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other trumpets sounding Caesar's march. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me, two thousand men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. "It has then been decreed by the Fates," cried I, wringing my hands, "that the great iniquity should be accomplished—that, for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writhing on the cross! *All is consummated.*"

Sheep Going West. We learn that several enterprising Yankees are buying large flocks of Sheep in this State and driving them to the Prairies of the West, where they live at free cost the greatest part of the year, and for the residue are kept on hay which costs only a dollar a ton—the price of making it. In this way wool can be produced far below its cost at the East, while its transportation to the seaboard costs less than five per cent. of its value, and that of grain costs fifty per cent. All that is now wanting is that Manufactories shall be established in the West wherever there is water power to work up a part of the Wool where it is grown, supplying the country with cloth and providing employment for such a portion of its people as are not well adapted to agriculture and other rugged work. *N. Y. Tribune.*

Noah's Last. We heard last week that Major Noah's new paper was dead, after a short and sickly existence of only two weeks; but no we find it in the category not of Deaths but of marriages. In brief, it has been united to the Sunday Times, and the Major remains at the helm. We find the following bit at the times in yesterday's paper.—*Tribune.*

The Age of Bronze. A gentle looking fellow, with rather a dandy air carrying a cane like a shepherd's crook, accosted me thus, near the Park—"Good morning, my dear Judge, never saw you look so well; pray how do you stand with Tyler now?" "Well I hope—I always wish to stand well with him." "My object in asking to solicit your interest, to obtain a place in the customs." "Pray my worthy friend, did I not once try you for swindling?" "No! No sir, you never did; it is entirely a mistake." "Ah, that is true, I never did try you, I recollect; you pleaded guilty; and I sentenced you to three months in the Tombs." "Good heavens, dear Judge, what a memory you have; but you might assist a clever fellow to get an honest living."

From the New Orleans Bulletin DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

The suggestion that the upper parts of the Mississippi Valley will in a few years be the chief seat of American Manufactures, is undoubtedly well founded. Already labor and capital to a large amount are employed in manufactures of various sorts in the west. In Western Pennsylvania the upper part of Western Virginia, and in the Eastern part of Ohio, manufactures of cotton, wool, silk, paper, wooden and stone ware, &c., &c., abound. Within a circuit of twenty miles from Mount Pleasant, Ohio, there are probably two hundred manufacturing establishments of different sorts and constantly increasing. At Cuyahoga Falls, a little village near Akron, Ohio, are some eight or ten immense paper mills, as well as other manufactures. In Akron, nearly all kinds of manufactures known to the country are carried on. Cotton yarns and cotton and woolen fabrics of different descriptions are made; there are manufactures of machine cards, oil mills, paper mills, and several of the largest and most admirably arranged flouring mills, we venture to say, in the world.

Steubenville, in Ohio, has for several years been famous for the manufacture of jeans and other woollen and worsted goods. Zanesville is also a manufacturing town, and Dayton in the Western part of the State, carries on a great variety of manufactures. At Cincinnati, also, and at Covington, and Louisville, Ky., manufactures form a large and increasing business, and in some towns in Indiana, also are considerable manufacturing establishments. The manufacturing interest in the West, as well as at the North, received a great impetus from the passage of the present tariff law, and from the general revival of business which followed that measure. Steam and Water power are both used in the West. Many parts of the Ohio Valley abound with "water privileges" as they are termed, the streams which empty into the Ohio generally being broken by rapids and cascades. The canals, also, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, furnish an immense water power, not nearly all of which is yet occupied.

Other parts of the Valley abound in coal, and all parts in wood, of no use but for combustion, so that steam power is cheap. The manufacturing and mechanical pursuits of that magnificent Valley, as well as its agriculture, must therefore increase rapidly in extent, variety and importance, unless checked by untoward legislation or some other cause.

But it is not to the Ohio valley that the manufactures of the West are to be confined. Already, indeed, on the upper Mississippi there are large flouring mills, and we expect not many years to elapse till the Yankee transplants thither his cotton and woolen factories, and the various contrivances for turning out "notions" which are so numerous in that busy country called Yankee land. On the high rolling prairies of the north west, sheep are raised to very great advantage, and provisions being so abundant and cheap it will be presently found better to bring the factories to the wool and the food than to take the wool and the food to the factories. On Rock river and on the upper part of the Des Moines, and perhaps at the Des Moines rapids of the Mississippi, there will probably be large manufacturing towns. Indeed, it may not be anticipating too much to expect large flouring mills and woolen manufactures even at the Falls of St. Anthony.