OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Federal Officers.

Governor—GREEN CLAY SMITH.
Secretary—THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
Chief Justice—H. L. HOSMER.
Associate Justice—L. B. WILLISTON.
" " L. E. MUNSON.
A. A. Deputy Att'y General—WM. M. STAFFORD.
United States Marshal—GEO. M. PINNEY.
Acting U S. Marshal—J. X. BEIDLER.
Surveyor-General—M. BOYD.
Assessor Internal Revenue—T. C. EVERTS.
Collector Internal Revenue—N. P. LANGFORD.
Clerk U. S. District Court—L. S. PECK, Va.
Clerk 2d Judicial District—C. E. IRVINE, Silver Bow.
Clerk 3d Judicial District—CHAS. W. FOWLER, Helena.

Territorial Officers.

Auditor—JOHN H. MING
Treasurer—JOHN S. ROCKFELLOW.
Supt. of Public Instruction—A. M. S. CARPENTER

County Recorders.

Madison..Geo. W. Hill | Edgerton..R. C. Ewing
Beaverhead B.Peabody | Gallatin....Thos. Cover
Deer Lodge Jas. Brown | Jefferson..Frank Wells
Meagher County.....W. T. Richardson.
Missoulao.....Frank A. Woody.

Municipal Officers of Virginia City.

Mayor—J. M. CASTNER.
Attorney and Act'g Clerk——Wm. H. Chiles.
Treasurer—Geo W. Hynson.
Assessor—R. N. Farley.
Police Magistrate—J. L. McCULLOUGH.
Marshal and Chief of Police—F. G. Heldt.

County Officers of Madison County.

County Commissioners—A. Stanley, Chairman A. S. Potter, W. H. Rodgers.
Probate Judge—W. Y. Lovell.
Sheriff—Andrew J. Snyder.
Deputy-Sheriff—N. Beery.
Treasurer—Andy Leach.
Recorder—G. W. Hill.
County Assessor—R. N. Farley.

From Salmon River to the Mines.

Leaving you at the junction of Lemhi and Salmon in my last, I now resume my journey towards the goal of the miner. Following the gratuitous advice (the only commodity to be had free of charge at Salmon) given by some disinterested friends, in place of an animal, I took a stout cane and commenced the ascent of the Salmon River Mountains on foot. For four miles the well beaten track runs along the foothills, which are covered with fine bunch grass and affording good pasturage. From the four mile point, which is indicated by a rude log house bearing the never-failing shingle at such places, inscribed "Whisky," snow lies to the depth of twelve inches in drifts, but a mile further and I entered the snowy region. As far as the eye can reach ahead and on each side, nothing is seen but a field of snow, radiant with the reflection of the sun, and showing but the tops of pine trees. The trail which, heretofore, was wide enough for two animals, now becomes a narrow trench with just width enough for a single animal, is dug in the snow and presents on each side a solid wall, ten feet high in places. Toiling up along the backbone of the ridge the weary traveler, after a march of about eight miles, is relieved by the sight of a shanty bearing the well known sign, "Toll House." Here one of the oldest families, "Smith," levies toll on man and beast for the privilege of taking the trail to the mines, without which the diggings would not have been accessable during the greater part of the winter. I was told that 25 cents was levied on each dog entering the mines, but having no canine companion I can not vouch for the truth of this statement. A quarter of a mile further the Mountain House affords first class accommodation to the weary gold seeker. A large and ever flowing spring near the house furnishes the water without the necessity of melting snow. From here the snow increases in depth for a mile to the summit of the range. The descent is still more difficult than the ascent, owing to the steepness of the mountain and the accumulation of ice on the trail. Finding several half starved pack animals standing in the trail, patiently waiting for death, nobody caring for them and they not having strength to climb the mountain and make the trip to where feed is plenty, I at last, half walking and sliding, tumbled into Nappia's Gulch, thro' which for 40 miles from its source to its junction with Salmon, flows the creek (in summer) of the same name. Now an immaculate cover four feet thick is over all. Down this gulch, following the dug-out for four miles, through timber as straight as arrows, and I found myself at

LEESBURG AND GRANTSVILLE.

