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 In Gold Per Year in Advance

VOL. 1. CITY OF VIRGINIA, MONTANA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865. NO. 27.

The Montana Post

D. W. Tilton, & Co.,

D. W. Tilton. Ben. R. Dittes.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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Attorneys at Law, Virginia City, M. T., will promptly attend to all professional business entrusted to their care. 1—3m

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Boot & Shoe maker, Virginia City, Montana Territory. The best of custom work always on hand. Give me a trial. 1—6m

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Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler. Particular attention paid to repairing all classes of watches. Any part of any watch can be made new at this establishment, and warranted to give satisfaction.—Call and examine specimens of Jewelry made from the native gold. 1—1y

CALIFORNIA HOTEL,

Nevada City, Montana Territory.

LOUIS BELANGER, - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

This hotel is situated on Main street, and in the best part of the City. The table supplied with the best the market affords, and the saloon furnished with the best liquors.

Rooms and beds can be had at reasonable prices. Charges for board moderate. 2

FOUND.

A CERTIFICATE OF TEN SHARES OF THE consolidated Silver Star Company. The owner by proving property and paying for this advertisement can have the same at the City Book Store, Virginia City. 4—tf

Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

MEET regularly every Monday, at 7 o'clock, P. M., at Masonic Hall. By order of

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IDAHO HOTEL,

Wallace street, Virginia City, M. T. J. M. Castner proprietor. The proprietor announces to his old friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to accommodate boarders by the meal, day or week at low rates. His table furnished with the best the market affords. 1—1y

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Manufacturers of Jewelry, Jackson street, Virginia City, M. T. Strict attention given to repairing all classes of watches, and warranted to give satisfaction. Keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Jewelry. Every thing in our line made to order at low rates. 1—3m

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AMERICAN WATCHES JUST RECEIVED DIrect from the manufactories.

Every description of Jewelry manufactured from the Native Gold. Call, Examine Specimens, and then judge.

Sign of the MAMMOTH WATCH,

VIRGINIA CITY, Montana Territory.

Virginia City, Sept. 10, 1864. 3m—18*

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Office on Cover Street, Viginia City. 5—6m

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BY

HENRY BAIER.

Also Flue Building, and all kinds of brick work one to order. 5—3m

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4—tf

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Idaho street, Virginia City, M. T. James Gennall, proprietor. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of the best lumber, which will be sold at low rates. 1—1y

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Nevada City, M. T. Patrick Ryan, proprietor.—All persons wishing good bread are requested to call. Prices low. Also, beer furnished with the best of drinks. Here is the place to get an honest loaf, a cake or pie, and "something to wash it down." 1—6m

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Office on Jackson Street, below Wallace, Virginia City, Montana Territory. 1y—12

WISCONSIN HOUSE.

Idaho Street, Opposite Recorder's Office.

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*

Virginia City Council, No. 2, U. L. A.

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H. J. Paulison, Sec'y. 18—tf

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Corner of Idaho and Jackson Sts., Virginia City, Montana Territory.

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THE ABOVE NAMED HOUSE, FORMERLY conducted by Wm. Sloan, Esq., having been enlarged and re-fitted is now open with every facility for the accommodation of Guests and Boarders. Comfortable rooms and beds are provided and the table is carefully furnished with the best the market and seasons afford.

Passengers for the early Stage Coaches can obtain good lodgings here and be wakened at the proper hour. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wm. & Jno. A. Shoot,
4—tf Proprietors.

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GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

Particular attention given to the sale of Live Stock and Real Estate, sales of Stocks of Goods in Store. Office at the Elephant Corral, Virginia City, M. T. 3m—18*

SECORD & FAUCETTE

SADDLERS & HARNESS MAKERS.

CONSTANTLY on hand and manufacturing from the best material, all styles of Saddles, Bridles, Single and Double Harness, or anything else made in a first class saddler shop. 1m—14

The New Local Song----"Quartz Up on the Brain."

Air—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

A sturdy character I note,
That daily strikes our view,
He loves to rove in paths remote
From folly's aimless crew;
His prying sight scans every height,
And pierces every plain;
For, as the mining parlance goes,
"He has Quartz upon the brain."

In California, first, he found
His heart's congenial field,
Learnt how to trace the tracts of ground
Where Quartz Leads lay concealed;
And from their store, the precious ore
He labored to obtain,
Until the sapient crowd exclaimed,
"He has Quartz upon the brain."

Then, rich in pelf, he traveled back
To see his folks at home,
Get settled in the married track,
Nor seek again to roam.
But his fair maid his trust betrayed—
She chose another swain,
And sorely made him rue the day
When Quartz forsook his brain.

