The Montana Post.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 31

OUR AGENTS.

HUDSON & MENET, New York *Times* Building, 41 Park Row are the sole agents for MONTANA P ost, for the Eastern States.

W. T. HAMILTON, Fort Benton.
MR. A. J. SMITH, Bannack.
J. M. FISH, Sterling, Hot Spring District.
BELLINGER & ALLEN, Silver Bow.
JAMES STUART, Deer Lodge.
WORDEN & CO., Hell Gate.
W. P. PARSONS, Gallatin City.
T. NICHOLSON, German Gulch.
GEO. PERRY, Lincoln Gulch.
GEO. RAUCH, Radersburg.
A. B. HAMILTON, Sun River Crossing.
H. H. HATHAAWY, Highland District.
F. CHURCH, Summit City.
R. C. JOHNSON, Blackfoot.
WESLEY W. JONES, Reynolds' City, Elk Creek.
J. S. WILLIAMS, St. Louis, Mo.
L. P. FISHER, San Francisco, Cal.
HENRY RIERDEN, Argenta.
H. ELLIS & CO., Leesburgh, Salmon River Mines
W. DAVENPORT, Confederate Gulch.
C. BESSERER, Boulder Valley.
MONTGOMERY, Bear Gulch and adjacent mines.
H. C. WEIBOLD, Butte City.
GEORGE M. BROCK, Beartown, M. T.
DAVIS WILSON, Bozeman City.

Weekly Almanac.

July, 1868	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Changes.	D.	H.	M.
20 Sunday.....	4 46	7 26				55 E
26 Monday	4 47	7 25				
27 Tuesday.....	4 48	7 24				
28 Wednesday..	4 49	7 23	3d Q.12	7	56	E
29 Thursday ...	4 50	7 22	New,19	5	12	E
30 Friday.....	4 51	7 21				
31 Saturday.....	4 25	7 20	1st Q.26	9	7	M

THE CITY.

From Tuesday's Daily.

DARING ROBBERY.—One of the most daring robberies that has ever been perpetrated in Montana, was committed in this city night before last. Mr. S. B. Herrick, proprietor of the Broadway market, was the victim of the crime. At about ten o'clock at night he retired to rest as usual in his house, next above his market, leaving his door open, as has been his custom during the heated term. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning he arose and was about to robe himself in the habiliments of his sex, when to his amazement, he found pants, boots, socks, hat, drawers and vest were missing. A search about the premises revealed the fact that some villainous persons having neither the fear of God nor the law before their eyes, had entered the room while its occupant slept, carried off the hat and vest, and thrown the boots, socks, pants and drawers into a vault in the back yard. It was subsequently ascertained that they had taken $255 in coin and dust which they found in one of the pockets of the pants, but had failed to notice $150 in greenbacks which were contained in the pistol pocket, and concealed by a handkerchief. The thieves might have possessed themselves of several thousand dollars had they known it, and Mr. Herrick thinks himself fortunate to have lost as little as he did. No clue as to who were the perpetrators of the robbery nas been obtained.

VIRGINIA ITEMS.—We gather the following from the *Democrat*: The bone of a large animal which, if perfect, would show a diameter of two feet, was found on the bed rock, twenty-two feet below the surface on Slater's Bar ten days ago, by the Rev. Hugh Duncan. In connection with this item the public are reminded that the Territory has a Historical Society, and that any curiosities deposited with it will be preserved and placed in a Museum. The Hon. W. F. Sanders is the President of this Society, and the Hon. H. L. Hosmer its Secretary.——Fifteen yoke of cattle were required to pull one wagon, just arrived at Virginia, out of the mud on the Benton road, near Sun River.——Grasshoppers have made their appearance in large numbers near Virginia, and threaten the destruction of the crops.——A recent run on the Kearsage Lode by the Postlewaite Mill cleaned up $60 to the ton. By selecting the rock more carefully it is thought that from $100 to $125 to the ton may be obtained. Specimens have been recently taken from this lead, in which the quartz was literally tied together by threads of gold.——Rock is being taken from the Mesler, which it is thought will pay $75 per ton, the contract for crushing which has been awarded to the John How Co.——The last sale of quartz on the Watseka lode was at the rate of $15 per foot.——Rev. George Comfort, who is to be the successor of the Rev. A. M. Hough, arrived in Virginia on Thursday last. He has for several years been the officiating clergyman at Binghampton, New York.——Thomas Pierce was buried in a drift on Friday last at Virginia, but not seriously injured.——Farmers want harvest hands in the Gallatin.

