

THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT BUFORD, D.T. was established June 15, 1866. Located on the left bank of the Missouri River near its confluence with the Yellowstone and 2½ miles below the American Fur Company's Fort Union. It was to protect the Minnesota/Montana emigrant route from the Sioux. Constructed by Wm. G. Rankin and the 31st Infantry. **POST OFFICE** was established Sept. 11, 1867 and was discontinued June 20, 1895. Postal Card above, postmarked Feb. 28, 1879. The following is from the message: "Last night a dispatch told that "Sitting Bull" has crossed the line from Canada and the Cheyenes were on their way from Neb. to join him - Scouts sent out this a.m. and two Companies expect to start in the morning to help keep them back.....S.B. means trouble" The fort was abandoned by the army Oct. 1, 1895.

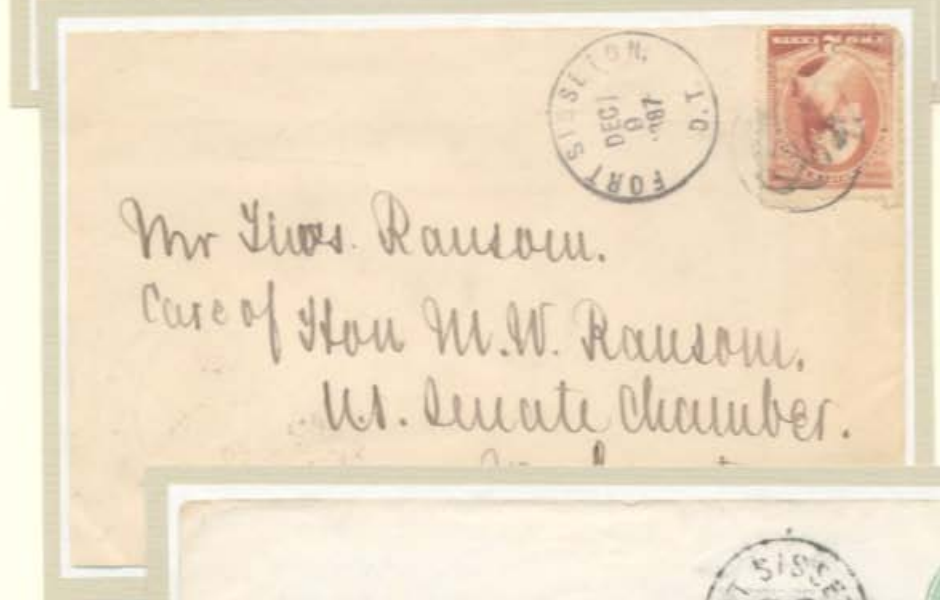


**FORT WADSWORTH
DAKOTA TERRITORY**

Established Aug. 1, 1864. Located on Lake Rose, in the Kettle Lake region, about 30 miles west of Sisseton, So. Dak. Built to control the hostile Indians and protect the Minnesots/Idaho wagon road to the Montana/Idaho gold fields. The post office was established Aug. 6, 1876.

On Nov. 27, 1887 it was changed to FORT SISSETON, after the name of the fort had been changed on Aug. 29th. The military abandoned the fort on June 9, 1889.

Although, the post office was located at the fort, it was not discontinued until June 15, 1895.



FRONTIER SCOUT.

Capt. E. G. Adams, Editor.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

Lieut. C. H. Champney, Publisher.

Vol. 1.

FORT RICE, D. T., JUNE 29, 1865.

No. 3.

For the Frontier Scout.

The Seven Miners from Idaho.

BY CAPT. E. G. ADAMS.

There were seven miners attempted to go
Down to the States from Idaho.
They wandered across the the wilderness
stark

Till they reared the ruins of old Fort
Clark.

No Indian's form and no tipi's smoke
The awful stillness of Nature broke.
By went limitless buff to birds;
'Round them chirruped the prairie birds;
In remotest distance the antelopes
Evanished from sight, like young men's
hopes;

The fox looked out of his den as they
went,

And the wolf afar off followed their feet;
The tall grass sighed like a broken heap
When swayed by the Northwest wind
so sharp.

