

THE MONTANA POST.

A Newspaper, Devoted to the Mineral, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of Montana Territory.

VOL. 3, NO. 35.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

WHOLE NO. 140.

The Montana Post.

D. W. TILTON & CO., PUBLISHERS



SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

Our correspondents throughout the Territory will oblige by conforming to the following rules: Limit all communications to a half column. Write only on one side of the paper, plainly and concisely. Mining news should be written separately from other news; brief, statistical and reliable. Write only what will be of public interest. Avoid personalities. Give date and address. The name of the writer must accompany each letter. An adherence to these rules will enable us to give early insertion to communications; a departure from them will account for non-appearance in nearly every instance.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

To one visiting these mountain Territories, the transition from the densely populated States, with their highly cultivated and closely surveyed farms; their myriads of villages and numerous cities, bound and interlaced by the iron rail, and constituting one great living body, acting, moving and existing as an extended but dependent system, whose slightest sensation flashes along the nerve-like wires that permeate every nook and corner; from these, along thousands of miles on a steamer, breasting the current of a river that ripples on shores almost untroubled by the white man; or, overland, across desert sands, and through fertile valleys, where a thousand miles of travel reveals not the curling smoke from the settlers' cabin, he enters a province, differing in geographical appearance, and the pursuits, characteristics and social system of its people, so radically, that were it not for the initiatory experience of the journey, it would be hard to conceive that this is one of the younger born of American Sovereignities, though not yet out of the cradle of Territorialism. These peculiarities of our young Territories strike every one, and are the salient points of critical attack from tourists and correspondents. That it affords a rich field for the Trollope school of English cockneys, and the blood and thunder, Beadle writing class of American correspondents, after the satiety of gruel eating, conventional, old World, or States society, we admit. The point where we object to the almost universal tone of comment in which they indulge, is this: They take but a superficial view of society, harp on its crudities and bold, protruding, and less admirable qualities; see only the surface, and depart; or, remaining to fathom its better characteristics, fail to give them publicity. The character of a people assimilates to the country they inhabit. The Switzer is rugged and enduring as Alpine cliffs; the Italian is inspired with poetry, music, and art, from the brilliant skies, the Eolian zephyrs, and the marbles of Roman galleries; Kingsley says, "the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen;" while the inhabitants of the arid burning lowlands of the tropics, from Quito to Singapore, are indolent, effeminate, and lacking in intellectual force. Here, every phase of nature is suggestive of strength, vitality, and refinement. The grand old Rockies struggling far above the hovering clouds, bathe their peaks in perpetual sunshine; the magnificent valleys, whose spontaneous productions excel the rich and fertile savannas of the South, are watered by streams whose crystal waters are pure as the Peri's tear, that opened the gates of Paradise, while in the bosom of the earth is hidden rich stores of the nobler metals that only require the Sesame of industry to give them to the world. So it is with our people. The rough exterior of the sun-browned miner covers a heart great in proportion to his staid frame. He hates as cordially as he loves; yet hating or loving, it is with an earnest frankness that shames the hypocritical smoothness