CAYUSES ON THE RAMPAGE.—On Saturday a horse took a spin down Wood St., minus his rider, and was about to enter Fred White's saloon in an unceremonious manner, but suddenly changing his mind, cleared the stairway at the expense of a broken railing, and essayed to enter Mather & Crocker's billiard saloon. Failing in this he bethought himself of his stable and went for it in approved style. Sunday forenoon about ten o'clock, a cayuse seeing the name "Kiyus," a relative of his from Oregon, over the door of a saloon in Wood St., concluded to call upon him, renew his acquaintance, and, perhaps take a drink; but, no sooner had he entered than the very atmosphere of the place seemed to have such an elevating effect upon his equine nerves, that he got upon a fearful "tear." After figuratively raising his satanic majesty, after a fashion nearly akin to that of the bull in the China shop, he terminated his performance by knocking down the stove, rushing through the bed-room and back door into the yard, where he momentarily became "in deep meditation lost." The opportunity was seized upon for seizing the animal and he was ignominiously led back to the street through a butcher shop, past the drawn and quartered carcasses of his fellow quadrupeds. The proposition to carry him home on a shutter met with no favor.

PLEASURE EXCURSION.—Gentlemen in from the Flint Creek country, tell of an Arcadian excursion; pastoral delights; romantic ruralizing, and an amount of good sense, perfectly astonishing. A party of Deer Lodgers—Judge J. Brown and wife; Colonel Sharp and wife; Mr. Heath and wife; Miss McKinstry and Mr. Thomas Strang, general manager and empressario of the party, instead of trundling off to the States, longing for Niagara, Long Branch, Newport or Saratoga, are out on a pleasure excursion in the Rocky Mountains. They have wagons, tents, fishing, hunting, cooking and musical utensils, instruments and paraphernalia, and are going up and down the country filling their hearts with gladness, their veins with health, and the hearts of non-excursionists with envy. We may be pardoned for calling them Arcadians, but the only *Pan* they worship is the one in which the finny victims are crisped to savory sweetness, and their portion of *Greece* is absorbed in speckled mountain trout. When last heard from they had jaunted and journeyed through the mines mills and *berrying* grounds of Cable and Flint Creek Districts, and were seeking the Fountain of Youth, where Flint Creek in one beautiful cataract of 150 feet and a succession of cascades leaps down the rocky sides of the mountain 1000 or 1500 feet. May they be more fortunate than the chivalric De Soto and his faithful followers in the everglades of Florida.

HERE'S YOUR STOVES.—We call attention to the advertisement of the great stove and hardware man, John Kinna, that appears in another column. Besides an immense and well selected stock of superior tinware, Mr. Kinna has on hand a large number of the most popular stoves to be found in the American market. We refer to those of Messrs, Buck & Wright. These celebrated stoves, perfect kitchens in themselves, and yet furnished at reasonable prices have become the favorites with all good cooks, and none that have ever used them will be found without them. Call and examine them at Mr. Kinna's. In the way of job work, Mr. Kinna is prepared in the future, as in the past, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage, and we cheerfully recommend his establishment to our readers.

WHY.—The *Herald* is in hot water because we did not notice a Republican meeting on Saturday evening. No notice of any such meeting was furnished this office. The mention of it appeared in the *Herald* without any given authority. We presumed it was a Fisk *bilk*—was it? When we are treated with the courtesy due a Republican paper, it will be time enough to question our action. It looks very much as though your hand has played to make that low point, and if we don't make High, Jack, and the Game, to your *low*, there is no virtue in a full hand of trumps.

CALLED.—We were honored yesterday with a call from Baron O'Keefe, he who lords it over his castle in the Bitter Root Valley, and who has been a resident of what is now Montana during the past ten years. He has seen the Territory change rapidly from a savage wilderness to the most prosperous section of America, and rejoices in its progress and bright prospects for the future. Crops in the Bitter Root are reported to be in excellent condition, as is also the Baron, and that he may ever be so, is our wish.

"POOR MAN'S JOY."—This celebrated lead at Phillipsburg is being energetically worked by the Cole Saunders Mining Company. On account of its situation this lead is very easily worked, and seven men are now stripping the dirt from it with surpassing rapidity. One hundred and fifty linear feet of the ledge are now exposed to view. Fully one thousand tons of quartz are now in sight, besides four hundred tons on the dump pile. A portion of the ore from this ledge which is to be shipped to Benton and New York, has already arrived in Helena, and is deposited in front of the Novelty Store.

From Wednesday's Daily.

