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In the next issue:

Frontier Fears: The Clash of Dakotas and Whites in the Newspapers of Mankato, 1863–1865

Ba Be Wab: Substitute Solder, Minnesota Ojibwe

Captives Freed at Camp Release

CONTENTS

- 1 Welcome to *Minnesota's Heritage*
- 4 THE FOOL SOLDIERS
 - 6 The Fool Soldiers • Jim Ketcham
 - 20 The Fool Soldiers' Story Told Many Ways • Jim Nelson
 - 36 Gifts from the Fool Soldiers • Barbara Britain
 - 44 Lila Wopila Tanka Heca • Marcella Le Beau
 - 48 IF YOU GO: Visiting Dakota War Sites in the Lake Shetek Area • Bill Bolin
- 52 Minnesota on the Verge of Civil War • Hampton Smith
- 60 Using Oral History to Share Our Common Past • Barbara W. Sommer
- 76 What a Difference a Year Can Make: Henry David Thoreau and the Grand Pleasure Excursion of 1861 • Corinne Hosfeld Smith
- 90 "An Episode of the American War": An Early Account of the Battle of New Ulm with reprint of original article from *St. James's Magazine* • Daniel John Hoisington
- 103 Looking for Relatives: Select members of the Joseph R. Brown Burial Party • Curtis A. Dahlin
- 116 BEHIND THE PHOTO: She Escaped from the Dakota (Maria Back) • Roger Norland and Curtis A. Dahlin
- 119 RESEARCH NOTES: Finding Online Images • Mary Hawker Bakeman
- 120 STORIES MY GRANDPARENTS TOLD ME: Peterson Family Stories from Nicollet County, of the Dakota Indian War of 1862 • Marlin Peterson
- 128 ARTIFACTS: A Souvenir of the Fort Snelling Internment Camp? • Thomas Amble
- 130 PEOPLE OF NOTE: David Weston aka Seeing Stone (Tunkanwanyakapi) and Charles H. Mix • Alan Woolworth
- 132 BOOK REVIEW: *The Assassination of Hole in the Day* • Cecelia Mc Keig
- 134 Index of Names

What a Difference a Year Can Make: Henry David Thoreau and the Grand Pleasure Excursion of 1861

GRAND PLEASURE EXCURSION
To the Sioux Agency.
THE TWO STEAMERS,
FRANK STEELE, Capt. HATCHER,
FAVORITE, Capt. BELL,
Of Davidson's Line, will make an excursion trip to the
LOWER SIOUX AGENCY,
ON MONDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE,
LEAVING ST. PAUL AT 4 P. M.
And arriving at the Agency in time to
Witness the Payments,
WHICH WILL COME OFF ON THE 19TH AND 20TH.
This will afford a good opportunity to persons wish-
ing to visit this
SPLENDID REGION OF COUNTRY,
And of witnessing the ceremonies of the payment of
nearly **FIVE THOUSAND INDIANS.**
Staterooms can be secured of **TEMPLE & BEAUPRE,**
Agents, on the **Levee.** Je9-dtd

Corinne Hosfeld Smith

Just one year before the embittered battles broke out between the Dakota and the white settlers on the plains, the Minnesota River played host to a very different scene. It was instead one filled with gaiety, music, food, and adventure. Participants included the state governor, various politicians, two dozen Union Army prospects, a few Englishmen, and among others, two travelers from Massachusetts: Henry David Thoreau and Horace Mann, Jr. The assemblage was a diverse grouping of personalities with widely varied backgrounds.

The occasion was billed as a "Grand Pleasure Excursion." Two steamboats had been hired to cruise up the Minnesota River from Saint Paul to the Lower Sioux Agency at Redwood. Passengers could accompany state and federal officials as they distributed the annuity payments to the Dakota, following the terms of the Treaty of

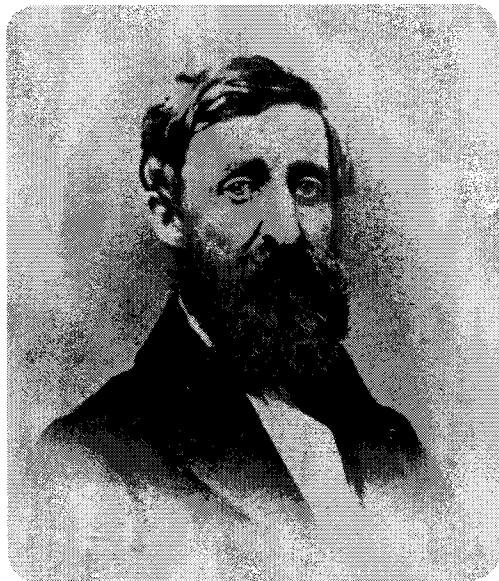
Traverse des Sioux and the Treaty of Mendota. A few years earlier, those agreements had transferred the ownership of almost 24 million acres of Dakota land to the territory of Minnesota, helping it to become the 32nd state in 1858. Members of the Mdewakanton and Wahpekute bands were due to receive a few dollars each year in return.

