THE MONTANA POST.

D. W. TILTON, & CO., Editors & Proprietors. "My Country, May she Always be right, But My Country, Right or Wrong." TERMS:--$7,50 Per Year in Advance

VOL. 1. VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864. NO. 17.

The Montana Post

D. W. Tilton, & Co.,

D. W. Tilton. Ben. R. Davis.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office at the City Book Store, Corner of Wallace and Jackson Streets.

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Will give Board and Lodging at $14 00 per week. Any one who wants warm, comfortable and clean beds, meals and liquors, let them call and see

CARPENTER.

12—6t*

The Price of a Kiss.

When I was a boy—a tall strapping young fellow of seventeen or eighteen—father was a farmer, and owned that piece of ground yonder. It was a fine farm then, though they've cut a railway through it and spoiled it with their improvements. In those days we were content to travel by the stage or on horseback; and I must confess I don't think weve gained much by the change except explosions, though you may'nt agree with me there—youngsters never do. Just here stood old Wilber Trabb's tavern—the Jolly Farmer. Tavern was no disgrace then, though you'd insult a hotel keeper to call it one now. They hadn't much steady company there; but the folk stopped on the way up by the stage, and drovers and farmers on the way to market took their meals there. Of winter evenings the Squire, and the Doctor, and even the Parson, used to come over and taste old Trabb's ale and have a chat with him. He was a well-educated, light-hearted old man, who had fought when young in the Revolutionary war; and though past seventy could drink and laugh with fellows young enough to be his grandsons. Such stories as he used to tell of his own bravery and hair-breadth escapes would make your hair stand on end with horror. We youngsters never doubted a word of them then, whatever we may do now at times. With his large bulky figure and red face, and loud voice, he was the strangest contrast to his daughter Mehitable—Hetty every one called her. She was like some slender white lily in those days, and her voice like some silver bell and just as musical—a shy little soul just come home from school, and ready to cry with fright at having to take her place as mistress; for you see her mother had been dead years and years. The tombstone in the church-yard was just as old as Hetty, and she was the only woman about the house.

In a little while she grew used to it, and less timid; and then from looking at her at a distance I came to speaking to her.—The first time was at the great gate that opened upon the road at the back of the house. It was heavy and hard to open, and seeing her little hands busy with it I went across and set it back for her; and she said, "Thank you—you're very kind to take so much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Hetty," I said: "its a pleasure." And then she blushed, and I felt the blood rush into my face, though I don't suppose she noticed it; for what with work in the open air, and the sun, and sheepishness, I was about as red as I well could be all the time in those days.

After that we bowed, and smiled, and spoke when we met; and at last one Sunday evening I mustered up resolution, and dressed myself in my best, and put a rose in my button-hole, and took a boquet for her, and went across the fields to Wilber Trabb's. Two or three times I felt like going back, or running away somewhere; but I screwed my courage to the sticking point, and got to the door. I'm not sure, though, that I'd have made up my mind to go in, if she hadn't been sitting there on the porch reading her prayer-book. She put it in her pocket, and looked up and smiled.

"How do you do, Mr. Maffit?" she said. "I'm glad to see you. Walk in." And she took me into the little parlor, and handed me a chair.

I can remember that room just as if it was yesterday. There was a home-made carpet, red and yellow stripes, on the floor; and a mahogany tea-table you could see your face in between the windows; and all about the room was wainscoted and painted blue about as high as your waist. Above that was whitewashed. The mantle-piece was higher than your head, and had plated candlesticks and a tea-caddy on it; and on the walls were two paper profiles: one old Wilber, and the other of his wife, cut at a fair when they were sweet-hearts The chairs had rush bottoms and were painted black, and there were green window-papers tied up with tassels at the windows. Hetty wore a white dress and a check aporn, and had a string of coral beads about her little throat. I remember it all like a picture—most of all her pretty eyes, looking down at the strips in the carpet.

"It's a nice evening, Miss Hetty," I said, to say something, as I ought.

"Very, she answered. "I'm always glad of a bright Sunday. Rain keeps the people from church, and it makes it dull besides."

"I saw you in church this morning," I said.

"I saw you too," replied Hetty, and then there was silence. She plaited her aporn string, and I stared at her.

"I see you've plenty of flowers, Miss Hetty," I said; "but mother has such good luck with her carnations, I thought I'd bring you a few, if you'd accept them; and I handed her my nosegay. She smiled and took them.

"They're beautiful," she said. I'll put them in water;" and she went out and brought in a polished beer-glass half full of water and set them in it; and having something to do with her hands and eyes grew less bashful. And we talked about flowers and seeds and gardening for a good while.

When the moon was up we went out on the porch and sat there. And she told me about her city school, and a teacher who was very kind to her, and of her joy that she could be so useful to her father, and that he was so fond of her.