CABLE.—Wm. Nowlan, Esq., arrived from the celebrated quartz mining camp of Cable on Monday night. He gives us further particulars concerning the recent great strike on the Cable. The ledge was discovered at the new and immensely rich point by running a drift, a distance of forty feet into Cable Mountain from the bottom of a hundred foot shaft. At the place at which it is now being worked the ledge has a width of thirty feet. The Wm. Nowlan mill has recently been crushing upon the new quartz, and cleaned up on Sunday last a fine lot of amalgam, which has been manufactured into a brick weighing 139½ oz. 829 fine, and worth $2,384.09 in coin. This brick may be seen at Messrs. Nowlan & Weary's bank, and is the result of a five days run with ten stamps upon the quartz referred to. Although unassorted, the rock yielded over thirty dollars per ton, and it is thought almost fabulous results may be obtained by a careful selection of quartz for crushing. The The Hanauer mill is a fine one, and running well upon the Thomas lode. In the latter mine an explosion, caused by foul air, occurred on Friday night, and again on Saturday and Sunday, causing the caving in of the shaft, and throwing difficulties in the way of the working of the ledge. The Hanauer mill will probably cleaned up to-day after ten days run.

DISTRICT COURT.—During Monday and yesterday the District Court was engaged in the hearing of motions and demurrers, and the disposal of a large quantity of unfinished business. It last night adjourned until Friday, when the hearing of motions, etc., will be resumed. During the present term one hundred and twenty-five cases have been disposed of, a larger amount of business than has ever before been done in this Court. Every case upon which a trial has been claimed has been tried, save one, and there is still an opportunity for bringing that before the Court. Such a vigorous prosecution of the legal war by the court referred to is worthy of the highest commendation. The case of Wilson vs Fredricks, involving the title to a flouring mill in the Gallatin, and the trial of which was announced for today has been postponed. This case has been so much turned and twisted, that it is involved in almost inextricable confusion, the various papers which play a part in it, being sufficient to "pack a jury box" or any other capacious receptacle. Judge Munson goes to Diamond on Monday where he will hold court for about a week. He has some important cases to dispose of there.

GRADING OF BROADWAY.—The propriety of grading this magnificent thoroughfare of Helena is now being much discussed, and seems to receive favorable consideration. A survey of the street has been made with reference to the proposed grade, by means of which it has been demonstrated that the following changes in the present level of the street will become necessary: At the corner of Jackson street, the upper side of Broadway will be cut down 7 inches; opposite the Post Office, it will be cut down 2½ feet; opposite Masonic Hall, 4½ feet; opposite Ewing's Stable, 2½ feet, opposite Dr. Bullard's 4 feet; corner of Ewing street, 3½ feet. From the last named point, a short easy grade makes connection with the natural level of the street above. It is estimated that 1,600 cubic yards of earth will be removed in the making of the contemplated improvement. The lineal distance to be graded is 1,000 feet, and parties have offered to do the work for $1,400, being at the rate of seventy cents per front foot, to be paid by the property on each side of the street. The contract has not been finally let as yet, and parties wishing to make their bids upon it will file their proposals with Jas. W. Whitlatch, Esq., at his office, or Chas. W. Cannon, Esq., at his steam cracker bakery.

LIVELY TIMES AMONG THE BRICKS.—Just at psesent the gold trade of Helena is very lively, and the brick manufacture is correspondingly brisk. On Monday Prof. Steitz, at the First National Bank Assay Office, smelted half a dozen bricks, weighing in the aggregate 1,450 ounces, worth $26,742 in coin. One of these bricks is worthy of especial notice on account of its size, its weight being 594 ounces and its coin value $10,246. Another Assay office, that of Mr. F. Bohm, smelted for the three days ending last night, 2,994¼ ounces of gold, worth in coin $52,917 00. Their brick manufacture for yesterday alone, resulted in the snug little sum of 10,000 golden dollars. A large run was also made yesterday by Messrs. Molitor Bros. who turned out $14,000 worth of bricks. And so the indisputable evidences of Montana's wealth are constantly making their appearance, hot from the hands of the moulder, much to the discomfiture of croakers and to the delight of those whose faith in the riches of Montana remains unshaken.

DIAMOND.—Maj. Davenport of Diamond made his appearance in town yesterday. Water is rapidly subsiding in Confederate Gulch, and the work of re-opening the drain ditch is progressing finely. Thompson's gulch continues to pay well. Benton Gulch is still being prospected. No news of importance.

[From the New York Tribune.]

"LET US HAVE PEACE!"

Gen. U. S. Grant's Letter of Acceptance.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

"Let us have peace!" is the cry of the millions
Who fought for the starry gemmed flag of the free;
'Tis the prayer of the hero, the song of civilians,
That rolls from the mountains far down to the sea.
The nation that rocked in the tempest and gloom,
And drifted in doubt to be wrecked on the shore,
The storm has outlived, and the thunders that boom
Are voices that prophecy tempest no more.

"Let us have peace!" is the sigh of the lowly,
That walk in the vale where the cypress is seen,
Who mourn their departed with tenderness holy,
And kneel where the graves are perennially green,
And where the "Unknown," in their silence, are sleeping,
The feet of the angels are pressing the sod,
And vespers of harmony round them are keeping,
While martyrs of freedom have gone to their God.