The heavens portended a fall of snow,
As they journeyed onward from Idaho.
These things bode on a scene of land,
In a moment might strike a snag, and
strand.

But they feared not Nature, though
rough her touch,

But all that they feared was a human
clutch,

Which seeks for the tuft of hair on the
crown,

And this their thought as they journeyed
down.

When they came near the site of the
ancient work,

An Indian they spied in ravine to lurk.
And when they had crossed to the oppo-
site bluff

The sight they beheld it was wild enough.
There were fifty ledges emitting smoke,
There were fifty wolf-dogs which from
their broke,

And thrice fifty savages, small and large
Gathered like waves 'round a sinking
barge,

About these men that had ventured to
go

Down to the States from Idaho.
Each face with the blood of a foe was
painted,

Which was scooped from his heart as in
death he fainted,

And scalps were like belts around them
strung,

Where the gray locks shone by the side
of the young,

And woman's fair curls which their beauty
retained,

Still silken and long, though with blood
they were stained.

And some were armed with pistols and
guns,
Which to slay a foe they discharge but
once,

And some were equipped with a bow and
arrow

That could kill a man or could kill a
vain,

And so met them with smiles, though
their hearts were in pain;

For a slow death by torture loomed up in
their sight

As a dull, lurid comet sweeps up through
the night

Yet they seized their rude hands with a
most friendly shake,

Those hands that they dreaded far more
than a snake;

And the man that was oldest of all of
the group,

With a courage that never was yet known
to droop,

Bethought him of means of evading the
wrath,

That had fallen like hurricane over their
path

At least he remembered the portrait of
child,

As lovely an infant as ever had smiled.
It was hidden down deep in his pocket's
recess,

An infant he never had seen to care,
A bud that on Earth had begun to out-
bloom

While he dug in the placers of Idaho.
He brought it out, and displayed by signs
That to clasp that babe he had left the
mines,

And had wandered across the desolate
prairie,
Fearing no danger nor adversary.

Each savage gazed with a keen, quick
glance

On the child with its innocent counte-
nance,

And the hands that were feeling for scalp-
ing knife

Fell down by their sides as bereft of their
life.

The brows lately knit with the fiercest
of hate

At once became calm and serene and
sedate,

And a council was called to consider the
cause

(For such is the course of their customs
and laws.)

This father they brought with his pic-
tured papoose

To act as a pleader to hearts still obtuse.
They met in a wigwam, each head man
and chief

Was seated by the entrance to the wigwam

And the rest of the council sat on the floor

And the old man that was oldest of all of
the group

Was seated by the entrance to the wigwam

What the vote might accede to or what
might reject,

But no speaking there was that could cut
his heart loose

From the feeling aroused by the pale-
faced papoose.

That picture engraved by stray beam of
the sun

Had conquered those savages, every one,
And they suffered those miners in safety
to go

Back to their homes from Idaho.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH.

One a paragon of excellence, the other
a synonym for baseness. Perhaps never
were two men so entirely antagonistic,
so utterly unlike. There was Lincoln
with no beauty, no polish, but a good,
honest, noble heart. The outward cas-
ket but faintly imaged the heart within.
And yet there was a certain something
about him that made him agreeable to
behold. The consciousness that under all
circumstances he would do right, that
he would not lead his army, nor even calum-
ny move him. Like the old man of the
mountain in my native state, the same in
storm and sunshine, the same whether the
thunder raged and the lightning hurled,
or nature reposed in undisturbed qui-
etude. He was a man—an American
man of the noblest type. How faint the
glory of any king in history to the halo
that encircles his memory. He wears a
martyr's crown.

He shares the glory of those he called
forth to die for their country. Methinks
I see them ranged on the sunny strand
of Heaven to welcome their Commander
in Chief on Earth. What shouts wel-
comed him there, what sorrow lamented
him here—And the assassin—what can
we say of him? Beautiful in person, but
foul of heart like the whited sepulchres
of old, full of the dead bones of slavery
and all uncleanness. Well might be in
his dying hour throw up his arms and
exclaim, "Useless, useless!" A fit note
to this cursed rebellion, commencing
in bluster and ending in a hoop-skirt!