By the time this excursion was publicized, the states—"united" no longer—had been at war for two months. The telegraph had already brought news of the first sizable battle at Big Bethel in southeastern Virginia on June 10. The Confederates came out ahead that day, tallying fewer deaths and casualties. The details seemed to indicate much confusion among the troops, especially on the Union side. Some of their soldiers had been dressed in gray and had thus attracted what would later be called "friendly fire" from Union guns.

The 1861 "Grand Pleasure Excursion" was advertised in Saint Paul's *Weekly Pioneer and Democrat* of June 28, 1861. From the author's collection.

The report could not instill much confidence in Northern residents. It looked as though the struggle down south would not be quickly resolved. But at least it could be temporarily forgotten by the diversion of a pleasant riverboat trip.

Although the newspaper promotions did not disclose the organizers behind the excursion, the number and caliber of authority figures on board indicate at least some involvement by the governor's office. The generous prediction of seeing "nearly five thousand Indians" resulted in dozens of interested customers who were willing to come up with ten dollars to pay for the round-trip opportunity. The timing was right to attract the attention of two New England men who were wrapping up their third week of sight-seeing in Minnesota.



Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) and Horace Mann, Jr. (1844–1868) participated in the Grand Pleasure Excursion. Both courtesy Concord Free Public Library.

Transcendentalist Henry David Thoreau may now be best known for choosing to live "deliberately" for two years in a small house perched at the edge of Walden Pond. Some will remember that he also spent a night in jail for non-payment of taxes. Still others may admire his pithy and quotable philosophies. The notions of following different drummers and marching confidently in the direction of one's dreams have helped to seal this author's literary reputation. Back in 1861, however, he had not yet gained widespread fame, even though his book *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* had gotten some positive response when it was released in 1854. He and his traveling companion, seventeen-year-old Horace Mann, Jr. (son of the esteemed educator and a young neighbor with scientific interests) were able to embark on a "Journey West" in relative anonymity.

During the previous winter, Thoreau had caught a cold that further aggravated his symptoms of consumption (tuberculosis). Since medical knowledge of the

disease was then limited, his doctor recommended a trip to a different climate as a curative measure. With the uncertainty that the war had brought, it would have been inadvisable for a Northerner to travel anywhere south of the Mason-Dixon line merely in search of warm, moist air. Thoreau chose Minnesota as his recuperative destination. He may have done so not only to follow his doctor's orders, but also to finally realize his last chance to "Go West." Each one of his closest hometown friends—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, and William Ellery Channing—had already visited the American Midwest.

Thoreau and young Horace Mann left Concord on May 11, 1861. They used the railroad to cross portions of Massachusetts, New York, Canada West, Michigan, and Illinois. Along the way, they spent extra time at Niagara Falls and in Chicago. When the rails ended at the Mississippi River, they boarded the steamboat *Itasca* and headed upriver. The craft docked at Saint Paul in the wee hours of May 26. The men spent about ten days exploring the prairie around the settlement of Saint Anthony, then moved to a boarding house along the Lake Calhoun shoreline on June 5. It was there that they heard or read about the upcoming Grand Pleasure Excursion. On Friday, June 14, the men took a stagecoach back to Saint Anthony and in turn, back to Saint Paul. They checked into the Merchants Hotel at Third and Jackson Streets and did some local touring as they waited for the river excursion to begin.

By this point in their journey, Thoreau and Mann were accustomed to "botanizing" at every opportunity. Horace had brought along his shotgun in order to collect animal specimens, in the tradition of the scientists of the day. Thoreau was prepared with his spyglass, his plant press, a few botanic manuals, and a 100-page field notebook for jotting down species names and for recording unusual sightings. He had already made dozens of observations and had created original lists of Midwestern flora and fauna. Both men also wrote letters home to let their friends

and relatives know that they were doing well, in spite of the strife down south and despite Thoreau's persistent illness.