"For you see," she said, I'd been away so long I knew nothing about home, and not much even about pa."

"I'm sure," said I, "the loss was his, and if you were my daughter I'd not send you to school away from me one day." And then I was so conscious that I'd made a silly speech that I said "good-night," in quite a short way, and wished the earth would open and swallow me.

That was my first visit to Hetty, but not the last. Pretty soon I went up to see her every Sunday night, and waited on her to singing-school, and had got so that I could talk in my natural voice—the first night it was only a queer husky growl—and could express my own ideas, such as they were, in something like comprehensible language.

Hetty had read more than I had ever heard of. She was well-educated for a girl in those days, and she made me wonder at her smartness when she was not afraid of talking. She wrote a pretty hand, too, and could sing the sweetest ballad. My only fear was that I was too homely, and rough, and countrified to suit her. Father knew where I went Sunday nights, and laughed about my going sparking; but mother was anxious. She thought that Hetty was not just the girl for a farmer's wife, I fancy, and she had made up her mind that I should marry my far away cousin Ann Dolting. But I took my own way, and grew fonder of dear little Hetty every day. I hoped, too, that she liked me better. At last there had been an apple-paring at neighbor Welcome's; dancing and games had kept us up all night, so that it was almost dawn when I saw Hetty home. How peaceful the green fields were in the gray twilight, with the stars just fading out of sight, and the dew, like diamonds, on every spear of the long grass! I had offered Hetty my arm, and the dear little hand lay like a snow-flake on the black cloth. Something—not myself, I'm sure, for I'd not have dared to—make me stoop my head and kiss the pretty fingers, and the next minute we were standing face to face quite still, with both her hands in mine.

"Oh, Hetty!" I said, "please don't be angry; but I love you so—you are so very dear to me. Ever since that first evening I've felt that if you should say I might not have that little hand to keep I should want to die. I don't know what there is in me to like; but, Hetty, for Heaven's sake try to like me enough to be my wife. The best and handsomest fellow in the world couldn't be fonder of you than I am."

She wouldn't look up. She wouldn't speak. I tried to see her face, and it was all wet with tears. But when I put my arm about her she did not seem angry, and I drew her to my heart, and held her there long enough to kiss her twenty times; and then we walked over the fields, and I thanked God for giving me so great a treasure. Old Wilber Trabb was not opposed to the match; but when I talked to him about it as Hetty bade me, he said,

"If the girl has set her heart upon it she may marry you, but I can't spare her yet, and you are both young enough to wait a couple of years"; so it was settled that we should be married two years from that time on my Hetty's nineteenth birthday. "All the better," said the old folks, and Hetty was content; but I felt anxious to have her all my own. She was so lovely that I fancied every man in the world must envy me.

As for my doing as I did, I'd have staked my soul, and that's pretty heavy stake, that I never could have done it. I was bewitched, I think, or Satan took possession of me. But this is how it happened, We had been engaged a year—Hetty and I—I think, when a pretty Southern girl came to Butler to live. Butler was the next village. She had an opportunity of making a show, for her father owned plenty of darkeys, and gave her all the money she wanted. She dressed elegantly, and gave herself airs, and wondered how any woman could do housework. A great black woman with slipshod shoes came with her to wait on her; and she never poured out the water to wash her own hands. She put silly notions into many a girl's head, but Hetty only laughed at her. Why I never knew, but she took a notion to me—she glanced and smiled—she wasn't troubled with bashfulness; and after a while I found myself talking to her a great deal, and thinking how very pretty she was. Once or twice Hetty was silent and a little pale after the parties and husking-frolics where we had met Miss Prinecly; but I never thought of her being jealous, for I loved her better than any other living thing, and it seemed to me she must know it.

One day, or rather evening, I had been dancing with this Southern girl, and was about to leave her when she gave a little laugh and said,

"I thought you had staid quite as long as you dared."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh we all know whose apron-string *you* are tied to!" she replied. "I only wonder you dare leave her side at all."

"I dare do anything I choose," said I.

"No." she laughed, "you daren't dance the next three dances with me."

"But I will," said I; and sat down beside her. I saw her eyes glitter, and I did not dare to look towards Hetty. Soon the music struck up, and we danced together. Hetty had another partner. I envied him her little white hand, but I could bring myself to be laughed at, and I danced not only three but four times with Miss Princely.

"You're braver than I thought," she said, when we were through. "Now run away and be forgiven."

My heart gave a strange little leap as she said those words, but I answered by a laugh and kept close to her all supper-time. Peo- were talking about it, I knew, for all were well aware that Hetty and I were engaged to each other; but that girl's sneer seemed to have made a fool of me, and I determined to show her that I was my own master.

When I left her at last, she said: "I am going away the day after to-morrow for good. If you dare come over and see me to-morrow evening—"

"I'll be there," I said, and then I went in search of Hetty. She was not there.—Dr. Bray and his wife had gone home early, and she had gone with them in their gig.

