

PEN AND SCISSORS.

Nevada. The Trosspass has the following: The Virginia Legislature recently made an appropriation for the purchase of artificial legs and arms for disabled Confederate soldiers. Another good appropriation would be to purchase artificial heads for its politicians. A depth of 825 feet has been reached in the new shaft of the Empire and Imperial Companies. They have had trouble about the wages in Virginia, an attempt having been made to reduce them. The Trosspass says: On the 25th, at one o'clock, the members of the Miner's Union, to the number of five hundred, went to the mine in a body and demanded that the men at work be paid less than \$4 per day, all men at work for wages raised to be discharged or their wages raised to the standard price. The demand was complied with. B. F. Boutell, generally known as "Balty," for a long time a resident of Gold Hill and Virginia, died in Sacramento last evening, at 6 o'clock. The amount of bullion shipped from the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in this city, during the past week, was valued at \$254,600 14, and that from their office in Gold Hill at \$210,000 11—making a total of \$464,755 25—nearly half a million. The Carson Appeal says, the wife of James Dean, of the Double Springs Ranch, 16 miles this side of Wellington's, was found drowned about noon on the 15th inst., by her husband in a large spring under the house. It appears that she went alone to the spring for water, lost her balance, fell in and was drowned. Under the head, "A Rare Specimen," the Virginia Enterpriser of the 23d has the following spicy account: Mr. E. Ruhling, of the firm of Ruhling & Co., assayers, has turned out many large, beautiful and valuable bricks from his establishment, and has by unvarying correctness, established an enviable reputation for accuracy in his business. The last specimen of his industry and skill, however—first publicly exhibited yesterday—is perhaps his masterpiece, though its weight is but 700 ounces, avoirdupois. According to the stamps this beautiful specimen brick is 999 fine. Further particulars will be found in another column, under the head of "Born." The following announcement appears under the proper head of "Born." In Virginia, March 22, to the wife of E. Ruhling, a 10-pound son.

Utah.

It is not a commonly known idea to our citizens that the valley in which Great Salt Lake City is located, is the lowest, in conjunction with Tooele valley, and is consequently the warmest in the State of about 125 miles. The Great Salt Lake drains the streams flowing through Salt Creek, Payson, Spanish, Fork, Provo, American Fork, Battle Creek, Lehi, which flow into the Jordan, and the streams which run through the northern settlements, in conjunction with the Weber and Bear rivers. Salt Lake City is 4,350 feet, and the Wasatch mountains ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Eagle Emporium started out fourteen large and heavily loaded wagons with produce, butter, eggs, hams, peaches, apples, etc., for Montana, Virginia and Bannack, we believe. Bishop Layton, of Kaysville, furnishes the outfit—a splendid rig. The *Fedette* of the 8th says: General Chairman, the new United States Assessor arrived from the East yesterday. The General is from Galena, Ill., and recently of the United States army, and comes amongst us to fill the responsible position recently vacated by the resignation of General Smith. The General is accompanied by his lady and is stopping at the Revere House. There are only about 280,000 Mormon souls in the whole world. This allows about 56,000 adult men, a poor and ignorant body whose sole strength is, that they are all obedient to brother Brigham. When the United States go to Utah, Mormonism will disappear like a puddle which Niagara turned into it.—*Galaxy*. Col. C. H. Potter, formerly commander of Camp Douglas, U. T., is now stationed at Fort McPherson, in Nebraska. The position he now holds, is Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 18th Infantry.

California.

Judge Blackburn, of Santa Cruz, a well known pioneer, died suddenly at his lodgings at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in San Francisco on the 25th inst. He crossed the plains in 1845, reaching the coast in the autumn of 1845, and settled immediately thereafter near the mission of Santa Cruz. The police have arrested a Chinese clerk of one of the large firms, for abstracting \$3,800 in bullion from a box intended for shipment by the Sea Serpent to Hong Kong, and substituting cobbles in its place. The libel suit of R. A. Page against J. J. Ayers & Co. for \$50,000, was dismissed in the District court for want of prosecution. The suit of John H. Still against D. O. McCarthy for \$20,000 damages for libel, was also dismissed. The Sacramento Union announces that steps have been taken for the extension of the Central Pacific railroad, from Sacramento, through the San Joaquin, Contra Costa and Alameda, to Goat Island, in the bay of San Francisco. The *Golden Era* says: "Mr. George Panchevort is shortly to open the American Theatre in San Francisco, and proposes to inaugurate the polyglot performance now so frequently alluded to." The Schell-Naglee breach of promise case has been postponed until August. In the Michael Reese and Clark case the testimony on both sides is closed. The case was to have been summed up on the 28th ult. It is said that so great an interest is felt in the case, that even the Japanese Commissioners are not much noticed. The *Hedburg Standard* gives a sensational account of an alleged outrage committed upon the person of a Miss Gartridd, of Sonoma, by Dr. J. L. Downing, late Assemblyman from that county. The *Yreka Journal* says there is suspicion of Ross McCloud and a man named Anderson, who left there recently for the North via Klamath lake with a band of cattle, being murdered by the Indians.

The latest version of the Pope's epigrammatic description of his distinguished English visitors is this: "Lord Garendon I liked and understood. Mr. Gladstone I liked but couldn't understand. The Duke of Argyll I understood, but didn't like. Lord Russell I didn't like, and didn't understand."

The Good Wife.

