On the other hand, Elizabeth Jameson challenged the pervasiveness of the culture of domesticity on the frontier because work roles were more permeable as men and women performed each other’s tasks depending on what was needed at the time to support the family:

The existence of work roles rather than their persistence should encourage us to rethink the significance of the Cult of True Womanhood in the West. While some Western women expressed some of its ideals, only leisure-class urban women could attain the roles it prescribed. ... The ideal was far from reality for homesteaders or working class women in mining towns or urban areas.¹⁴³

Women’s lives continued to be informed by domestic ideals despite the fact that they could not always live up to its tenets in rude frontier conditions.

Domesticity was a powerful ideal that shaped how women perceived themselves and the Indians; this shaped women’s ethnocentrism more than anything else. According to Glenda Riley, white women were not only prejudiced against the Indians before they left for the west, but they judged the Indians “to heighten and enhance the nobility of their own powers to civilize.”¹⁴⁴ Women were seen as missionaries of white civilization and religion in the west not only for their own families but for the Indians as well.¹⁴⁵ They judged Indians in terms of white expectations, not the realities of Indian life. This meant that white women were shortsighted about Indian food, dress, cleanliness, and childcare – things that fell within their sphere as wives and mothers. These views – part

¹⁴⁵ Ibid., 16
apprehension, part racism and part curiosity – shaped how the women interacted with Indians when they finally did meet them.¹⁴⁶

This is not to say that the Indian women did not have their own misgivings about white women. According to Sandra Myres, “Indian women regarded white women much as white women regarded Indians, with a strong sense of their own superiority and a mixture of fear and curiosity.”¹⁴⁷ White women were seen as weak and fearful, too dependent on men. Indians had also heard horror stories about whites and the dangers they represented because of disease, abuse and rape of Indian women, and destruction of land and natural resources. Whites were seen as ignorant and subhuman without the capacity to learn; ironically this was the same view whites sometimes took of Indians. According to Sandra Myres, “Indian women were far more vulnerable to sexual abuses by white men and had more to fear from them than did white women from red men. Many Indian women were forced into common-law marriage with white men or simply raped.”¹⁴⁸ Despite their apprehensions, Indian women were extremely curious about white women and every aspect of their lives. Indian women overcame their initial fears and visited with white women. Both groups encountered new cultures with new goods and new ways of doing things:

What seems to be true in most cases is that, despite their initial fears, white women found Indians to be different but also helpful and sometimes companionable: Frontier women often pictured Indians as helpful friends and a welcome and necessary aid in adjusting in wilderness living. Often Indians supplied fish, game, and wild fruits and berries to supplement meager pioneer diets or traded baskets, buffalo robes, or moccasins to the hard-pressed frontier housewife in exchange for flour, sugar, coffee, or other supplies.¹⁴⁹

¹⁴⁶ Ibid., 126-130.
¹⁴⁷ Myres, 66.
¹⁴⁸ Myres, 66-68.
¹⁴⁹ Ibid., 62.
This early dependency on the aid of Indians transformed the opinions of some white women from fear and dislike to gratitude and even friendship. The longer white women remained on the frontier and interacted with the Indians, often getting to know them quite well, the more their views of Indians changed.\textsuperscript{150} Often isolated in their new homes, these women came to welcome the company of Indians, especially Indian women who provided female companionship in a male-dominated world. Glenda Riley argued that these female friendships between Indian women and white women became very important:

Women’s friendships were more common, however, due to the critical role played by female values in drawing together white and native women. They shared their interest in home, family, children, and domestic matters, and they were both committed to certain values, such as the ability to be open, nurturing, and supportive, which created a connection that was largely unavailable to the males of both cultures.\textsuperscript{151}

Domestic ideals, which had once inspired white women to judge Indian women, served in time to bring the two groups of women together. Both groups overcame stereotypes of each other to have sympathetic relationships across racial lines. Through these relationships white women learned that trouble with Indians was often caused by white infringement on Indian lands, mismanaged treaties, and deceitful trading practices.\textsuperscript{152} Once women got to know their Indian neighbors, they found that the stereotypes were false. Women on the frontier became more open and willing to befriend Indians thus expanding their own female network. According to Riley, “The women’s own words demonstrate that many of them did replace their conception of American Indians as a

\textsuperscript{150} Myres, 63; Riley, 122.
\textsuperscript{151} Riley, 178.
\textsuperscript{152} Ibid., 154.
Table 3
General Captive Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captive</th>
<th>Age Captured</th>
<th>Nationality</th>
<th>Time in Minnesota</th>
<th>Family Status</th>
<th>Losses During Capture</th>
<th>Time in Captivity</th>
<th>Narrative Author</th>
<th>Date Published</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Schwandt</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>German</td>
<td>3-5 months</td>
<td>Teenaged daughter</td>
<td>Father, mother, sisters, brothers</td>
<td>6 weeks</td>
<td>Mary Schwandt Schmidt</td>
<td>1894</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy McClure</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Mixed blood</td>
<td>Native</td>
<td>Married with one daughter</td>
<td>No losses</td>
<td>6 weeks with one child</td>
<td>Nancy McClure Huggan</td>
<td>1894</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Tarble</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>American</td>
<td>5 years</td>
<td>Married with 2 children also taken captive with her</td>
<td>No losses</td>
<td>Escaped with two children</td>
<td>Helen Mar Tarble</td>
<td>1904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Butler Renville</td>
<td>Unsure</td>
<td>American</td>
<td>3 years</td>
<td>Married with one daughter</td>
<td>No losses</td>
<td>6 weeks with one daughter</td>
<td>Mary Butler Renville</td>
<td>1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnie Buce Carrigan</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>German</td>
<td>2 years</td>
<td>Daughter</td>
<td>Mother, father, two sisters killed</td>
<td>6 weeks, held captive with two siblings</td>
<td>Minnie Buce Carrigan</td>
<td>1903</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah Wakefield</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>American</td>
<td>1 year</td>
<td>Married with two children</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>6 weeks with two children</td>
<td>Sarah Wakefield</td>
<td>1863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urania Frazer White</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>American</td>
<td>3-5 months</td>
<td>Married with four children</td>
<td>Son, one son escaped</td>
<td>6 weeks with two children</td>
<td>Mrs. N.D. White</td>
<td>1898</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janette De Camp</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>American</td>
<td>1 year</td>
<td>Married with three children</td>
<td>Husband</td>
<td>4 weeks with three children</td>
<td>Janette DeCamp Sweet</td>
<td>1893</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

AVERAGE IN CAPTIVITY: 23.5 YEARS
AVERAGE TIME IN CAPTIVITY: 5.125 WEEKS
### Table 4
Summary of Captivity Narrative Content

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Captive</th>
<th>Reason for Publishing</th>
<th>Pre-war relations with Indians</th>
<th>Perceived cause of outbreak</th>
<th>Attitude toward Indians</th>
<th>Attitude toward other captives</th>
<th>Role while captive</th>
<th>Care of captive children</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Schandt</td>
<td>Request of friends to preserve her history</td>
<td>Wary, did not feel they were good company but got used to them</td>
<td>No mention</td>
<td>Mixed, hated the majority but loved her adoptive Indian mother</td>
<td>Critical of Wakefield and Mrs. Adams, saw DeCamp at Wacouta's</td>
<td>Adopted by Snana, helped with Indian women's work</td>
<td>No children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy McClure</td>
<td>Does not state</td>
<td>Mixed blood woman who lived with both whites and Indians</td>
<td>Gold (annuities) were late in coming</td>
<td>Mixed, some were her relatives and others the enemy</td>
<td>Pity but she could not help them</td>
<td>Mixed blood captive</td>
<td>One 8-year-old daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Tarble</td>
<td>Tell of hardships of early pioneers</td>
<td>Lived peacefully with Indian friends for four years</td>
<td>Two conflicting opinions—came out of nowhere versus whites taking Indian lands</td>
<td>Treacherous, deeply betrayed by them</td>
<td>Spent time with them</td>
<td>Performed Indian women's work</td>
<td>Two children, Althea and Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Butler Renville</td>
<td>Tell about missionaries' work</td>
<td>Teacher so very familiar with certain Indians</td>
<td>Mentions traders but mainly blames Little Crow</td>
<td>Divided into two groups, rebels and Christian Indians</td>
<td>Sympathy</td>
<td>Performed Indian women's work</td>
<td>One daughter Ella</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnie Buce Carrigan</td>
<td>Told so that people appreciate sacrifices of early pioneers</td>
<td>Good, her father was kind to the Indians</td>
<td>Hard winter with many Indians starving and late payments</td>
<td>Somewhat sympathetic</td>
<td>She enjoyed seeing other white children</td>
<td>Adopted by the warrior who had killed her family</td>
<td>No children, captured with her brother August</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah Wakefield</td>
<td>A record for her children but mainly</td>
<td>Good relations, had Indian women in her</td>
<td>Blames the whites, traders, late payments</td>
<td>Most pro-Indian, defended some</td>
<td>Often strained</td>
<td>Pretended to be Chaska's wife, performed</td>
<td>Two children, 4-year-old son James and 20-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Defense of herself and Chaska</td>
<td>Home as helpers</td>
<td>And condemned others</td>
<td>Indian women's work</td>
<td>Month old daughter Nellie</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urania Frazer White</td>
<td>Never clearly states</td>
<td>Only in country 1.5 months before outbreak began</td>
<td>Late annuity payments, starvation, Little Crow</td>
<td>Does not believe mixed bloods were really captive</td>
<td>Adopted and protected, hauled water</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janette De Camp</td>
<td>Never openly states</td>
<td>Saw Indians on a daily basis as wife of sawmill owner</td>
<td>Hard winter, late annuities and lies of traders</td>
<td>Tolerant but annoyed her husband traded with them</td>
<td>Performed Indian women's work during the multiple moves</td>
<td>Two children, separated from her 14-year-old daughter, had 5-month-old boy with her</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Three boys aged 9, 4, and baby, she was also 6-7 months pregnant when captured</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
combination of saint and savage with a view of the natives as human beings to be empathized with, perhaps even liked." Female values transcended racial lines and women were able to interact within the context of shared gender roles.