Henry Thoreau had long fostered a fascination with Native Americans. He kept nearly a dozen journals designated as "Indian books," filled with passages he had copied from references he had read. His own interactions with such natives had been limited. He met a few individuals in eastern Massachusetts and in Maine; but those encounters had been rare and were generally with select members of the tribes. Now that he and Horace were on a western journey, they could see real Indians in their native environment, or at least, what was left of it. Having an opportunity to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the Dakota was certainly one reason why the men joined the excursion.

If they had known more about the logistics of the endeavor, they might have had a few second thoughts. The Minnesota River meanders across the plains in many tight curves. Steamboat passengers could be frustrated by the circumstances the serpentine configuration caused. "The river . . . is distressingly crooked," wrote one early reporter. "Sometimes we go 6 to 15 miles to achieve one; and so frequent and aggravated are the ox-bows that we pass every house on four sides at least."¹

The river is also dependent upon snowmelt and springtime flooding to create sizable depth. When steamboat excursions became popular in the 1850s, their captains learned that the earlier they could travel in the season, the better. In good years, river traffic could begin in March and last until the middle of summer. After that point, however, the chances of grounding a boat on a sandbar or an exposed snag increased significantly. Passenger and freight transportation on the Minnesota River would diminish until both finally had to be curtailed for the rest of the year. Only another winter could replenish the waterway.

The spring of 1861 had been a wet one. The Minnesota River "opened with a big flood."² The first steamboat to try her out was the *Albany*,

which reached Mankato on April 1. During the next two months, several companies sent boats steaming up and down the river. But the water level began to drop dramatically as time went by. The river was said to have "fallen some twelve inches" during the week before the Grand Pleasure Excursion was scheduled to launch.³ If that statement was even partly true, then the success of the trip could be in question.

The *Frank Steele* was a side-wheeled steam packet that had been built in Kentucky in 1857. This was the fifth year that the boat had been on the Minnesota, and it was Captain N.B. Hatcher's second year on the river. He was no doubt aware of the risks of taking a steamboat all the way to Redwood this late in the season. The excursion had been widely advertised as a flotilla consisting of two steamboats, but someone made the decision to take just the single, larger boat. Perhaps ticket sales weren't as brisk as had been initially expected. Perhaps Hatcher issued his own ruling before the trip began.

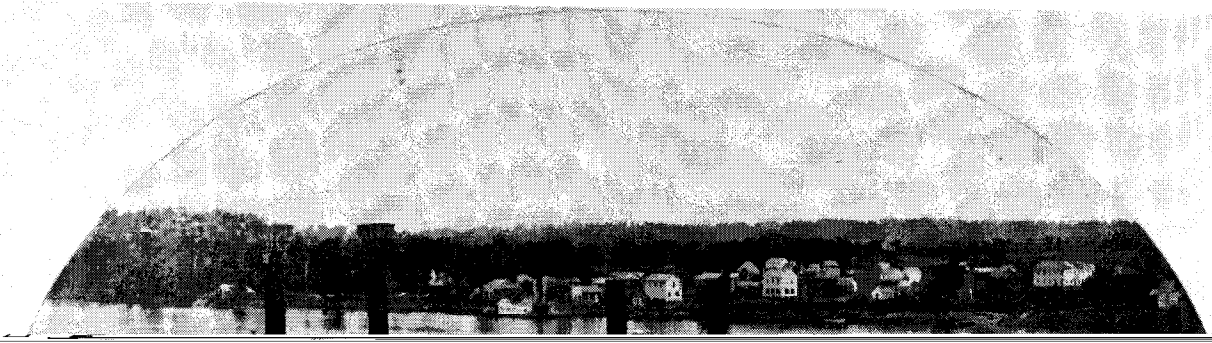
The *Frank Steele* left Saint Paul on the afternoon of Monday, June 17, and began to steam up the Minnesota River. The Lower Sioux Agency in Redwood was 200 miles away by water. On board with Thoreau and Mann were some local celebrities. Most notable were Governor Alexander Ramsey and his wife, Anna Earl (Jenks) Ramsey. Additional politicians included Indian agent Thomas J. Galbraith, who was in his first month of work in that position; U.S. District Attorney George A. Nourse; Jared Benson of Anoka, who was then Speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives; and Alfred B. Brackett, Deputy Sheriff of Ramsey County. Four or five Englishmen—described by one observer as "well-behaved Cockneys"—went along for the ride.⁴ About 25 "painfully dirty" Army volunteers were headed for Fort Ridgely.⁵ At least 25–30 ladies were also in attendance. In all, the steamboat had around 100 passengers when it shoved off from Saint Paul, and the decks were