"Let us have peace!" the evangel of Labor,
Where toilers imploringly lift up their hands;
Go! wipe off the stains from the death dealing sabre
And build the bright altar of hope for all lands;
Lo! radiant from darkness the temple in glory
Throws wide to the world the broad aisles of the fane;
And freemen shall toil, as they utter the story,
And children repeat to the ages again.

"Let us have peace!" is the chorus ascending
From hamlets that lie 'mid the pine-covered hills,
And like a glad anthem in unison blending,
Floats on till the plain with its melody thrills;
And rivers that roll to the land of the West,
And prairies that wake to the hymn of the free,
With millions of freemen imploring for rest,
Swell psalms of rejoicing while bending the knee.

"Let us have peace!" from the war's wild commotion,
The trumpet's alarums, and the crash of the field,
And let the new bliss, like the billows of ocean,
Roll over the land where the hero has kneeled;
The smoke of the battle has swept from the sky
The thunders have ceased, and the bugle's wild blast;
The chains have been riven! and loud from on high
The reveille calls to the love of the past!

"LET US HAVE PEACE!" in a holy thanksgiving,
The Hero-voice cries, in the name of the Lord!
For the sake of the dead! for the sake of the living!
Turn spears into pruning hooks—to plowshares the sword!
And out of the darkness shall come forth the beaming
Of glory's bright sun where the foemen have trod,
And freedom shall teach, with a truth all redeeming
That peace with our brother is peace with our God!

NEW YORK, June 27, 1868.

HOW TO GLADDEN LIFE.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather:
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the loves that life endears.
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river!

ACCIDENT AT PHILLIPSBURG.—A serious accident occurred at Phillipsburg on Friday last. Mr. John Taylor was engaged in hauling quartz to the St. Louis and Montana Mining Co's. mill and attempted to put his foot on the brale of the wagon while he was descending a hill. His foot slipped, however, and he was precipitated under the wagon, the whole load of 8,000 lbs. of quartz passing over him. His leg was broken, his thigh severely bruised, his ankle crushed and some of his teeth knocked out. Strange to say, he received no fatal injury, and it is even thought that he may retain his leg and regain the use of it James Stuart, Esq., set the broken limb.

NUGGETS.—Mr. George Montgomery, the proprietor of the Lightning Pony Express, running between here and Beartown, informs us that two large nuggets were found in Bear Gulch last week. The claim upon which the specimens were discovered was No. 2 or 3 above the Lower Discovery, and about one mile below the town. One of the nuggets is the largest that has been found in the country for a long time, its weight being five pounds. It is, however, sprinkled with a considerable quantity of quartz. The other nugget was of perfectly pure gold, and was worth $500. Bear Gulch is proving itself one of the richest camps of the Territory.

PHILIPSBURG.—The mill of the St. Louis and Montana Mining Company is still at work upon rock from the Hope Lode, although the supply of ore taken out is nearly exhausted. It will therefore soon commence running upon custom rock, and has, we understand, already made arrangements for crushing ore from the Poor Man's Joy and the Rumley and Bugher.

UNION MEETING AT BLACKFOOT.—A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Blackfoot night before last. The Hon. William Claggett was prevented by sickness from leaving his home in Deer Lodge, and addressing the meeting as it had been announced that he would do. Eloquent speeches were, however, made by Col Wilbur F. Sanders, Judge Clitus Barbour, and Mr. Pinney. The meeting was one of the best ever held in Blackfoot, and we regret that we have not in this issue, sufficient space in which to do it justice. We shall speak further of it to-morrow.

From Thursday's Daily.

POETRY.—It appears to us that about one half of prosy humanity is cursed with a monomania for versifying. Never a week passes that we do not receive gushing effusions of muse ridden mortals, and frequently two or three per day. We consider it the sublimest philanthropy on our part to keep them out of type, and if the authors had half the gratitude they should, we would be the recipient of a new hat or a dozen of champagne for sparing them the mortification of being ridiculed. There are not very many poets in Montana—not since King evaporated. Montanians only require a little poetry, but what they get should be good. It may be obtuseness on our part, but in all the original "pomes" sent us in the last twenty months we have only found sufficient merit in one to give it publication. Many have been rejected through a sense of duty, while entertaining the kindest feelings towards their authors, although in numerous instances they have manifestly failed to accord us good intent. This is elicited by the numerous "lines," "poems," "verses," etc., we are at present in receipt of. We do not wish to ridicule their authors or be bored by reading them, and therefore state, that, on general principles, we most respectfully decline in advance, all "original poetry." This will save postage.

QUICK TIME.—Dr. Rea's mare last evening traveled her mile upon the Fashion Course in one minute and fifty-seven seconds. If all our horses could do this, we should have but little need of passenger railroads.