Gender also shaped the way white men viewed Indians. White men’s views changed less often during contact and they remained adversarial toward the Indians. White men could never get past their fears and prejudices towards Indians because the men could not find a common ground upon which to meet. White men continued to see Indians as impediments to their desire for land and economic stability and as potent threats to white women and children. White men could never get past their own prejudices to understand Indian men’s lives.

Eight Minnesota Captives

Minnie Buce Carrigan, Helen Mar Tarble, Nancy McClure, Jannette DeCamp Sweet, Mary Schwandt, Urania White, Mary Butler Renville and Sarah Wakefield each wrote about their captivity experiences during the Minnesota Indian War of 1862. The narratives vary in length and content but each related the captive’s trials in captivity and afterwards as each woman tried to come to terms with massive upheavals wrought by war. The captives described in detail Indian lifestyle and culture, relationships with their captors, care of captive children, causes and aftermath of the war. This group of narratives lends itself to detailed examination for all these reasons. Before in depth analysis, however, it is necessary to learn more about each woman to understand how their former lives shaped the captives they became.

153 Ibid., 22.
154 Ibid., 151-54.
The preceding tables provide brief summaries of captive biographical information and the basic content of each narrative. The average age at captivity was 23.5 and the average time in captivity was 5.125 weeks with two women escaping. Six of the women had children that were also taken captive. Two of the captives were German, five were American and one was of mixed heritage. Two women were captured as children—Carrigan at age seven and Schwandt at age fourteen. Three women lost family members during the initial attacks. Only two women published their narratives after the war with the rest publishing in the mid to late 1890s.

Minnie Buce Carrigan

Minnie Buce Carrigan, her parents Gottfried and Wilhelmina, brother August and sister Augusta emigrated from Germany in 1858.155 Two years later they moved to Renville County, Minnesota to claim a homestead near Sacred Heart Creek.156 Two other sisters, Amelia and Caroline, were born in those years.157 From 1860 to 1862, the family worked its claim and befriended the Indians to the point where they could speak the Sioux language: "We younger children could not speak a word of English, but most of us learned a little of the Sioux language and our parents spoke it quite well. All the settlers were in moderate, but fairly comfortable, circumstances and though they had to undergo many discomforts and some privations, all seemed happy and contented."158 Carrigan noted that in the spring of 1862, relations with their Indian neighbors deteriorated.159 Instead of the usual friendly interaction, the Dakota began threatening the whites and

155 Minnie Buce Carrigan, Captured by the Indians: Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Minnesota (Forest City, South Dakota: Forest City Press, 1907): 5.
156 Ibid., 5.
157 Ibid., 5.
158 Ibid., 6.
159 Ibid., 7.
Wilhelmina Buce Carrigan

(From the collection of the Brown County Historical Society, New Ulm, Minnesota)

Reprinted from German Pioneer Accounts of the Great Sioux Uprising of 1862 edited by Don Heinrich Tolzmann
Captive Chronology—Minnie Buce Carrigan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1858</td>
<td>Family emigrated from Germany to Fox Lake, Wisconsin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>Spring—moved to Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 18</td>
<td>Captured near her home with two siblings, saw her parents and three sisters killed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 19</td>
<td>Protected by an Indian woman in camp, separated from her brother and sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 21</td>
<td>Met another German captive Henrietta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 22</td>
<td>Stayed at new camp about a week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 24</td>
<td>Read her father’s hymn book and cried for her losses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 26</td>
<td>Camp moved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 27</td>
<td>Saw both of her siblings again, also saw Schwandt, August Lenz, Mrs. Urban and four children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 28</td>
<td>Large encampment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 30</td>
<td>Camp moved again, saw Ludwig Kitzman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 31</td>
<td>She became sick for a period of time and lost track of the days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 5</td>
<td>Dog feast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 8</td>
<td>Met George Spencer, went to live with his mixed blood family for about a week</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 16</td>
<td>Lived with a different mixed blood family, very hungry at this place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 23</td>
<td>Battle of Wood Lake, taken to another family where the woman had initially kept her sister, met Mrs. White, her brother August, Mary Schwandt, and other German captives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 26</td>
<td>Redeemed at Camp Release, in a tent with Wakefield, White, Adams, Schwandt, Ben Juni and others</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 1862</td>
<td>Traveled to New Ulm the next day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October-November 1862</td>
<td>Lived with Mr. Muhs and his wife for two years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Then went to a guardian from Hutchinson who had gotten funds from her father’s estate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Age 15</td>
<td>went out on her own, worked summers and went to school in the fall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taught school for four years</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Married Owen Carrigan and bore five children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1898</td>
<td>Husband died</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
hinting that trouble was eminent. In response to a German neighbor not sharing his fish, an Indian man retorted:

‘You talk most now but wait and we will shoot you with your own gun.’ Mr. Lenz was the only man in the neighborhood who owned a gun and the Indians knew how defenseless we were. When my brother related this incident, father seemed strangely affected. He was silent for awhile and then said to August, ‘Well, boy, we have all to die some time, and there is but one death,’ and then went out.”

About a week later the attacks began.

During the initial attack, her parents and three sisters, Augusta, Caroline, and Bertha were killed while she, her brother August and sister Amelia were taken captive. She not only described in detail the deaths of each of her family members, and how she was taken captive:

Suddenly I regained my self-control and believing that I would be the next victim, I started up and ran wildly in an indefinite direction. Accidentally I came to where my father lay. He had on a checked shirt, the back of which was covered with blood, the shot having passed clear through his body. That was the last thing I knew. The next thing I remember was an Indian holding me by my arms, looking at my face. I screamed and he put me down. My brother told me not to be afraid as they would not kill us, but were going to take us with them.

After that the children were taken to an Indian camp where they were soon separated and adopted by different Indian families. Carrigan described her Indian family: “The family I lived with consisted of an old squaw and her eighteen-year-old son, a young squaw and eight-year-old son, and an old Indian. I think they were both his wives. He was the very Indian who killed both my parents.” Carrigan and her siblings were all surrendered to General Sibley at Camp Release on September 26, 1862 and stayed there for three

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160 Ibid., 7.
161 Ibid., 8-9.
162 Ibid., 9.
163 Ibid., 10-11.
weeks. Carrigan and her sister were then taken to St. Peter along with most of the other captives in hopes of finding family and friends.

Reverend Frederic Emde and his wife claimed Carrigan and her sister and took them to New Ulm where a Mr. Muhs and his wife subsequently adopted Carrigan while her sister lived with the Emdes. Carrigan was there for two years before she went to live with the guardian of her brother near Hutchinson. She related of her guardian:

When we got our new home we soon found out that our guardian owned nothing but a farm that he had bought with the money he so cunningly appropriated. As for schooling, we saw but little of it. I do not wish to speak unkindly of my guardian, as he really did not abuse me, and I think he would have done what was right, but he was not well and his wife was at the head of the family.

She felt ill used by this man who had claimed her father's estate then used it for his own gain. Carrigan left him at age fifteen to work and get an education. She taught school for four years until she married Owen Carrigan in 1879. She bore five children and was widowed in 1898.