The two, or rather one mining town, built on a plateau similar to Virginia City, but surrounded on all sides by dense timber. But one street, running north and south, indicates *both* towns, and the stranger on entering never would imagine the existence of two, unless told so. Throughout these burghs building is carried on extensively. The most notable feature is the substantialty and beauty of construction of their buildings, especially when considering that lumber, all cut by hand, is 25 cents per foot, and every log has been hauled by hand also, no animals being in the mines all winter. The supplies were packed in during the winter, and are still transported on pack animals, some 300 head having been in service. Leesburg, or the lower town, is ahead of its sister in point of building and business, lots commanding in this section an enormous price. One corner lot, considered one of the best, changed hands on the night of my arrival for $3,000 in gold, with only a rough log house improvement on it. About 130 buildings in every stage of construction, now comprise the towns, but ere this reaches you probably twice that number will be up and occupied. My description of the cities would be far from right when being read here, for in the time that it would take this letter to go and return great changes will take place, so I will only say that it is similar to all new mining camps, with its rush of business and noisy people.

The snow is fast disappearing from the streets, and but huge piles of the watery stuff mark the places where during winter eight feet was lying on the level.

THE MINES.

Owing to the depth of snow in all the gulches, a list of which sometime ago you published—and a goodly number have been found since—nothing can be done in the way of mining yet, and not before the first of June will work commence in earnest. I visited some claims on Nappia's Gulch, owned by Messrs. Dunn, Cassady and Brown, and found them at work in the bed of the creek. Light stripping and loose gravel to wash, with good returns, made the boys look cheerful, notwithstanding the depth of the snow surrounding them. These claims were open last fall and therefore easily worked this spring. Others in the same gulch must lie until the snow gets off. On Camp Creek but one claim, the discovery, was working, paying 23 cents to the pan, with light stripping and about two feet of pay gravel. Should but the tenth part of the sanguine hopes of all Salmonites be realized, these mines will be the richest ever opened in the world, and a chance may be had by every one who goes there; but I would say to all, especially to those who have no resources to subsist upon, stay away until you hear that the mines are open. Hundreds of broken men now lie here awaiting the disappearance of the snow. I might give descriptions and prospects of different gulches, as they were reported to me, but prefer waiting until I can do so from personal observation. My opinion, from what I have seen, is that Salmon River mines are good, but the seasons are too short to make small paying diggings profitable, and its only such rich placers as are said to exist here that will pay to work. But little money is in circulation at this time, but the confidence merchants have in the richness of the diggings, infuses every one with a certainty of "good times coming." B.

Gen. Grant and Wife at the Late Reception.

[Washington Correspondence Boston Gazette.]

The General was dressed in full uniform, wearing his four gold stars with a deal more modesty than many Lieutenants present wore their one gold bar. His face was as Sphynx-like as ever, and his manner was provokingly cool and self-possessed. One does not feel at ease in the presence of persons who are forever so unembarrassed and unembarassable. Humanity is humanity, and I have a kindly feeling for my neighbor just as soon as I discover that I'm not alone in being weak and faulty. It was a good thing to have such slow and well-regulated blood while you worked through the Wilderness and sat at the gates of Petersburg, General! but my soul was vexed with itself when I stood for a moment before you last evening.