of deception. His nature may be unsusceptible to the pleadings of tract societies; but that charity that begins at home, never leaves a comrade hungry while a crust is in his cabin, or wanting comfort when kind words and deeds will secure it. The clenched hand or the quickly drawn pistol were only the result of personal independence and determination to protect his life and property, at one time necessary to their defense, before law and order had been evolved from the chaos of the discordant elements of a vortex formed by a thousand converging streams of immigration. That time has passed, and the click of the trigger is as unusual here as in the Atlantic States. It is in its social system that the striking difference between this and States' society exists. There the social status of a man is defined by his taxable property; here, by his innate worth; there, the amount of respect to which he is entitled is measured by the importance of his great-grand-mother's cousin; here, we take a man as we find him; there, his business, religion and politics are so many gay ropes, restricting him to the narrow limits of a prejudiced and uncharitable circle; here, all the animosities of politics and differences of creeds are left at the threshold of the social chamber, and the miner meets upon a common level the dignitaries of the land. Ladies who have graced gay salons and won admiring glances in every land, find pleasure in society where the studied phrases of flattery are discarded for genial pleasantries and honest good sense. Every city and hamlet in Montana has evidenced this fact this winter, and that we have a social system beside which the conventional rose-water exclusiveness, as it exists in some other localities, is as inferior as an exquisite is to a mountaineer in physical endurance. It is a universal freemasonry, founded on manhood and worth—the only real criterion for republican society; generous, unprejudiced and free from the poisonous infections of caste. It seeks the wealth of the heart buried beneath whatever exterior it may be, as the miner seeks the golden treasure in the deep mines of rugged nature, or the lapidary reveals the brilliant diamond encased in the unattractive pebble. We hope the day is far distant when it will yield to those controlling influences which make American society, in general, an apish reflex of European aristocracy, as hollow as it is heartless. Hold fast that which is good.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The last number of the *Gazette* sustains the action of the Southern States applying for a writ of injunction against certain officials connected with the executive department of the United States. It condemns the Military Reconstruction bill in terms far more notable for vehement assertions than any approximation to reason, argument or truth. In doing this our cotemporary is evidently laboring under the delusion that it is befriending the South, while advocating the interests of the Democratic party. It takes the grounds that the South is abused by the Republicans and that Democracy is, and should be, their champion. Passing by the truism that to sustain a friend in a bad cause is to be his worst enemy; dismissing that suggestion which forces itself upon us, that the friendship manifested for the South by the same party during the war was productive of all the evils of Pandora's box to the people of the rebellious States; ignoring the palpable fact that Democracy has no substance but selfishness, no motive but to secure political power; we ask again what is to be gained if this injunction is granted? The people of the Union are bound together as countrymen, revering the same names, treasuring up the memories of the same fields, joint heirs to the same great patrimony. They have a common work to do whose benefits are universal. One portion refused to work, but prodigal like demanded their portion. The other portion being strongest compelled obedience to the Constitution and the laws. As conquerors, all precedents establish their right and authority to impose what terms they wish upon the conquered rebels. Clemency and forgiving kindness, prompted the conquerors to say: "You claimed the right of secession, you resorted to arms for the maintenance of that right, and failed. We believe that such doctrines are pernicious. We will add a clause in the Constitution equal on all, to heal existing difficulties and prevent their recurrence." Every State that gave Lincoln and Johnson a majority ratified that amendment. There is not a principle in those amendments that Johnson has not at one time and another recommended as essential to the security

of the nation. By his counsel the South rejected them scornfully. By their refusal to accept those amendments they are virtually adhering to their act of secession. The object of the war, the restoration of law and order and unity, has been frustrated. Anarchy prevailed in the South; famine stood gaunt and greedy at their doors; treason revived from the shock of battle and stalked defiantly through the land and the government still more in pity than anger stretched out its strong arm of protection, saying to the loyal, "you shall be defended; to the disloyal, "your evil intentions shall not prevail." The South is asked to do nothing that the North will not do, but be loyal she must. If not actively so, at least render passive obedience. Against this the *Gazette* rails, and glorifies in anticipation of the injunction of the Supreme Court. But Reverdy Johnson, one of the ablest Senators and jurists in the Democratic party voted for the Reconstruction bill, and now refuses to join the miscreant O'Connor as counsel for the State of Georgia on the grounds that as a friend of the South, he could not consistently do it, as such an injunction would result in injury to the South. O'Connor bases his hopes on technical grounds and more particularly on "the old man" of the Supreme Court. The Court may grant it but the result will be, not to drive loyalty from its fixed purpose to make this reconstruction thorough and lasting, but to eke out and prolong famine, and bloodshed, and confusion in the South. We do not believe that any true friend of the South can hope for the prohibition of the reconstruction measures as now in progress. Hostility to it is prompted by other motives than a wise friendship, it is political animosity, desire for power, and a longing for the leaves and fishes of office. To our former assertions on this question we firmly adhere, and the *Gazette* is respectfully informed that each succeeding action of the military commanders more firmly impresses us with its justice, wisdom and ability to accomplish restoration.