Carrigan wrote her narrative in 1902 and it was published in January 1903 in serial form in the Buffalo Lake News. In the preface to her book printed in 1907, she provided her reasons for writing and publishing the narrative. "From the demand made for copies of the NEWS, containing the story, and from the suggestions of several of my friends, I have been actuated to publish it in book form." Her real reason for writing emerged just a few lines later however:

But if the little book only serves to instill in the minds of its readers a true appreciation of the pioneers of the Minnesota Valley and a like appreciation for the manifold comforts and advantages which are ours to enjoy at present, but

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164 Ibid., 19.
166 Ibid., 24.
167 Ibid., 24.
168 Carrigan, Preface.
which were not thought by our ancestors forty years ago, then I shall feel that this story has not been written in vain.\textsuperscript{169}

Carrigan was worried that her writing would be in vain but it was much more than that. She did not want the sacrifices of her parents and the other settlers who died to be in vain either. She wrote so that their memories, especially those of her family, would not be forgotten. She also defended the accuracy of her narrative:

To those who may be inclined to question the accuracy of my memory of the incidents that I have related, I can only say that many of my fellow prisoners fully corroborate my statements. The nature of these incidents impressed them on my youthful mind so deeply that I can never forget them. It is very common that incidents occurring in our childhood are better remembered than others happening in our maturity.\textsuperscript{170}

Trauma she had experienced as a child stayed with her the rest of her life.

Carrigan’s narrative is unique among this group of eight narratives because she was a child captive. While she was concerned with food and clothing like the adult captives and worried about the whereabouts and health of her siblings, she vividly described the life of a child in the Indian camps. Early in her captivity, she played with an Indian child:

He was a nice little fellow. He used to wear a calico shirt and a string of beads around his neck. We played together by the hour. He talked Indian and I German, but got along nicely. One day he came to visit me. He had forgotten to put on his shirt and wore only his string of beads, but he was a welcome visitor nevertheless, for he brought me a little tin pail full of plums.”\textsuperscript{171}

Play and the simple gift of plums from another child could assuage the worries of her captivity. Even better than an Indian playmate was a white playmate Carrigan met early in her captivity: “Thursday morning a little white girl of four or five years was brought to camp . . . She was German and said her name was Henrietta, but could tell nothing

\textsuperscript{169} Carrigan, Preface.
\textsuperscript{170} Ibid., 15.
about herself. I was very glad to have her company. As a child captive, the company of other children could distract Carrigan and this comforted her more than anything else did.

**Helen Mar Tarble**

Helen Tarble was born on August 27, 1843 in Waukesha County, Wisconsin. She married James Carrothers on October 23, 1856, at the age of thirteen. In the spring of 1857, they moved to Winona, Minnesota where her husband found work as a carpenter. In April, they joined her oldest sister and her husband, who were heading west to buy land. The group traveled west for some time but eventually Tarble and her husband arrived at the Redwood Agency during an annuity payment to the Dakota. Her first impression of the Indians was not favorable: "Those only who have heard the blood curdling war-whoop of the wild Indian can imagine the terror I felt, the agony of fear I endured. This was the first large band of Indians I had ever seen." As a child bride, she was terrified of the Indians. Nor did her husband comfort her during this time when she was scared and far from home:

> Oh, how I longed for my dear mother. Think of it: I was but a child wife, hundreds of miles from all except my husband that loved or could protect me. My husband seemed to have little patience with my fears. He knew not the horror, the loneliness, the dread of the hideous savages, and the despair that filled my heart. I lay upon the bottom of our covered wagon and cried myself to sleep, only to be awakened by the blood curdling whoop of the detested savages.

Her first impressions of the Indians combined with her husband’s ambivalence towards her needs gave her a poor impression of Minnesota.

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171 Ibid., 12.
172 Ibid., 12-13.
174 Ibid., 16.
Despite her initial misgivings, Tarble and her husband took up a homestead near Beaver Creek, Renville county in the fall of 1857 and built a log house and improved the land. Tarble was very proud of her new home because she helped build it: "I was very proud of that house. I had done my full share in building it, and then it was the first house I had ever owned." After the house was built, Tarble’s husband was often away for as much as a month at a time leaving her alone. As a result of this, she befriended her Indian neighbors:

During these long absences of my husband I became well acquainted with the Indians who were very kind and friendly to me. There were no white people anywhere around us for miles, except the few who lived at the Agency, and I very seldom saw any of them. I was away out in the wilderness with no human beings near save the Indians.

Over time, she became so familiar with them that she would visit their camps, spend time with Indian women and children, and even be attended by them when she gave birth to her first child. Next to Nancy McClure who grew up in the area, Helen Tarble had the longest prewar contacts. In *Women and Indians on the Frontier*, Glenda Riley noted how women’s views of Indians changed through close contact: "The women’s own words demonstrate that many of them did replace their conception of American Indians as a combination of saint and savage with a view of the natives as human beings to be empathized with, perhaps even liked." Tarble embodied this as her initial misgivings about the Dakota changed and she befriended them to such a degree that she was considered a member of the tribe with its ensuing privileges and duties.

172 Ibid., 16-17.
176 Ibid., 18.
177 Ibid., 18.
178 Ibid., 9-20.
MRS. HELEN MAR TARBLE
From a recent photograph

Reprinted from *The Story of My Capture and Escape During the Minnesota Indian Massacre of 1862* By Helen Mar Tarble
Captive Chronology-Helen Mar Tarble

August 27, 1843  Born in Waukesha, Wisconsin
October 23, 1856  Married to James Carrothers
Spring 1857  Relocated to Olmsted County for her husband’s work
April 1857  Arrived near Redwood Agency
Early summer 1857  Saw Annuity payment to Dakota
1857  Took up homestead at Beaver Creek
November 21, 1858  Her first child was born
November 28, 1858  Fell through ice, saved by work of Indian medicine man
1859  Good relations with the Indians in the following years
June 1862  Annuities late due to Civil War
August 17, 1862  Husband left for Congressional Convention in Owatonna; she cared for an ill Mrs. Henderson
August 18  Overtaken by Indians as part of the Henderson party, taken captive with her two children Thomas and Althea and several other women and children, taken to Little Crow’s house with Urania White
August 19  Mrs. White moved to another family
August 20  Hidden in a cornfield by an Indian women when four warriors disputed over her
August 21  Escaped early in the am while hiding in the cornfield
August 21-23  Spent three days along the river looking for a ford to get to her house
August 24  Went toward the agency looking for food
August 24-26  Hid in a house near the lower agency
August 27  Tried to cross the river at the ferry but could not, found a small boat instead, crossed and went towards the fort
August 28-29  Wandered in the wilderness with her two children
August 30  Reached Fort Ridgely
August 31  Could not walk due to injured feet
September 2  Gathered wild plants outside the fort as a remedy for her ailing daughter
September 3  Daughter better the next day
September 5  Daughter playing around the fort
September 7  Daughter recovered enough to travel to St. Peter
September 8-9  Traveled to St. Peter
September 11-12  Traveled to St. Paul
September 14  Returned to her parent’s home in La Crosse
April 1863  Moved to St. Paul then to St. Peter, divorced her husband
1863-1865  She worked for the Reynolds in St. Peter
1865  Relocated to Dodge County with her parents
October 1869  Remarried McNaney
1869-1875  Lived in Brainerd then moved to Bismarck, North Dakota
1875-1877  Worked for Northern Pacific Rail Road, her husband died in Montana, she stayed there and cooked to care for her three children
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Relocated to Billings, Montana and cooked for rail road employees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Late 1870s to early 1880s</td>
<td>Returned to Minneapolis and worked as a dressmaker then ran a boarding house for several years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880s</td>
<td>Moved to Portland, Oregon and ran a boarding house</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890s</td>
<td>Returned to Minneapolis on a visit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>Remarried L. H. Tarble and farmed four miles from Dodge Center</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Tarble also had an unusual friendship with an Indian medicine man who taught her how to select and use herbs, roots, and bark to make medicinal remedies. She considered these remedies useful in caring for family and friends throughout her life:

I little dreamed when helping him prepare his horrid, nasty messes, as I at first used to consider them, that they would not only save the lives of my babies and my own, but in later years help many of my friends when all the wisdom of the white doctor and all other remedies failed.\(^{180}\)

Tarble lived peacefully enjoying the companionship of both Dakota women and men for four and a half years until the war in August, 1862.

