Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Record:

Having learned of your whereabouts by accidentally meeting with the first issue of the Benton RECORD, I take the liberty to address you.

Mr. Jeffries and myself came to this place last fall to winter our stock, and we have come to the conclusion to settle somewhere in this country and start a dairy; and with this view would like to gain some information concerning Fort Benton. 1. How many inhabitants are there in Fort Benton, and how many soldiers will be stationed there next summer? 2. How far from Fort Benton would a man have to go to get a stock ranch where hay could be cut? 3. Are there any unoccupied houses on ranches near Fort Benton that could be procured until I could build? 4. How near Fort Benton can cattle get feed during the summer months? 5. Is any one in the dairy business at your place; if so, to what extent? 6. How much stock is there in your section of the country?

If we go down there, we shall milk forty or sixty cows. Please tell me how you think the business will pay. You can rely upon me for a subscription to the RECORD as soon as I get located.

Yours truly,

J. L. UNDERWOOD.

DEARBORN CROSSING, M. T. March 10, 1874.

A good many communications similar in character to the above are constantly being received by different parties here, and since so much information is requested, it may perhaps be well to answer through the columns of the RECORD a few of the leading questions relating to the resources of this section of Montana.

That it is superior for its stock growing advantages, is an undisputed fact. The military post consists of one company of infantry, averaging from fifty to sixty men. There are no buildings on ranches unoccupied, but houses can be rented in town. The population of Fort Benton, including the floating or transient, is about three hundred. Good grazing abounds in all directions; the bottoms of the Missouri, the valleys of the Teton and Shoukin, will afford an abundance of feed for numberless herds, while the uplands are clothed with an inexhaustible growth of the famous bunch grass, or as it is termed by some, the self-curing hay. Mr. Murphy is engaged in the dairy business at this place, he being the only one, and will milk twenty cows next summer. Mr. McFarland has opened a ranch on the Teton, twenty-five miles from Benton, for the purpose of engaging in that business; but yet there is room for more. This market is never fully supplied with milk and butter, except at intervals, and the prices paid are in keeping with the demand.

Considerable stock is owned in this vicinity, but it is impossible to state the exact number, yet it is safe to say there are from eight hundred to one thousand head. There are no meadow or hay lands obtainable nearer than Highwood Creek, distant eighteen miles.

We sincerely hope that our answers to the questions propounded by Mr. Underwood may prove so satisfactory to him, that we may ere long have the pleasure of seeing him enrolled as a permanent member of our community.

To the Editor of the Record:

Permit me through the medium of your valuable journal to say a few words to your numerous readers, particularly those who may be seeking, or about seeking, new homes in the Northwest.

Having heard from various sources of the great agricultural and grazing advantages of Sun River and other valleys in your vicinity, I started out on the 28th ultimo to take a look at the famous region, with a view to settlement if everything proved as represented.

The distance from the Dearborn to the Sun River is all of thirty miles, and the road winds through a country which in summer must present a most beautiful and interesting appearance, for even the dreary mantle of winter fails to hide its many and varied charms. Such grand old mountains and unique-shaped buttes, such beautiful rolling prairie and extensive valleys have attractions for even a plain farmer like myself, which no amount of ice and snow can conceal.

As I approached Sun River Valley, the hills seemed to recede into smooth, undulating prairie, which extends to the low bottom lands of the river. Everywhere the country looks most inviting to the farmer and settler, and in my opinion, no other part of the Territory offers greater advantages to the stock raiser. The climate is genial, and the soil all that can be desired. There is plenty of land that can be had almost for the asking, and a good market for all the produce that can be grown for years to come. The country has many non-producers and the demand for grain, flour, &c., is increasing rapidly. At the Crossing of the river, about, five miles from Fort Shaw, an embryo town is slowly but surely growing up, and is already provided with stores, hotel, schoolhouse, and a flour mill which has a capacity for grinding half the grain that Montana can produce. At the Crossing I had the pleasure of meeting Judge Burcher, an old time friend, who looks as young, contented and happy as when he first set foot in the country. I was informed that when occasion requires it, the Judge administers justice with strict impartiality, but that the general good behavior of the inhabitants of Sun River affords little opportunity for litigation.

I also paid a visit to Fort Shaw, quite a large military post also on Sun River. The Fort is now garrisoned by six companies of the 7th Infantry— as brave and gentlemanly a set of officers and men as ever pulled a trigger upon a "son of the whispering forest." During my stay at the post, I enjoyed the hospitalities of Sergeant Selden, a well educated gentleman, whose conversational powers are far above the average. I also had the pleasure of meeting your able and lively correspondent, M. J. McCabe, whose letters form a most interesting feature of the RECORD. Fort Shaw is blessed with one of the most successful temperance lodges in the Territory; and the good effect of this institution upon the morals of the garrison, seems to prove conclusively that no surer method of improving the standard of the service could be adopted, than to establish Good Templar Lodges at every post thoughout the army.