rather crowded from the beginning. But each time the boat stopped at a town, more people came aboard, and no one left in return. "It is a small boat," wrote Horace, "so that a great many of [the passengers] have to sleep wherever they can around on chairs, or on the floor, or on trunks, etc."⁶ One estimate logged the riverboat's eventual load at 200 people.

Thoreau and Mann were lucky enough to have landed a stateroom. Those spaces were private but small. Everyone shared communal washing facilities, courtesy of the onboard barber shop. The crew provided three meals a day; but according to one customer, the food was "greasy and badly cooked."⁷ Thoreau noted the presence of "a small cannon for salutes, & the money for the Indians (aye, and the gamblers, it was said, who were to bring it back in another boat)."⁸ The promoters had also guaranteed live musical entertainment. "The Great Western Band will go up on the *Steele* and all can exercise themselves in dancing on the way, and be amused at the way the Indians do it when they arrive at Redwood."⁹ With a saloon that took up most of the space on its first floor, the *Frank Steele* must have exuded a real party-boat atmosphere.

By 9 p.m., the steamboat reached the town of Shakopee. Twelve hours later—Tuesday morning at 9 a.m.—it was at Henderson. It took another twelve hours to reach Mankato. Progress was painfully slow, as Captain Hatcher and his crew steered the *Frank Steele* around the curves and made an attempt to avoid numerous snags in the water. Henry Thoreau later wrote about their challenges in an extensive letter to Concordian Frank Sanborn:

This is eminently *the* river of Minnesota, for she shares the Mississippi with Wisconsin, and it is of incalculable value to her. It flows through a very fertile country, destined to be famous for its wheat; but it is a remarkably winding stream, so that Redwood is only half as far from its mouth by land as by water. There was not a straight reach a mile in



During the daytime, the heat of summer came upon the passengers as well. One person went ashore and saw a thermometer that registered "103 degrees in the shade."¹² Another put a positive spin on the entire experience: "The favorable weather, and the magnificent country compensated for the difficulty of navigation and made the excursion most delightful."¹³ "It is a beautiful day," agreed Horace, but "rather hot in the sun."¹⁴

Since the river was at times only just wide enough to accommodate the *Frank Steele*, Henry Thoreau was given a wonderful opportunity to botanize from its deck. In fact, trees and bushes were falling *into* the steamboat at the narrowest bends. In addition to the prevalent cottonwoods (which were responsible for many of the snags in the water), he saw elms, black willows, and long-leaved willows. Smaller plants included daisy fleabane, honewort, and larkspur. Both Thoreau and Mann mentioned seeing a large meadow "which was pink with wild roses" somewhere before the town of Henderson.¹⁵ Henry thought the patch was large enough to hold "acres" of blooms.¹⁶

But it wasn't just the flora that caught Thoreau's attention. Flocks of passenger pigeons flew above and around the boat. He also noted swallows, kingfishers, blue jays, warbling vireos, red-winged blackbirds, blue herons, Wilson thrushes, and rose-breasted grosbeaks. He heard the call of the whippoorwill. Turtle tracks could clearly be seen on the muddy and sandy shores. Some of the turtles themselves were seen sitting in the sun. A few muskrats had built lodges along the periphery. Young ducklings were still learning how to swim around the clumps of fuzzy down that were dropping from the cottonwoods. The Minnesota might be said to consist of "sky-tinted water;" but when Henry scooped up a sample of the river, he deemed it to be "clay-colored water, yet pretty clear in a tumbler when settled."¹⁷ He treated this outing like a scientific excursion to a new and different world, and documented his observations in his field notebook.

By early Wednesday evening, the *Frank Steele* reached Fort Ridgely. Horace wrote that the steamboat had "been within 8 miles of it by land a little after noon but on account of the crooks it took us a good while to get there."¹⁸ The Minnesota River was getting narrower and curvier. Captain Hatcher decided to dock here and to make a night of it, rather than to pass over the last 20–30 miles of this stretch in the dark. The two dozen or so volunteers immediately left the boat for their new temporary residency at the fort, in order to be trained for the Union Army.

