

The troops have been busily engaged crossing for three days—just why I see

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross roads, not far from the Cumberland mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and, it might be safely added, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, 'he is as brave as old Bradley.'

One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil, 'plying his vocation,' his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a heavy stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon a serious matter. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

'In the name of Jesus, protect me!'

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered—the foremost one exclaiming:

'We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!'

And as he spoke, he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed: 'Back! Touch him not, or by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!'

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

'Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?' fiercely shouted the leader.

'I give shelter to a weak and defenceless man,' replied the smith.

'He is an enemy,' vociferated the leader.

'Of the devil!' ejaculated Bradley.

'He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!' exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence, 'and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and to insist on sheltering him will certainly confirm it.'

'Suspected! Suspected of what?' exclaimed the smith, riveting his eyes upon the speaker.

'Why, of adhering to the north,' was the reply.

'Adhering to the north!' ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. 'I adhere to no north!' he continued; 'I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will do so, so help me God, as long as I have breath,' he added, as he brought the ponderous sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

'You had much better let us have him, Bradley, without any further trouble.—You are only risking your own life by your interference.'

'Not so long as I have life to defend him!' was the answer. Then pointing towards the door, he continued: 'Leave my shop!' and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment; but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

'You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley,' said the leader, as he retreated.

'Go!' was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the door of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed:

'Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?'

'This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!'

'But my wife and children?'

'Mattie and I will attend to them; but you must go to-night!'

'To night?'

'Yes. In the morning—if not sooner—they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night.'

'But how?'

'Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is already a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you.'

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

'Dear father, what is the trouble to-night?' Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone continued: 'Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come, then, so soon?'

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned towards her, and in a mild but firm tone said:

'Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately—then we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick!—no time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless you!'

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive she said:

'Come Mr. Peters—do not stand on ceremony, but follow me.'

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance upon the road, and then turned off in a by path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive.—A brisk walk of half an hour, brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known by two or three of the

party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment, when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the company prepared to accompany her; but she protested—warning them of the danger, as the enemy was doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But notwithstanding, they insisted and accompanied her until she reached the road, a short distance above her father's shop.

Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop, to find it vacant. She hastened into the house; but her father was not there. As she returned to the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened; but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze—then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground.

She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off; but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon containing two persons, drove up—one of whom, an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

'Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?' he said.

Then, observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued:

'Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?'

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man she exclaimed:

'They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?'

'Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!'

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

'Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here Joe!'

At this, the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

'Joe,' said the young man, 'you would like your freedom?'

'Well, Massa John, I would 'nt like very much to leave you; but den I 'se like to be a free man.'

'Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours?—aye, fight to the death?'

'I 'se fight hard for you any time, Massa John.'

'I believe you, Joe. But I have a desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without at least a prospect of reward. If I succeed, I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?'

'I will, massa.'

'Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to eternal fire!'

'I swear, massa!' said the negro, kneeling.

'An' I hopes dat Gor A'mighty may strike me dead, if I don't go wid you trow fire and water and sberyt'ng!'

Please write occasionally - my paper thru
through this winter - will be gladly seen in

'I am satisfied, Joe,' said his master. Then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene he, continued:

'Now Mattie, you get into the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father.'

While the sturdy blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern, half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival, he was placed before the chairman for examination.—The old man's arms were pinioned; but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

'Bradley this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?' said the chairman.

'What authority have you to ask?' demanded the blacksmith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

'The authority of the people of Tennessee,' was the reply.

'I deny it.'

'Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?'

'I say it is a base lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is an infamous scoundrel.'

'Simpson,' said the chairman to the leader of the band who had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. 'Simpson,' continued the chairman, 'what have you to say?'

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

'Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?' said the chairman.

'I do—what of it?' was the reply.

'Is it true?'

'Yes.'

'Where is the preacher?'

'That is none of your business.'

'Mr. Bradley, this tribunal of the people is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?'

'No.'

'Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are a member in Mr. Peters' church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has been suspected, and is accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this, you must take the consequences. I ask you, for the last time, if you will inform us of his whereabouts?'

And again I answer—No!

'Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in the present instance fully confirms it. You are accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemies of our country. What have you to say to that?'

'I say it is false and he who makes it is a villain.'

'I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union,' said Simpson.

'If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, am still for the Union, and will be for the Union so long as life lasts!'

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast, but before he could make the fatal plunge, a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while, at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness.

Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the confusion, a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder—his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man; but hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant—then into a wagon, and was driven rapidly. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous, that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

John, said the patriotic smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, I should much like to see Mattie before I go.

You shall, was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought, bled and died—the sturdy smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the paroidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them wherein to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them.

Mr. Bradley, said his rescuer, after a short pause, as you leave the State, it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to night.