The heart of a man, with whom affection is not a name and love a mere vacation of the hour, yearns toward the quiet of home as toward the goal of his earthly joy and hope; and as you fasten there your thought, an indulgent, yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn it and to make it sacred. She is there to bid you, God speed! and an adieu that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every day labor of life. At evening, she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil; and her look so full of gladness, cheers you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome that beams like sunshine on her brow and that fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her and Heaven. She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and order, which give an air of quiet and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning brightly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair is in its place. Your very unworthiness of all this haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet penetrates your heart with a new devotion toward the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort. She is gentle—keeping your love, as she has won it, by a thousand nameless virtues, which radiate from her whole life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner nature, by very contrast; and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her wishes are guided by that delicate tact which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues by seeming to yield. By a single soft word of appeal she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye, she disarms your sternest pride. She is kind—shedding her kindness as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—least of all, you who are living on her kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade which blunts the point of benevolence; but it tempers every action with a blessing. If trouble has come upon you, she knows that her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulness, will allay your fears; and as she draws her chair beside you, she knows that the tender and confiding way with which she takes your hand, and she looks up into your earnest face, will drive away from your annoyance all its weight. As she lingers, leading off your thoughts with pleasant words, she knows well that she is redeeming you from care, and soothing you to that sweet calm, which such home and such wife can alone bestow. And in sickness—sickness that you most covet for the sympathy it brings—that hand of hers resting on your fevered forehead, or those fingers playing with the scattered locks, are more full of kindness than the loudest vaunt of friends; and when your failing strength will permit no more, you grasp that cherished hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankfulness, and of love, which your tears only can tell. She is good—her hopes live where the angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of Faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding, you rest fondly upon her buoyant faith, as the treasure of your common life; and in your holier musings you look to that frail hand, and that gentle spirit to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

("Coppered."—Local.)

"RED CLOUD," THE CELEBRATED SIOUX WARRIOR.—So much interest is centered in the coming Indian campaign, and so little is really known of the northern Indians, that a sketch of their daring and able leader may not be amiss. I have gathered the following information from traders who have been among the Indians for years. Fifty years ago, Fighting Bear (Mah-toi-ma) was the great chief of all the Sioux. He was killed by Captain Curran in an affray near Fort Laramie. His successor was Little Thunder (Wa-ke-ah-cha-calah), who fought General Harney at Ash Hollow. By disease he was unable longer to head his braves to battle, and he requested that Young Spotted Tail (Sonta-galis-ga) should be chosen in his place, which was done. Spotted Tail was a brave warrior and a wise counselor, but in time he became too conservative for the times, and advocated peace with the whites. Red Cloud (Ma-pi-lu-tan), a young chief of the Red Face (Ech-se-cah) band of the (Ogal-la-lah) Sioux, was his opponent, as a champion of war to the knife against the "pale-faced dogs." At first the reputation of Spotted Tail as a warrior and a wise man, and his authority as principal chief of all the Sioux, gave him such an advantage over Red Cloud that the latter was generally overruled, but after a time the daring bravery exhibited by Red Cloud, in war with the surrounding tribes, and his vehement eloquence in council, gave him more influence in the tribe, till he prevailed upon them to fight, which they did in 1865-4-5. He is now about thirty-five years old, is physically one of the finest specimens of a wild, untamed Indian, fully six feet tall, straight as an arrow, and active as a panther, rides a very beautiful gray horse, and is as fine a horseman as the world can produce. He was the fighting chief in the Powder river campaign of 1865, and he came out feeling entirely unwhipped. When he came in to Laramie last spring, at the repeated requests of the Peace Commissioners, he it was who, with such haughty arrogance, and in stoical indifference, offered them the choice of the peace pipe, or the three arrows of war. When they made the Powder river Ford their ultimatum, he instantly withdrew and declared that the pale faces should never occupy his country, nor have a road through it. He went back to his hunting ground with his little band of Bad-ages, who could not be seduced from him by squaw, cloth, beads or paint. His braves did not number more than three hundred, but with such unexampled odds against him he commenced the contest again, against the whites, declaring every white man a dog. He killed all those who had traded with or married into his tribe. Whenever a white man made his appearance on the Powder

river road, anywhere of its five hundred miles in length, he was sure to meet the seemingly omnipresent Red Cloud, on his gray horse. Trains were surprised by night herds were stampeded at every point. Troops were surprised and slaughtered by scores. Communication between posts was cut off. Wood and hay parties were driven in, and at last the posts were in a state of siege. But Red Cloud's little band has become an army. "His hot incursions, his high deeds, his great name in arms," has drawn daring and warlike spirits from his own and surrounding tribes, till at last all the Northern Indians are in arms. Such is the character given by the mountaineers to Red Cloud the Pontiac of the Plains. I have given you before a sketch of the officers who are to lead our troops into the Indian country the coming summer. Red Cloud will lead the Indian warriors. Upon these leaders of both sides, all the interest of the coming campaign centers. If it was all honor for the British Generals to conquer Pontiac, and our Generals to vanquish the great Tecumseh, it will be equally so for Generals Angur, Palmer and Pattee to meet and subdue Red Cloud. He is a foeman worthy of their steel.—*Cor. Denver News.*

COMMERCIAL.

VIRGINIA WHOLESALE MARKET.

Corrected by J. S. Rockfellow, No. 5 Jackson St.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour, Bacon, Ham, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and other goods.

MONETARY.

(Corrected weekly by Hussey, Dahler & Co.) Dust buying, Gold, \$1 25 @ 22; Silver, 15 @ 16; Greenbacks, 80 @ 85; Gold in New York, 35; Greenbacks in San Francisco, 73 @ 74.

MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED BY SPARKS, McPHERSON & HALL, No. 69, Main Street.

Helena, April 13, 1867.

(We wish it to be understood that our quotations are based upon actual transactions, and represent gold prices for goods by the original packages. The retail prices range about ten per cent. above quotations.)

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