Dear Mr. Lincoln had the homeliest way a man ever had, I think, of taking your hand as you passed him in a great crowd at one of the levees or receptions. There is something in General Grant's clasp that reminds me of Mr. Lincoln. The dead President, however, never noticed you—that is, during the last two or three years of his service. He looked at you, probably, as you put your gloved hand into his hard, and large, and bony palm; but were you ever so vain, you could hardly flatter yourself with the idea that he saw you. His sad and patient eyes—the eye's of Marshall's portrait—looked backward; and when they seemed to rest upon you, they were really looking over the James river, or pleading that prayer so constantly in his heart, "Be near us, O God, and lead us in the right way." There is nothing tender in General Grant's eyes, unless you can find tenderness in truth and simplicity. The man is utterly without pretence. Society requires him to give two or three great parties every winter—his duty is a part of his religion, and so he stands in his parlor door and receives his guests as he did any necessary duty during the war. He is as undemonstrative as a marble man. Yet it was pleasant and comforting to notice that his thought was in the hand you just dared to touch. He had a quick word for his personal friends—nothing on which you could hang a chat, for how can there be a chat unless at least two persons have free tongues? General Grant says his say and then stops—after that you can as easily talk to a stone wall. Notice him casually and carelessly, and you are likely to think that he never sees anything; stand and watch him carefully in a crowd for twenty minutes, and you'll conclude that those slow, and heavy, and half-shut eyes see everything. He has that rare and precious faculty of seeing things without looking at them. Some men are born with it; to many others it comes with life on the frontier or in a new country.

Mrs. Grant was as interested as her husband was uninterested. She wore a rich and heavy green silk, with a black lace bertha. No one dare call her a beautiful woman, but she has a kindly face, and is of pleasant, matronly manners. There is one mystery to the soul of man: how do women so readily learn the easy and graceful courtesies of good society? But a year or two ago Mrs. Grant knew only Galena and Illinois—now she receives the *ton* of the capitol with as little embarrassment as though she had always moved therein. Verily there be some things hard to understand.

A FUNNY STORY.—An incident in the history of the rebel Congress, suppressed at the time, has lately come to light. A short time before the fall of Richmond, while the rebel Congress was deeply concerned about the cruelty and barbarity of the North, a woman of that city walked into the House of Representatives and attacked three members with a cowhide, castigating them mercilessly. At last the Speaker caught the virago in his arms and held her there until she went into hysterics. She said her intention was to chastise the entire body because of its abuse of the North. The House passed a resolution to keep the matter secret, and the Richmond papers never mentioned it.

A TRUE MASON.—He is not a Freemason who stands with folded arms, saying, "Temples can't be built without me!" and he is not a Freemason whose heart is too narrow to be, so to speak, the perpetual seat of those pilgrims of heaven—love, forgiveness, charity. But he is a Mason, who, without pharisaic ostentation, bows down his soul to the Great Architect; who, with mallet or pen, in the field or on the seas, in the counting house or in the workshop, in the castle or cottage, fulfills the mission confided to him, the chosen man, or laboring for the unceasing welfare and progress of humanity He, in fine, is a Mason whose device is "Intelligence, faithfulness, kindness."

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.—Perhaps the briefest personal memoirs ever written were the "Memoirs of Count Roptopchin," written in ten minutes. We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which contains a "chapter."

My Birth—On the 12th of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptised. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing for what.

My Education.—I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all sorts of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a *savan*. My head has become a library of old volumes, of which I keep the key.

My Suffering.—I was tormented by my masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, ambition and self-love; by useless regrets and by remembrances.

Memorable Epochs.—At the age of thirty I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard for public opinion; at sixty, the troubles of thinking, and I have now become a true sage, or egotist, which is the same thing.

Respectable principles.—I have never meddled with any marriage or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician, and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

My Dislikes.—I have a dislike to softs and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust of affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, rhubarb and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

Analysis of my Life.—I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the nobleman, but never the varlet.

My Epitaph.—Here lies, in hopes of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!

DESTITUTION IN THE SOUTH.—Among the most frightful results of the war is the terrible destitution now existing in many portions of the South. Gen. Howard, in a tabular statement, presents the following estimate of the number of destitute, many of whom are reported to be in a state of actual starvation:

NUMBER OF DESTITUTE.

