

The Montana Post.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7. GRANT IN WAR.

The Independent asks "What has Grant done that people call him Great?" We first thought on reading the caption that the editor of the Independent had been reading the "Child's Inquiry" about Alexander the Great, in which the invariable mind raised the question as to whether victorious warfare entitled a man to that adjective, and was about to dash it to the declination of its "Peace at any price" readers. Not so, however. The Independent is analytical, statistical and annihilative. General Grant is pronounced a military failure, a General conquering victory by sheer ponderosity; an ignorant boor, floundering about in the realms of strategic science; a commander by circumstances, a victor by chance. It is asserted "he is a four-to-five hero" and Lee "the greatest general that ever America produced." Robert E. Lee is pretty well flattened out. Grant was the "azure-backed" elephant that tramped on him, and an excuse for the fact is not demanded at our hands. Neither is it probable the Independent quill-driving, military critic who never saw a column in motion in his life, will become the De Jomini of the Rebellion and annihilate the Great Captain of the age; nor does the number of soldiers engaged in either battle, definitely decide the capability of U. S. Grant to rule wisely and well as President of the United States. Yet the position of the Independent is so inconsistent and at variance with facts, that we revert to it. The attempt is to undermine Grant's military fame on the ground that he fought and conquered merely by overwhelming numbers; that he is therefore unfit for President. Grant is said to have crossed the Rapidan in May, 1864 with 160,000 men, while Lee had but 47,000. The official reports will show that Grant had but 120,000 men, 20,000 of whom were held in reserve under Barnside's forty miles to the rear, while Lee had 90,000 and was digging rifle-pits in twenty-four hours after Grant struck him in the Wilderness. Even were the figures of the Independent correct, is it not historic that McClellan disembarked 120,000 men on the Peninsula in the middle of April, 1862, and with McDowell's division for reinforcement; 350 pieces of field artillery, with ship-loads of 100 and 200 pdr. rifled cannon, 13 inch mortars and a fleet of gun-boats, was held in check for a month at Yorktown by Magruder and 12,000 or 15,000 Confederates; that he pursued them vigorously at the rate of four miles a day up the Peninsula; that he sat down before Richmond, telegraphing for 50,000 reinforcements when he outnumbered the rebels "four to one," waited until they concentrated from every corner of Secession, and then barely escaped with two-thirds of his army to Harrison's Landing? And still democracy thought him great enough to nominate for President in 1864. McClellan failed; Grant succeeded. He planned the most extensive, comprehensive and wonderful campaign the world has seen, and "while Sherman marched down to the sea"—crushing through the shell of rebellion, Grant, with the Army of the Potomac, smote and crushed the hydra-headed monster. A grand campaign of this character, embracing several distinct armies of half a million men, extending over an empire of territory and lasting nearly a year and a half of terrible battle, yet consummated gloriously and victoriously as predetermined from the first, required generalship that almost any one but a modern Democrat would concede "great." Robert E. Lee is held up as a paragon of military excellence. With over 90,000 men, the flower of the Confederate army, flushed with victory, he fell in fury on the 60,000 of Meade at Gettysburg. In forty-eight hours he was hiding behind abatis and earth-works, and on the fourth day was flying in confusion down the Cumberland Valley, and the tide had turned that swept the rebellion from the land. General Meade whipped Lee, and General Meade is not one to deal in soft phrases to any, yet he says Grant is the greatest military genius of the age. Historians, journalists, Kings, Emperors, Generals and the world have accorded him greatness as a military chieftain—but the Independent thinks he is not. As the Independent may not alone be of those who through ignorance of malice, charge that Grant was recklessly wasteful of human life, we present the following official figures of the losses to the Army of the Potomac before Grant took command and after. It will be remembered that McClellan accomplished nothing, and his successors but little, until Grant took command, and it will be seen that Grant did not lose by 40,000 men as many as his predecessors, while crushing the rebellion. McClellan sacrificed 52,096 men uselessly; but there is no democratic word of reproval for him, while he who incurred displeasure by making rebellion a "lost cause" and Lee a quiet citizen, is denounced as "a butcher." Read the figures: and see who "wantonly sacrificed human life."

Table with columns: LOSSES BEFORE GRANT TOOK COMMAND, BATTLES, Killed, Wounded, Missing, Total. Rows include Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Yorktown, etc.

REASON NOT DICTATION.