Then came the Pike's Peak fever on,
And, in his shattered state,
It took a hold, his mind upon,
As resolute as fate;
And urged his tramp to that famed camp,
Where, gaily once again,
He gave occasion for remark,
"He has Quartz upon the brain."

But Pike's Peak wasn't quite the thing
To realize his hope,
His spirit's renovated wing
Required a wider scope.
Hence straight he flew to diggings new,
And bore the old refrain,
On Salmon River's shining banks,
"He has Quartz upon the brain."

What Salmon River was, we know—
Its bright but transient glare,
Which soon reversed the tide, whose flow
Had swept so many there.
By this he caught the lucky thought,
Montana's clime to gain,
Where Fortune waits to bless the man,
Who has Quartz upon the brain.

Now as he treads our mountain ways,
And brings to happy light
The mineral wealth with which they blaze,
When scrutinized aright;
He hastes the hour when Plenty's pow'r
O'er all the land shall reign,
In praise of him of whom we say,
"He has Quartz upon the brain."

ENCORE VERSES.

The generous plaudits you bestow—
Which thanks but ill requite—
Denote that you perceive, I show
This theme in its true light,
And can espy, with like glad eye,
Our grandeur's tide advance
Through channels new--but booming already
with the rush of "honest miners," and
their admiring friends, to Deer Lodge,
Yellowstone, Prickly Pear, Boulder, Silver Bow, and other places too numerous
to mention,
Until you reach "Last Chance:"
It takes the bold Montana boys
To make the best of time.

And where's the region you can name,
By Nature's smiles caressed,
But that might well be proud to claim
Our LAST chance as its BEST?
Then raise the note, and let it float
The wond'ring world around,
Our stake is on the richest claim (for mining
and every sort of practical purposes)
In all creation's bound;
And all we ask, to prove the fact,
Is just a little time.

A Trip Through the New Mines.

Letter No. II.

Montana, M. T., Feb. 7, 1865.

Mr. Hosmer.—Dear Sir:—To continue the subject—I left Silver Bow, January 16th, just before the setting in of the cold spell, and reached Cold Spring ranche in only two days, meeting hundreds on the way, bound for Silver Bow. What all the people are to do there, or what with all the goods, is more than I can tell. Among other articles of freight on the road, was a billiard table, which some *sanguine* individual was taking over. I venture the assertion that not one person in four, when I left, had money enough to pay for one game. Poor show for a billiard table at these rates. Large lots of flour were also going there, though when I left, it was worth but $28 per sack, and selling in lots of twenty pounds, and less, owing to the scarcity of money.

As I said, I reached Cold Spring ranche in only two days, which convinces me that the estimate of distance thence from Virginia is nearly correct. Waiting at Cold Spring two days, I finally found a team coming this way. A good idea of the number going to Silver Bow, compared with those coming here, may be gained, when I tell you that during those two days, probably twenty teams passed, bound for Silver Bow, and not one for Prickly Pear. Bad luck seemed to attend from starting. The very day I left, was the commencement of the "cold spell" the wind blowing a perfect gale, and "cold as blazes," yet I traveled thirty miles, to the crossing of the Jefferson river, walking nearly all the way, for it was too cold to ride—reaching the crossing about eight o'clock in the evening. The next day was too cold even for a miner to travel, and the next, ditto, and the next, but by Tuesday, it had so moderated that we ventured out, and though desperately cold, reached the crossing of the Boulder on the evening of the second day. On the Stinkingwater, after crossing Mill creek, there was but little snow, which decreased as we came down the river, and soon after crossing Wisconsin gulch, it disappeared altogether, and we did not meet it again till crossing the divide between Whitetail Deer creek and South Boulder. Nearly all the stock, however, had been removed further down the river, the feed being short and fear of snow. Of the thousands of cattle grazing in Stinkingwater valley two months ago, scarcely any remain. One or two herds still remain on the Boulder near the mouth. The Stinkingwater valley is unsuitable as a winter grazing range.

Great preparations are being made for farming, and nearly every hundred and sixty acres has a claim staked upon it.—The coming year will see vegetables sufficient raised in the Territory to supply all the inhabitants, and grain will be produced in large quantities. There is a large amount of hay in the stack, but principally belonging to parties in Virginia and Nevada, who have paid from twenty to thirty dollars per ton, on the ground. It would be difficult to figure how much they can make by the operation, when they have paid twenty dollars per ton for hauling, and hay now selling for twenty-five dollars in Virginia.