Tarble’s husband was absent at a Congressional Convention in Owatonna when the war began. She and her children were at a neighbor’s home, that of S. J. Henderson, nursing his dying wife.\(^{181}\) When the first signs of trouble began on August 18, Tarble refused to believe that the Indians were killing the whites primarily because she considered herself as one of them, “At first I refused to go. I was not in the least afraid that the Indians would do me or my two little children any harm.”\(^{182}\) But once she joined the settlers trying to escape, Tarble quickly realized that the rumors were true. “I was ahead of the company some thirty rods, when I was startled by hearing the Indian death song. Looking back I saw the whole band we had left coming after us, and heard the reports of their guns. The dreadful truth flashed upon me; the Indians were killing us!”\(^{183}\) Eleven members of her party, all women and children, were taken captive while eight were killed and the rest escaped.\(^{184}\)

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\(^{180}\) Ibid., 20.
\(^{181}\) Ibid., 22-23.
\(^{182}\) Ibid., 25.
\(^{183}\) Ibid., 27.
\(^{184}\) Ibid., 30.
Thomas age two, were taken to Little Crow's house where they were fed and given Indian clothing.  

Tarble had the shortest captivity because she escaped with the help of an Indian woman on the second night of her captivity. According to Tarble, four Indian men were arguing over who would have her for a wife. "She said four braves claimed me, each for himself, and that the matter had been referred to Little Crow, but that he could not settle it or satisfy them, and so ordered that I should be killed." After escape, Tarble wandered in the wilderness for eight days with her children enduring extreme privations including malnutrition, dehydration, exposure and insect attacks. She worried most about keeping her children alive:

The poor little dears had become so weak that they were unable to walk, even for a short distance, and my own strength was so exhausted that I could not carry both of them at once, so that I had to carry one forward and lay it down and return for the other; then open up another path and bear forward my precious burdens as before. In working through the thickets soon again my hands and feet were torn and bleeding and my whole body, in my almost nude condition, was scratched and bloody.

When she neared the fort, five men came out to meet her and provide clothing as she was almost nude. By the time she reached the fort, Tarble had traveled about sixty miles as she rambled the countryside hiding from the Indians, trying to ford the river and scavenging for food. The fort was only twenty miles by road from where she escaped.

After a brief recuperation at the fort, she was taken to St. Paul and she was reunited with her husband. From there Tarble and her family traveled to La Crosse, Wisconsin where she spent the winter recuperating at her parent’s home. In April, 1863,
Tarble divorced her husband and went to work at a hotel in St. Peter. In 1869, she remarried a Mr. McNanney and moved to Brainerd, Minnesota and then Bismarck, North Dakota. After his death, she moved to various towns in Montana and Washington working as a cook for railroad workers. She returned to Minnesota in 1879 where she remarried L. H. Tarble in November 1879. They farmed near Dodge Center.¹⁹⁰

Helen Tarble published her narrative in 1904, forty-two years after the war. She never gave a specific reason for writing her narrative but stated at one point, "Little do the present generation know or imagine what the first pioneers had to endure."¹⁹¹ Like Carrigan, Tarble wrote her narrative to remind current Minnesotans of the sacrifices made by their predecessors. But the language she used to describe the Indians revealed another reason. The bitterness and rage with which she described the Dakota revealed her deep sense of betrayal at the hands of Dakota she had considered her friends:

If the old-time Sioux Indians possessed any noble traits... I utterly failed to discover them, after residing among them for years. They were cunning, deceitful and treacherous, and under no circumstances could they be relied on. It has often been asserted by careless and ignorant writers that 'an Indian never forgets a kindness.' It would be pleasant to believe this, but if it were true, the bones of so many white victims of their fiendish barbarity would not have bleached on the prairies of Minnesota after the great outbreak of 1862.¹⁹²

Despite the fact that she lived closely with the Indians and probably knew causes for the war, she blamed the killing on their dispositions, "The massacre was merely an expression and demonstration of the savagery and barbarism existing in every Sioux Indian."¹⁹³ Tarble's views of the Dakota changed three times during her narrative. Initially she feared the Indians before becoming and adopted member of the tribe. After

¹⁸⁹ Ibid., 47.
¹⁹⁰ Ibid., 49-50.
¹⁹¹ Ibid., 16.
¹⁹² Ibid., 7-8.
the war and her captivity, she moved beyond her initial fears, beyond her role as an adopted member of the tribe and friend, into hatred of the Dakota. Even forty-two years after captivity, she struggled to understand how people she trusted could do such damage.

**Nancy McClure**

Nancy McClure was born at Mendota in 1836 to Lieutenant James McClure, a regular army officer stationed at Fort Snelling and a Dakota woman, Winona. Winona was descended from a line of Dakota chiefs including Walking Shooting Iron. Nancy McClure’s father died in Florida when she was an infant and she lived with her grandmother until age four when she joined her mother and new stepfather. At age eight, McClure was sent to boarding school at the Williamson’s mission school. “When I was a very little girl, perhaps about eight years old, I was put to school. My mother was very anxious that I should be educated, and that I should become a good Christian.”

After the Williamson’s moved, she boarded with Jonas Pettijohn and was educated by the Riggs, who were also missionaries and teachers to the Dakota. McClure seemed to enjoy her education in domestic duties, reading, writing, and Christianity, “We were taught first in Indian, then in English. I was not much of a little numskull, and I learned pretty fast and without much difficulty.” In 1851, at age sixteen, she married David Faribault, a fairly wealthy mixed blood trader. “My husband was David Faribault... He was a mixed-blood, a tall, fine looking man, and had a good reputation. He was a trader

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193 Ibid., 12.
195 Ibid., 441.
196 Ibid., 442.
197 Ibid., 443.
198 Ibid., 442-443.
NANCY McClure. sketch by Frank B. Mayer, 1851

Reprinted from Through Dakota Eyes: Narrative Accounts of the Minnesota Indian War of 1862 edited by Gary Clayton Anderson
Reprinted from *The Story of Nancy McClure* by Nancy McClure Huggan
Captive Chronology—Nancy McClure Huggan

1836  Born to a Dakota woman and Army officer stationed at Fort Snelling at Mendota
1837  Father died in Florida
1838-1840 Lived with Indian grandmother
1840  Mother remarried Antoine Renville and she joined their household
1844-1846 Boarded and educated at Lac qui Parle school under Dr. Thomas Williamson
1846  Boarded and educated at Dr. Jonas Pettijohn’s school
1850  Mother died and she was orphaned, did not want to live with her Indian relatives, lived with Reverend Hopkins and went to school at Traverse des Sioux for six months then went to live with her grandmother
August 16, 1851 Married David Faribault, mixed blood trader
1853  Traveled to St. Louis with husband
1855  Moved to Shakopee for two years
1856  Moved to Le Sueur
1860  Moved to Redwood Agency and lived there at the time of the outbreak
August 18, 1862 Taken to Little Crow’s camp along with her 8-year-old daughter
August 19 Indians returned from fort and threatened mixed blood captives, fled to Shakopee’s camp
August 23 Rescued from Little Crow by her uncle Rattling Walker
August 26 Removed by uncle to friendly camp, reunited with her grandmother, remained here during the rest of the war
September 26 Went to camp release one day after the white prisoners, at the camp for two weeks then onto St. Peter with the rest of the captives
1867  Moved to Big Stone Lake
Fall 1867 Established a mail station on Cheyenne River
1868  Mail station raided by Indians
1886  Remarried Charles Huggan and farmed near Flandrau
and very well-to-do for those days."199 After their wedding, they moved to St. Paul, Shakopee and to the Redwood Agency, where they were living when the war began.200

During the initial attack, McClure, her daughter and husband split from a party of whites they were assisting and hid in the woods.201 They were quickly discovered and captured but not harmed because her husband had given the Indians food and supplies on credit during the preceding winter when the Indians were destitute.202 After their capture, McClure and her family were taken to Little Crow's camp, but she fled with her daughter to Shakopee's camp because warriors were threatening to kill mixed blood captives.203 Later, when she returned to Little Crow's camp, her uncle Rattling Walker claimed McClure and her family and removed them to a friendly camp. "From here we went to the mouth of the Chippewa river, where my uncle lived. Here I found my old grandmother, too, for she was the mother of Rday-a-mannee, and he and my own mother were full brother and sister."204 McClure was reunited with the grandmother who had cared for her periodically throughout her life. McClure and her family remained in her uncle's camp until they went over to Camp Release on September 27.205 After the war, she traveled to St. Peter with several other captives and then onto Faribault where she stayed at the home of a relative while her husband remained with the troops under Sibley.206 McClure and her husband later moved farther west along the Cheyenne River.