HOW WILL IT RESULT?

In these days of political mutation, when old established landmarks are swiftly fading from our sight, and daring innovations follow in rapid succession, it is very difficult to anticipate what will be the next experiment we Americans will submit to the test of practice. In several of the States, the question of female suffrage is assuming a prominent position, and we believe the Kansas and Wisconsin legislatures have decided, by large majorities, in favor of a resolution to that effect, to submit the question to the people at the ensuing elections. In point of equity, the argument is all on the side of the woman. If "taxation without representation, is tyranny" among men, it is rather difficult to perceive why it does not apply equally as well to the opposite sex. They are, as a sex, not less qualified to vote intelligently than we, if they are not, we had better turn our attention to our school system, the fault does not lie in natural incapability. We have no precedents to cite as examples of suffrage, but suffrage implies that higher prerogative, to govern, and the pages of history and annals of our day, are full of names not less admirable for good government that they are feminine. England's yeomanry and stout burghers go through the forms of voting, but Victoria wears the crown, with greater honor to herself and more happily for the people, than did the George's, the Henry's or the Richards. If we enfranchise the negro, as a privilege to which he was entitled by right and justice, should we prohibit it to those who have a prior and a stronger claim upon us? It is claimed that in the hands of men alone, the channel of politics runs turbid and impure, that it needs the gentler and purer influence of woman to give it tone and change the drunken rudeness of election day to the courteous consideration of the drawing room; that our present system is founded upon arrogant, selfish exclusiveness, and its legitimate sequence is corrupt cliques and dishonest assemblies. On these, as most pertinent and forcible arguments, there is growing up in many localities, a disposition to test this novel project as a reform measure. If it has to be done anywhere we do not know that any nation presents better opportunities than ours, or as good. There are few governments where reformation would be in better place, and there are none, where the qualifications of the sex, to be enfranchised, both natural and acquired, renders the innovation less subject to a humiliating failure. We repeat, that as a point of equity, there are few reasonable objections to it, but there are considerations of weighty import opposed. It

would introduce into our homes an active element of discord, and political animosities are not agreeable anticipations in the hyemal horizon. Woman's nature is gentle and loving, her influence with the heart more than the brain, her true sphere, the home circle, a *sanctum sanctorum*, sacred from the intrusion of ruder passions; her mission, a moral one, bending the twig that the tree may incline, not less potent that it is silent, nor less honored that her name is omitted from reports of street commissioners or committees on canals and railroads. There are few sensible men who would like to see their wives, daughters and sisters, desert the domestic circle for the political caucus, fewer sensible women whose every instinct of womanly sensibility would not revolt at the idea. To revolutionize society and invoke the demon of discord to take up perpetual residence at every fireside in the land is inadequate compensation for the privilege it permits for the few strong-minded, half masculine monstrosities who now haunt the rostrums, to indulge in a tirade at the polls and support John Smith for town clerk. The question, however, is to be submitted to the people of Kansas at least, and it is improbable that the gallantry of the Kansians will permit them to debar women from "equal rights" as advocated by Lucy Stone, and we will have a practical illustration of its workings.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP COOK, M. T., April 17th, 1867.

Hon. Thomas Francis Meagher, Acting-Governor Montana Territory:

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 9th inst., asking that two companies of my command be sent to Bozeman City, Montana. In reply, I would respectfully state that had I the will, I have not the power to do so. Troops are assigned either by the commanding officer of a district or the commanding officer of a department, and no commanding officer of a post has a right to alter such assignments. He may, and, indeed, is required to send out detachments for the protection of trains, settlements, etc.; but he has no right to separate his command and send them so far as to be entirely from under his control, which, in this case, they would be. Another reason why I decline to accede, is that, under present circumstances, I do not feel like spreading my command and being whipped in detail, as was done at Fort Phil, Kearney. With my present force, I have no fear for the result of any encounter I may have with any force of Indians that may come against me; but to divide it, I am not so certain of the result.

