

## Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

R. N. SUTHERLIN, Editor.

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### THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

His Excellency, the President of the United States, having designated Thursday, November 24th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer—

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin F. Potts, Governor of the Territory of Montana, do earnestly request the people of this Territory to observe said day in an appropriate manner.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Territory to be affixed.

Done at Helena, the Capital, this 8th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

By the Governor: B. F. POTTS,  
JAMES H. MILLS, Secretary.

In the beginning on another volume a brief review of the field of labor wherein the HUSBANDMAN has made its weekly rounds for the past six years is a source of some satisfaction and pride to us, and may be of some interest to the general reader. Six years ago to-day was the auspicious event which chronicled the issue of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUSBANDMAN, the pioneer agricultural journal of the great Northwest. There were then scarcely 15,000 people in Montana, including all grades, classes, sex and size. Of these there were hardly 1,500 farmers, and a feeling of despondency reigned throughout all branches of industry, and particularly among those engaged in agricultural pursuits. All manner of farm products were low, and the granaries, though few, were filled to overflowing with grain, for which there was no sale; our beehives roamed upon our ranges without a purchaser, and the problem of that day and age of our Territory was how to diversify crops in order to prevent over production and avoid a prostration of the market. Farmers were selling out and leaving the country, stockmen were offering their herds but could find no buyers, and, to make a long story short, cattle went begging at one and ten dollars a head, and flour at \$1.50 per hundred for the best brands. Taxes were high, twenty-four mills, we believe, being the minimum paid in any part of the Territory, the bulk of which were paid by the farmers, mining, the then paramount industry of the Territory, being exempt and its population being greatly in the ascendancy. The tiller of the soil and the tender of flocks and herds were without an advocate in all the land, as everybody and everything pandered to the miner king. The populace mocked at the idea of Montana ever attaining any prominence as an agricultural country, or of its farmers and stock growers ever attaining that degree of solvency which would characterize them as the bone and sinew of the land. But, lo! a change has been wrought. In the language of the Ethiopian, "De bottom rail an onde top." Montana's sturdy yeomanry, with their flocks and herds and broad acres, now stand in the front ranks of the good and great of our Territory. Their occupation is healthful, their homes happy, their stores bountiful, their bank accounts flush, and their hospitality and big heartedness unbounded. Their number has trebled, their fields and herds greatly multiplied and enlarged. Every article produced finds a ready market at a remunerative price, and every hoof of stock finds a buyer, and prices are fully double what they were then. That feeling of distrust and uncertainty has vanished, and farmers homes, then not worth the cost of the improvements on them, are in demand and have a good market value. The farmer no longer is looked upon as a secondary and devoid of any rights that might conflict with those engaged in other industries, and fit only to bear the burdens of the country, without attaining the dignity or receiving the credit due. To day none occupy a prouder position than he. A power in the land, he moves to and fro, the most essential element in the great social and industrial fabric of a young and promising commonwealth. That this change is due to any other cause than the industry and progress of our country, we are not prepared to say. We at least do not arrogate these herculean strides to the HUSBANDMAN. It has been an industrious co-worker, counselor, and in many instances a guide, and, while not egotistic enough to ascribe the praise to its efforts, we take a just pride in the grand success attained, and

are proud of the farmers' greatness and that we are one of them. Thoroughly identified with every branch of husbandry, the farmer's cause has been our cause; ours to present his claims and stand for his rights; ours to point out the plane where the dignity of his calling demands him to stand, and ours to cheer him through seasons of despondency until at last that plane is reached. What the HUSBANDMAN has been to us as a business venture, is a matter of no concern to our patrons. As a representative journal of the farmer and stock-grower it stands without a peer, surrounded by the property it has inspired, and as in the past so in the years to come will the same straightforward course be maintained, turning neither to the righthand nor to the left, but pressing on for the husbandman and the right, first, last and all the time, and while we pause upon the threshold of our seventh volume to return thanks to our many readers, whose generous patronage has enabled us to chronicle these achievements, we trust they feel that they are fully compensated and cordially solicit their continued favor as we persevere in the labor of furnishing a first-class, newsey agricultural and family paper.

### JOTTINGS BY OUR TRAVELING MAN.

The possessions owned by J. C. Adams, which adjoins Mr. Spencer, embrace several hundred acres of bench lands. Mr. Adams is the "boss" hog-raiser of Southern or Central Montana. I noticed in his pens about thirty Berkshires which would dress something over 250 pounds each net, and there was one which will weigh over 500 pounds. He was decidedly the prettiest and largest of the swine that I have seen in the Rocky Mountains. Berkshires and Chester White are Mr. Adams' choice pork hogs, and he manages them in such a manner as to make the business profitable. He feeds peas and wheat, keeping the hogs in a pasture during the summer. In his garden I noticed the largest patch and highest cabbage that I have seen since leaving Whiteside's, down on the Deer Lodge.