199 Ibid., 446.
200 Ibid., 447-448.
201 Ibid., 449-450.
202 Ibid., 450.
203 Ibid., 452.
204 Ibid., 454.
205 Ibid., 465. The page is misnumbered in the book the narrative was printed in. Sequentially it is page number 456.
206 Ibid., 459.
to run a mail station. Her husband died in 1886 and McClure remarried Charles Huggan and farmed near Flandrau.207

McClure was the only mixed blood female captive to publish a narrative of her captivity.208 Her narrative provided a crucial snapshot of how racial identity was determined for by the mixed blood population who had allegiances to Dakota and white culture alike. Her first ideas about race were shaped while she boarded with the missionaries. She labeled herself as a “poor little half-blood chincha” early in her narrative but on the same page described her first Indian scare:

While at Dr. Williamson’s school I had my first ‘Indian scare.’ How well I remember it! It was some time in the summer. The Doctor had some pretty young calves in a little yard near the house. . . . One day we heard an Indian coming toward the house, singing in a wild sort of way, and when we looked out we saw that he was drunk. He came up, jumped into the yard where the calves were, sprang at them like a panther, and killed every one of the little innocent creatures with his cruel knife.209

Despite the fact that McClure herself had Indian heritage and had lived with them in her early childhood, she made no attempt to understand the man’s behavior. She did not identify with him and in fact began separating herself from her Indian identity immediately after beginning her education with the missionaries. From a young age, she defined herself in terms of white culture, not Dakota. After her mother’s death, McClure chose her cultural and racial affiliations:

Her death was a great blow to me, for we were much attached to each other, and now I was left alone in the world, and orphan girl of fourteen, with no one to care for me but my Indian relatives, and though they were kind enough, I did not wish to live with them. How much I longed to be with some of my father’s people, then, I cannot tell you. I was always more white than Indian in my tastes and

207 Ibid., 459-460.
208 There was one other mixed blood woman’s narrative, Cecelia Campbell Stay, but only excerpts have been published recently in a book called Through Dakota Eyes: Narrative Accounts of the Minnesota Indian War of 1862 by Gary Clayton Anderson.
209 Ibid., 443.
sympathies, though I never had cause to blush for my Indian blood on account of the character of my family. 210

Even as a girl of fourteen, she felt she had the freedom to choose her own racial identity and the culture within which she wanted to live. To McClure, racial and cultural boundaries were fluid for people of mixed heritage on the frontier.

The Dakota were encouraged by treaty making, missionaries, traders and Indian agents to adopt white ways, which caused friction among them, especially over religious changes. McClure noted this conflict at one Sunday service where traditional Dakota forced Christian Dakota to give up their blankets before attending church:

A great many were joining the Church and becoming good Christians. The Indians, who were still in heathenism—or belonged to the ‘medicine dance,’ as we called them—did not like this. One Sunday when we went to church, twenty or thirty ‘medicine’ Indians, all armed, were at the building and calling out that they would take away the blankets from all who entered and destroy them. In those days every Indian who could get one wore a blanket. . . . But the threats of the ‘medicine men’ did not stop the Christian Indians from entering church. They very readily gave up their blankets and went into worship God. 211

After the service began, the “medicine men” proceeded to shoot the church bell as a target and cracked it so it would no longer ring. Adoption of Christianity caused strife among the Dakota because it signified a repudiation of traditional values. This divisiveness became more evident during the war itself not only among the Dakota but between the mixed bloods and Dakota as well.

During the war McClure’s notions of race and her allegiance to white culture were challenged. Early in her captivity at Little Crow’s camp, the mixed bloods were threatened:

The next day the Indians under Little Crow went to attack Fort Ridgley. When they came back they reported that there were many half-breeds in the fort that

210 Ibid., 445.
211 Ibid., 444.
fought against them, and shouted to them: ‘We will fix you, you devils; you will eat your children before winter.’ This made them very bitter against us, for they said we were worse than the whites and that they were going to kill all of us.212

The Indians felt betrayed by the mixed bloods fighting alongside the whites at the fort because they allied themselves with whites and everything white culture signified instead of fighting with their Indian relatives and for the Dakota way of life. Mixed bloods who fought with the whites hindered the Dakota war effort, violated kinship ties and helped destroy traditional Dakota culture. Because of this, threats to the mixed bloods escalated during McClure’s captivity to the point where she escaped briefly to Shakopee’s camp to Indian relatives. “It was Indians, any way, the best I could do and I had some distant relatives in that camp and I would rather trust myself there than with Little Crow’s drunken and infuriated warriors.”213 Despite her affinities for white culture, Indians would suffice when it came to saving her life. Her preference for white culture was also tested when white women and children were brought into camp. “Towards midnight the Indians brought in a lot of captive white women and children, who cried and prayed the rest of the night. How I felt for them, but of course I could not help them.”214 She felt pity for the captives but would not assist them. McClure could not help white women for fear of reprisal from the warriors. McClure’s position as a captive was as tenuous as that of the whites and she was not willing to risk her own well being for theirs. Her decision not to help white captives was ironic given the fact that full blood Indian women actively protected captive women and children. She seemed unsure of her identity in this situation or perhaps she was just doing what she had to do to survive. Because of her

212 Ibid., 452.
213 Ibid., 452.
214 Ibid., 452.
fears, she turned her back on white women and children, representatives of the very
culture she chosen as her own.

McClure came to terms with her mixed heritage toward the end of her narrative as
she discussed the role of the mixed bloods during the war. Warriors defeated at the
Battle of Wood Lake returned to camp and revealed their hatred of mixed bloods:

They were cursing the half-breeds, saying that Gen. Sibley had numbers of them
with him in the battle, and that every shot that one of them fired had hit an Indian.
It did me real good to learn that so many of my race had stood loyal and true and
had done such good service. You know that only a very few half-breeds took part
in the outbreak. The Indians have always bitterly hated the half-breeds for their
conduct in favor of the whites in that and other wars, and they hate them still. It
seems they can forgive everybody but us.215

Finally she identified herself with the mixed bloods who fought with the whites during
the war. In the end, she defined herself as mixed blood and chose white culture because
of her dead mother's wishes, her religious and domestic education, and possibly because
there was no future in the traditional Dakota way of life even if she had wanted it.

McClure's search for identity was representative of mixed heritage people was a
whole and symbolic of their struggles to forge an identity between two distinct worlds.

Linda M. Waggoner noted this in her introduction to a collection of affidavits from a
Winnebago Mixed-Blood Claims Commission from 1838-1839:

Often they were in conflict as to their loyalty. Should they become 'Indians' or
assimilate into the 'white' world, neither of which reflected, ultimately, the
complexity of their cultural identity? This identity crisis was provoked by the
demise of the fur trade and the waning of their important social roles as
interpreters and intermediaries between cultures.216

215 Ibid., 454-455.
216 Linda M. Waggoner, "Neither White Men Nor Indians": Affidavits from the Winnebago Claim
Commissions, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin 1838-1839 (Roseville, Minnesota: Park Genealogical Books,
2002): 2. For detailed discussions of the emergence, ascendance and dispossession of mixed blood peoples
please see Sylvia Van Kirk, "Many Tender Ties"—Women in Fur Trade Society, 1670-1870 (Norman:
University of Oklahoma Press, 1980); Jennifer S. Brown, Strangers in Blood—Fur Trade Company
Families in Indian Country (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1980); Jacqueline Peterson
and Jennifer S. H. Brown Editors, The New Peoples: Being and Becoming Metis in North America
As McClure grew up in Minnesota in the 1840s and 50s, she would have acutely felt this pressure as whites poured into the area undermining traditional Dakota and mixed blood roles.

McClure clearly portrayed racial tensions between Dakota and mixed bloods. Issues of race and cultural allegiances were important in shaping relations between full and mixed bloods. Full bloods felt the mixed bloods violated racial, cultural and kin networks when they fought with the whites during the war. The mixed blood position was tenuous because they were not trusted by the Dakota for repudiating Indian culture, living as whites, and fighting with them during the war. The full bloods perceived this as a violation of tribal identity. On the other hand they were not trusted by the whites because of their Indian heritage. McClure personified these tensions in her writing as she searched for her own identity as a mixed blood captive.