Well John, he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, I shall not object, if Mattie is willing.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minist-

ter was called upon to perform a marriage service in the lone house.

It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride, no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, Redeem old Tennessee.

Josh Billings on Cats.

I have studiedd cat clussly for years, and have found them adikted tew a wild state. They hain't got affeckshun, nor vartue of enny kind; tha will skratsh their best friends and won't ketch mice unless they are hungry. It has been said that tha are good to make up into sassage; but this iz a grate mistake. I have bin told by a sassage maker that the can't kompare with dorgs.

There iz one thing sartin, tha are very anxious tew liv, yu ma turn one inside out, and hang him up bi the tale, and az soon az you are out ov site he will manage tew turn a back somerset and eum around awl rite in a fu days. If one gits carried oph in a bag bi mistake a grate ways into the kuntry, tha won't sta lost onla a short time, but soon appear tew meke the family happy with their presence.

Old maids are very fond ov cats, for the reason I suppose that cats never marry if tha hav ever so good a chance. There iz one thing about cats I don't like, if yu step on their tales bi aksident tha git mad rite oph, and maik a grate fuss about it. There iz another thing about them which makes them a good investment for poor folks. A pair of cats will yield each year without any outlay, something like eight hundred per cat.—

It iz a very singular fact that cats don't like a mill pond, I never knu on tew got drowned bi aksident.

Tha luv cream, but it seems tew be again thare religgun tew tutch soap.—Cats and dorgs have never been able tew agree on the main question, that both seem tew want the affirmattif side tew onst. I think if I could hav mi way thare wouldn't b any more cats born, unless tha could sho a certifikate ov good moral karakter. There is one more thing about cats which seems tew be awl affectashun, and that iz makin sich a devilish noise under a fellow's window nights, and then kal it musik. If i was tew hav mi choice between a cat and a striped snake, i would take the snake bekause i could git rid ov the snake bi lettin him go. There aint no sartin wa tu kil a cat, if yu git on wurked up intew sassage, and you think yu are awl rite, jist as likely ar not tha will com tu and take off a lot ov gud sassage with them. These are mi views about cats, rather hastily hoz together, and if i haint ced enuff agin them it iz onla bekaus i lack the informashun.

your friend
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THE FRONTIER SCOUT.

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FORT UNION, D. T.,

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 1864.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. SULLY.

Three Days Fighting with the Indians!

THEY LOSE 200 IN KILLED.

OUR LOSS BUT 2 KILLED AND 16 WOUNDED.

Since Tuesday the monotony of quiet garrison life has been broken. The whistle of the steamer, the shouting of men, the passage of boats, the fording of men and of animals belonging to the North-Western Indian Expedition has furnished a sight never before witnessed on these shores.

The expedition left Sioux City on the 4th of June, travelled 483 miles up the Missouri, laid out and commenced Fort Rice and left there on the 19th of July. On the 24th reached a point on the Heart River nearly due west and 112 miles distant from Fort Rice—Here a fortified camp was formed; the supply wagons of the command and the emigrant train of 200 wagons (which the expedition was expected to protect) were corralled, and the larger part of the command started on the 26th with 2 days' cooked rations in haversacks and 4 in light wagons. On the 28th, in lat. 47° 30', lon 103 they came in sight of the main camp at about 10 A. M. Here the Indians had collected all their available warriors, numbering from 1000 to 1600 lodges, in the full confidence of whipping the whites.—Their position was chosen with great skill and judgment on the sides of a lofty ridge filled with pinnacles, ravines, and almost impenetrable thickets; in front the ground was a broken, rolling prairie; in the rear of the ridge (we found the next day) was a part of the Manvais Terres of the Little Missouri Gros Ventres, a succession of pinnacles, ravines, butes and mounds of almost every conceivable size and shape, where no living being unacquainted with the paths could follow one who was.

Our forces were mostly dismounted and thrown forward deployed as skirmishers, one-fourth of each dismounted company leading the horses of the others. These led horses, with the train, followed near the centre of the line of battle. Heavy reserves of cavalry were held on either flank, and the batteries with three companies of cavalry as support, marched near the centre. These Indians, who are wild and untamed, swarmed on every side on their fleet little ponies in their gaudy ornaments and paint, with shield and lance as well as more formidable weapons, dashed wildly together or dispersed on signals from their chiefs. But the whistle of the long range rifle and the fate of many of their number taught them that the white

man had a weapon far superior to any he had yet sold to them.