West of Adams' are the homes of John Coury and Peter Daily. Mr. Daily lives at the same old stand kept by him in 1865, when road agents were plentiful and neighbors were few. He keeps a hotel, and to customer's wants attends well, for he knows how to do it. His little orchard spot in the willows looks well, and should good luck attend, he will be among the first to succeed in raising fruit.

Further westward, on the slope of Bevins gulch, are located the homes of Frank Redfin and his brother and father. Frank has a most excellent home and farm. Shade trees surround the dwelling, and mats of lawn grass, shrubbery and fruit trees adorn the yard, giving the place a home-like look, that one who sees it must admire. Mr. R. is a fortunate partner with Thos. Deyanon, of the *Madisonian*, in the ownership of a valuable quartz mine, which they are successfully working.

The old man Redfin has another of those admirable locations. He is surrounded by shade trees, and has had the best success yet witnessed among the farmers of the county of Madison in fruit growing.

Laurin has made considerable advance in the way of improvements. It now boasts of two stores, two saloons, two blacksmith shops and one hotel, and continues to improve right along. Mr. Joe Beaufie, the proprietor of the hotel, sets a good table and looks after the comforts of his guests in a manner that pleases.

One of the most pleasant visits within my recollection was at Mr. J. J. Byrd's home, two miles above Laurin. Mr. B. has a splendid farm, stretching along the banks of Alder creek, and he raises upon it as fine cereal as are produced in Southern Montana. This year his oat crop was large, the quality good, and the yield as heavy as any I have heard of. I was particularly impressed with the improved situation of his place as compared with the same some years ago.

E. S. Dupins is another of Madison county's thorough-going farmers. He has a neat residence and is preparing to erect a commodious barn. Some three years ago he purchased a new Altman Taylor Thresher and has since then engaged the fall seasons with it. In the winter and spring he uses the engine in the manufacture of lumber, which finds ready sale in the country and the thriving town of Laurin.

Of the other farmers living along Ruby valley below the canyon, the names of A. H. Van Brocklin, E. R. Pierce, J. W. Perkins, R. M. Rafferty, the Wilson Bros., Tod Rodgers and Ed. Combs are quite familiar.

Mr. Van Brocklin is an extensive farmer, having several fine farms. He also engages in dairying during the summer months a business that he and his estimable wife are well versed, and are well prepared to carry on successfully.

Wilson Bros. live at the old place and farm pretty extensively.

Tod Rodgers, Mr. Rafferty and Mr. Combs

have most beautiful farms, lying against the bench land at the edge of the settlement, where they raise good crops and enjoy the use of the neighboring hills for grazing purposes.

Above the canyon of Ruby valley there are a number of very valuable ranches, and some of the very finest herds of horses and cattle to be found anywhere in the Territory. Of these, I have first in mind the ranch owned by Captain Williams. Recently this gentleman has formed a co-partnership with J. E. Callaway, and the firm will hereafter be known under the name and style of Williams & Callaway. These gentlemen have a large herd of cattle, among which there are a considerable number of pure-blood short-horns, of the very best breeds to be found in America. This herd produces from year to year a considerable number of young bulls and heifers, which are sold to cattle men about the country who have in view the improvement of their stock. Stockmen of Eastern and Northern Montana would do well to bear this in mind and at the proper season club together in the purchase of a drove of grade and pure pedigreed animals, as by applying for a number at one time, they can be had on more reasonable terms. Some of the cows belonging to this firm are of the best butter strains, and care is taken to breed them in such a manner that they can recommend their offspring.

Alex. Metzel, who is located near the Fuller Springs, is probably the most extensive single-handed stockman in the Territory. He, too, has fine cattle, and plenty of them. Not only will the visitor find cattle that are pleasing to look at, but there are horses, stallions, mares and colts, in variety to suit the taste of almost any one. In my ramble through his pasture, I was especially interested in looking at some large mares and colts and matched geldings. There were also a number of young stallions. One, a Norman, got by Poindexter & Orr's fine stallion, very much resembles his sire. Another was a yearling Pat Maloy colt that was brought to W. H. Raymond from Kentucky this year. He is a very pretty animal. His sire was the celebrated Pat Maloy, and his first dam was Little Miss, by imp. Sovereign, dam of Joe Elliot and Plymouth; second dam Little Miss, by imp. Shoemaker, dam by Joe Lenox—all excellent running stock. Mr. Metzel still retains his position as President of the Ruby valley Stock Growers' Association.

The Home Park is another of those stock ranches where it is always a pleasure to visit. The firm of Sedman, McGregory & Co. are the owners, and James Snapp, of that firm, remains upon the farm and attends to the stock. On this ranch there are some fine horses, mares and cattle. Probably the largest dairy herd in Madison county is upon this farm, and the dairy the past season has yielded handsomely. Since the death of Mr. Sedman, the management moves on the same, and Mrs. Sedman remains a partner, retaining the same interest held by her husband.