**Jannette DeCamp Sweet**

Jannette DeCamp Sweet was born in Lockport, New York on July 29, 1833. She married Joseph Warren DeCamp in Van Wert county, Ohio on May 30, 1852. They moved to Shakopee in 1855. Then in 1861, they moved to the Redwood Agency, where her husband ran a mill. They were living near the agency when the war began in 1862.217 Sweet and her husband had not been in the area long, but she noted causes for the war in her narrative: “The winter preceding the massacre set in cold and snowy, the roads were drifted and almost impassable. There was a great amount of suffering among the Indians,

as their crops had been bad from drought and cut-worms and there was much sickness attendant upon starvation, of where there were actual cases.'\textsuperscript{218} As a result, she and her husband often fed the Indians and provided medicine for the sick children.'\textsuperscript{219} She also observed that:

> July passed and the Indians grew angry and believed what the traders told them—that 'that payment, if ever made, would be the last.' I could never understand why the traders should have told such things; but I was assured my many of the wisest among he Indians that it was what the traders told them more than anything else that caused the uprising.'\textsuperscript{220}

Despite her short time in the area, Sweet still tried to understand that there were legitimate causes for the war and that it was not a random attack.

The day before the outbreak Sweet's husband left for St. Paul to conduct business with the Indian agent. She was at home with three boys aged nine, four and a toddler as well as two servants, a mixed blood girl named Lucy and a German girl unnamed.'\textsuperscript{221} She was also about seven months pregnant at the time. Sweet had no idea of the trouble until an Indian man stole her horses and wagon and told her what happened at the agency. "He replied 'that they were his horses and that everything else was his hereabouts. That all the white people had been killed up there,' pointing to the agency, 'and you had better be getting out of this.' All this was said in the Dakota language."'\textsuperscript{222} When Lucy began to scream for fear of being murdered, Sweet responded, "I told her I did not believe a word of it, that he had said so just to get the horses, and that if the whites had been killed we

\textsuperscript{217} Jannette DeCamp Sweet, Mrs. J. E. DeCamp Sweet's Narrative of her Captivity in the Sioux Outbreak of 1862 in Minnesota Historical Society Collections, Volume 6 (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1894): 354.
\textsuperscript{218} Ibid., 356.
\textsuperscript{219} Ibid., 356.
\textsuperscript{220} Ibid., 357.
\textsuperscript{221} Ibid., 357.
\textsuperscript{222} Ibid., 357-358.
Reprinted from *Minnesota Historical Society Collections, Volume 6*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>August 18</td>
<td>Taken captive with her three children-protected by Chief Wacouta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 19</td>
<td>Captive with Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson and Mary Schwandt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 20</td>
<td>Mary taken away, then Mattie, then Sweet and her children as well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>as Mary Anderson who was dying from a gunshot wound-taken to little Crow’s camp, then Shakopee’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 21-23</td>
<td>Held in Shakopee’s camp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 24</td>
<td>Moved to Rice Creek with Shakopee’s band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 29</td>
<td>Indians returned from battles at the fort and New Ulm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 30</td>
<td>Indian feasts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 31</td>
<td>Woman shot trying to escape, camp taken down and moved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 1</td>
<td>Denied much needed clothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 2</td>
<td>Camp moved back to Rice Creek for several days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 6</td>
<td>Moved camp near upper agency</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 8</td>
<td>Slipped away from Shakopee’s camp to the Christian Indians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 9</td>
<td>Traveled with them to be near the mission</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 10</td>
<td>Indians burned Rigg’s church and Williamson mission</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 12</td>
<td>Return of large war party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 13</td>
<td>More captives were brought in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 14</td>
<td>Lorenzo’s mother helped her escape in the early am with Lorenzo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hid in the marsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 15</td>
<td>Went onto the river with Lorenzo to make her escape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 16-18</td>
<td>Traveling on the river</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 18</td>
<td>Boy almost drowned on the river when his boat overturned</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 19</td>
<td>Reached ferry and returned to her home, all destroyed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 21</td>
<td>Went from the river to the fort, learned her husband was dead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 22</td>
<td>Stayed at the garrison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 1862</td>
<td>From here she traveled to St. Peter, Shakopee and then South to be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>with her father, She bore a son a month or two after her captivity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1866</td>
<td>She returned to the fort and married Reverend Sweet</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
would have heard the guns and the shouts.\^223 Once she reached the top of the hill facing the agency, Sweet found that it was true.

Sweet was paralyzed with disbelief and fear until an Indian woman ran by her and warned her to flee. She hid in the bushes near her house until sunset when she saw a familiar Indian man and motioned to him for help. "I asked him if he would protect us into camp. He said he would do all he could, but feared the warriors would kill us. Still thinking that the lower bands were friendly to us and that they were arrayed against the Sissetons, I told him we would go with him, as we could not stay there."\^224 He took her to Little Crow's camp where she was threatened repeatedly until rescued by Wacouta, a Dakota chief. Wacouta realized the peril Sweet was in and put her and her children in an empty house. Mattie Williamson, Mary Anderson and Mary Schwandt joined Sweet there where they spent the next few days with little food or water waiting for Wacouta's return.\^225 Sweet then lived with an Indian family and remained at Little Crow's village for four weeks until she decided to escape.

About four weeks into her captivity, she learned that her husband was alive. Once she learned this, she planned her escape, "From that moment I resolved that I would escape in some manner."\^226 In the confusion that ensued after the battle of Birch Coulee, Lucy helped Sweet and her children escape to the Christian Indians. "That night I found real friends. The grandmother (Lorenzo's mother) was one of Dr. Williamson's first converts to Christianity."\^227 She was kept hidden but did not feel safe even among the friendly Indians. Lorenzo's mother suggested she escape to the fort. Lorenzo and his

\^223 Ibid., 258.
\^224 Ibid., 360-361.
\^225 Ibid., 361-364.
\^226 Ibid., 370.
family helped Sweet and her children escape to Fort Ridgely using the river. They traveled for about three days at great peril before reaching the fort safely. Once there, she learned that her husband was killed in the war making her hard own freedom bittersweet:

My clothing was in rags, an old piece of gingham enveloped my head; my feet were bare and bleeding, as were my children’s but, oh, joy! We were at last free! . . . I asked him if my husband were there. Tears choked his utterance as he said: ‘I buried him ten days ago.’ No words can describe the awful desolation of that hour. Every hope seemed blotted out from the horizon of my existence, and life and liberty bought at such a price seemed worthless as I looked at the future of my fatherless children, without a home and many hundred miles from my people.

After a brief stay at the fort, she returned to the Southern home of her father where she gave birth to a fourth son and remained until the end of the Civil War. In 1866, she returned to Fort Ridgely as the wife of Reverend Joshua Sweet, the fort’s chaplain who delivered the news about her husband’s death four years earlier.

Sweet wrote her narrative in 1894, thirty years after her captivity, because she was solicited to do so. She preserved her role in history during captivity by asserting: “Many things have been written concerning the tragedies of that dreadful period, but, as far as I know, none who were eyewitnesses have attempted to narrate what passed in the Indian camps during those dreadful weeks.” This was not true as at least two other narratives by women were written and published in the years immediately after the war.

It is highly unlikely that Sweet would not have known about them, especially the narrative by Sarah Wakefield, whose narrative had already been through two editions by 1865. But Sweet may have written her narrative for another, less obvious reason. On her
journey to the fort, she forced the Indians to stop at her home so she could salvage something to make a claim for damages after the war, "Feeling something would be needed in setting up business, I resolved to stop."\(^{232}\) Writing thirty years later, she relived the horror of those days and the ensuing images overwhelmed her. "It is a part of my life which I would much rather forget than remember, and which, after so many year's time, I can now dwell upon but with feelings of the utmost horror."\(^{233}\)

Despite her trials during captivity, Sweet recognized the sacrifices made especially by Lorenzo but also by Wabasha and Wacouta, who protected her at different times during the war. DeCamp Sweet noted this clearly at the end of her narrative about Lorenzo, who helped her and her children escape to Fort Ridgley:

> Whether he is now living I do not know, but for his faithful kindness to me and mine I shall never cease to remember him as a true friend, albeit an Indian, and one who did not fear to sacrifice all he had for the safety of his white friends. There were many others I could mention as deserving the highest praise for their devotion to the whites and but for whom many who were afterward restored to friends would have been the number whose bones may even now be bleaching in some lonely spot. To such as those I owed my safety from dishonor and death.\(^{234}\)

She understood that the Dakota were both good and bad, hero and villain just as whites were and equally capable of self-sacrifice to protect her and her children from harm. Sweet closed her narrative using the same words Wabasha had used to bid her goodbye, "'I shake hands.'"\(^{235}\) Sweet had been through severe hardship and privation during her captivity and escape but she still chose to echo the words of chief Wabasha in ending her narrative. She did not frame her final words with religious or domestic rhetoric like some of the other women. Her final words echoed those of her captors.