Lincoln may well be imaged under
an ever-living tree, that, though cut down
on Earth, left its roots so deeply planted
they will grow up into a forest that shall
be for the healing of the nations; while
Booth is like Jonah's gourd, wither-
ing into contempt with the first beams
of morning, or like the booths of Ash-
toreth, constructed of trees without roots,
for their unholy rites, dried into unsight-
liness by the sun.

March of the 1st U. S. Vol. Infantry to Fort Rice, D. T.

Perhaps there never was a more wearisome march than that of the 1st U. S. Infantry, from Mankitah or White Earth River to Fort Rice. It was through an uninhabited waste, through a country barren and desolate as the land around the Dead Sea in Palestine. Wherever the eye turned were the same monotonous hills and prairies, nearly destitute of every covering or vegetation. No smiling villages to charm the eye, no beautiful rivers or cool woods. Desolate—behind, around, before, above, beneath, wherever the eye could turn, all dreary, all a blank—a solitary grandeur swept its veil over all the landscape. The Regiment were almost the only living objects in the panorama. The birds were few, the wild animals seldom seen, and nothing living was in plenty but grasshoppers. The wind swept often with unchecked fury over the forestless waste, and great clouds of dust hung like a mist over the empty space.

When we left the steamer "Effie Deans" we were like men that put out in an open boat on an uncertain sea. The first night we camped on American Creek, having marched a distance of thirteen miles. The second we spent at Crow Creek, having gone that day, the 28th Sept., sixteen miles. The third we went eight, and reached Crow Creek Agency about noon. There we found a little fort surrounded by its village of tipis and their wild inhabitants. We were glad to see any human forms, motley though they were, with robes, feathers, beads and fringes, and not a slight admixture of grease and dirt. Here was a school where instruction was given in the Sioux language. A pretty black-eyed school-mam taught the young idea how to shoot. Her husband was the Principal but with her sparring glances and ceaseless activity she seemed the presiding genius of the institution. At this place, the wives of the Indians guilty of the great Minnesota massacre. Six or seven Winnebagoes constitute the Indian community. Here we met Major Shreve the Paymaster, on his downward trip over the Missouri—a welcome visitor to the soldier. Return, ye happy days. Come on, thou steambot that bears him! Mayest thou never hit a snag in all thy career, but bring him without a scratch as injuring one hair of his head, to Fort Rice! When we left Crow Creek Agency we bade adieu to many kind friends whose acquaintance we shall all ways prize. Mr. De Witt, the trader, Lieut. Marshall and lady, and the kind-hearted soldiers of his company, and Major Balcombe and family. The Major was Indian Agent. He rode out with his span of horses a number of miles to accompany us, but soon returned, leaving us with Nature for our only escort.

The vegetation beneath our feet was crisp and parched with drought. The prickly pears covered large spaces of the ground, while in the low bottoms the tall wiry grass rustled like shattered glass in deserted houses.