THOMPSON'S GULCH.—From Mr. J. D. Rogers, we learn the following concerning Thompson's gulch. Although discovered in 1865, and although one company has been mining there ever since then, so little noise has been made concerning it, that it has remained comparatively unknown. It is, however, by no means a second class camp, and already boasts a city the given name of which is Eagle. It contains forty or fifty buildings, all of which have been erected since the first of April. Among these are two stores, three saloons, and two boarding houses. It is sixteen miles by trail and twenty-six miles by stage road from Diamond City and has communication with the latter place by means of a tri-weekly coach. It is a tributary of Deep creek and has been worked for a distance of three miles. The absence of lumber with which to construct sluice boxes has much impeded mining operations during the present season, but Scanlan's mill, fifteen miles below, commenced running two weeks ago and lumber is now abundant. It comes so late in the season, however, that it can be of little use, as the water is already commencing to fail. The best claims in Thompson's gulch pay about eighteen dollars per day to the hand, although much larger runs have been made. For instance, Messrs. Ramsey & Tubbs cleaned up week before last, $600, above expenses, the result of one weeks run with six men working. Just below Eagle City, on Morgan bar, there are in successful operation, three hydraulics, one of which recently cleaned up between three and four pounds of gold after a run of one week. Eight or ten bed-rock flumes are in process of construction in the gulch. Principal among these is the lower one, situated in the Canyon. It is thirty inches wide, and has now attained a length of five hundred feet, and a depth of ten feet below the surface. It has not yet reached bed rock, but such prospects as are obtained give fine hopes for the future. To turn from items mining to items masticatory, we may state that the denizens of Eagle City are now living luxuriously upon such dead representatives of the living as Antelope, Elk, Deer and speckled Trout. They also have "upon the side" such delicacies as fresh strawberries, goose berries and raspberries; huckleberries are growing and will be served up "in their season." Surely Thompson's gulch has a brilliant prospect for the future, both in the gold and grub line.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.—The assessment roll for the year 1868, having been received by me according to law, this is to give notice that the Territorial and County taxes are now due, and should be paid to me immediately, at my office, at the Court House in Helena. M. W. KING,
Helena, July 22d, 1868. d&w4w Collector.

A PECULIAR CASE.—A friend in Beartown, whose acquaintance we were pleased to make during a recent visit to that section of the country writes to us, over the signature BRUIN the particulars of a very peculiar case that recently came before Justice McElroy. We shall devote considerable space to the subject and give our correspondent's letter in full, from the fact that it establishes a new precedent in legal jurisprudence, and may prove immensely valuable, as a point of reference to our attorneys.

Part First.—One of the *demi monde* bought eleven dollars' worth of goods of a merchant that, because we know no better or more appropriate name, shall be called Leon, and entirely neglected on the several Monday mornings when she was requested so to do, to pay for her purchase. An attachment immediately sprang up between the Sheriff and 'Fanny,' and both proceeded to Court, Judge McElroy's as aforesaid. Leon, armed with his ledger, enters, following him a crowd of interested spectators. Before the Justice a tallow dip, around it the judicial arm, to prevent the extinguishment of the luminary by the boys of Beartown. Such was the situation, but the performance requires for its description some one with a better conception of the ridiculous than ourselves. Suffice it to say that the drop curtain fell on a judgment for "Leon."—Part Second.—"Fanny" became a suitor to the extent of $96 for services rendered. She brings no books, but armed with her persuasive powers, demands a jury. In compliance with her wishes many are called but few were chosen. At last the unprejudiced twelve are found. They fail to agree. Twelve more listen to the testimony, and render judgment for plaintiff in the sum of one dollar and costs, amounting in all to about $70 00. Grand Tableau.—Leon despondent, "Fanny" triumphant,—tallow dip flamant, the jury in the back ground in such alphabetical *poses* as spell in living characters "Equal and Exact Justice."

LOCAL CLIPPINGS.—From the *Independent*: One hundred and sixty-three new arrivals at one hotel in Deer Lodge in one week..... Forty men are reported at Libby Creek, all of them doing moderately well.....Harvest in Hell Gate Valley is one month earlier this year than last.....So much grain is being raised about Missoula that it is thought the prices will be low .....From the *Democrat*: The Sterling Mining Company has struck bed rock in Norwegian Gulch and has seven feet of pay gravel. In one week's sluicing from their drain ditch they took $360, and a three days run made last week cleaned up $174 .....We understand Capt. W. H. Rodgers, Territorial Auditor, has sent back the assessed property returns of Lewis and Clark county, refusing to accept the same as being any thing near a correct assessment.