I did not stay long after that.

The best part of that night I passed walking up and down before her window.—There was a light within, and every now and then a little shadow crossed the curtain. If I could have seen her then all would have been right, but it was too late, and I went home just in time to change my dress and be called to breakfast.

The day was a long one. It was a busy time, and I couldn't leave my work; but I thought of Hetty all the while. What apology could I make? I could only tell her the truth, and how meanly that sounded. "Tied to her apron-string," and she the gentlest thing that ever lived, who never strove to rule me. I almost hated Miss Princely for that speech now.

But Hetty was so good and sweet-tempered she must forgive me. It was the first time I had offended, and I made short work of the mush and milk at supper, and was up stairs and dressed and off in less time than it takes to tell it.

When I reached the House, old Trabb was taking supper by himself. "Looking for Hetty?" he asked. "She's off spending the afternoon somewhere; took her knitting work and said she'd be out late. Sit by and take a bite.

But I was too restless, and hurt besides. It was one of my regular evenings, and Hetty must have known I would be there. I thought her very cruel and unkind; and then in a spirit of pique I made up my mind to go to Butler and see Miss Princely at her cousin's.

It was a three mile's walk, and was quite dark when I got there. They lived in the only street of Butler, a row of white houses, with their gardens joining, just separated by pretty little hedges. Miss Princely was alone. "So glad to see you," she said. "I staid at home on purpose;" and she smiled, and dimpled, and looked prettier than ever. Then she played to me, for they had a piano, and afterward the colored woman brought in coffee and cakes and cold chicked, and we had a little supper.

I didn't forget Hetty, but I made up my mind to enjoy that evening, and the supper over we walked up and down in the garden. Next door, with tha hedge between us, some girls were chatting, but their laughs and voices were the only sounds that broke the silence.

"I'm going away to-morrow," said Miss Princely, after a little while.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I.

"I don't believe you," she said pouting.

"Why not?"

"You'd not care if all the world were going," she said. "If you were to hear I were dead to-morrow, you'd never grieve."

"Indeed I should."

"Oh, you men!" she said coquettishly. "But do you know my poor little bones quite long to be home again? It's growing chilly here as autumn advances. My hands are quite chapped, and my lips, just look at them." She pursed them up in a very tempting way and I bent forward.

"I can't see," I said. "It's too dark, I must tell by the sense of touch."

It's strange how such a bashful fellow as I had been could have grown so saucy on a sudden; but I told you before I was bewitched. I had kissed her as I spoke, and she gave me a little soft slap, and said, "O, how dare you?" in any thing but an angry voice.

"They're very soft for chapped lips," I said; and just then turning, I saw in the moonlight a pale, frightened face looking over the hedge which divided the two gardens. There for a moment stood Hetty looking at us both. The next I saw it sink, and heard some one cry, "Why, what is the matter with Hetty? I think she has fainted."

How much she heard I never knew, but I know she saw me kiss that girl.

The next day a farm-hand brought me a little parcel and a note from Hetty:

"I send you back your presents," she wrote. "I wish you could return all the love I have given you. It is over now, but I am ashamed of ever having cared for one so treacherous and fickle."

Those cold words only. Five hours afterwards I had left home and was far away, with only a few dollars in my pocket and a bundle of clothes on a stick over my shoulder.

A vessel was about to sail for England when I reached New York, and I shipped before the mast.

I went half round the world, and went to many a land. I never forgot Hetty, and I knew I never could be happy again; but I was most like myself in a storm, or when there was any danger that excited me. One thing they thought odd in me—I never dared to look at or speak to a woman when we went ashore; pretty or ugly, young or old, it was all the same. At last I wrote to mother, but not often, and I never asked a question about Hetty. I didn't care to hear what I supposed I should, that she had married some one else.

When my mother died, father was not fond of writing, and I sent him presents instead of letters, and had no chance of hearing.

I'll not make my long story longer by telling of my adventures at sea, or how we came, after, I was first mate, to fall in with a pirate on the high seas. We beat him; but I was wounded, and they took me up for dead. I lived, however; and though I had lost a leg, and had a great scar across my cheek, seemed likely to live. I came back to America, and my heart being softened by a long illness, I longed to go home and see my good old father; so from New York I travelled to my native place. I was thirty-six years old on the day when I limped through Butler, where the stage stopped, and saw the garden in which I had given Miss Princely that kiss which had cost me, so much. My heart was so full that I could have wept. Butler and our place had grown such near neighbors that that they were almost one. Only two or three green fields lay between them. A new street had been built, and the tavern stood on that. It was altered, and had wings and another story, but there was a sign—The Town Hotel, W. Trabb. A boy was lounging at the door.