On reaching Boulder creek, I learned of a new discovery on a tributary of Boulder, called Elk Horn gulch. This delayed me two days, but I consider myself well paid for my trip to the new gulch. It is some ten miles long and strongly resembles Alder creek. One shallow pit has been sunk and seven cents to the pan the result. If it does not turn out a rich gulch, I will feel disappointed.

The third morning after reaching Boulder, I was again off for Last Chance, the centre of Prickly Pear diggings. On the divide I found the snow two feet deep and badly drifted. Soon after crossing the summit descending on the North side, one meets the famous timber for which the whole Prickly Pear country is celebrated. It is not the half spruce, half hemlock variety of Alder Creek and Colorado, but the "simon pure" variety of Wisconsin, Maine and Canada. It is straight, and grows sixty feet without a limb, and from one to two and a half feet in diameter.—No greater speculation can be gone into in this section than to bring from the States a portable saw mill, not one of which I believe, is in the Territory. It would pay the coming season better than any mining claim. There is no difficulty in getting logs for building purposes forty feet long, and as straight as a string Doubtless this is the best timbered section in the Territory. After crossing the range, the first town you reach is Beavertown, the centre of the early discoveries—a small cluster of cabins which appears to have entirely stopped growing. Near this town is the celebrated Courtright lode, which as yet appears to be the richest lode yet discovered, perhaps because a deeper shaft has been sunk, which is now down fifty feet. Many other lodes are considered by the owners equally rich.

Four miles below Beaver we come to Jefferson city, a town started with the expectation of its being the county seat of Jefferson, but by some means or other, the recorder opened his books at Montana.—Now, if I mistake not, the county seat of this county was established at Gallatin, and able lawyers tell me, (I do not know with what truth), that all the records made with the recorder located at Montana are illegal. Of this I leave abler lawyers to judge, but it seems to me that if a county seat is established, it seems to me that the records should be made and kept there. Jefferson city, like its sister, Beaver city, seems to be deserted. Plenty of vacant cabins are to be found in either place. It consists of some twenty-five cabins, mostly well built. Above and below this, are bar claims on Prickly Pear creek, worked more or less since 1862. On this gulch were the first-discovered mines in the present Territory of Montana—even before the mines at Bannack

Twelve miles below Jefferson, we come to the present county seat of Jefferson county, Montana, about the size of Jefferson, presenting the same appearance of half-finished and empty cabins. It is in a more lively place, as it naturally would be, with the Recorder's office. I found the Recorder absent, as I am told he is most of the time—the duties being performed by Mr. Akerman, a deputy, and very much of a gentleman when once you get acquainted with him, though quite distant on first acquaintance. Mr. Merrill, the Recorder, was absent at Bannack, looking after his chair which he fears may slide from under him. From half a mile below Montana to Beaver Town, on Prickly Pear are several bars which have paid as high as twenty-five dollars per day to the hand, and doubtless the main gulch is rich, but no effort has been yet made to open it. It is claimed from head to foot, but very few of the claim holders ever expect to work them, but to sell them some time during the summer to parties with more energy and money. It will cost some $1,000 to open a claim on this gulch, but when once opened, will, I think, prove rich.

Some two miles west of here, is a dry gulch, which prospects extremely well, and the dirt pays $25 to the load, and not on the bed rock. This—the dry gulch—I consider the richest in the vicinity, as the dirt has has to be hauled only two miles.

Last Chance gulch—the town is called Helena—is about six miles due west from here, though it is some eight miles by the road. This is the centre of the present Prickly Pear excitement, and consists, in reality, of four gulches, three of which merge in one—Last Chance. About half a mile from this is a separate and distinct gulch—a dry one—quite rich, though the dirt must be hauled about a mile to water. Grizzly gulch, a tributary to Last Chance, is considered the richest, and it is on this that claims are selling at such exhorbitant prices as you hear in Virginia. Reports come in to-day that $13,000 was offered for two claims on that gulch yesterday and refused—a pair of *fools* I pronounce them. None of the gulches will, I think, prove as rich as Alder creek. Notwithstanding all this, the mines are so extensive that large amounts of gold will be taken out during the present season, and if claims could be bought at reasonable figures, would prove remunerative.