Time and time again was the eagle-plumed baton of the chief waved as a signal for a concentration; then a dash would be made that was followed by an equally rapid retreat in which they would be severely punished, having inflicted but little injury. One large party passed around under cover of high ground and made a dash on the train in the rear. A piece of artillery under command of Lieut. Whipple and a company of cavalry were instantly ordered in motion, and the first shell fired killed 5 men and ponies, 3 of whom were literally torn in pieces. The right flank being threatened by a large body of Indians, Major Brackett was ordered to charge with his battalion which he did in good style, pursuing them about 1 1/2 miles and dispersing them with the loss of 2 men killed, 7 wounded and 16 horses shot; leaving 27 Indians dead on the ground, 11 of whom were killed by the sabre alone. Space will not permit me to mention the noteworthy incidents of the battle; but all the troops acted well without a sign of flinching, and at sunset not a solitary Indian could be seen on the field of Tah-kah-o-ku-ty.

Our loss was 2 killed and 9 wounded. Of the Indian loss it is impossible to speak with confidence, as according to Indian custom they were seen to endanger their own lives and throw away all they had for the sake of carrying off the dead; but 150 is probably a moderate estimate of the number killed, and to this the artillery contributed largely.

At 2 o'clock the next morning we were up and in pursuit, but were stopped by the Manvais Terre, of which I have just spoken. We then returned to their camp and spent the entire day in destroying it—fine lodges of skins, parfleches filled with dried buffalo meat, brass kettles, mess and household furniture were all piled on their own lodge poles and destroyed by fire; the destruction was only completed in the evening by setting fire to the woods and consuming all in a general conflagration.

We again reached our corral on Heart River on the 31st of July, having travelled 150 miles, fought a battle and destroyed a large camp in six days. On the 3d of August we took up our line of march in a north-westerly direction. On the 6th we reached another portion of Manvais Terres of the Little Missouri. From the edge of the high table land where we first came upon the Manvais Terre the scene utterly beggars description; it is only such a scene as can be realized in some wild distorted, night-mare dream; pinnacles, turrets, pyramids, mounds and butes of every possible shape, size, description and color from grey to bright red and from 5 to 500 feet high piled in inconceivable confusion by nature in one of her very wildest freaks.

It seemed as though no sane man would attempt a passage through, yet by dint of numbers and hard work we succeeded in digging our way through bad places to the river; a distance of 12 miles. The next day we only moved 3 miles up the river—heavy forces being at work to dig a road out. On the 8th we crossed the river and our road for several miles was the dry bed of a stream so narrow that only one wagon could pass at a time, and the sides in places many hundred

feet high. Dismounted men were deployed along the heights and to take possession of all commanding points. Here the Indians soon appeared in great numbers but only to find themselves baffled and driven back like a swarm of mosquitoes, and all the points from which they calculated to fire upon the train in our possession. This skirmish fight lasted all day; at night we bivouacked at a little lake. The next morning the fight recommenced but only lasted for a few hours when the Indians retired apparently thoroughly disheartened, and well they might be. Their loss had been heavy and they had wounded but few of our men and killed none. The country on which we fought was the most unfavorable that could possibly have been selected for the invading party; and the same force that we had fought before had been reinforced by others from the south so that it was probably as large a body of Indian warriors (for I cannot call them braves) as has ever been assembled on this continent.

On the 12th we reached the banks of the Yellow-stone in lat. 42 deg. 20 min. long. 104 deg. 30 min., 160 miles from our corral on Heart river. Here we hailed the appearance of the two steamers with delight as we were about out of rations and our animals were about starved for want of grass. On the 16th, the advance, as you know, reached this place 35 miles distant from the crossing at the Yellow-stone.

Between the 19th of July and the 16th of August the expedition has travelled 457 miles, fought three days, forded rivers and dug the way through a country so broken as to seem utterly impassable, often suffering for days together for want of grass and good water, taught the combined forces of the Indians a lesson they will never forget. For the first time demonstrated the practicability of steamboat navigation on the Yellow-stone. Surveyed an unexplored country and found its immense resources of heavy beds of coal lying exposed in every direction—Such have been some of its labors; but time alone will show their future value to the North-western frontier of our country.

—The following named gentlemen arrived at this post a few days since from the headwaters of the Yellow-stone, on their way to the states. They inform us that they found gold all through that section of country, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working:

- A. T. Wool, Jordan, N. Y.
- John Spinning, "
- Geo. Converse, Maridcan, N. Y.
- E. B. Baird, Lysander, N. Y.
- B. P. Taylor, White Cloud, Iowa.
- Z. Potts, Baden, Ill.
- R. & M. Brown, Dudleyville, Ill.
- J. C. Barber, Plano, Ill.
- John Anderson, Payham, Ind.
- Henry Cartright, "
- O. S. Cross, Luray, Mo.
- G. Dobbins, "
- Jesse Mount, Lafayette, Ind.
- A. L. & R. S. Whaley, Waukau, Iowa.
- W. R. & J. Moore, Dudleyville, Ill.
- S. Martin, Brooklyn, Iowa.
- H. C. Ball, "
- R. H. McMichael, South Bend, Ind.