A number of the other passengers went ashore as well, merely to tour the facility. The officer in charge apologized for the emptiness of the quarters. The troops who had left for the South in April had taken all of their furnishings with them, so the place was rather bare. Horace climbed up to the fort and noted that the sides closest to the prairie were guarded by "granite garrison houses, two stories high."¹⁹ Another visitor remarked that the ridge that the fort rested upon commanded "a glorious view, almost unlimited, in every direction."²⁰ When they had seen enough, the travelers made their way back to the boat. They went to bed knowing that they would meet the natives at the Lower Sioux Agency the following day.

But according to one passenger, it was not an easy task to fall asleep that night.

Now that the *Frank Steele* was stationary, the mosquitoes hitherto kept off by the motion of the boat, make a dead set at us, driving some from their berths to deck and detouring others from seeking theirs. By about two in the morning feeling drowsy enough to defy the troublesome insects [*sic*], we were fairly under way for the land of dreams. But by this time the band is drunk and will play the liveliest tunes overhead to the confusion of slumber till seized by a sudden desire to refresh themselves by a walk in the night air and rejoin the boat some miles ahead they train off and the noise of their instruments dies gratefully away in the distance.²¹

With the musicians finally out of range, this man hoped to find "sleep at last."²² That's when a thunderstorm arrived on the scene, dropping such a downpour onto the boat that it flooded at least one stateroom. One wonders how many people thought at that point that the "grand pleasure" was quickly seeping out of this particular excursion. And they had yet to see the Indians.

The *Frank Steele* resumed its journey the next morning at first light, at 4 a.m. It reached the sloping riverbank by the agency at Redwood at 9 a.m. A "number of swarthy young vagabonds in ragged blankets" ran alongside the steamboat for the last few miles.²³ With the craft docked at its ultimate destination, a crew member lit the fuse of the onboard cannon in order to announce the excursion's arrival to the neighborhood. But the cannon had been "fully charged for a loud report," and it "burst when it was fired." The back of the gun, "the breech, weighing about thirty pounds, was thrown into the cabin, passing through a crowd of passengers, breaking the railing, cabin door, &c."²⁴ Miraculously, no one was injured in the accident. By that time, some of the Dakota had boarded the boat and "at once began to examine everything with the greatest curiosity."²⁵ There was certainly much to see on a crowded riverboat.

Word was received that the annuity payment would *not* be made on this day after all. The agency would instead be hosting a council meeting at midday, with a feast and a traditional dance to be presented afterward. Captain Hatcher informed the excursionists that the *Frank Steele* would be staying at Redwood only into the evening hours. Anyone who wanted a ride back to Saint Paul would have to return to the boat at the conclusion of the dance.

Henry Thoreau and Horace Mann, Jr., spent the extra time botanizing. They did not have to walk far to get a good start. The steep slope at Redwood contained a variety of plant life. Thoreau did not recognize some of the specimens, and he could not find them in his copy of Asa Gray's botanical manual. He was relegated to

making detailed descriptions with the hopes of learning their identities later. His notebook inventory included such entries as "smooth parsnip-smelling plant on prairie;" "yellow composite flower of prairie, going out of bloom, clasping leaves;" and "Hypoxis-like flower, but more slender & 2-flowered only."²⁶ Evidently no one had yet documented the existence of those wildflowers.

Once they climbed the ridge above the river, Henry and Horace could see most of the domain of the Lower Sioux Agency. Thoreau later wrote:

Redwood is a mere locality, scarcely an Indian village—where there is a store & some houses have been built for them. We were now fairly on the great plains, and looking south, and after walking that way 3 miles, could see no trees in that horizon. The buffalo was said to be feeding within 25 or 30 miles—²⁷

Horace went a little farther in his explorations and brought back different plant samples. The two men might easily have been on sensory overload. Not only were they walking among the Dakota, but they were also standing on some of the flattest land their New England eyes had ever seen.

The Lower Sioux Agency had been established to provide basic support services for the Mdewakanton and Wahpekute bands of the Dakota. The compound contained enough buildings to resemble a small village. Included was a school, sawmill, several stores, and stables. The Upper Sioux Agency at Yellow Medicine, located farther up the Minnesota River, was designed to serve the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands. Officials at both agencies aimed to acculturate the Dakota: to encourage them to give up the chase and instead take up the plow. Individuals who cut their hair and wore white men's suits soon became known as "Farmer Indians." Those who had long hair and refused to give up their hunting and fishing privileges were "Blanket Indians." Groups exhibiting both lifestyles could be found in this part of Minnesota in the late 1850s.