From information such as I have received, the Sioux are now scattered along from Fort John Buford, D. T., to Fort Hawley, M. T., and holding out inducements to the tribes in this vicinity to join them. Should they succeed in doing so, or should these tribes even remain neutral, from the number of warriors the Sioux have, armed as they are said to be, you will see at once the propriety of keeping my command well in hand.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WM. CLINTON,
Maj. 13th Infantry, Commanding Post.

The above is the reply received to General Meagher's earnest appeal of the 9th. It is worthy of the remembrance of the people of this Territory, and it will be remembered. Major Clinton commands the only effective body of troops in Montana, eight hundred and fifty in number, six hundred of whom are camped at the mouth of the Judith river, guarding a grove of cottonwood trees against the attack of the "bad lands," hundreds of miles in extent, over which even the whippoorwill has to carry rations on his aerial voyage, and where an Indian is never seen. No settlements are within sixty miles; it is on no thoroughfare of travel; perfectly useless except as a point of distribution for money to a cooped up soldiery, whiling away their time with dress parades and private theatricals, for the representation of which latter they have erected a magnificent structure. Here is where is expended by the government a portion of the thirty million dollars it requires annually to support the Indian Bureau. General Meagher premised his letter with the request that the commander would furnish a detachment for the Gallatin, if not in violation of his instructions. Major Clinton reads him a lecture on Army Regulations. He could not comply with the request, even "had he the will." "Aye, there's the rub." The Gallatin may be depopulated; its people murdered and ravished; their towns laid waste, and the finest valley in all this north be the camping ground of Indians. What tecks it to this son of Mars, with six hundred men in the bog by the Judith. "He has not the will" to prevent it. He does not want to be whipped in detail, but has no fears for the result of any Indians that may come against him with his six hundred men at the Judith. God knows he has little to fear there, even should the tribes not remain neutral. The profound discretion of their commander, with his troops so "well in hand," (in the bog) dissipates any fears for their safety. He evidently has the will to accomplish that. The heroic, chivalric conduct of Major Clinton is most admirable. Such a lofty regard for the welfare of the people his command

is charitably supposed to be stationed for the protection of, should be acknowledged by a vote of thanks from the people of Gallatin. He admits his right as a Post commander to send detachments for the protection of settlements; but they must not get so far away from their commander that they could not attend dress parade at the Judith. He evidently has no intention of accompanying such a detachment; there might be "fears for the result" of such reckless imprudence. We have given this letter more notice than it deserves. It shows clearly the spirit that animates its writer, and the less military protection our frontiers have of that kind the better they are off. Does any one believe that Pat Connor would have written such a reply? We would like to ask Major Clinton one question: What is your command sent to this country for?

WHO ARE WORTHY?

The spirit and policy of the ruling party in Congress were prominently displayed in the rejection by the Senate of John Quincy Adams as Naval Officer at Boston.

The object of this insult is a worth scion of one of the noblest and most patriotic families in America—the grandson of one President; the great-grandson of another, with an ancestry that runs through the Revolution, through Independence Hall, back to the most inspiring days and scenes of the old colonial history of Massachusetts and Boston town. His great-grandfather's name is on the Declaration of Independence. That great-grandfather was the friend—nay, the leader and instructor of John Hancock, James Otis, and Dr. Warren. His great-grandfather, Samuel Adams, was, perhaps, the grandest and noblest of all the grand and noble men of Massachusetts colony. His grandfather, John Quincy Adams, was not then only eminent as President, but eminent as one of the earliest friends and advocates of emancipation.

This is the man—the representative of a family of colored patriots, whom a radical Senate brand as unfit to be Naval Officer of Boston.—(St. Louis Dispatch.)