An article in the Post on "duty" touched that sublimated piece of political purity yclept the Gazette in a tender place, and in doubt whether to resent it vigorously or treat it with contemptuous silence, it twaddled and twiddled yesterday morning, and finally left our statements uncontroverted. The Gazette inquires if we "charge that English, Comly, Powers, Sweeney, Ellis or Rhodes are corrupt?" We believe only Messrs. Comly and Rhodes were in the Legislature. The former is young and needs a few more years of practical experience before he should be entrusted with legislation. If his better angels guarded his maiden hours as a legislator and kept him from contamination, he should be thankful: give his virtues a chance to develop and strengthen themselves considerably and not return the second time to touch with unsophisticated hands, and look with curious eyes upon the abominations of the Assembly. He was spokesman of the Helena delegation on the Capitol question, and his permitting Sam Word to get away with the spoils, should be sufficient demonstration to him that his legislative career was a failure, and duty to his constituents demands that an abler and more practical man should be sent in his place. Mr Rhodes is doubtless well qualified for the duties of County Commissioner or other administrative office of that character, but when comprehensive laws are to be framed in good square English, it would be better to send some one else in his place. As to how far they are individually responsible for the ignorantly or corruptly criminal laws of last winter, we have not the journals at hand to show, but one thing is certain, their authors and advocates were all Democrats, and claim honesty for one only shifts the responsibility to others of the same party. Mr. Ellis, we are informed, is an alien; has never been naturalized; is a resident of Utah, and is not eligible to the office by residence under the laws of Montana. Whether any or all the rest of the Democratic House and Council candidates are equally unqualified, we have not ascertained, as the meagre vote they are likely to obtain would scarcely justify the trouble, for if Democrats are as bitterly opposed to carpet-baggers as their papers claim, they will have a good opportunity to testify it on Monday. Opposed to these we have Messrs. McNeil, Starr, Rice, Hedges, Hendrie and Getchell, gentlemen prominently identified with the interests, prosperity and development of Montana; those who have grown with its growth, strengthened with its strength; are familiar with its requirements; men of integrity, ability and genuine merit, competent and disposed to legislate wisely and equally. Laying aside even the legislative record of last winter, that should damn any party responsible for it, if the choice was made and conscientiously decided as between men and men, our candidates would receive nine-tenths of the votes of the county. We are aware of the fact that "party" is the slogan that rings above the pleadings of honesty and judgment, and drowns the appeal for consideration, but if ever there was an election where men were called upon by their manliness and sense of right to rise above partisanship and vote like intelligent creatures, against those who betrayed and tyrannized over them, squandering their money and involving them in the meshes of laws destructive to their rights, it is this and now in the county of Lewis and Clark. This was why we appealed to them to do their duty, and we have not lost faith enough in humanity, even of the democratic persuasion, to believe that duty will be utterly disregarded. There is a difference between "dictation" and "reasoning." The latter was our intent, and we believe we succeeded, to the intense alarm of the Gazette.

SEYMOUR AND THE RIOTS.

While our contemporaries are quoting freely from the speech of Horatio Seymour to the New York rioters, in which he called them "dear friends," and stated that "he had sent his Adjutant General to Washington to confer with the authorities and have the draft stopped," we regard that particular speech, abstractly, as one of the least iniquitous of his acts. A Governor might, in the excitement of the moment, and in face of the possibility of the city being laid in ashes, resort to cajolery and "blarney" to restore quiet, and was it not sustained by other acts hostile to the Government, plausibly claim exemption from rebuke and denunciation as disloyal. We would not therefore lay particular stress upon those utterances at that time, were it not that previous actions in cool deliberation, and probably after consultation with his advisers, leads us to believe the New York rioters, that necessitated the withdrawing from our army of operations 25,000 or 30,000 men and the destruction of life and property, were the result of which he was the principal cause. When that unprincipled, traitorous wretch, Clement L. Vallandigham, was arrested and turned over to the rebels for whom he boasted so much sympathy, the Democratic heart revolted at the tyranny of Abraham Lincoln, and a public meeting was called in Albany to express a "constitutional" opinion upon the question, and aid the rebellion. An invitation was extended to Governor Seymour to be present. Something preventing His Excellency from attending, he addressed the committee a letter which was read at the meeting May 16, 1863, and its contents were made the ground-work of a series of Copperhead resolutions adopted at the meeting and forwarded to the President of the United States. After a flood of the most approved quality of "aid and comfort," he concluded his letter as follows: "Having given the Administration a generous support in the conduct of the war we now pause to see what kind of Government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and treasures. The action of the Administration will determine in the minds of more than one half of the people of the loyal States, whether this war is waged to put down rebellion at the South or to destroy free institutions at the North. We look for its decision with the most solemn solicitude. HORATIO SEYMOUR."