The land treaties guaranteed that each member

of the tribe would receive an annuity payment each year. The U.S. government put aside more than a million dollars in its Treasury so that it could annually withdraw five percent of the interest to pay the Indians. This financial agreement was scheduled to last for fifty years.

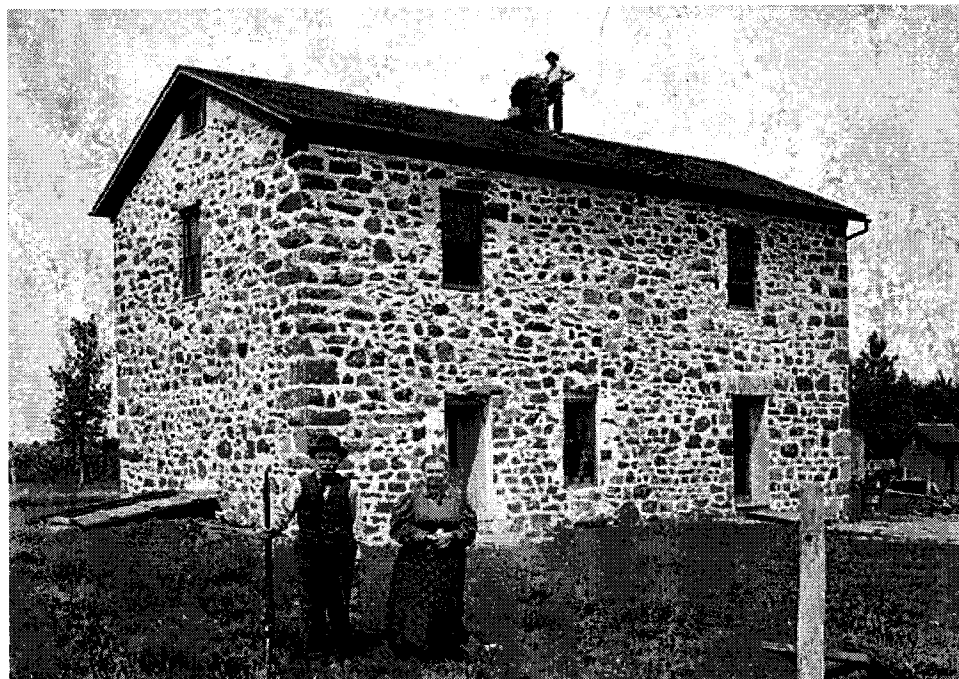
Thoreau noted that the Indians he saw looked “hungry, not sleek & round-faced.”²⁸ He had also heard that each chief would earn \$100 and each brave would get \$20 whenever the annuity payment actually took place.

Another passenger counted 40–50 “Farmer Indians” in attendance. “Fifty-five new suits of clothing had been distributed before our arrival, and many are already endeavoring to carry out the desires of our government, though probably with little success.”²⁹ The agency grounds were a sea of varied fashions, from beaded buckskins to ballroom dress.

At noon or at 1 p.m. (for the reports differ), “a council was held under the north side of the missionary’s house.”³⁰ The government officials sat in chairs and spoke from their seats. White visitors and Dakota stood gathered in small groups on the grounds. Interpreters were supplied for both sides. The Indians smoked and passed their pipes around to one another during the proceedings. To any statement that was agreeable to them, the Dakota automatically chanted a hearty “Ho!”

The first speaker was Clark W. Thompson, the regional Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He had been visiting the Minnesota River agencies in order