Twenty-five miles north of Last Chance, we come to Pagan or Pilgrim gulch, which is attracting considerable attention. Near this is also Silver creek, pronounced "fair diggings" by those who have visited it.—Taken all together, this section must form the richest mining section of the whole Territory. Helena, in Last Chance gulch, will doubtless be a business centre of no mean importance. It already has some 75 houses completed, and as many more commenced. Had they plenty of water, there is no question but it would be very productive, but not one of the gulches has over half a sluice-head of water, and in the spring, with the melting of the snow, will not have over a good fair sluice-head, and two of the gulches—the richest—are completely dry. I spent two days at Helena, and found everything full of hope and promise. Every claim holder considers himself rich, but whether from working the claims or prospective sale, I cannot tell. A perfect monopoly exists among the early claimants. I was credibly informed that several, though they had already sold eight or ten claims of two hundred feet each, had on their hands, by pre-emption, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet. Some twenty or twenty-five persons first pre-empted Last Chance gulch, and when they had exhausted the names, they went above or below and formed a new district, and thus they continued, carrying their exclusiveness into other gulches in the vicinity, as they were discovered; and to enable them thus to hold this number of claims, they passed laws to suit themselves, postponing representation to suit their convenience. A few weeks or even days of such emigration as is now pouring in, will furnish pilgrims sufficient to modify these laws, so that *may be nearly everybody can get a claim.* There are certainly claims enough hereabouts for twice the number already here, and new discoveries will be made on the opening of spring.

February 9.—Saturday I went on a "stampede" to a gulch distant only four miles from this place. The gulch takes its rise in the North side of a bald mountain, about twenty miles from here. On the south side of the same, the newly discovered Elkhorn gulch takes its rise, which flows into South Boulder. The gulch I first speak of is some twenty miles long, and the prospects obtained at the lower end warrants the belief that it will be excellent further up. There was some hundred people there yesterday, who staked for eight or ten miles, and, as is the practice in this section, for everybody they could think of. A miner's meeting held in the afternoon made the claims two hundred feet in length and in width from summit to summit. I question the policy of such extravagant claims, yet it universally obtains here, but we succeeded in incorporating into the laws an article requiring every claim holder to represent his claim in person, next Saturday. Many grumbled at such a provision, but it carried, Also, since commencing this letter, a dry gulch has been discovered but two miles from here which prospects well, but the dirt, as is the case with the other dry gulches, must be hauled some three miles.

Of quartz lodes, I think this section far ahead of Silver Bow or any other; not perhaps in richness, but in number—though many of the them are doubtless rich. They consist of a continuous belt extending from above Beaver Town to below this place, a distance of at least twenty miles. At the head of Last Chance and Grizzly gulches, but little lode prospecting has been done, but I believe it will prove rich; yet this cannot be determined till the snow melts, which will probably be early in April.

The country below here is an excellent farming section, capable of contributing largely to the inner wants of the inhabitants of Montana. The objection which lies concerning the altitude of the Silver Bow country, cannot apply to this, as it is but little above the Missouri valley.

Near here are camped several hundred native American's of the Flat-head "persuasion," driven from their winter hunting grounds below, it is said, by some other tribe. They are peaceable, but beggars, as usual. I notice a very sensible article in last Montana Post concerning the "Poor Indian," which it would do well to excissorize and send to some of the Heads of Department at Washington, and members of Congress. Very erroneous ideas obtain at the east concerning Indians among eastern people. A few trips across the plains, running the gauntlet of the "red-skins" for five or six hundred miles, would give them more correct ideas of the red men.

Of the timber I have heretofore written. The same features extend all over this section. A better timbered country I have never seen. Thus you have the results of my observations in this, as well as the Silver Bow mining section. It is disjointed, I know, for it has been written amid frequent interruptions, such as one would naturally expect in a solitary store in a mining camp. Under different circumstances I could perhaps have done better. Probably there are several repetitions. These you must erase. A visit, at your leisure, to these regions would amply repay you for loss of time and expense. Yours truly, C. H. S.

From the Silver Bow Mines.

Silver Bow City, M. T., Feb. 13, 1865.

The express leaving this morning, again gives me an opportunity of giving you an item from our vicinity, which may perhaps prove acceptable. Since my last communication, a considerable excitement has been caused by the discovery of rich diggings in what is known as German gulch, emptying into Deer Lodge, about ten miles west of this point. It has been known to a good many, that a party of Germans have been working there since last July, but with what results, could not, until recently, be ascertained; for on being interrogated concerning their labor, they would give no satisfaction, merely saying they were making "grub." A few days since, however, it transpired that they had found some very rich pay, equalling the far famed Summit district of Alder Gulch. The dirt, so far as prospected, yields from sixty cents to one dollar per pan. The gulch is a very fine looking one, with nearly six feet fall, and is very extensive, being about fiteen miles in length. Some consider the ground worthless, as a general thing, alleging that it must be very spotted, on account of the great fall. Every one has left here for "Germany," and our place looks quite deserted just now. A town site has been laid out in a beautiful place, and timber of the finest quality is abundant within a hundred yards of the building ground.