PRIZE FIGHT.—A fight has been finally arranged between Con Orem of this city and McArdle of Deer Lodge. Con has just returned from the last named place where preliminaries were settled and $200 forfeit money put up on each side. The fight will be for $1000, the balance of which is to be put up at Con Orem's Gymnasium in this city, on Saturday week. The place at which the fight will take place has not yet been definitely determined, but it will probably be either here or at Deer Lodge. McArdle will go into the ring weighing fifty pounds more than Con., being the heaviest man that ever fought in the Territory. Notwithstanding this odds in favor of his opponent, Con will make things lively for him. Both parties commence training at once.

ARTISTIC.—Mr. Savage, of the celebrated photographic firm of Savage & Ottinger, of Salt Lake has, during the past few days, taken some of the most beautiful scenic pictures ever seen in the Territory. Among these we may especially mention a view of Main street on Sunday, a general view of Helena from the bluff at the south of the town, a comprehensive and beautiful view of Unionville, and views of the mines in that vicinity. Mr. Savage is now in the Boulder Valley, photographing some of the picturesque scenery to be found there. He will soon return, and after a short stay in Helena, proceed to the Great Falls of the Missouri, where his camera will catch the shadow of one of the grandest sights in America.

SOLD.—A large number of citizens were sold cheap yesterday morning by some inhuman wretch who started the report that the Vigilance Committee had provided a man for breakfast, and that he was served up upon the old tree devoted to such use in Dry Gulch. Many were the persons that marched up the hill, and then marched down again, the latter operation being performed with much "disgustion."

IN TOWN.—Frank Kenyon Esq., of the *Independent* is in town and leaves to-morrow for Benton and the States. Frank may your friends in America be as glad to meet you, as we are sorry to part with you, and may you speedily return to us.

LETTER LIST.

The following is thelist of letters remaining in the Post Office, Helena, M. T., **July 29th, 1868.**

A		
Anderson A	Arnett P	Arnett A P
Arnote A-2	Armitage Josh	Ayers Chas
Ayden Milton	Allin J W	Ates Jno P
B		
Balduff Frank	Birdsell P	Baker Fred
Blake H H	Barden R	Bearcroff W H
Burnett J E	Blake M H	Boroman J H
Balange L	Booth Wilks	Blazel H
Blades B H	Birch S D	Black Mike
Burriss W B	Burns A F	Brow A J
Bush David	Buchanan J	Brewer F
Brandt R	Brown G W	Brossmer S
Bessett E	Bean E	Beannoit T
Bell J B		
C		
Chulte Wm	Cartwhight N	Collett A
Chamberlain S	Cave J T	Cowden H
Cawood Wm	Carr Robt	Candy T
Cull P	Casson C V	Carputa J S
Cady Jno	Carnbell J	Case B Y
Carman S H	Cameron	Clarke J H
Cruthers J S	Clark J O	Chullator M
Charbott Ed	Creamer Jos	Clark Chas L
Cross Jno	Coulter G	Craig W
Carton A	Crawford A	Coulter J A
Coleman J E	Cook D F	
D		
De'Arcy Ed	Dosher A H	Dicky Jno
Davis H	Darrington T	Douglass Lucy
Dickinson O	Dunn Jas	Dolino L
F		
Freston J	Florida Ed	Ford H
Frost L P	Fillor T B	Frederick Sarah
Fisher T W	Frishnell A M	Frick Jno
Forrington W F	Frazier W N	Frost L P
G		
Givins Jas	Garrington E	Gehlieg H
Gash J M	Gillman J N	Gross Isabelle
Gray Norris	Gauer T C	Graiggs J
Gregor Francis	Gostling Jas	Goyman M
Goddard W E	Goodnow G H	Glond Ed
H		
Hardy R J	Hoort F	Ham W S
Hulbord J	Hatch C E	Horner J
Harper T	Horbuson V	Hauks D
Marrison A	Haverstock	Hanner J H
Hall C E	Halback L	Hainer D W
Hall Geo	Haman J K	Hendry J
Hincill T M	Henephill H	Hendrickson A
Hubbord J E	Hill T W	Hunter J H
Hoeyfner A		
J		
Jackson Jno	Jones A C	Jones T
Johnson J S	Johnson S A	Johnson Siever
" R S	"	& Peterson
K		
King J W	King T B	King T J
Keith Chas	Kelly J S	
L		
Lee H	Lawrence J	Lewis J M
Lubi Chas	Lux A C	Logan J R
Lorence W	Loebr S	
M		
Moore J S	Morgan J H	Montgomery W J
Moss H	Moore J	Muttlebury Wm
Myers W S	Miller J B	Merrill C
Maloney J	Millowry J W	Morton W H
Mathews W J	Muney A	Mumard T A
Mc		
McRay A	McPinly A	McDonald J
McDermaid D	McCurdy S A	McKinny H J
McLane E	McLaughlin W	McLemon R
McNamara W	McKnight P	McNally C
McGregor A M	McCracken M	McCurdy S
McKenny H J	McLean Ed	McLaughlin W
McLeman R	McKnight P	McElroy Jas
McKinley A	McKey A	
O		
Oaks Jno	Ogg Wm	O'Conner T
O'Brine Terrence		
P		
Pickel W W	Pearce J F	Proost H
Pence P J	Pierce G W	Pierce J H
Puny C B	Prince C B	Prince W C
Phelps W H		
R		
Rawlings Z	Raymer L	Ransom L
Rayfield Geo 2	Runnels T	Reese S N
Ramsdahl J	Richardson Mrs	S A-2
Richardson J	Russell T H-2	Rockfellow G W
Russell N		
S		
Scott Mrs N J	Schwadlimak P	Sexton J A
Searls Geo-2	Shick Jno	Sheely H A
Short D R	Sheriff Court	Simmons R F
Sampson G W	Salmy J K	Sisson J-2
Smith A F	Smith Jas	Smith J F
Spear D H	Spruse A	South G H
Swewart A T	Street D	Stanly J
Stout Ed-2	Stewart Jno	Stanton D
Stevens T A	Sleger J C T	Sutton Wm
Sweeny W	Sweet H	
T		
Taylor S P	Tebean H	Thory J T
Thomas J H	Thompson W	Tippet Geo
" Chas	" L	Tolly A-2
" E J	Treganza J	Turrell J A-2
W		
Wareham H	Watters Jas	Ward Jno
Walker W S	Woods J N-3	Woods E D
Wolf H L	Williams H R	Weachter H
Weeks B T	" J D	Weeb L A 2
Wyer Wm	" E N	Willison A
Wright Jno	Wright W B	Whitson J B
Whitbeck C H		