WOMAN'S WAGES.

From a lengthy article on this subject in the Philadelphia Ledger, we condense the following statistics of female labor in the City of Brotherly Love. From 8,000 to 10,000 are engaged making up goods for clothing establishments, the average wages being about \$1.50 per day of ten hours. In one house, employing four hundred hands, the average is fifty cents per day. The rates for making colored flannel shirts are \$1.25 to \$1.40 per dozen; drawers, \$1.75 to \$1.90 per dozen; overalls, \$1 per dozen. There are about 20,000 sewing machines used in the city, the price for good operatives being from \$7 to \$10 per week. From 400 to 600 are engaged in paper box making; average wages, \$5. About 300 are employed in the paper collar and envelope establishments; wages, \$4 to \$8. In cotton mills the average wages is \$7; in paper mills, \$5; in drug stores, \$5.50; in cigar factories, \$8 to \$15; in jewelry establishments, \$8; as book keepers, \$8 to \$11; as salesmen, \$6 to \$8; in trimming hats, \$3; for covering umbrellas, \$7.50; in book making, stitching, folding, gilding and feeding, \$4.50 to \$6. Many of these avocations require the most delicate skill and a thorough apprenticeship, and in many cases little or no wages are paid during the apprenticeship. The complaint is made, and justly, that while women are in all these pursuits as competent, and in many of them much more so than men, their wages are far less than those paid their "big brothers," and even less than that paid their own sex for the employments requiring only the rudest labor. The Gazette is infuriate over the proposition of two of the Southern States Legislatures to cast the electoral vote. It implores the spirit of '76 to enter the hearts of the people, and prevent its consummation if it requires force of arms, etc. Now don't get up another war, if you are discreet Gazette. There is very little of the Democratic party left now, and if that little unpleasantness had to be repeated there will not be any. Think of this calmly, and smooth your ruffled feathers. There is one thing, the better part of valor, you know.

HE SPEAKS.

That worthy representative of a family who was displaced during the war for unworthiness; that conscientious oligarch of General Grant until he found Grant could not be educated to the Blair standard of political virtue; that model of temperance who denounces Grant's dissolute habits over two kettles of hot water and three demijohns of whiskey; that advocate of Northern carpet-bag emigration to the South until he sunk all the available Blair capital on a cotton plantation, run according to the Blair idea of financing; that humanitarian who always favored emancipation while we had slavery, and now favors slavery when we have emancipation; that wonderful General who counseled a vigorous prosecution of the war, and as soon as it was vigorously prosecuted, resigned; that nominee who arbitrarily presented his platform to the Democratic Convention at New York, as the only one he would hear of, and enthusiastically accepted the nomination on one directly the reverse, has been making a speech at Leavenworth, and he charges Grant with inconsistency. He says Grant adheres to the Republicans because he expects a military despotism set up, and he given prominence. Why, Grant holds to-day the most prominent and honorable military position of any man in the world. He could not expect a greater though he were Dictator, and what other General does history record, who, almost on the field, and in the hour of the surrender of the beligerent Confederacy, set about the reduction of his army, from a million, to less than 50,000 men? His loftiest ambition was to be gratified; and the baser those petty, sordid and vicious vanities which a Blair might aspire to, have no place with the hero of the war for the Union. Besides, it will be remembered that a few months ago the democracy entreated Grant to become their candidate, and until his letter of acceptance, we were told he would not accept the nomination of the Republicans. It is true he did not aspire to the Presidency, and his very acceptance shows his subservience to the will of the people, for his nomination is synonymous with his election. Not the least preposterous of the assertions of Mr. Blair is the one declaring that his New York letter was not revolutionary in sentiment. Strange as it may seem that letter is much more freely copied in our Republican than Democratic exchanges. It is Frank P.'s bid for the Vice Presidential nomination to the New York Convention. If it is not revolutionary—an open avowal of a daring scheme—we do not understand English. Read! There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations of the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives. The House of Representatives will contain a majority of Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the white people of the South, and with the cooperation of the President it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put the issue plainly to the country. I repeat that this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us: Shall we submit to the usurpations by which the government has been overthrown, or shall we exert ourselves for its full and complete restoration? It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith, and the public credit. What can a Democratic President do in regard to any of these, with a Congress in both branches controlled by the carpet-baggers and their allies? He will be powerless to stop the supplies by which these negroes are organized into political clubs—by which an army is maintained to protect these vagabonds in their outrages upon the ballot. These, and things like these, eat up the revenue and resources of the Government and destroy its credit—make the difference between gold and greenbacks. We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by tramping into dust the usurpation of Congress, known as the Reconstruction Acts. I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue, but it is one which embraces everything else that is of value in its large and comprehensive results. It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it there is nothing that gives dignity, honor, or value to the struggle. Your friend, FRANK P. BLAIR. F. P. can never explain away a letter like that. He says Radicalism has made Copperheadism respectable. That, if true, is the only claim the said Blair has to respectability, and granting the inconsistency of the Radicals, he holds it by a frail tenure. Blair! beware. HORSEBACK RIDES IN MONTANA. NUMBER FIVE. The best country off the road—A better and shorter route—St. Peter's Mission—The Old Mission—Father Ministry—The Mission Farm—Its crops, climate, etc.—Plenty of good land yet unclaimed—Abundance of game—Return of Capt. McClellan—The reason he did not find diggings—Full report of his expedition promised—Cold blooded murder—Black foot outrage—Eureka!