Soon gone from the sight were the tipis, gone the fort, gone every vestige

night after we left the Agency, we camped at Soldier's Creek, a distance of nine miles. The next day we marched to L'Echopele Creek, a distance of twenty-five miles. From L'Echopele we marched to East Medicine Creek, sixteen miles. Here was a beautiful looking sheet of water, but nauseous to the taste. The wind blew very high and the way was rough, or we should have gone on to Fort Sully. The night was cold and the crackling fires burning briskly made the scene one of unique beauty. What so fine a subject for a painter as soldiers round a camp-fire at night, in an uninhabited country. Every element of grandeur and beauty can enter into the composition. The various expressions of countenance brought out in relief by the glowing fire-light, showing brighter from the clouds of smoke that whirl up and roll off through the empty void of the heaven. The 7th of October we arrived at Fort Sully, and met the North-western Indian Expedition going down. We marched that day fourteen miles.—There we first saw the old warrior, Gen. Sully. No pomp—no parade—but practical, energetic and simply great he appeared. His face betokened a man of action, not theories—the right man in the right place. The next night we camped at Okabaje Creek, a distance of twenty-one miles. Here was good wood and water, but two miles out of our road.—The 9th we marched from Okabaje Creek to Assiniboin Creek, meeting an emigrant train a short way out. Two or three white women in the crowd looked strangely in this country. Shortly after we left our camp we came into the metropolis of prairie dogs. Every one was sitting like a warden at the entrance of his castle. The earth was full of hills as far as the eye could reach. A Corporal of my company shot one of the inhabitants of this prairie city. At Assiniboin Creek we found good wood and water. On these creeks were relics of the Indians in the shape of old moccasins, pieces of robes and bones. This was the only sign they left of their presence.—Now and then, in the distance would be seen a dead Indian had lain till he had dried up and blown away. There were no other vestiges of humanity. On the 10th of October we marched from Assiniboin Creek to Little Shynone, a distance of sixteen miles. Here we found good wood and water. On the 11th, from Little Shynone to Swan Lake, a distance of seventeen miles. Here also were good wood and water—great items in a march in Dakota. From Swan Lake we marched, on the 12th Oct., to Bois Cache sixteen and a half miles. Here, likewise, were good wood and water. The next day to Bois Dauche, twenty-one miles. Good water here, but no wood. Here we buried two of our comrades who had died on the journey, leaving their forms in this waste, howling wilderness, far from home and the place that saw their birth and the sports of their childhood. Thou mighty visitant, Death! coming at all seasons and places. From Bois Dauche, on the 14th Oct., we marched to Wood Lake, a distance of seventeen miles. The few scant willows that grow in the sands around its mar-

acquaintance with this good Indian and true friend. In simple majesty he stood this king of the uncultured waste. Gay as an eastern king in his fancy trappings, a combination of simplicity and style which no being exhibits so much in the wide world as an Indian. On the 15th we marched to Beaver Creek, a distance of seventeen miles. At Beaver Creek we had a fine camping ground. The woods looked like old deserted orchards on a worn-out farm. In the ravine we found skulls of men, whether Indians or whites we could not tell. The shrubbery was full of wild fowl, and our men put in practice their early lessons in the art of hunting with good effect. The next day, the 16th October, we marched from Beaver Creek to Sand Creek, a distance of eleven miles. The 17th we arrived at Fort Rice, a distance of seventeen miles. What a cry of joy burst out, as we saw its unfinished battlements! As joyous were we as the relics of Xenophon's ten thousand, when they beheld the sea whose waters loved their homes.

Thus endeth the first chapter of the 1st U. S. V. Infantry in Dakota.

WIT AND HUMOR.

TOM CLARK was a tin peddler in New Hampshire; among other wares which he peddled was religion, which chiefly consisted in exhorting a motley crowd in a nasal tone attended with snuffing and snortings to flee from the wrath to come. He used to wipe his great greasy, sweaty face with a big fiery colored pocket-handkerchief of coarse cotton, and swing it round like a played-out Confederate flag over his amused listeners. He was a Copperhead, but I will exhibit him only as a Pewter-head. Witness his exhortations like these. "Brethren, I want to be a watchman on the walls of Zion'er, and live on the Lord's side-er." And another for specimens. "There are some here that perfers to perress, and I hope that all those who perfers to perress, will perress what they perress to perress-er."

Regaled by fawns (fawns and billet-doux (docs,) Mrs. Book, my aunt elopes (antelopes) with her dear (deer) Alex (dix,) leaving on her husband's head a set of antlers, and making himself and herself both objects of game.

Why is Jeff Davis like Jack Falstaff in the Merry Wives of Windsor? Because both hid in old linen, and both got tumbled into the ditch.

Why is cotton wood like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Case it is used for your (cough'n') coffin.