JOHN POTTER, P. M.

HORSEBACK RIDES IN MONTANA.

NUMBER FOUR.

Written for the Montana "Post."

To St. Peters Mission—Amphitheater Butte—John Brown the Cold Spring Ranchman—Neptune and Flora, a difference of Expression—Time and "the Overland" waits for no man,

Sixteen miles in the most direct practicable course from the Sun River Crossing to Helena, have brought me here to St. Peter's Mission. It is located five miles south-east of the stage road, and three south of "Bird Tail Rock," and is about sixty miles from the metropolis. I will explain in my next how I make the Sun river crossing only seventy-six miles from the metropolis, instead of ninety, as calculated by stage men.

The "Amphitheater Butte" is three miles south-east of the Sun river crossing, and ranks, among the notable configurations around here, next to "Bird Tail." Though both, alike, strike the beholder with their resemblance to works of art, the ideas impressed by each are entirely different. The former with its fan-shaped outlines, its fluted base, pillard front, and arched recesses, carries the mind into visions of oriental splendor; while the latter, rising regularly from the plain until it attains an altitude of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, reminds one, with its regular edges of bared granite frowning down from every point of its circumference, of a great bastile or mighty fortress. Rising up from a broad expanse of table lands, no other prominent elevations near, and its superficial extent on the top almost as great as the area covered by its base, the "Amphitheatre" looms in view for miles around, and, once seen, is a land-mark never to be forgotten. It is apparently perfectly level, and in reality nearly so. Covered with nutritious grass it is a favorite stock range. Bearing to the right of the "Amphitheatre," a gallop of five or six miles further, over land excellent for pasturage, and well adapted to the growth of small grains—but which, owing to the vast extent of rich bottom ground still unclaimed, will long lie unfurrowed—brings me to the "Cold Spring Ranche," owned by a big-hearted Irish-American named John D. Brown, formerly of Providence, R. I. Mr. Brown's is the only house of entertainment between the "Bird Tail" and Sun river; and a charming and delighted spot it is, too, as many a weary traveler, and fatigued freighter who has quaffed from the ice-cold fountain at his door will agree. No demurring or promises of "another time" would do—myself and friend must dismount. Having crossed his threshold, we were in the meshes of that true Celtic hospitality, whose silken threads cannot be abruptly broken. His interesting personal reminiscences, and broad Irish humor, while presiding at the hastily spread but inviting board—(smile not, ye of the metropolitan saloons, for the rude cabin of the frontier hath charms and comforts ye wot not of!)—would have captivated old Zeno himself, and subdued the most ascetic temperament to a convivial mood. As miner, hunter, pioneer and farmer, Mr. Brown has had his share of mountain vicissitudes, but is confident that he has "struck it at last," and I fully concur.