### THE JUDITH.

Editor Husbandman:

The Judith Basin presents itself to the eyes of the traveler from the summit of the Gap or pass in the Belt range, which divides the Mussellsbell from the Judith. This divide is a gentle slope, commencing at Martinsdale and continuing for 35 miles. So gradual is the ascent that it seems almost like a level plain, indeed upon the whole road, after crossing the Diamond divide. To Big Spring creek on the Judith, there is not a hill that a pair of average horses cannot pull 2,000 pounds over easily. The view presented to the eye of one whose vision has been limited by the rims of a mining gulch for the last eight or ten years, upon first beholding the Judith valley, is—well its immense. I rode to the top of a knoll, and gazing over the vast expanse, involuntarily drew a long breath, even one's lungs seem to expand in unison with the surroundings. To the left as far as the eye can reach along the base of the Belt, far beyond Yogo and Barker, bench lands, prairie and creek bottoms in front 100 miles, seemingly to the very streets of Benton, bench lands, prairie and creek bottoms to the right, a clear sweep of 50 miles, bounded by the Moecas-in and Snowies, the same over the latter course my road lay, and it is this section I shall more particularly describe.

The continuation of the Belt range from the Gap to the eastward is called the Snowies, and the Judith river runs parallel with them about 20 miles from their base. The main road to Maginnis and Carroll runs along the foot hills, and at no place approaches the river nearer than ten miles. Between the Gap and Big Spring creek, a distance of 35 miles, the road crosses six streams, running directly from the Snowies to the Judith. The bottoms on these streams are from one-half to one mile in width, affording hay and agricultural land unequalled in any country. The soil, both upon the bottoms and bench lands, is a rich

black loam covered by a heavy sod. Stopping for a rest at John Tresehl's, on Beaver creek, I found him dabbling his house, and in getting the dirt had sunk a hole over four feet, and had not reached the bottom of the loam. Upon these creeks lay what are called the "choice locations," and they are settled from the mountains to the river. There are a few locations yet to be had, but they will soon be gobbled up. These locations are called "choice," not because the land is any better than elsewhere, but on account of their closeness to timber.

The beautiful valley of the Judith, affording homes for hundreds, is still open for settlement, the only drawback being the distance from timber, which is about 20 miles, but Benton is only 80 miles distant, where wire rope can be purchased for one-fourth the cost of poles, and with three new mills, one at the Gap, at the head of the valley; one on Beaver creek, in the centre, and one a few miles below Big Spring creek, where lumber in the spring can be purchased at from \$18 to \$22, (they also have planing and shingle machines,) the only need the settler has for timber is for fire wood. I have heard some rumors of discoveries of coal, but nothing positive.

Eight months ago there was but one house between the Gap and Big Spring creek, and to-day every creek bottom is settled. It is safe to say that there are 30 houses now built in that distance, and nearly all occupied by families. I visited several and they all speak of having friends coming in the spring to locate. I found families from Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison.

The first impression that presents itself to a farmer from the Missouri or Prickly pear valleys is, "this would be a splendid country if there was only more water." To one riding over the creeks at this season of the year, excepting Big Spring creek, and not knowing the nature of them or the soil, this would seem an objection, but I am told by those who know, that creeks that are now almost dry, run hundreds of inches until July, besides springs bubbling up in all directions, and the experience of those who arrived early enough in the valley to put in a small crop, is that the low bench lands do not require irrigating. One man told me he ruined his crop by irrigating. The oats and potatoes that the water did not get to, can not be excelled, while that he did irrigate proved a failure, and this has been called a dry season. There has been no irrigation done on Big Spring creek, the oldest settlement, if that term can be applied to a two-year-old, yet the wheat, oats and potatoes raised there equals anything in the Territory. This question will be definitely settled this summer if the lower bench lands and bottoms will produce without irrigation—and no one seems to question but that winter wheat will thrive without it—the agricultural extent of this valley is unbounded, and the higher benches and foot hills will afford grazing for thousands of cattle and sheep.

Big Spring creek, the largest of these streams and valleys, runs about 12,000 inches of water, at the lowest stage, which never freezes. The fall at the head of the creek is considerable, affording one of the best water power privileges in the country. There are several good locations still unoccupied. It is mostly settled by half-breeds, though several white families have come in this summer. Many of the former have become citizens and are acquiring titles to their lands, but the Majority will go with the Indians and the buffalo, and their locations can be purchased in the spring for a few dollars. Many will go away this winter and never return.

A school has commenced here which has now twenty children.

The mail comes from White Sulphur Springs tri-weekly in summer, and in winter tries to.