I do not care to occupy more of your valuable space at present, but some other time will write more at length upon the great advantages of your locality. You have a fine country and a glorious future. BRICKTOP.

To the Editor of the Record:

The advent of your paper from the head of navigation on the Missouri River—the great artery of the American Continent—marks another step in the progress of settling and civilizing a continent. Gradually but surely, in a century we have risen to be a power among the nations; absorbing the surplus populations of Europe, giving food to the hungry, and wealth and comfort to the poor and the oppressed. Silently but surely the march of Empire marks its westward way. The settler in his lonely cabin, playing his part in this important drama, little thinks that in a few years we too will have our railroads, manufactories, cities, irrigating canals, reservoirs, and all that constitutes a great and prosperous people. This is no fancy sketch. Look at Colorado and Utah, mountain Territories like our own, with no advantages over us but that of being further south, which is more than compensated by our lower altitude. We have plenty of fine valleys fit for cultivation, plenty of water for irrigation, and the best of natural pastures. We have gold in our hills and streams, silver in our mountains, and coal, lime, and iron in abundance. New England, the cradle of Liberty on this Continent, has wealth, influence, and power; and in everything except nearness to the sea we are her superior, and without the tendency to consumption and rheumatism that her sea air creates. We do not have the vast prairies of Illinois, but we have all we need—neither have we her ague, her fevers, or her bilious complexions. She lacks our pure mountain air—inspirer of health and freedom—our gold, our silver, and natural pastures with their winter grazing, our pure springs and mountain streams.

It is true we have our grumblers, from Gen. Hazen, soured by his vicinity to the Bad Lands, to the hypochondriac bachelor in his lonely cabin, who is always seeing the dark side of the picture, and for whom the sun never shines, the birds never sing, or the earth put on her mantle of green. We have always had them and always will. I have heard them grumble for fifty years. I took the advice of one in 1836, and refused 160 acres of land, in what is now the heart of Chicago, at eight dollars an acre. Chicago was a mud-hole, the prairies were too low. Now I am old ——, on a farm, when I might have been the Hon. Mr. —— and a millionaire, like John Wentworth, who became rich by owning a small piece of the same land. With them, Denver was nothing, Helena was a mining camp; but Denver is a city, Helena will be, and even the trading post at Fort Benton will soon number itself among the cities of the mountains.

We need railroads, north and south, east and west, and *will* have them; we need improvements on the upper Missouri, which will always be the great highway for cheap freights. We need and will have manufactories on our natural water powers, irrigating canals from and reservoirs on all our streams. With these, Sun River alone will irrigate twenty thousand acres of as good lands as the sun shines on. True, we are occasionally troubled with grasshoppers, which will do us less damage the more we cultivate; but where is the country that has no drawbacks? Egypt, one of the graneries of the ancient world, and still an exporter of grain, had her locusts and her grain-moths (see Bible), and has always depended on the Nile to moisten and enrich her soil; it is more certain than the rainfall, and defies floods and drouth. When the grasshoppers are not too numerous, with plenty of water and proper cultivation we raise crops that astonish farmers from the worn out lands of the East. FARMER.

To the Editor of the Record:

I have in this letter to record the alarming fact that the Epizootic has reached Fort Shaw. This terrible epi-demic which but a few years ago killed off thousands of the best horses in the land, has now taken a fancy to attack the unfortunate human race, just as though we did not have trouble enough already. What with the whisky smugglers on the north, the Carroll Route on the south, the tardy manner in which our mails are delivered from the east, and the disposal of the Indian question in the west—I fancy we have ills enough without the 'zootic. But, no; here he comes stalking into camp, making himself quite at home in almost every room in the garrison; chucking this man under the chin, causing the immediate application of red flannel; poking that one under the ribs, and sending him off in search of mustard plasters. But his most frequent point of attack is the head of his victim, which invariably results in the latter being carried to the hospital. Not content with playing his pranks all day, he keeps the whole garrison awake at night with an incessant coughing. We are assured, however, that the monster has taken his departure, and we are to be troubled with him no more. Although he did not succeed in killing any one at this place, still he kept our friend Thos. Harrington in the hospital for two weeks, and even commenced an attack on Dr. Hart; but the brave Dr. did not surrender, and Lieutenant Long showed his appreciation of the fact by going straightway to McKnight's and purchasing a hat just like the Dr.'s.