Matters in Silver Bow move along lively. Building is progressing very rapidly, and we are only waiting an improvement in the weather to commence the drainage of the gulch. Quite an incentive to building was given by the news that Silver Bow had been chosen as the county seat.

Considerable sport was occasioned this morning, by a notice signed "G. B. C." advising every one in Deer Lodge county to look well to their fire-arms, as hostile Indians were lurking in the vicinity, in proof of which the author asserts that a man who had "bin" eight years among hostile Indians, had seen signal lights burning on a high peak to the South-west of this place on the night of the 11th inst., and warning all to be on their guard, "as we are liable to be *attact* at any moment!" There is about as much ground to raise an excitement of this order, as there was for a certain brainless individual of this town to go to Virginia, soliciting aid from the Vigilance Committee to put down the ruffians and sustain order-loving and peaceable citizens in their efforts to maintain law and order here. I mistake not, if this does not emanate from the same source, as it appears about as sensible and *frank* as his statements to the Committee, when applying for the *captaincy* of the Vigilantes here.

Quite an addition to the town has been made by the removal of the county recorder's office from Butte City to this place; and I need hardly add that Judge Lewis is held in the highest esteem by one and all, and will hardly fail to give the same universal satisfaction as Justice of the Peace as he has, and still does, as County Recorder.

Notwithstanding the deep snow covering the mountains, a very lively business in quartz finding is kept up, and the Recorder's office is crowded from morning till night by the indefatigable men who are hard at work developing the vast mineral resources of this part of our Territory.—Not a day passes, but from ten to to fifty leads are found, some assaying well up among the hundreds.

In speaking, in my last, of parties build- here, I gave the name of Dr. Crepin. It should have been, Mr. Ferris. But I must close, promising you more anon.

Lead Pencil.

From Last Chance Gulch.

Helena, Feb. 15, 1865.

Editor Post:—Having never noticed in your paper any communication from this place or vicinity, I will volunteer the service of my pen to give yourself and patrons a few items of news. This new place, which you mentioned in a recent editorial as "already as large as Central City" is growing up at such a rate that it has already outstripped the comparison you made and has a good psospect the coming season, of rivalling even the metropolis. It is located on Last Chance gulch, a short distance below the narrows, where the hills on either side are of moderate elevation and suitable for pleasant residences. Below the town the gulch disaspears in a wide bottom, formed by its junction with that of Ten Mile Creek and extending to the larger bottom of Prickly Pear; forming together one of the largest, handsomest, and most fertile valleys in the Territory, spacious enough for thousands of farms, and equal to the support of the laage population now rushing into this gulch. Our mountains and hills are covered with yellow pine, forming the best of building material, and reaching the outskirts of the town. Besides, our hills are not barren or rugged, but covered with an abundance of bunch grass, upon which stock fatten, even in winter.

But the principal foundation of our present prosperity rests upon the extensive and rich gulch diggings which have been opened, prospected, and to some extent worked. The discovery was first made in the gulch, a little below the town, and gradually traced up the main gulch and its forks, till there are about forty miles of gulch centering around this place, that are known to pay well. Some are very rich indeed. If our leading claims are not as rich as are the best claims on Alder creek, we believe we can equal its average and exceed its gross yield. Our greatest drawback is scarcity of water, though every gulch has some water, and might be made, with care, to yield a moderate sluice-head. To meet the deficiency in this respect, there is a company whose works are completed for several miles, bringing in water from Ten Mile creek, where there is plenty.

Though we have a Last Chance, Grizzly, Oro Fino, Day and Nelson Gulch already, we do not consider this the limit. All of these were discovered late last fall or this winter; we expect prospectors to open others as soon as the weather permits. All those who come here are soon convinced that our hopes are not visionary; hence the unprecendented growth and activity of this place. I will hazrard my reputation as a prophet, that there will not be a livelier place within the Territory than Helena.

Many of your old neighbors are already located here. Major Hutchinson is finishing a large hotel; Constants & Jurgen have a large store and business; Mr. Peck has a flourishing saloon, and is building a large two story house adjoining, for a billiard room; Oliver & Co's., and Egnell's expresses have offices here, and are doing a large business; Charley Cannon, late of Griffith & Thompson, is building a large store, to which will be attached a first class bakery. I could name many more of your old neighbors, now with us, but I fear intruding on your space.

We are included in the new county of Edgerton, and have some officials among us. G. J. Word is Sheriff; O. Miles, Justice of the Peace, and some others whose names and titles I do not remember. There is one firm of lawyers amongst the other departments of busines—Staickland & Hedges—known to many of our citizens. If agreeable I will send you more anon.

Yours truly, Tiro.