The steamer Gen. Grant arrived at our levee last Saturday evening from Fort Rice. She returned down the river after discharging a large pile of government freight.

A soldier by the name of Jerome McCarty, belonging to Co. "I," 7th Iowa Cavalry, was drowned at this place last evening, while attempting to swim his horse across the river. He is reported as being a good swimmer and it is supposed that he was injured by his horse.

B. B. — Do you not know what B. B. means? Well, we'll tell you. It means bad bugs! Yes, bad bugs! We have heard of bed bugs very often by people who had seen them; we have heard travelers mention the fact that they have been obliged to set up in bed with a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other in order to retain possession of their beds; we have heard yarns told about them un-til we thought man's imagination could go no farther in creating stories, for we always considered them as gotten up for the purpose of killing time. But this change came over the spirit of my dream, and we are satisfied that the half has not been told. We have seen them seen in our battalions — seen them in divisions and in army corps, and they were of all sizes from the smallest, four of which can stand on the head of a pin, up to the size of a mud turtle. We have seen them regularly organized — thoroughly drilled — and apparently in a good state of discipline; at first they would trot out a few foragers, but would wait very quietly until we were asleep when they would draw what blood they could carry and go quietly off. For the sake of maintaining peace we submitted until they ceased in force one night and attempted to carry us off bodily; then we objected as an American citizen bound to maintain our rights. But it was of no use, we were obliged to leave and seek repose elsewhere; we finally took refuge in the farther corner of the room on the floor, there we thought they would not find us and for one night they left us in peace, but before the next night their skirmish- ers had ascended our exact locality, and before we were fairly asleep they came as in full force, but we were determined to maintain our position or perish in the attempt. Charge! After charge they made which we successfully repulsed with a stri-king fusillade of blood on our side. At length they changed their tactics, and one much larger than the others advanced to the attack alone; then came the tug of war, and for a long time neither side could claim any advantage; we were rapidly losing strength and thought our time had come; we remembered that our life was not insured; and all the actions of it seemed to pass in rapid succession before us; we thought upon our home and those dear ones that were anxiously waiting our return, and we determined to struggle to the bitter end; at length fortune favored us and by a brilliant manœuvre we were enabled to place our opponent on his back and plunging a knive into him finished him. The rest were apparently thunder-striuck and stood unable to do anything but gaze, so taking advantage of their surprise we struck our blankets and made a fire. That stands as the one eventful night of a life time — never shall we forget the horrors of it.

Our next resort was to the porch thinking they would let us have at least one side of the house; the outside; but after one or two nights they were after us again, although not in so great numbers yet sufficiently strong to keep us constantly on the alert. We soon found out that we could not stay there long so we looked around for new quarters where we might be secure at least for a few nights until we should somewhat recover; we at length hit upon the observatory on top of the house; waiting until darkness had settled upon the face of the earth we again struck our blankets — and like the chief we stole very quietly up through the attic and out on to the observatory when we lay down and had a good night's rest. Three days have past us, and we have not found our last retreat yet but expect every day they will; so we are prepared to flee again; this time we shall take refuge on the top of the flag staff and roam after the manner of a bird; after attaining our elevated position we shall hire a cheap boy to sweep the bottom of the flag staff continually so they will be unable to reach us. We are now quite reduced in flesh and any one can see that we have not another drop of blood to spare.

B. B.'s have become a perfect terror to us; sleeping or waking they are continu- ally in our minds; our dreams are filled with monster bed bugs and during our waking moments they are everywhere - do we sit down to write they are crawling over the paper by dozens - do we step down to play a social game of cards bed bugs form the hearts, diamonds, spades, and clubs. We talk of nothing but bed bugs; the other day a man asked us the time of day we replied 'bed bugs,' and so it goes. Bed bugs have become the bane of our life and we fear that we shall remain so cured until there is something done.
THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross roads, not far from the Cumberland mountains, stood the village smith. The shop was a sturdy man of fifty, who was revered, 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 customers were of all grades 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 Bradly!"

One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil, "plying his vocation," his countenance erinized 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 sang at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form of the supplicant, she entered—the foremost one exclaiming:

"We're tried him 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好像是 hammer, and dragging 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 stopped 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.

"Oh, you are mistaken. I'll tell you, Bradly. I'm a spy! an abolitionist bound! I exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence, "and we must have him. So tell you, Bradly, 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? explained the smith, riveting his eyes upon the speaker.

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

"Aiding to the north," ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker, "I'll not. I'll not! I'll continue; I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will do so, so help me God, as long as I have breath," he added, and seizing the cold hammer-stake 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 sleigh-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, Bradly," 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 pass, with a feeling of relief from that dark road of the night. When he turned to go back into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, explained:

"Oh! 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—when you will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree; and you must leave to-night!"