gold and of diamond clearness, bathing their feet on all sides. This is the character of the country he would pass through, by bearing to the right from the Dearborn, leaving the old road from three to five miles to the left, and coming right by or very near St. Peter's Mission, and then, striking the Sun River either at Largent's Bridge or two miles below, he would travel from seven to ten miles less than by the present route. Why do not the stage proprietors adopt this cut-off, with its peculiar advantages? The only reason I can give, is, that, having "got on the wrong track" in the first place, or before they had thoroughly explored the different routes, they do not now feel justified in abandoning their improvements, which are good, at the Dearborn and "Bird Tail." But I have been credibly informed that Messrs King & Gillette, who have under their charter, acted with good faith to the public,—the Benton road being kept in the best condition—intend to soon survey and bridge, where necessary, this shorter and naturally better route; when, I have not the least doubt, the long white lines of freight teams now to be seen at almost any point of the present thoroughfare between the head of navigation and the metropolis, will all move over the new route, by which they will have better feed for their stock, and save a half a day in time, establishing it in popular favor at once. There are no existing interests that I know of, to be promoted by this proposed change of route—St. Peter's Mission, now enjoying that seclusion desired by its founders, and in keeping with its religious character, and there being no other substantial settlement on the way. So the cut-off will wholly rest on its intrinsic merits. St. Peter's is about twelve miles south of the National Hotel, or Largent's Bridge; and the Dearborn is reached in ten or twelve miles from here. The reader must not confound it with the Old Mission on the Missouri, fifteen or twenty miles below, which was abandoned four or five years ago, owing to its exposed position. Father Ministry, who is in charge of St. Peter's, came into the mountains soon after the veteran Father De Smet, and is intimately connected throughout with the history of the Catholic missions on the Upper Missouri, which must forever stand as the history of the first civilization in the Rocky mountains. He was in the flush of early manhood when he began his holy and perilous career as an Indian missionary, and is now over fifty; but, hale and hearty, a spirit of even youthful buoyancy still animating his heart, and gleaming in his eye, the few silvery hairs sprinkling his crown, to take the lustre from a Dickens idea, by embodying it in my own uncouth style, are merely the marks left by old Father Time, in gently laying his hand on his head to give him his blessing for a well-spent life. The mission farm comprises three hundred and twenty acres, half of which is substantially enclosed; among the building improvements are four or five large, double and comfortable cabins, besides an extensive corral, sixteen or eighteen feet high, constructed of the heaviest available timber. About twenty acres are under cultivation and I have seen better crops nowhere in the Territory, and the variety is greater, perhaps, than can be found in any other place. Melons, tomatoes, corn, vegetable oyster, asparagus, garlic, and the like tender plants seldom ventured on in the mountains, are here, though severely injured by the terrible tornado and hail storm, which a few weeks since, swept over this region, flourishing and promising early maturity. Twelve or fourteen acres are covered with bountiful growths of wheat, barley and oats, and the industrious and skillful Mission farmer, Mr. Chote, is preparing to begin cutting grain immediately. The adaptability to grazing is sufficiently attested by the waddling fatness of all the stock belonging to the premises. Apples, plums, the more hardy varieties of the cherry, and most of the small fruits, will undoubtedly do well in this vicinity. The mountains around—the result of that general denudation to which I have before referred—present lofty points of bare granite or sandstone, which reflect the heat down to the rich vegetable mould that, for centuries, has been accumulating at their bases, thus insuring for it a good growing temperament when less favorably surrounded soils are too cold for most of the plants to fructify. Then, mild, south-west winds prevail in this section, winter and summer—the nature of which the reader from the upper Columbia will understand, when I tell him they seem analogous to our "Chinook winds" of the Pacific side—which must greatly modify the climate. An abundance of good fencing and building timber is conveniently near, and the myriad of spring-fed brooks around—that dash down from the foot-hills, are irrigating ditches, ready-made to the hand of the pioneer settler. Mr. Chote assures me that the adjacent farm sites unclaimed, every whit as good in all natural advantages as this particular spot, are sufficient to give homes to from fifty to seventy-five families. And then the game! In my twelve-mile ride here from the "National Hotel," passing to the left of "Amphitheatre Butte," I think I must have seen not less than three hundred head of deer and antelope. A ravine could not be crossed without "jumping up" a band of one or the other. They dotted the plains like domestic herds in a populous stock region. And as for trout, the veritable red-and-blue-speckled beauties, every little torrent is filled with them. But a messenger has just arrived, bringing me some items of news, which I know, will be more acceptable to your readers than descriptive paragraphs, which I can resume at any time; and, to get this number off in to-day's stage, I must finish with these matters of local interest. Capt. McClellan and party arrived at the Sun River Crossing, last night. In a note to me, he says: "My diary shall be at your command to-morrow." So you may look for a full report of his expedition in my next. They found some gold on a stream heading in the Forepaig

