

The Benton Record.

BENTON, M. T., FEBRUARY 1, 1875.

Local Items.

J. H. McKnight and Dr. Hart, of Fort Shaw, were in town a few days since.

Mr. T. C. Powers will leave Benton, by next coach, for Helena, en-route for St. Louis.

The Fort Benton Transportation Company's new Steamer "Benton," will probably be the first boat to arrive at the head of navigation next season.

Severe cold weather, snow-storms, and abundance of buffalo have characterized this locality the past two weeks, beside hundreds of tons of merchandise still on the different roads leading to Helena.

Hospital Steward John Thatcher, who has been stationed at Benton during the past two years, has received orders to relieve Steward Tresselt, now at Fort Shaw. Tresselt will take Thatcher's place at Benton.

On the 13th ultimo, five horses, the property of Sheriff Hale, of Benton, were stolen by Gros Ventre Indians. The horses were recovered by Lieutenant C. A. Booth, and a detachment of soldiers belonging to Company "B," 7th Infantry. Lieutenant Booth and command have returned to Benton.

It is surmised that a soldier belonging to the Company stationed at this Post has "gone up." He left town on New-Year's night, on his way to the Post, and has not been heard of since. It was snowing hard at the time, and a sober man would have been hard set to reach any particular point. On this account it is surmised that, in his intoxicated condition, "he lost himself" on the way. Search has been instituted, but the heavy snow—still increasing—prevents any success in discovering his trail, or, the worst, his body.

A party of Indians (Blood) stole some horses, the property of Mr. Geo. Croff, of Benton, about one hundred miles from here. The Indians proceeded to their agency, by way of the Highwood, and were followed by Mr. Croff, who, with another man, tracked the Indians for five days during the cold snap, and arrived at the ranch of Hon. J. M. Arnaux in time to learn that the party were camped a short distance down the creek. With assistance obtained at the ranch, Croff played Indian, and, according to Indian tactics, recovered his horses, and had them safe in the corral before Messrs Lo were aware of the fact. In the attempt to re-steal the horses, several Indians were wounded, and it is thought a few were killed. A few like attempts at Christianizing would have the desired effect; and unless those specially interested in the Indian do not make better progress, the occasion to administer such lessons will often arise.

On Monday, January 4, the Commissioners of Choteau County levied taxes for the current year as follows:

Territory	3 mills
County	9 "
School	3 "
Poor	1 "
Total	16 mills

The total debt of the County is less than three thousand dollars, all of which will be paid before the close of the present year, and its warrants are worth more than those of any other County in the Territory.

ARRIVALS AT THE OVERLAND.

Indian Agent Alderson and party, en-route for Fort Peck.

Mr. I. Leighton, of the firm of Orville D. Grant & Co., en-route to Helena.

AN INSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY—The Montana Steam Cracker Company, North Main Street, Helena, has become one of the institutions of the Territory, and deserving of patronage. They manufacture just what is needed in this section. Hard Tack; Soda, Butter, Pic-nic, milk, and Sugar Crackers; Ginger Snaps, &c., &c.; and deal in Groceries, Flour, Grain, Assorted Merchandise, and Baker's goods generally. Send to Lockey Bros. for anything you want.

Healy & Brothers' large water-power grist mill will, no doubt, have a good run of custom during the coming season, as the farmers of Sun River are preparing to sow unusually large crops of wheat. The "Anchor Mills" brand, prepared by Messrs Hegly & Bros., is unsurpassed by any flour raised in Montana.

Good Templars throughout the Territory are respectfully invited to a perusal of Mrs. A. B. F. Ormsby's advertisement, to be found in another column. Mrs. Ormsby is acknowledged to be the best regalia maker in the country. She manufactures every conceivable style, from the plain subordinate to the most elaborately embroidered presentation.

J. Mulcahy, the well-known comic performer, will receive a benefit at the Fort Shaw Theatre to-morrow night. The bills announce Brougham's Metamora, the Mulligan Guards, two songs and a dance.

Lieutenant Coolidge, 7th Infantry, delivered an excellent lecture, at Fort Shaw, on the 27th ult.

Largent & Adams' saw-mill will commence running about the first of March. The firm have 60,000 feet of lumber on hand ready for shipping, and a good supply of saw-logs to commence work in the spring.

The young cattle of Sun River are looking remarkably well considering the severity of the weather. John Largent and the Diamond R lost several head of steers during the cold snap.

The failure of the Carroll route benefited the merchants that shipped via Benton, there received their stocks of merchandise, and sold them before the Carroll goods arrived.

One might readily suppose from reading the Helena papers that several hundred boats came to Carroll during the past season. The fact is, however, that but nine boats discharged their cargoes.

The Canadian Parliament enacted special laws for the suppression of the whiskey trade in the Province of Manitoba, the territory adjoining Montana and Dacotah on the north, and sent a mounted force with both military and civil jurisdiction, having power to arrest, hold court, and punish offenders. Their strict and summary enforcement of the laws drove the illicit traders out of their territory.

The Governor of the Bad Lands having *Herald*-ed his doings, we now await (with patience) the unusual, but—as per example—we will call *regular*, message of Indian agents in refutation, or in exposition, of the doings of those under their charge for the past year. Come, be quick.