\(^{231}\) Ibid., 354.
\(^{232}\) Ibid., 376.
\(^{233}\) Ibid., 354.
\(^{234}\) Sweet, 380.
Mary Schwandt Schmidt

Mary Schwandt was born in 1848 near Berlin, Germany. In 1858, she emigrated with her family to Ripon, Wisconsin where they lived for four years before moving to Minnesota in the spring of 1862. They settled near Beaver and Sacred Heart. Her family at the time included her parents, a nineteen year old sister Caroline and her husband John Waltz, three younger brothers August, Frederick, and Christian ages ten, six and four respectively, as well as a hired man John Fross. The family spent the spring and summer making improvements to the house and breaking sod for the next planting season. Schwandt reported that while the area was beautiful, they were lonely and isolated from their white neighbors. "We had no schools or churches and did not see many white people, and we children were often lonesome and longed for companions." Their closest neighbors were the Dakota of Shakopee's village, which was just across the river to the south. Initially Schwandt and her family did not like the Indians. "They were always begging, but otherwise were well behaved. We treated them kindly, and tried the best we knew to keep their good will." Over time Schwandt became accustomed to the Indians and reported no real fear of them.

At the beginning of August, Schwandt left her family to work in the home of J. B. Reynolds, who kept a place for travelers on the main road between the agencies. She was going to work as a domestic servant but looked forward to the change because there were other girls her own age for company: "I was young, but rather well developed for a girl of fourteen and a half years, and I could do most kinds of housework as well as

235 Ibid., 370, 380.
237 Ibid., 6.
238 Ibid., 7.
Reprinted from *The Captivity of Mary Schwandt* by Mary Schwandt Schmidt
Reprinted from *German Pioneer Accounts of the Great Sioux Uprising of 1862* edited by Don Heinrich Tolzmann
Captive Chronology—Mary Schwandt Schmidt

1848  Born in Brandenburg, Germany
1858  Emigrated to Wisconsin with her family, lived near Ripon, Wisconsin
Spring 1862  Moved to Minnesota near Beaver Creek to homestead
August 18  Captured eight miles from New Ulm while trying to escape, taken by Godfrey
August 19  Held at Wacouta’s house with Mary Anderson, Mattie Williams, DeCamp Sweet, Repeatedly raped
August 21  Taken to Little Crow’s village where Mary Anderson died
August 22  Adopted by Snana and her mother
August 26  Camp moved to within fifteen miles of Yellow Medicine Agency
September 9  Began multiple moves
September 26  Redeemed at Camp Release
Mid-October  Taken to St. Peter and then back to Wisconsin where she met her brother August
1863  Returned to Minnesota to testify before claims commission
Fall 1863  Returned to Fairwater, Wisconsin
1866  Married William Schmidt and lived in St. Paul until 1889
1889  Moved to Portland, Oregon
1894  Moved back to St. Paul
many a young woman older than I, and I was so lonesome that I begged my mother to let me go and take the place." Schwandt's family was reluctant to let her go but eventually consented. She joined the Reynold's household, which consisted of J. B. Reynolds and his wife Valencia, their two children, William Landmeier, a hired man, Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson and various other boarders. Schwandt enjoyed her time at the Reynold's house:

Travelers frequently stopped at the house, Mattie and Mary were very companionable, and I was not lonesome, and the time passed pleasantly. I was so young and girlish then that I took little notice of anything that did not concern me, but I know that there was no thought of the terrible things about to happen nor any sort of dangers.

On the day of the outbreak, Schwandt and Mary Anderson were preparing to do the wash when a mixed blood man came to warn the Reynolds about the attacks. Schwandt, Mattie and Mary Anderson tried to escape with two men, one named Mr. Davis and the other named Patoile. They got within eight miles of New Ulm before they were captured. Patoile was killed outright, Mr. Davis escaped, Mary Anderson was shot in the back and wounded, and all three girls were taken captive. The girls were separated immediately with Mary Anderson and Mattie in one wagon and Schwandt taken by Godfrey in another. Mary Schwandt was eventually taken to Wacouta's house where Mattie, Mary Anderson and Jannette DeCamp Sweet were held. Schwandt and the others were held there for four days:

As she [DeCamp Sweet] has so well described the incidents of that dreadful night and the four following dreadful days, it seems unnecessary that I should repeat them; and, indeed, it is a relief to avoid the subject. Since it pleased God that we

239 Ibid., 7.
240 Ibid., 8-9.
241 Ibid., 14.
should all suffer as we did at this time, I pray him of his mercy to grant that all my memories of this period of my captivity may soon and forever pass away.\textsuperscript{242}

Schwandt was obviously traumatized by the events of her early captivity to the point where she wished them completely forgotten. The 1894 version used for this paper did not include details Schwandt gave in an earlier statement from 1864 when she related details about repeated rapes in the early days of her captivity. In \textit{History of the Great Massacre}, Charles Bryant quoted Schwandt’s earlier statement:

\begin{quote}
After awhile a number (of the tribe) came, and, after annoying me with their loathsome attentions for a long time, one of them laid his hands forcibly upon me, when I screamed, and one the fiends struck me on my mouth with his hand, causing the blood to flow freely. Then they took me out by force, to an unoccupied teepee, near the house, and perpetrated the most horrible and nameless outrages upon my person. These outrages were repeated, at different times during my captivity.\textsuperscript{243}
\end{quote}

She was raped repeatedly during her early captivity and suffered severe emotional trauma long afterwards.

\begin{quote}
After those initial days, she and the other captives were taken to Little Crow’s camp where Mary Anderson soon died. Schwandt was so traumatized by this time that she became nearly catatonic due to shock:

\begin{quote}
But soon there came a time when I did not weep. I could not. The dreadful scenes I had witnessed, the sufferings that I had undergone, the almost certainty that my family had all been killed, and that I was alone in the world, and the belief that I was destined to witness other things as horrible as those I had seen, and that my career of suffering and misery had only begun, all came to my comprehension, and when I realized my utterly wretched, helpless and hopeless situation, for I did not think I would ever be released, I became as one paralyzed, and could hardly speak. Others of my fellow captives say that they often spoke to me, but that I said but little, and went about like a sleepwalker.\textsuperscript{244}
\end{quote}
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{242} Ibid., 15-16.
\textsuperscript{244} Schwandt, 17-18.
Schwandt had suffered so much in the initial days of her captivity that she saw no hope for her future.

This was fortunately not true. A Dakota woman named Snana or Maggie adopted Schwandt. Snana had been educated by Dr. Williamson and practiced Christianity. Snana protected Schwandt throughout the rest of her captivity by hiding her when the captives were threatened and chasing away Indian men who came to rape Schwandt again. “But Maggie never relaxed her watchful care over me, and forbade my going about the camp alone or hardly anywhere out of her sight. I was with her nearly all the time after I went to live with her.” Snana provided Schwandt with both the protection and mothering that she desperately needed after the horrors of early captivity.

After she was surrendered at Camp Release, Schwandt returned to relatives in Wisconsin where she was reunited with her ten-year-old brother August, the only other surviving member of their family who had escaped to the fort after being wounded in the attack on their homestead. In 1863, Schwandt returned to Minnesota to testify before the claims commission about her father’s assets but she and her brother received very little from his estate. She remained in Minnesota with the Reynolds for part of 1863 before returning to Wisconsin for two years to live with her uncle. In 1866, she married William Schmidt and lived in St. Paul until 1889 when they relocated to Portland, Oregon. They returned to St. Paul in May 1894. They had seven children but only three survived to adulthood.

\[245\] Ibid., 20-21.
\[246\] Ibid., 24.
\[247\] Ibid., 24-25.
SNANA in about 1860

Reprinted from *Through Dakota Eyes: Narrative Accounts of the Minnesota Indian War of 1862* edited by Gary Clayton Anderson
Reprinted from *Through Dakota Eyes: Narrative Accounts of the Minnesota Indian War of 1862* edited by Gary Clayton Anderson
Schwandt published her narrative in 1894 at the request of friends who wanted to preserve her role in Minnesota history. She was reluctant to do so: "The memory of that period, with all its hideous features, often rises before me, but I put it down. I have called it up at this time because kind friends have assured me that my experience is a part of a leading incident in the history of Minnesota that ought to be given to the world."\textsuperscript{249} She wrote only because of this request and to remind "present and further generations what some of the pioneers of Minnesota underwent in their efforts to settle and civilize our great state."\textsuperscript{250} For a woman who worked so hard to forget the past, this was a generous gift to posterity.