Range, and in other places; but, owing to high water—the streams all being swollen bankfull, and the lakes overflowing—their prospecting was of a very superficial character. Capt. McClellan returns with as much confidence in that region as he had when starting. Owing to the circumstance mentioned, and the discouragement of some of his party, (but few being practical miners), could not explore thoroughly; but may go back again the coming fall. He went out with twenty-seven men, and returns with seventeen—eight having gone up to the Saskatchewan, and two off to the Kootenai mines. Among those now with him are the following well-known miners: Luke Nolan, of Blackfoot; Wm. Ross, of the Boulder; Wm. Gillespie, of Sun River, and Michael Dillon and Jas. Abrams, of Helena. It is reported that a cold-blooded murder was committed night before last, two miles below Largent's Bridge, by a Blackfoot half-breed named Estie Robar. Under pretences of friendship, he induced a Pen D'Oreille to come to his camp, when he deliberately emptied five chambers of his revolver into him, and then scalped him while his flesh was yet quivering and warm! The gratification of a devilish, blood-thirsty spirit, seems to have been the only motive. Much feeling prevails in consequence of the event, the white settlers saying the Indians from the western slope are the only reliable savages that pass through here, and that the one murdered was a firm friend of the whites. The hope is general that the civil authorities will take the matter in hand. Robar is still at his camp, and no attempt has been made to arrest him. He has a little stock around him, and I hear whisperings of his having been engaged in the contraband whisky traffic. The Blackfeet made a descent on Tingley's ranch, thirty miles below here, and made him get supper for them, after partaking of which, they stole a private horse and decamped. There were about twenty-five of them. John Wren, with five others, all old mountain men, left Largent's a day or two ago, with a year's supply of provisions, to prospect in the region passed through by Capt. McClellan. Your correspondent will be in possession of the first report they send back. My time is up. H. N. M. ST. PETER'S MISSION, July 31, 1861.

To the Watchmakers

OF THE Territory. Schurz & Bundy, No. 63 Main Street. Have just received a complete stock of all kinds of WATCH MATERIAL! Embracing a fine assortment of GLASSES AND KEYS, which we offer CHEAP TO THE TRADE! Orders from a distance will receive careful and prompt attention. WATCH WORK. Of all descriptions will be done on the most reasonable terms. Giving my personal attention to this branch of the business, I shall be able to give perfect satisfaction. j390dy K. SCHULZ.

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