States.	Whites.	Blacks.
Virginia,	2.500	2.500
North Carolina,	3.000	2.000
South Carolina,	5,000	5,000
Florida,	500	1,000
Georgia,	7.500	5.000
Alabama,	10.000	5,000
Tennessee,	1,000	1,000
Mississippi,	1,862	2,038
Arkansas,	1,000	500
Louisiana,	300	200
	32,662	24.238
Total,		56,900

A CLINCHER.—We seldom find in a religious controversy anything more spicy than the following:

Once upon a time, says the narrator, Lyman Beecher and Hosea Ballou met to compare Calvinism and Universalism. Both were Bible men, and each came well armed with textual missiles. After several apostolic blows from one shrewdly parried by the other, Dr. Beecher opened to the ninth Psalm and read: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations shall forget God." "There, sir, the wicked are in hell; get them out, if you can."

Hosea Ballou, calm as a summer morning, pointing to the 20th chapter of John's Revelation, read: "Death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them." "There," said Father Ballou, "they are out, get them in again if you can."

JEFF. DAVIS, the "stern stetesman," is doing well, and his quarters at Fortress Monroe are reported to be very comfortable. The people for whom he thinks he periled so much are by no means unmindful of him. At Christmas his presents were so numerous that they overtaxed two express teams in their delivery, and, strange to say, the greater part came from Boston. At first his letters were opened before he received them, and $25,000 was taken from them sent by the lovers of the "Lost Cause;" he has not received this sum, but it is set aside for his use, and it is supposed that since he has been allowed to get his letters unopened, the amount is nearly doubled. His position is, therefore, not physically miserable, and many rather envy him in the cheap seat of martyrdom which he occupies with all its perquisites.—*Cor. S. F. Bulletin.*

THEY are endeavoring to drive Harper and the Atlantic out of the hands of the Southern people, by starting publications of a purely Southern tone. One of these, published in New Orleans, called the "Crescent Monthly," in an article upon "Lee's surrender," thus treats its readers to something rich: "The supreme hour was now come, when from across fame's burning ecliptic, where it had graced in flaming sheen its luminous path of glory, the proud Aldebaran of Southern hope in all the splendors of its express. Hyades brightness should sink to rest behind lurid war-clouds in the fateful western heaven, there to bring out on death's dark canopy the immortal deeds and spirits great and glorious, shining forever down upon a cause of darkness, like the glittering hosts upon a world in light."

MILITARY ORDER.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, TERRITORIAL MILITIA, Virginia City, M. T., May 8, 1867.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

Authority having been received by the Governor, from Lieutenant General Sherman, to raise a sufficient force for the protection of the Territory during the present Indian invasion, and to this end one thousand (1,000) volunteers are required immediately.

The following is the quota assigned to the different counties in the Territory:

Madison County,	400
Edgerton "	400
Deer Lodge "	100
Jefferson "	100

Recruiting officers heretofore appointed are earnestly enjoined to work vigorously to fill the quota in their respective counties. Those desiring to recruit companies can receive authority upon application at this office. Companies of volunteers will be accepted from counties not mentioned above. Troops will be subsisted from date of muster. All requisitions upon the Quartermaster General at Virginia City, will be promptly filled.

By order of the Commander in Chief.

MARTIN BEEM,
Adjutant General.

Jno. How's Column

JOHN HOW,

Corner of Idaho and Jackson Streets,

Virginia City, M. T.,

WHOLESALE DEALER

IN

Merchandise!

Unsurpassed in quality and variety

IN THE TERRITORY,

Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Hats and Caps,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Ladies' Furnishing Goods,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

SADDLERY, LEATHER,

SHOEMAKERS' FINDINGS,

GROCERIES,

CASE GOODS.

QUEENSWARE,

WILLOW WARE,

WOODEN WARE,

HARDWARE,

Miners' Tools,

QUARTZ MILL TOOLS,

BELTING,

HYDRAULIC HOSE,

IRON AND STEEL,

(All sizes

Agricultural Implements,

And something never before brought into a Montana market, viz:

Oak and Ash Lumber,

OF

Any size Wanted,

CALL AND EXAMINE

OUR STOCK OF GOODS

And anything you wish here not enumerated,

CALL FOR IT.

OUR PERFECTLY

FIREPROOF WAREHOUSE

Gives security to

CONSIGNERS ON COMMISSION.