NOTICE.

As soon as material can be procured from the East, the RECORD will be greatly enlarged and improved. Its present diminutive proportions are owing to the fact that we are working with very limited facilities, and those not our own.

The U. S. Indian Commissioner, Gen. Smith, has taken the precaution to have all the annuity blankets branded "U. S. Indian Department." We suppose the General regards it as necessary for the protection of the Indians so long as the Methodist Church selects the agents. We read the commissioner's late report, expecting to find reason, but like many other things in the Indian Department hard to be understood, no mention was made.

Great blame is attached to the Kountz line of boats, which were advertised to arrive "weekly without fail." Any sensible merchant ought to have known that this was an impossibility. The Commodore's boats brought freight to Benton for several years, and discharged their cargoes to the satisfaction of the shippers.

THE INDIAN POLICY.

The present managers of Indian affairs claim, we believe, that the peace policy has proved the most economical of any yet adopted. It is questionable, to say the least, whether the general Government has saved money by the futile efforts of clerical agents to Christianize the Indian, but the residents of Montana are realizing almost daily that the process is neither profitable nor safe. If it were not for the few military stations called forts, which have been established here and there, and where mere handfuls of soldiers are maintained, there would be no security for life or property. While the well-meaning servants of the Methodist Church are expounding gospel truths to squaws and papposes, thousands of blood-thirsty cut-throats are permitted to roam the country at will, murder peaceable settlers, burn dwellings, and stampede herds. True, whenever the alarm is sounded a few soldiers are quickly sent in pursuit of the marauders, but not once in ten times is any of the property recovered or a single Indian punished. Not that the military are incompetent, they perform their duties as well as circumstances will permit, but their forces are entirely inadequate for the most ordinary emergencies. Meanwhile the Indians laugh at this psalm-singing, stand and watch policy. They lose nothing by it and gain much.

The experience of last summer, and even of the present season, conclusively proves the inefficiency of the measures of Government. Last summer, after the raid through Gallatin Valley, when the Christianized Indians cut the picket-ropes around Fort Ellis, *The Avant Courier* made an earnest appeal for a more active—an aggressive policy, similar to that which has been urged over and over again by Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Custer, and others, who have long felt what was needed. But what do the Washington authorities care for the sufferings of the pioneers who are endeavoring to improve the country and open homes for our rapidly increasing population. They have plenty to eat and drink, and opportunity to be merry! Their horses are secure. Their children are in no danger of having their brains knocked out. Their wives are safe. What do they care, then? The interests of their respective political parties are sufficient

to occupy their whole time and attention, and they care nothing for the welfare of those who are enriching the country by developing its resources; and yet it is the duty of the government to protect them.

The late death of Commander Cushing brings into relief a woman's figure of heroic mould. Three sons of hers, each one a prodigy of valor, went forth to battle. They were mere boys, and she a widow. The grave has closed over the last and most conspicuous of the trio, after six several commendations, from the Government of his country for meritorious acts which placed him beyond the reach of envy. We now learn what manner of woman was his mother. It accounts for the whole. We look no further. Widows, in the privacy of their households, dedicating their boys to the service of their country, do not use words thoughtlessly. Words which mean to them gray hairs and a solitary old age, and hearts wrung beyond human help, are weighed before they are uttered. "My sons," said the mother of the Cushings, looking the alternative plainly in the face, and rightly estimating the issue, "My sons, death, but no dishonor!" That tells us all.

In view of the fact that Watts' hymns have been translated into the Choctaw language, and have become favorites of the braves, an admirer of the noble red man says it is very affecting to think of a noble red man sitting upon a fence and singing, "How doth the little busy bee," while he watches his wife carrying home a couple of skunks for dinner, and wondering if he couldn't swap that squaw for a keg of robust rum.

If you are suddenly asked, "Who among the merchants of your acquaintance have made fortunes in the shortest time in legitimate business," will not your answer naturally be "liberal advertisers?"

A LEGISLATIVE STORY.—A gentleman who holds a seat in the upper branch of the New York Legislature, but at the time was a member of the Assembly, relates the following:

Perkins was as honest a man as ever set foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him, and I knew it; but I thought I would have a little fun with him, and so went down to his room one evening, and said:

"Perkins, what do you think of that underground railway bill? Are you going to vote for it?"

"Well," said Perkins, "I haven't quite made up my mind yet. I am inclined to think it a good bill. But why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I, "and as long as you have concluded to vote for it, I just wanted to say to you that the men interested in it are offering five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up for its final passage to-morrow, you can just as well have the money as not. You'll vote for the bill any way."

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first!" cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir! If improper means are being taken to pass this thing, as you say, I for one will vote against it every time. You can put me down for no!"

"I don't care anything about this bill," said I. "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet; for, to tell you the truth, the rival companies are in full force, and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. They are paying the same sum for 'noes,' and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I'll get you the five hundred dollars all the same."

"Can such things be?" exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirl of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation.

"What a state of things this is! A plague on both your houses; I won't vote at all."

All right," said I, as I laid my hand on the door, "I'll get you five hundred dollars for being absent!" As the jolly Senator brought to mind the horror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved Perkins, he roared with laughter!