"Is old Mr. Trabb living yet?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy; and he's right smart, though they say he's over ninety."

"He'll not remember me," I thought.—"I'll go in and see him."

I knew the way to the parlor, and I went toward it. The hall was oil-clothed and painted, and when I looked into the room I hardly knew it. Its walls were papered, and it was furnished as modern parlors were. But I did know the form that stood there—the slight, fair woman, with her bands of golden hair—Hetty—older, but not altered—the sweet girl changed to a lovely woman. She bent over the chair in which her old father sat, and, standing there, I heard him speak, his tones thinner than of yore and with a quaver in them.

"My dear, I wish you'd think twice of this. I'm sure John Westbrook would make you a good husband. I'd like to see you married before I die."

"Papa," she answered, "I'm too old to marry. I'm thirty-five."

"A mere child yet," said the old man.—"And you might have been married twenty times. I don't want to lose you; but John would take the business, and we'd live together. Make up your mind to marry him."

"I can't papa; indeed I can't marry John Westbrook. I must live and die an old maid."

"I can't see why you should throw your life away," said the old man.

"Dear papa," she said, "it is not wasting my life to spend it with you. I have never loved any one but poor Arthur Maffit, and it would be very wrong to marry without love. He has all I ever had to give."

"The sea cannot give up its dead," said the old man.

"Amen!" she said, and bent her head upon his shoulder and wept aloud.

Then I crossed the threshold and stood before them.

"Hetty, I am not worthy of your tears," I said. And with a cry, she turned and fell fainting in my arms.

An hour after we sat alone together, and I said to her:

"Hetty, I have no right, altered as I am after so many years, to come between you and a better man. But I am very selfish. Can you forget the bitterly-repented folly of an hour enough to forgive and bless a man who loves you, and has always loved you, better than his life? Will you be a crippled sailor's wife, Hetty, or must I take my lonely way again, and bear my punishment till I die?"

I waited for my answer, not daring to look at her until she put her little milk-white woman's hand in my brown, rough palms and left it there.

Josh Billings Writes a Story.

I du consider muskeeters
The mosts pesky ov all God's creeturs.

I hav finally ketched it. I hav bin like a lam, led sudden to the slauter, and had mi blood sucked out ov me, as though it was only sweet sider, and belonged tu somebody else. I am a man ov peace, but, low and behold! there ain't a piece in me but what iz bit and puckered and tore.

When muskeeters whisper in yure ear
The devil's angels are hovering near.

I retired to rest last night at the usual time, on the left side ov me, and about 2 feet adjacent waz the side ov the hous, on the south side ov me, and about 2 feet adjacent is my wife. I dropt tu sleep as a snow flake duz on the buzzum ov a silvery Lake. (I have a faint idee that this last sentence, for luvlaness, can't be beat, handy.) I dreamed a good sized hot dream.

It felt like the breath ov a Kanada Thissell
Around mi hed a triing tu whissell.

Suddenly I awoke.

The room was full ov yells and screams responsiv. I dashed wildly across the room. I lit a lite. I harked one of my most reliable harks. Awl wuz still—still az a crow's nest in the dead ov winter. I gazed a gaze, az tho' I was triing tu thred the rong end of a kambrick needel. Awa in the distance, solitary, alone, clus up tu the ceiling, chawing hiz cud, sot a little grey cuss. I dipped a coarse towel into a basin ov water and wrung it out. I krept up under the little grey cuss—i tuk aim, and fired,

And hit the spot
Where the little grey cuss had sot;

Awl wuz still agin. I onlighted the kandle—and sought mi couch.

I slept agin, only as the vartuous sleep! Soonly, alas! too soonly! a ——

[KONKLUDED IN OUR NEX.]

With the title of *L'Echo Nuptial*, a matrimonial paper is soon to be established in Paris. The exclusive object of the journal is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers; and every day several colums of "Proposals" and "Wants" will be published, with the love correspondence of those who desire to carry on their courtship through the columns of a public print. We suppose, instead of financial and commercial articles, they will present a daily review of the "Wife and Husband Market," announcing the various shades of complexion in favor at that time, and what color of hair and eyes is preferable; also, whether short, stumpy females are likely to range "higher on 'Change," and if the supply of gentlemen of high stature is fully "up to the demand," or if the market is overstocked with them, making the prospect better for those who sell "short." Of course those in the market awaiting customers will be classified by the editor under the terms of "tall," "short," "middling," "light," "dark," "stumpy," and "square-shouldered."

The *Scientific American* gives the following recipe for an ant trap:

"Procure a large sponge, wash it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and take up their abode in the cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding water, which will wash them out dead by tens of thousands. Put on more sugar, and set the trap for a new haul. This process will soon clear the house of every ant."

[A capital idea. If the originator of this thing had patented it he would have made a fortune of it. It is the "little things" that pay.—Eds.