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is already a party made up to assist you 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 mention of the strange damsel of the girl, he continued:

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

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

"Oh, why did you marry him? Don't you see the blood?"

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

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 not without repeated entreaties 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 at the speed with which her father was galloping on the road, but not without a desperate struggle on his part. As Mattie stood gazing at the pool of blood, a wagon containing two persons, drove—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.

"Oh, sir!" said the young girl, I've 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 soft, but firm tone said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately—then we will call at the parsonage to cheer his heart—and afterwards to the place of refuge. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have scented him. They may return much sooner than we expect."

"Oh!" he said, "the blood—don't go, Mattie!"

"I'll do my best, Sir!"

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, when she 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 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 scaling-pieces. The lady of the house, a tall young woman of forty, was busily 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 buffet, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee regiment, when they got to Kentucky.

"I assure you, Sir, I was only a mechanic, and I never thought of being a soldier," said the fugitive.

"You might have been one of the first, and perhaps you would have been a captain," said Mattie. "I will marry you!"

"Then kneed down and swear before the ever-living God that, if you fail or break your word, you may hereafter be consigned to eternal perdition."

"I swear, mass. I swear! said the negro, kneeling.

"An! I hope dat Gor A'mighty may strike me dead, if I don't go wid you true fire and water and obeying!"
"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master. Then turning to the young girl, who had been a mere spectator of this singular scene, he continued: "Now Mattie, you get into the wagon, and if you look grieved with your situation, you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

The news of the blacksmith's unhappiness was waiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had requisitioned, with increased numbers and demand the morning after, and by means of the guerilla, which resulted in their keeping things in order, and carrying off the prisoners. They conveyed him to a tavern, half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was armed 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 his arrival, he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinned; but neither did he make 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.

"Who is he, one of the people of Tunee-see," was the reply. "I deny it."

"Your denial amounts to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and of being a member of this sect you know."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band who had captured him, "I demand an answer to this."

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?"

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

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

"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 has been engaged in the work of the Lord, and is accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give shelter to the law of the land. You pretend that you are a man of honor. 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 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 this?"

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

"Accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson. "If your adherence to the Union merits me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union as long as there has been one."

At these words the chairman slouched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's boarding 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 his company speechless.

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

In the midst of the confusion, a man's hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder—his face was severe, 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 there roused 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 Union camp.

John, said the patriotic smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes brightened and near Bradley's breast, his surroed cheek, I should much like to see Mattie before I go. You shall, was the reply.

The yarn over 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 home 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, grasping his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his surroed cheeks.

He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice all upon the star of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his child. Was he to be left to the mercy of the perfidious whites who were attempting to carry the country that had given them birth, mused his 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, to return to your home for your protection, and, that thought that our marriage had better take place to night.

Well John, he said, as he relinquished the woman to his daughter with a fond kiss, she 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 minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in the lone house.

It was an impressive scene. The minister thus occupied with the wedding, the negroes and others gathered round to witness the event, and out set with his friends to join those who had been driven from their homes and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the liberty and rights that are good to make up to manhood; but this is a disgrace. I have bin told by a negro maker that the can Knpmpare.

There is one thing, sir, there are very anxious nivy, you mu turn one inside out, and hang him up by the nose, and se if you ain't on the edge of nine and a half feet.

If a gits carried oph in a bag in mistake a grace into the country, the blacks suffers a short time, but soon appear tew make the family happy with their presence.

Old maid are very fond of cats, for the reason I suppose that cats never marry if that means so good a character.

There is one thing about cats I don't like, if you stop on them tales bi asken wha get mad rite oph, and may a grace talk about it. There is another thing about cats which seems low bi say the cats don't like a miln pond, I never knu on saw get drowned bi asken cats.

The hat cream, but it seems tew be again thare religun teut tush sop.

Cats and dogs never have annle tew agree on the same question, that both seem tew want the affirmis side tew oast. I think if I could hav mi way there wouldn't b any more cats born, unless she don a certifate or good moral character.

There is one more thing about cats—which seems low bi say the cats don't like the affectishum, and that is make un. A very singular fact that cats don't like a miln pond, I never knu on saw use affectishum.
ARRIVAL OF GEN. SULLY.

Three Days Fighting with the Indians!

They lose 200 in killed.

Our loss—3 killed and 16 wounded.

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

The expedition left Sioux City on the 4th of June, travelled 486 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 corral were extant, and the rest of the expedition (except for a detachment) were concentrated, and the larger part of the command started on the 26th with 2 days' cooked rations in haversacks and 4 light wagons.