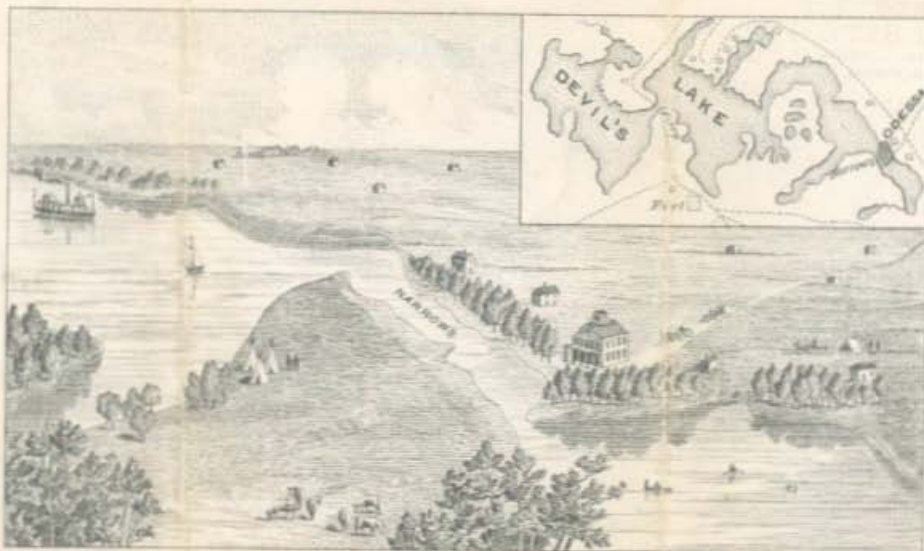
What line of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard" does giving sugar to an Indian remind you of?

Wasting your sweetness on the desert (hair) air.

Why are all steamboats that come up to Fort Rice like brave soldiers? Because they have to pass the Cannon Ball to get here.

Why are the beavers like boat hands on

THE WESTERN MAILS



best inducement to business and then will be very
 little
 country
 heavily
 me.
 It has
 10 to 20
 to have
 This
 in
 in Da
 one abo
 occa
 is i



little
 we see
 they left
 a month
 since.
 right and
 row.
 or to live
 ing life
 at some
 and
 by
 in

The illustrated letter above is from the Devils Lake Town Site Co., Odessa, D.T., Jan. 8th 1883. The cover does not belong to the letter. No post office in Odessa before 1905.

FORT TOTTEN, DAKOTA TERRITORY

Fort Totten was established by General Alfred H. Terry in 1867. It was part of a chain of forts to be built for the protection of a mail and emigrant road from Minnesota to the gold fields of Montana and Idaho. Located near the south-east shore of a large lake called Minniwakan by the Indians but better known as Devils Lake. (See illustrated letter sheet above). It was discontinued as a Military base in 1890. The Post Office was located at the fort and was established February 5, 1868 in what became Ramsey County and is now Benson County. The P.O. continues to operate in the near by town of FORT TOTTEN, North Dakota.

THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT SULLY, DAKOTA TERRITORY. The post was originally established on September 14, 1863. It was located about six miles below Pierre, S.D. on the Missouri River. In August of 1866 it was relocated about 28 miles above Pierre and 30 miles below the Cheyenne River. It was abandoned by the military in November of 1894. The post office was established April 2, 1866 and discontinued on May 21, 1898. The covers shown were used in the 1880's.

THE WESTERN MAILS



*Rollins & Perry
Burr Oak
Iowa*

FORT RANSOM, DAKOTA TERRITORY. Located on the Sheyenne River in Ransom County N.D., about 50 miles West Northwest of Fort Abercrombie. The military post was established June 18, 1867 and abandoned July 31, 1872. Post Office was established in the present town of Fort Ransom June 23, 1880. Thus there was no post office at the fort.

CALEDONIA, DAKOTA TERRITORY. Located in Traill County, North Dakota. The post office was established as GOOSE RIVER on November 2, 1871 and name changed to CALEDONIA August 19, 1875. Cover shown below bears the only known postmark of DAKOTA where the full designation is spelled out - DAKOTA TERRITORY. Used July 27, 1880.