The recent fires have done more damage to the winter pasturage, than is reported. From the Gap to far below Big Spring creek, from the river to the mountains the fell destroyer has swept it almost bare, a few patches here and there being left. This is the second time in three years, whether started by the carelessness of hunters, freighters, or by the Indians to spite some cattle men whom they had a grudge against, is unknown. It is not likely to occur again as the fire is easily put out, and there being only a few settlers to fight it, it was allowed to run. Emigration will lead to a rigid enforcement of the fire law, and it will be to everybody's interest to keep a good look out. The grass in this section next year will be more luxuriant than ever, from being manured by the ashes. I would not advise emigrants to start for here in the spring before May. This black soil makes heavy traveling until after the spring rains, and the roads do not commence to dry before that time. For the information of those thinking of coming in here next spring I append a table of distances between stopping places. In addition to these there are ranches now all along the road, whose latch-string is always on the outside.

White Sulphur Springs to Copperopolis, 18 miles.  
Copperopolis to Martinsdale, 18 miles.

Martinsdale to Hopley's Hole, 20 miles.

Hopley's Hole to the Gap, 12 miles.

The Gap to the Judith House, Beaver creek, 25 miles.

Beaver creek to Big Spring creek, 12 miles.

Big Spring creek to Maginnis, 18 miles.

The Judith House, on Beaver creek, in the centre of these settlements, will be open to furnish rest for the weary traveler, where Ed. Brassey, the genial host, will be happy to see his friends and to give them all information concerning the surrounding country.

There is considerable excitement about the new mines, 15 miles to the east of this place. I will try and go over there before winter sets in, and will write you further concerning them.

Reedsfort, Nov. 9th

### GENERAL NEWS.

Archbishop Sardi-an is dead.  
An English cotton agent has failed for \$260,000.

The Plymouth (Mass) court house has burned. Loss, \$150,000.

Ben. Butler opposes the Panama Canal, but not on the grounds of the Monroe doctrine.

Grant has been receiving more presents, so says the dispatches.

Blismarek is said to be fired of the responsibilities of his position.

Bushrod Berch, disbursing officer of the Treasury Department, died on the 7th inst., at the age of 18.

Five thousand people of New York paid 25 cents admission to hear O'Connor speak in the Irish interests.

The Land Commissioner of Ireland has received 16,000 applications to fix a fair rent.

One hundred thousand visitors are in the city of Mecca, and fifteen cases of cholera are reported daily.

The Pope condemns the Land League.  
The insurgent army of Tunis number 50,000 men.

The Readjusters will have a good working majority in the Virginia Legislature.

Some of the French Yorktown delegates are coming West to look at the extent and beauty of America.

The Merchant's Exchange Bank of Newark, N. J., has failed, the cashier, Baldwin, having embezzled more than double the property owned by the bank.

The Atlanta Exposition develops the fact that the silk industry of the United States is on a good basis, and promises to equal Italy.

It is authoritatively stated that the President seriously contemplates dismissing District Attorney Corkhill.

Another boat, containing twenty-seven persons from the Dutch steamer *Konig Det Nederlander*, foundered on a voyage from Batavia to Amsterdam.

Indictments for murder were found against Engineer Tate and Conductor McNamee, of Danville, Ky., for killing a fireman by recklessly causing a railroad collision. Both of the men are missing.

The *Omaha Republican's* Austin (Texas) special states that the capital was burned to ashes. Loss, \$300,000. The archives of the Republic of Texas, the battle flags, and the Alamo monument were destroyed. Incendiarism is supposed to be the cause.

The usual Guy Fawkes celebration was held on the 6th in England. Effigies of Gladstone, Parnell, Begger and others were burned in the poorer districts of London, according as the Irish or English element predominated. No disturbance was occasioned. Among the effigies burned at Lewes, where the anniversary was celebrated with great eclat, was one of Guitea.

Wendal Phillips says: "Ireland leads the van in the struggle for right, justice and freedom. Let Ireland only persevere in her sublime patience, keeping ever within the limits of peaceful agitation, and her victory is certain. With an unbroken front let her assault despotism in its central point. Rent, honest rent, is the surplus left after the tenant has lived in comfort—material, intellectual, personal and social comfort. Ireland owes none to-day, certainly not to the class whose government is a prison and bayonet. How cheerfully would I do my part, how gladly would I share in the honors of such a struggle, but the state of my health obliges me to give up public speaking. I can only bid you God speed, and pray for your speedy and complete success."

The home and rendezvous of the James boys for many years past has been within fifteen miles of Bardstown, Nelson county, Ky., bordering on a fork of Salt river, in a heavily wooded region, surrounded by rocky hills, and barred by deep ravines. Although within fifty miles of Louisville, the outlaws were perfectly secure in this retreat as they made for it after each raid. Their horses were trained and their booty divided, and they were surrounded by friends who punished an intruder with death and kept up a system of guards extending to Louisville.