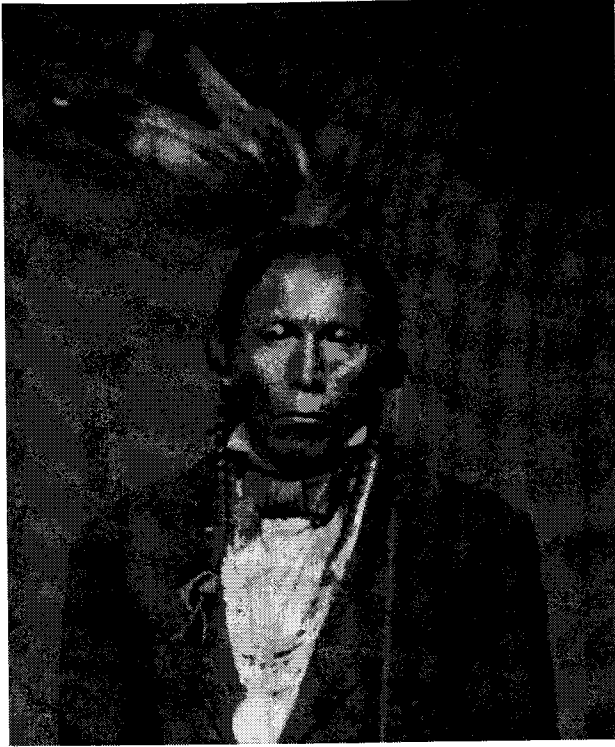
to prepare for the annuity payment, and he had met the *Frank Steele* excursion when it arrived. He was still new to the position, having just assumed his duties on May 14, 1861. His Saint Paul-based office oversaw a number of tribal arrangements in the northern plains area. He began the meeting by telling the Dakota “that he had been appointed by the Great Father at Washington, to look after their interests, and those of all the Red men of the State. He would try to do it faithfully.”³¹ He probably didn’t



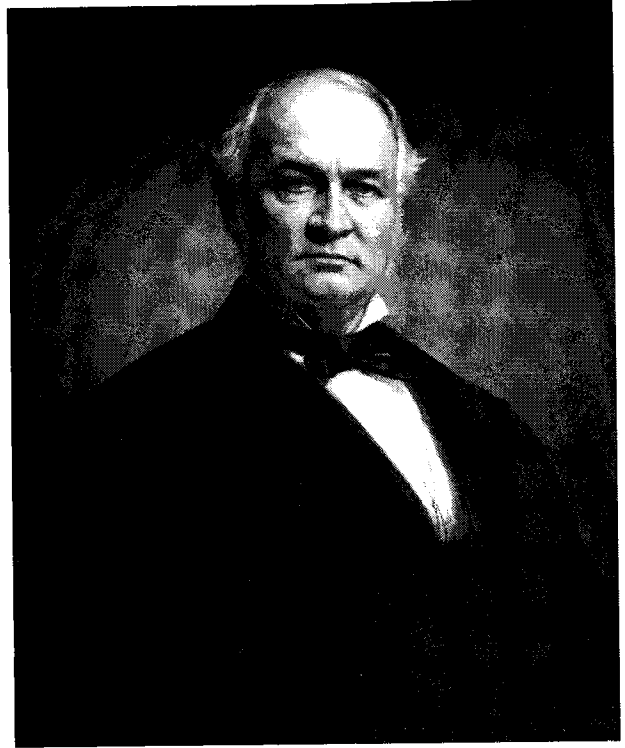
This photo was taken by Edward Augustus Bromley (1848–1925) in 1897, when the agency no longer served the Native Americans but was being used as a farmhouse instead. Image courtesy the Minnesota Historical Society.

mention to them that he would first have to clean up the debt and the ignored tasks left by Redwood’s outgoing Indian agent, Joseph R. Brown.

The next spokesman was Governor Alexander Ramsey, “saying he was glad to see so many whom he had seen ten years before, when they were under his care.” The governor wanted to assure the Indians “that the Great Father has a fort a short distance” from the Lower Sioux Agency; but that “he was sending soldiers, not to harm or menace them, but as a token of respect for their Great Sioux nation, and



Red Owl. 1858, photographer: Charles DeForest Fredericks. Courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society photograph collection.



Portrait of Alexander Ramsey by Daniel Huntington, 1881. Courtesy of the Army Art Collection, U.S. Army Center of Military History, Fort Lesley J. McNair, D.C.

to protect them against bad white men.”³² In reality, Fort Ridgely was being used those days as a training ground for troops heading south. The Dakota may have been aware of that fact.

Newly-appointed Indian agent Thomas J. Galbraith wrapped up the governmental speeches. He told the Dakota “that he was sent to look after the interests of this nation only; that he intended to protect them and give them justice, and care for them as a father should care for his children.”³³ He too had to play catch up with duties that had been left unfulfilled. One of his first missions was to plant a thousand acres of corn. It was a little late in the season; but the planting nevertheless had to be done so that enough food could be put in storage for the winter.