*Mr. John Blegen B.T.
Blomfield
Dak*

N 1880

THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT BENNETT, DAKOTA TERRITORY. The post was established on May 17, 1870, at the the mouth of the Cheyenne River, on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation, about 30 miles above Fort Sully. The Post Office was established as CHEYENNE RESERVATION AGENCY on Dec. 2, 1872 and the name changed to FORT BENNETT on May 7, 1879. The P.O. was discontinued June 15, 1923. It was abandoned by the military November 18, 1891. Cover at top probably used in the 1870's before the name change.

THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT STEVENSON D.T. July 10, 1875. The fort was established June 14, 1867, on the Missouri River near the mouth of the Knife River in Stevens County, Dakota Territory. Discontinued by the military in July 1883. Post Office was established April 30, 1875 and discontinued October 26, 1883.



FORT BERTHOLD DAK May 22, 1889. This was a trading post built in 1858 as FORT ATKINSON. It was located on the Missouri River, on a bend below the mouth of the Little Missouri, in Stevens Co. In 1862 it was purchased by the American Fur Co. and the name was changed to FORT BERTHOLD. On Aug. 29, 1864 it was occupied by the 6th Iowa Cavalry, to protect the fort against the Sioux Indians, on orders of Gen. Alfred Sully. It was never owned by the government and was evacuated by the military on June 14, 1867. The post OFFICE was established September 1, 1874 and discontinued December 21, 1906.

THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DAK JUL 13. Fort was established June 14, 1872. Located on the Missouri River at the mouth of the Heart River in North Dakota. Abandoned by the military July 22, 1891. The **POST OFFICE** was established in what is now Morton County on February 7, 1872 and discontinued on March 31, 1894. It was from this post that George Armstrong Custer and the 7th U.S. Cavalry marched into history at the Little Big Horn in the Montana Territory. Cover above used in the 1870's and bears the type I postmark. Cover below bears the type II postmark used after statehood on August 28, 1890.



THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT PIERRE DAKOTA. Located on the West bank of the Missouri River directly across from PIERRE, S.D. It was the site of an American Fur Company fort 1830/55. Bought by the government in 1856 and replaced by General W.S. Harney in 1857 by a new post called Fort Randall (not to be confused with FORT RANDALL that was located on the river near present day Fort Randall Dam). On March 6, 1877 a post office was established as **FORT PIERRE**. The post was abandoned by the military in 1884 and the P.O. continued as the town of Fort Pierre, Stanley County, S.D. Between February 26, 1885 the name had been changed to COULSON and then on March 3, 1890 back to FORT PIERRE as it is today. Cover above used May 14, 1881 during the territorial period. The one below April 13, 1891 after statehood.



THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT MEADE, DAKOTA TERRITORY. Post was established near Sturgis, S.D. in 1878. It was first named **CAMP RUHLEN** and changed to **FORT MEADE** on December 15, 1878. Located on the east side of the Black Hills, it was built to protect the settlements in that area. The Post Office was established as **CAMP RUHLEN** on Oct. 10, 1878 and changed to **FORT MEADE** on Jan. 29, 1879. It was abandoned by the military in 1944. Cover ABOVE bears the only recorded postmark "Camp Ruhlen D.T. 12/23/78" - eight days after the name change by the military and thirty seven days before the Post Office name was changed. Cover below postmarked "FORT MEADE DAK JUN 11 1888".



THE WESTERN MAILS



FORT KEOGH, MONTANA TERRITORY was established in August, 1876. It was located on the right bank of the Yellowstone River, just west of Miles City. The post office was established on Jan. 4, 1878. It was discontinued as an army post in 1900 and then used in various ways by the government until it was turned over to the Dept. of the Interior in 1924. The fort was named in honor of Capt. Myles W. Keogh, 7th U. S. Cavalry, killed in the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.



THE WESTERN MAILS



CROW AGENCY, MONTANA TERRITORY. This was the largest and richest Indian Reservation in Montana. The post office was established on November 24, 1884. Top cover shown was used "DEC 11 1884" the other "MAR 20 1888."