The above we clip from the *Democrat*. It is a fair example of the specious fallacies and absurd humbuggery by which the opposition bolster up their hostility to Congress. We know not upon what point the Senate refused to confirm John Quincy Adams, as Naval Officer of Boston. It is not evident from the article quoted that he has any character of his own. He is simply represented as John Quincy Adams "whose ancestry runs back to the days of colonial history." We would like to know how many persons there are in this country whose ancestry does not run back to a date even prior to that period. But the silliest, most ridiculous part of this splenetic outburst is the attempt to build a reputation for this man on the character of men whose bodies have been food for worms for decades. What matter does it make who a man's father, grandfather, or great-grandfather was? A splendid male mule may have a very shabby looking old donkey for a papa. The routine may work by contraries very readily in the genus homo. Would you expect every descendant of John Rogers to be a martyr? Did Col. Washington show much of the spirit of his ancestor in regard to the Mount Vernon estate? Are Gen. Lee and Jeff Davis less traitors that their fathers were patriots? If the article quoted is any argument for Mr. Adams we had better believe that aristocracy and royalty are hereditary rights and adopt the system here. If virtue runs in lineal blood, it is very strange that many a good father weeps over the grave of a wicked son, or under the weight of sorrow for his evil ways sink into it first. There has many a better man lived whose great-grandfather was hung for crime than he who wrote that "colossal" humbuggery.

DID WE MEAN BUSINESS?

Some two weeks since the people of Virginia in a spasmodic fit of earnestness met and passed a series of resolutions, that whereas, the danger of Indian hostilities was imminent, therefore they considered it to be so, and telegraphed to Washington to that effect. This done, we had met the crisis like men and congratulated ourselves on our bravery. That meeting was large and enthusiastic, it was not the result of a panic, nor yet of a fright. It was called to provide in time for any emergency that might arise. What has been done? One man, and he deserves high credit for his liberality, has placed a number of rifles with the necessary ammunition at the disposal of the committee. Will those guns fight? Is the necessity for preparation less urgent now than then? Are the deprecations of a band of Bloods and Blackfeet near Benton a signal to relax. Is the massacre of the mail party near Fort Reno an intimation that the danger is past? Are the Crows to be permitted to remain on the Big Horn and Rosebud to be drawn into this Indian league without an effort to have them go on the upper Yellowstone where they would be out of harm's way? If so why was that proclamation issued? Were we in earnest in our meeting, or only talking for amusement?

Was Judge McCullough the only man present who comprehended the situation, and suggested the proper place for defense? We would like for some one to answer, we may be a little blind on this Indian question.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—No! Major Bruce is not Secretary of Montana. The story that he had received official notification of his confirmation probably grew out of the fact of his franking some public documents, by mistake, with his name instead of General Meagher's. 2. We had not heard that he intended to run for Congress on the Republican ticket. 3. He is not a member of the Union League.

PARENT.—Girls generally have the whooping cough when they are small. They get the whooping fever as they grow larger.

U. L. A.—There is a paper called the *Democrat* in this city. As to its principles, we never heard it charged with having any. It is devoted to United States laws, but opposed to the makers and the enforcement of them. It is a weekly paper. Very.

LOVER.—The best way to get a good wife is to marry a good girl. 2. None in the market at reasonable figures.

JUSTICE.—No! The Military Reconstruction bill does not apply to Montana. The Territory was not yet in a state of rebellion at the time of its passage.

MINER.—The order of Knight of the Star and Garter, cannot be conferred on American citizens. The order of the Stars and Stripes is our highest nobility. The qualification is, LOYALTY, the advantages, an approving conscience and an honored name.

FALL IN.—All those who propose to accompany General Meagher to the Gallatin are requested to be on hands punctually at 10, a. m. on Monday next, as he will positively leave at that hour.

MINING MATTERS.