I wish you would have the foreman "pi" the compositor who made me say, in the fourth paragraph of my first letter, that "each blade, petal and bay" (bud) was "sparkling with crystal drops." While I positively aver that I have discovered, and on the top of one of the highest mountains hereabout, where an oyster bed once existed—which I can substantiate on my return, by exhibiting a dozen of the fosilized mollusks—I am equally sure that Neptune no longer asserts authority in this region.

There! again I am apprized that the Helena bound coach will be at "Bird Tail" in an hour, and I must quickly drop the pen, or this will not be in time for Father Minnetry's mail. H. N. M.

St. Peter's Mission, July 20, 1868.

(The Government Exploration party named "Crown Butte" that which Mr. M. has designated "Amphitheater." The two contiguous Buttes are known as the "Big Knees." Their height was estimated at 800 feet, and Crown Butte Creek flowing at their base was by barometer measurement 3,669 above the sea, giving Crown Butte an altitude of 4 469 feet.—*Ed.*)

A JAUNT TO BLACKFOOT.

At 3, P. M., Saturday, we stepped into a buggy, where 190 pounds avoirdepois christened N. P. Langford, when the pounds were ounces, preceded us, and went out to the west from Helena. All nature was lovely; the roadside was bright with "green things growing;" the face of the Great Collector was a picture of peace, and the brand of "the cattle" was "Travis' best." An hour and ten minutes to Greenhorn Gulch, where in the scowl of a threatening shower, the inviting door of Jack Reynolds was like a vegetable ranch, a good thing to be entered. We found Jack, the Ajax of the Rocky Mountains, on his pins and sensitive to the comfort of his guests. Three weeks ago he was driving over this divide; a storm burst in its fury, the Promethean fires poured from the heated heavens, a bolt of lightning struck the outfit, knocked the wagon into "smithereens," killed three of his horses, tore up the ground like a young earthquake, and Jack says——"it made his head ache a little." He intends to hire out for a gun boat in the next war.

Into the wagon again and L. ventures a witticism. "Jack! you call this Greenhorn Gulch, where are the Greenhorns?" "I think the most of them are about starting for Blackfoot." There was no real necessity for the sharp cut the little $300 horse got just then—but away we went, scudding up the hills on the Mullan road and in half an hour were on the summit of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, longitude 112° west, latitude 46° 30′ north. Emerging from the timber, we were on a bald, massive mountain top, the very crest of the great range of the continent 6,044 feet above the level of the sea, where a cup of water might be tossed—a part to the tributaries of the Atlantic and part to the tributaries of the Pacific. "Here," said our companion, "as did our craft in the olden days—on a beautiful September evening in 186—two other Master Masons and myself opened and closed the first Masonic Lodge ever held in Montana." Truly the place was fitly chosen, the "ancient landmarks" in this instance are not likely to be forgotten, and the sage of the Grand Lodge of Montana, representing a high mountain with the approach to the summit, along three graded ascents, is not only a beautiful design but suggestive of the first meeting of "the brethren of the mystic tie." After taking an observation with a spirit thermometer, drinking to the health of Columbus, the Rocky Mountains, the North American Continent generally, and, more especially, all good Masons, a rattling race between front and hind wheels down the mountain, brought us up at Clarke's toll gate, where we found the clever proprietor rejoicing over the arrival of a welcome and exceedingly youthful guest a day or two before. It was proper also to drink to his health, and it was done with a hearty good will.

Over the next divide and circling around the hills we crossed Snow Shoe gulch. Some 25 men are mining with hydraulics at the foot of the gulch and as many more at the head, all doing well. The middle gulch is abandoned. A couple of miles beyond, 2[illegible] men are at work on Carpenters Bar, and on Prairie gulch. In the latter Simmons & Co have 2000 feet of excellent ground, 6 feet to pay to bed rock, and yielding with a [illegible] draulic, and bed-rock flume 2000 feet long $2,000 per week. The entire bar and gulch is shallow, and the yield $30,000 or $40,000 per week, claims paying from $1000. to $2000. Another mile and a half and we were in Blackfoot, a thrifty little town on Ophir gulch. Peacock & Co. the Travis' of Blackfoot, took charge of our ponies who had trotted us over the thirty miles in less than four hours, including stoppings and "unstoppings," and, with a confidence not misplaced, we entered the "Carey House," and consigned ourselves to the care of the Carey's. While "sampling" a sumptious repast, including "ham and hominy" a favorite dish of the Collector, we were informed that Ophir gulch is being worked from the summit to its mouth, about 600 men finding employment along its fifteen miles of gulch and bars. The yield is estimated at $50,000 per week, and bar claims are selling as high as $1700. Some ten or twelve miles west of Blackfoot, Jefferson gulch employs 1[illegible], Washington 400, and California 50 men. All these gulches pay well, and a considerable amount of the money finds its way to Blackfoot, giving a healthy, steady stimulus to tr