

hundred thousand people. A constitution and state government will have been formed, and some citizen now perhaps amongst us, will have been chosen her chief magistrate. Her two senators will have been sent to the senate-house, and her voice will be heard, and her *votes felt*, in the councils of the nation.

The working machinery of her government will be all in motion. Her people will elect a sound judiciary who will administer, we may hope, her laws so wisely and justly as to forever shield the sacred ermine from suspicion or reproach. Her prairies will be peopled over by a hardy, happy, contented and thrifty race of men—a people gathered from all parts of our own loved country, and from the oppressed of every clime—all here as free as the rough breeze that sweeps around their homesteads and tinges every countenance with the ruddy line of health.

The two great civilizers, the church and school-house, will be found from Big Stone Lake to Fond du Lac—from the Iowa line to Pembina. Railroads will connect us with the states; and the various prominent points within the state will be united by an iron chain; while that real “democrat,” the iron horse, will be heard puffing over many a plain, and his echoes heard stirring among the silent hills, and laughing to scorn the sluggish waters of the Mississippi, St. Croix, and Minnesota; as well as other streams, whose calm surfaces are as yet unrippled by even the paddles of a steamer.

Manufactures, commerce, and the arts, will flourish to an extent now unthought of. Every stream will be taxed and made to labor as it leaps and roars. Every acre of tillable land will be made to yield its tribute. A fleet of steamers will be always found at the levée of St. Paul and other towns. Bench street being cut down to the water’s edge, a magnificent levée will be formed the entire city’s length. In short, the hum of industry and of strong, active, vigorous, joyous, and happy life, will ascend heavenward like incense from a grateful people, till the noise of a hundred cataracts like St. Anthony’s would sink into insignificance and be unheard.

And now should this picture of the future be considered to