Mr. E. P. Zootic having been disposed of, we shall, no doubt, soon get rid of the other ills mentioned above. Lieut. C. A. Woodruff with a detachment of fifteen men having gone in pursuit of whisky smugglers, will surely arrange matters to our satisfaction in the north; the Carroll Road will soon be put to route by the arrival of Eastern freights at Benton instead of at Carroll, thus facilitating in that point of the compass; the manipulation of the stage line and mail contract by D. T. Parker, of St. Louis, will enable us, we hope, to receive our mails regularly from the East; and now that the Civil Rights Bill is passed, what is to prevent the Lo Family from taking up their abode at Cape May, Long Branch, or even aristocratic Saratoga, during the coming season? of course they will all go East, and mingle with their brethren of darker hue, in enjoying the great advantages of sea bathing and mineral waters, to say nothing of the Continental Hotel at the Branch, and the spacious rooms of Congress Hall at Saratoga for a war dance—wouldn't B. F. Butler & Co. open their eyes to witness such a result of their retiring legislation—and while they are in possession of the famous watering places, we shall whitewash the Black Hills and be happy; we can *Crow* over our victory, and sing Sioux-annah, don't you cry.

Thus all our ills are vanishing like dew before the morning sun; and we are now praying that some Western Fisk (not the *Herald* man) may rise up and surround us with a net-work of railroads, erect in our midst immense quartz mills and Assay offices. Towns and cities will then flourish around, and will contain hotels wherein Tourists who have been driven from their favorite resorts by the above mentioned legislation, may sojourn during the summer while enjoying the marvelous works of nature which are so abundant around us. The Geysers, the Hot Springs, the Yellowstone, and last, but not least, the grand stretch of buffalo hunting ground which surrounds the City of Benton—all will receive a share of patronage from the swelling public. So hurry up your railrords, Mr. April Convention, and show the world that a country possessing so many advantages of mineral and agricultural wealth *can* build a railroad. Let not political opinions enter the sacred arena. Be guided in your councils by the fact that we must have a railroad. Don't demur because one projected route is too long and another must cross a mountain. The wealth of the Territory must be developed. Every citizen acknowledges this fact. Every man, woman and child accord in one great cry for a railroad. This cry is spasmodic; seize it, then, before it dies out; strike while the iron is hot; and you will receive help enough to span every stream and gulch in Montana with a miniature St. Louis Bridge, bearing an an iron thread which will in a few years pay for itself tenfold. Then hang your banner on the outer wall, and raise the cry of—railroad!

Since writing the above, a soldier at this post has met his death in a melancholy and rather singular manner. On the night of the 10th instant, Private Edward Quigley, a member of Company "G," 7th Infantry, and a tailor by trade, left the post, on horseback, with the intention, I believe, of spending the night at the Crossing. Quigley was accompanied by another soldier, and also had a dog with him. His comrade returned to the post the following day, and reported that when last seen, Quigley was hanging over his horse's neck in a very intoxicated condition. Little or no attention was paid to the matter until the next day, when Quigley's horse and dog were found. Fears being then entertained that Quigley had met an untimely death, parties were sent out in all directions to learn his fate, but they were unsuccessful. This morning, however, two citizens found deceased about two miles from the Crossing, lying upon his side cold and dead. As deceased was lying in an natural position, with his cap under his head, and no marks of violence being found upon his body, it is believed that he was frozen to death. Probably while attempting to return to the post, he took the wrong road and lost his way, and finally overcome by liquor, got off his horse and laid down. Quigley was a hard drinker, but in other respects a good, generous-hearted man.

M. J. MCCABE.

SUN RIVER, M. T., January 23, 1875.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and stye of Furnell & Co., engaged in saw-mill business, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. John Largent is authorized to settle all outstanding business.

JOHN LARGENT.
MATTHEW FURNELL,
JOSEPH S. HILL.

SUN RIVER, M. T., January 23, 1875.

Having this day purchased the saw-mill and lumber yard belonging to Furnell & Co., we will continue the business at the old stand, under the name and firm of Largent & Adams, where we will always have on hand a large assortment of first-class lumber, and will sell at low rates for cash.

JOHN LARGENT,
JAMES C. ADAMS.

This is what a Mississippi editor thinks of the recent elections: "Once more the children of the conquerer and descendants of Alfred and Edward glory in their ancestry, and fling the standard of supremacy to the fragrant breezes of the Southland, and the shouts of the victorious and unconquerable Caucasian ascend in a grand diapason to the eternal throne above." Whew!