On the 28th, in lat. 47° 30' 35" North 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 1500 lodges, in the full confidence of whipping the whites.

The main camp was chosen with great skill and judgment on the side of a lofty ridge filled with prairie, ravines, and almost imperceptible thicknesses; 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 Mandans of the Little Missouri (see Voutras, a succession of prairies, buttes and mounds of almost every conceivable size and shape, where no living being was accustomed with the path could follow one who was.

Our forces were mostly dismantled and the eight days' accumulated supplies of a detention of four months, belonging to the horses of the others. These lad-horses, with the train, followed near the center of the line of battle. Heavy reserves of cavalry were held on either flank, and the batteries with three companies of cavalry as supports, marched near the center. These Indians, who were ever ready and anxious, swarmed on every side on their feet, little ponies in their gaudy ornamements and paint, with shield and lance as well as keen and deadly weapons, dashed wildly together or dispersed on signals from their chiefs. But the wheels 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.

This time it was the spectacle of the chief being signalized for a concentration; then a charge rapidly entered, which this time would be severely punished, having inflicted but little injury. One large party passed around under cover of high ground and fired on the train in the rear. They consisted of all the personnel of artillery under command of Lieut. Whipple and a company of cavalry were instantly ordered in motion, and the first shot killed 5 men and 2 horses, both of whom were literally torn in pieces. The right flank being threatened by a large body of Indians, Major Brackett was ordered to the right of the train and to keep it in order under a sign of skirmishing; and at sunset not a solitary Indian could be seen on the field of Tah-kah-o-la ky.

Our loss was 2 killed and 9 wounded. Of the Indian loss it is impossible to speak with confidence; according to Indian custom they were seen to endanger the train, were able to make away with the sake of carrying off the dead; but 100 is probably a moderate estimate of the number killed, and to this the artillery contributed largely.

On the 27th of July, the morning we were up and in pursuit, but were stopped by the Mandans, of which I have just spoke. We then returned to their camp and spent the entire day in destroying seven lodges of skin, pannicles filled with dried buffalo meat; brass kettle, mew and household furniture were all piled on their own lodes pales 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.

On the 28th, we again reached the corral near Fort Rice on the 31st of July, having travelled 150 miles, fought a battle and destroyed a large camp in six days. On the 8th of July we took a line of route to the north-western direction. On the 9th we reached another portion of Mandans of the Little Missouri. From the 5th to the 9th we travelled 200 miles. On the 9th we came upon the Mandans the scene utterly beggars description; it is only such a scene as can be realized in some wild dislocxated, night-time division; pinioned with prairies, mountains and lights of every possible shape, size, description and color from grey to bright red and from 5 to 500 feet high piled in inconceivable confusion, buried in snow and with every wild vegetation.

It seemed as though no man would attempt a passage through, yet by dint of numbers and hard work we succeeded in making our way through, or rather 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 5th we crossed the river and our road for several miles was the dry bed of a stream that only once in many hundred foot high. Dismounted men were debarred from the passage of all commanding points. Here the Indians soon appeared in great numbers but only to find themselves baffled and driven out of the region of the trappers, and all the points from which they calculated to fire upon the train in our possession. This skirmish lighted all day; at night we bivouacked at a little lake. The next morning the light recommended but only lasted for a few hours when the Indians retired apparently thoroughly disheartened, and we might have charged their line had they been bold and they were wounded but few of our men and killed none. The country on which we fought was the most indefeatable 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 15th we reached the banks of the Yellowstone, and having travelled 457 miles, crossed the river and dug the way through a country so broken as to seem utterly impossible, 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 Yellowstone. Surveyed an unexplored country and found its immense resources of heavy beds of coal lying exposed in every direction. Such have been seen in a form that will chart their future value to the North-western front of our country.

The following named gentlemen arrived at this post a few days since from the headwaters of the Yellowstone, on their way to the sacred. They furnish us gold all through that section of country, but at insufficient quantities to pay for working:

A. T. Wool, Jordan, N. Y.
John Spanning.
Geo. Converse, Maricopa, N. Y.
E. B. Baird, Lyons, N. Y.
B. P. Taylor, White Cloud, Iowa.
Z. Potts, Baden, Ill.
B. R. McBrown, Dudleyville, Ill.
J. C. Barber, Diz.
J. H. Anns, Chicago, Ill.
Henry Crainfield, Ind.
O. S. Cross, Leipsy, Mo.
G. Dobins, Kansas City, Mo.
J. C. Man J., Lafayette, Ind.
W. B. & J. Moos, Dudleyville, Iowa.
S. Martin, Brookyn, Iowa.
R. A. McDermott, Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. H. McMichael, South Bend, Ind.