GOLD MOUNTAIN LODGE.—Of the many quartz ledges in this vicinity, which are attracting attention both from their richness and extent, we do not know of any which are more deserving of a passing notice than the ledge above mentioned. It is situated in New York district, on the mountain which divides the stream that name from the Rattlesnake, about two miles below New York City. The present condition of the ledge shows results of energy and well applied industry, quite as much as the Whitlatch, or any of our other famed ledges. When first discovered, or rather when it had been worked a short time, the crevice narrowed to a very small seam, and the discoverer becoming somewhat discouraged, sold to the present proprietors for a mere nominal sum. These gentlemen, Messrs. Heald and Foot, having faith in the evidence of things not seen, entered with vigor into the work of developing the ledge, and both being practical, hard working men, prosecuted their labors until they are now finally crowned with success. They have a shaft on it to the depth of 70 feet with a crevice ten and a half feet wide. The quartz will average about \$40 per ton, although specimens are taken out which favorably compare in richness with those from any other lead in the Territory. In addition to the work already done, a tunnel has been surveyed and work on it commenced, which will only have to be run eighty feet to strike the shaft at its present depth. The lead is well situated with respect to road and water facilities, and on the whole it is considered one of the most valuable properties in the country.

TWO MORE MILLS.—A letter, dated March 15th, just to hand from D. C. Coleman, formerly of Montana, and now of the firm of McGuire & Coleman, grocers, 442 Canal street, Chicago, after a pleasant word to the *Post*, duly appreciated, says: "Renevy Gooding, Dick Cook and Sam Miller, are enjoying the good things of Chicago. Dick Cook has a quartz mill which he will soon have on the Legal Tender ledge in Brown's gulch, Madison county. Captain Wood, ex-sheriff of Edgerton county was here last week getting one of P. W. Gates' stamp mills for one of his leads in Montana. In fact, everybody seems to be getting ready to leave for Montana. Send them their room for all the good meat that comes, and fortunes too.

BAR DIGGINGS.—A small stampede started a few days since for Meadow Creek, some twenty-four miles distant, on the Sterling trail. From parties returned, we learn that on north Meadow Creek there are thousands of acres of bars in which color can be struck at any point—these bars are from 40 to 50 feet high, and the stream furnishes sufficient water for hydraulic mining, with it, it is believed, sufficient prospects for good wages. No gulch diggings have been struck, some parties staked claims on the bars, but it is not probable that any great number will be worked this season. The time will come, however, when bars of this description will be worked to advantage and profit.

ANOTHER MILL.—A letter received yesterday from the proprietors of the Miner's Foundry at San Francisco, by Mr. Countryman, states that six of Wheeler's patent pulverizers, separators and concentrators—had been shipped on the 2d instant, to the St. Louis and Montana Mining Company of this Territory. These pans are to be used in connection with the two stamp batteries of the company on their silver property on Flat Creek. Mr. Countryman has the contract for the erection of the mill, and will, on Monday, proceed with Mr. Deidelsheimer and a force of workmen to commence operations at once.

FROM HIGHLAND.—The news from the mines at Highland and vicinity indicate well. On No. 3, in Cooley's dry gulch, Mr. Harrington a few days since washed out, in three hours, \$157.00 in coarse gold, and a nugget weighing 50.40. The drift dirt taken out during the winter is still frozen and the rains being made are the swamping off the heaps as the frost thaws out. Camp Creek and Seven up Gulch are being prospected and the parties at work are gratified with the prospects they have of good pay.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.—A miner on claim number five below discovery, in Last Chance gulch, came near being buried alive last Thursday, by the caving in of the bank. He was quickly dug out, however, and sustained no serious injury.

SALE OF MINING GROUND.—Taylor, Thompson & Co. have purchased a one-fourth interest in the ground known as the Idaho Company's claims, Last Chance gulch. The price paid was \$2,300, and is decidedly a good bargain.

LAW YAW DITCH.—Water was let into this ditch on last Saturday, and sluicing will commence in the lower portion of Last Chance gulch immediately.

THE HAWKEYE.—Colonel Postlewaite yesterday deposited \$2,300 in bullion, for the last run of the Hawkeye mill. Work is suspended for a few days, on account of the difficulty in hauling ore through the snow, now rapidly melting.

CLEAN UP.—Turnley's mill in Grizzly gulch, cleaned up on last Tuesday \$4,000 from 70 tons of Whitlatch Indian ore, which is within a fraction of \$60.00 to the ton.