Liberal Advances will be Made on Consignments.

124*

FRANK'S CONFECTIONERY,

WALLACE STREET,

Virginia City.....Montana.

CAKES, PIES, BREAD,

Cookies Canned Fruits,

—AND—

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Kept constantly on hand.

We have on hand and will receive such goods as

CAKE ORNAMENTS, SUGAR FLOWERS, PANORAMA EGGS BASKETS, FANCY HEARTS

And Candy Toys of all kinds.

Gum Drops,	Cream Fondats,
Honey "	French Kisses,
Cream "	Bon Bons,
Cordial "	Candied Fruits,
Brandy "	Chewing Gum,

And all kinds of large and small

STICK CANDY,

Shelled Almonds, Seedless Raisins, Figs, Dates, Citron, Nuts, Chocolate, Maple Sugar, Raisins, Jellies, etc, etc. etc.

A fine lot of Foreign and Domestic

WINES AND CORDIALS,

Anchovies, Holland Herring, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, Canned Chicken, Turkey and Preserved Fruits.

An endless variety of

Playing Toys, Fireworks and Crackers.

For getting up Ball and Wedding Suppers, we are prepared to compete with any firm in the Territory.

131 **FRANK PETCHNER.**

Great Bargains

Stanley Brothers

OFFER for sale

100	Yoke of Oxen,
35	Wagons,
8	Mules with harness,
6	Horses,
4,000	lbs Bacon,
150	sacks "A" Sugar,
40	sacks Coffee,
20	bbls Syrup,
40	kegs Nails,
20	bbls Whisky,
2	bbls Wine,
35	cases Claret,
40	do Lemon Syrup.

Also, a general assortment of case good and

Groceries.

Two thousand bushels of Club and Tons

Seed Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, etc.

We are closing out our stock, and will sell any part, or the whole, of the above articles at the

Lowest Cash Prices!

For sale at our Ranch, on Alder Creek, six mile below Nevada City.

138-141* **STANLEY BROS.**

VIRGINIA CITY

Hardware Store

JOHN KINNA,

Where Pilgrims and actual settlers may alway obtain a general assortment of

MINERS' GOODS,

COOK STOVES,

CAMP STOVES

CASTIRON STOVES

PICKS AND SHOVELS,

MINERS', FARMERS

—And—

Mechanics' Tools Generally.

Tin, Sheet-Iron & Copperware,

Builders' Hardware, Coffee-Mills, Ox and Horse Shoe Nails, Carpenters' Tools, and a great variety of other things, pretty, useful and solid. Job Work in Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, done with dispatch.

133*

CITY BOOK STORE,

D. W. Tilton & Co.,

Booksellers and Stationers

Corner of Wallace and Jackson Sts.,

VIRGINIA CITY - - MONTANA,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE AND

WELL SELECTED STOCK

OF

Books and Stationery,

Consisting, in part, of

LEDGERS,

DAY-BOOKS,

BLANK BOOKS,

and JOURNALS,

On the best quality of paper, and

NEATLY BOUND IN CALF

Also A Large Lot of

Pocket Tuck-Memorandums

NOTE,
LETTER,
FLAT-CAP,
FOLIO-POST,

—AND—

BILL-HEAD PAPER.

In short, everything that is usually found in a First Class Book and Stationery Store. All of which will be sold

CHEAP. FOR CASH.

Joseph Griffith, William Thompson.

GRIFFITH & THOMPSON,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

Office, Corner Idaho and Van Buren Streets,

VIRGINIA CITY, - - - - MONTANA.

ALL kinds of Mill Work, and Stone, Brick or Frame Building done to order; or on contract, on the shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Quartz Mills. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

REFER TO

Judge J. Tufts, New York City;
Chatham Bank, New York City;
Clark & Upson Mining Co., Hartford, Conn.;
Prof. H. A. Ward, Rochester, New York;
John G. Copelin, St. Louis;
Erfort & Petring, St. Louis;
And to business men generally of Virginia City, M. T. 138*