The Dakota representative of the day was Red Owl, an Mdewakanton from Wabasha’s band. He was known to oppose the farming initiative and to support the traditional life to which his people

had been accustomed. One excursionist described him as “a dark, sinewy man, of intelligent countenance, in which, singularly enough, might be traced no slight resemblance to Demosthenes.”³⁴ Various reporters commended the native on his abilities as a true orator. He was “energetic,” and he “enunciated earnestly, and gesticulated fiercely and vigorously.”³⁵ At least one bystander wondered at the accuracy of the interpretation, for surely Red Owl’s “speech was emasculated of all its native vigor and eloquence.”³⁶ Yet, even if the whites didn’t get an exact rendering of his words, they got the gist of his salient points. He made quite a number of them.

According to one viewer, Red Owl’s “complaints were many and bitter. Said they had been promised all these things before, and had been cheated out of them.”³⁷ The treaties had guaranteed them money, supplies and property; but the Indians never got “more than enough to cover the nakedness of the women and children.”³⁸ The former Redwood agent

had rarely been on site, Red Owl claimed, and he had mismanaged finances to boot. Dollars that went toward building a "score of worthless little one story houses"³⁹ would have been put to better use in the education of his people. Supplies either never made it to the Agency or were not distributed logically and in a timely fashion. He requested "a store-house of their own, where the goods cannot slip through anybody's fingers!"⁴⁰ Their allocations should not be "scattered about the State, or carted off to another tribe to be returned in small parcels or not at all."⁴¹ Since new government men had just been assigned to see to their needs, Red Owl and the Dakota may have rightly decided that this council was the perfect time to set the record straight and demand the services that were due to them. They might never have another chance to do so, especially in front of such a large group of witnesses.

At least some of the white visitors were moved by Red Owl's passionate address. Henry Thoreau wrote that the man representing the Dakota had "the advantage in point of truth and earnestness, and therefore of eloquence. . . . They were quite dissatisfied with the white man's treatment of them & probably have reason to be so."⁴² Another excursionist noted that "The speeches consisted of the usual excuses and fair promises on our side, and the ordinary complaints from the Indians, of injustice and fraud, probably, alas! too well founded in fact. There was, to a sympathetic spectator, a touching contrast between the plausible demeanor and language of the white dignitaries, and the simple, untutored earnestness of the savages."⁴³ According to printed third-party reports, the Dakotas had verbally bested the authorities that day.

At the conclusion of the council meeting, Governor Ramsey presented the Dakotas with two beef oxen. (The beasts must have made the trip in the hold of the *Frank Steele*.) Thoreau jotted in his notes that one of the oxen was "cut in 5 parts,"⁴⁴ and a feast ensued for all in attendance. Thoreau also saw one of the Indians start a fire for his pipe by striking a flint and using the spark to ignite

maple wood fragments. Finally the man from Massachusetts was getting a chance to study firsthand the techniques and habits of the native culture that he had hitherto only read about.

At about 5 p.m., a group of 30-50 dancers arrived on the scene. Thoreau's notes about this "monkey dance" were brief: "12 musicians on drums & others strike arrows against bows. The dancers blow some flutes—keep good time—move feet & shoulders, one or both—no shirts—5 bands there."⁴⁵ As a flute player himself, he might have been most interested in that aspect of the performance. Another excursionist submitted a lengthier report to a local newspaper and added an editorial review at its conclusion.

The dancers, mostly young, quickly ranged themselves around a squatting group of older men, who began beating rude drums, with great energy and in a sort of rhythm adapted to the performance. The dance was to be the "monkey dance," a new invention, so said, originating in a dream of some young brave. The monkey was represented by a papoose about as big as one, gaily dressed and held by a good looking squaw. The dancers were dressed in various colored shirts, leather leggin[g]s, mostly, and strange, helmet-shaped caps, of fur and horse hair, with small horns and gaily painted and decorated. The faces of the men when exposed, and the limbs, were brightly painted, the colors being apparently earthy pigments, coarsely laid on. All being ready . . . the dance began. It consisted of nothing but the rudest hoppings about the circle, some times in single line, and sometimes two or more deep, with wild howls and vehement gesticulations and brandishing of the little hoops held in their left hands. On the whole, if at all interesting, it was still more a pitiable, disgusting spectacle. Finally, if there is any sincere interest felt by those concerned with Indian affairs, in elevating the moral and social conditions of these poor childish creatures, all such relics of their barbarism as these dances, should be conscientiously discouraged.⁴⁶