**Urania Frazer White**

Urania Frazer was born in Alexander, New York on February 10, 1825. She married Nathan Dexter White on October 1, 1845. In 1847 they moved to Columbia County, Wisconsin and lived there until the spring of 1862 when they moved to Renville county.\textsuperscript{251} White and her husband built their home near Beaver Creek, six miles across the river from Little Crow's village.\textsuperscript{252} White's family included her husband, sixteen-year-old son Eugene, fourteen-year-old daughter Julia, twelve-year-old son Millard and five-month-old infant.\textsuperscript{253} Before the war, White's husband left the area to retrieve the parents of a sick neighbor, leaving her alone with the four children.

As she prepared for the weekly wash, her daughter returned from a neighbors to warn White that the Indians were attacking. White, along with her children, gathered at a

\textsuperscript{249} Ibid., 26.
\textsuperscript{250} Ibid., 26.
\textsuperscript{251} Urania Frazer White, *Captivity Among the Sioux, August 18 to September 25, 1862 in Minnesota Historical Society Collections* 9 (1901): 396.
\textsuperscript{252} Ibid., 396.
\textsuperscript{253} Ibid., 397-398.
neighbor's home and set out as part of a larger group, trying to escape the Indians.\textsuperscript{254} Her oldest son Eugene was killed in the attack: "Just before I was captured, my son Eugene, who was afterward killed, passed me and said, 'Ma, run faster, or they will catch you.' This was the last time I heard him speak or saw him, and he must have been killed soon afterward."\textsuperscript{255} Her twelve-year-old son Millard escaped along with six others and White, her infant son and fourteen-year-old daughter Julia were taken into captivity.\textsuperscript{256} "Woe and despair now seized all of us how were made captives. The bravest among us lost courage, being so helpless, defenceless, and unprepared for this act of savage warfare."\textsuperscript{257} After the attack, White was separated from her daughter on the way to Little Crow's camp. White and her son were sent to live with Too-kon-we-chasta or Stone Man and his wife.\textsuperscript{258} White remained with them during her captivity until she and her children were surrendered at Camp Release.\textsuperscript{259}

At Camp Release, White was reunited with her husband: "I caught sight of my husband, of who I had not known whether he was dead or alive, accompanied by J. W. Earle. I leave you to imagine our feelings at this meeting—words would not be adequate."\textsuperscript{260} White, who normally scrutinized her emotions closely, was rendered almost speechless by the emotion of the moment. She traveled with her remaining family to St. Peter where she was reunited with Millard, her surviving son. From St. Peter, they

\begin{itemize}
\item\textsuperscript{254} Ibid., 397.
\item\textsuperscript{255} Ibid., 402.
\item\textsuperscript{256} Ibid., 400.
\item\textsuperscript{257} Ibid., 399.
\item\textsuperscript{258} Ibid., 403-404.
\item\textsuperscript{259} Ibid., 420.
\item\textsuperscript{260} Ibid., 423.
\end{itemize}
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>February 10, 1825</td>
<td>Born in Alexander, New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 1, 1845</td>
<td>Married Nathan Dexter White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1847</td>
<td>Relocated to Columbia County, Wisconsin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 28, 1862</td>
<td>Took up homestead in Beaver Creek, Renville County, Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 18</td>
<td>Taken captive with her fourteen-year-old daughter and five-month-old infant, one son killed, another escaped, separated from her daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 20</td>
<td>Held at Little Crow’s village about one week with Mrs. Carrothers and Mrs. Earle, adopted by Stone Man and his wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 21</td>
<td>Hidden with her infant by Indian women</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 23</td>
<td>Her husband went to St. Peter to reclaim Millard, the son who had escaped</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 24</td>
<td>Moved camp to Rice Creek, reunited with her daughter, remained in this camp for about five days</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 28</td>
<td>Camp moved 10 miles, stayed here eight days</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 5</td>
<td>Moved to stream near Hazel run</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 8</td>
<td>Short move 3-4 miles, hidden by Indian women</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 10-19</td>
<td>Several short moves by Indian women in particular</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 20</td>
<td>Dug breastworks to protect from threats of violence from other Indians</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 23</td>
<td>Battle of Wood Lake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 24-25</td>
<td>Remained in the Indian camp</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 26</td>
<td>Surrendered with her two children by Sibley at Camp Release</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 26-October 5</td>
<td>Remained in Sibley's camp to give testimony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 5</td>
<td>Reunited with her husband and left for St. Peter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 7</td>
<td>Reached St. Peter, got a new calico dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 7-21</td>
<td>St. Peter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 22</td>
<td>Traveled to St. Paul</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 23-26</td>
<td>Stayed in St. Paul</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mid-November</td>
<td>Returned to La Crosse, Wisconsin</td>
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<tr>
<td>March 1863</td>
<td>Relocated to Rochester, Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Returned to their homestead in Beaver Creek</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
traveled to St. Paul, La Crosse and back to their former home in Columbia County. In 1865, they returned to their home near Beaver Creek and continued to farm there.\(^{261}\)

White’s narrative was one of the best of this group for two different reasons. First, she was a very observant captive and wrote extensively on many facets of life in the Indian camps. She made these observations to protect her mind from the horrors she witnessed: “You may think it strange that I took any notices of these little incidents. However trifling it may have been for me to observe their antics, it certainly had the effect partially to relieve me of the great weight that pressed so heavily on my mind.”\(^{262}\)

She described in detail the work of Indian women, their attire, adornment, mannerisms, etiquette, food preparation and childcare practices.\(^{263}\) White discussed a Dakota woman’s cooking skills:

> My squaw mother was our cook. She mixed bread in a six-quart pan by stirring flour into about two quarts of warm water, with one teacupful of tallow and a little saleratus, bring it to the consistency of biscuit dough. She then took the dough out of the pain, turned it bottom side up on the ground, placed the dough on the pan, patted it flat with her hands, cut it in small pieces, and fried it in tallow. ... Truly these noble red people can justly be called a labor-saving people, whatever other qualities they may lack.\(^{264}\)

She admired their ingenuity and skill no matter how alien this form of cooking seemed to her. She also closely observed Dakota men during her captivity. The warriors were often absent from camp but she described how they prepared for war, their actions in camp, and religious rituals such as a dog feast in preparation for battle.\(^{265}\) She especially noted the warriors’ personal preparations for war as they painted themselves before battle:

\(^{261}\) Ibid., 424-426.  
\(^{262}\) Ibid., 407.  
\(^{263}\) Ibid., 416, 406, 405, 413, 417.  
\(^{264}\) Ibid., 406.  
\(^{265}\) Ibid., 408, 413, 415.
It was no uncommon occurrence to see the Indians, just before going out on a raid or to battle, decorating themselves with feathers, ribbons, and paint. The most hideous looking object I ever beheld was a large, tall Indian, who had besmeared his face all over with vermilion red, and then had painted a stripe of green around each eye and his mouth, thickly dotting these stripes with bright yellow paint.266

White's detailed observations provided a multi-faceted look at Dakota life in the Indian camps.

Secondly, White astutely explored and assessed her own emotional reactions to her capture, loss of family and friends, her captors, the welfare of her captive children, and her redemption at Camp Release. White related her feelings upon her capture to another captive woman:

I said to one of my neighbor captives, when we were first made prisoners, that I felt like singing, so near did I in my excitement border on insanity. I have thought since many times that, had I given up the impulse and sang, it would have been a wild song and I should have certainly crossed the border of insanity and entered its confines.267

Her worries affected her so deeply she had no appetite, "In fact, I think I could not have eaten the most delicious meal ever prepared by civilized people while a prisoner among these savages, with my family killed or scattered as they were and my own fate still preying on my mind."268 Her lack of knowledge about the fates of her family discouraged her deeply, "Every night when I lay down on this wet grass to sleep, I would think that perhaps I should not be able to get up again; and sometimes I became almost enough discouraged to wish that I would never be able to rise again, so terrible was my experience."269 She described the physical and mental anguish of captivity. After she was surrendered at Camp Release, White described her mixed reaction to freedom:

266 Ibid., 413.
267 Ibid., 407.
268 Ibid., 406-407.
269 Ibid., 408.
As for myself, I could only remain silent, as if an inspiration had come to me from the great beyond. I gazed at this assembly of released captives while in their manifestations of joy and happiness, tinctured with grief from the loss of dear friends and relatives, and in quiet satisfaction drew the fresh free air into my lungs and thought what contentment and peace freedom bring. . . . None but those who have passed through the terrible experience can ever know the varied feelings and emotion which the deliverance produced.270

The captives were free but White understood the bittersweet nature of release when so many questions still remained about the rest of her family.

White published her narrative in 1898, thirty-six years after her captivity. She never openly stated why she published it but given the time period, it may have been to emphasize sacrifices made by Minnesota pioneers in the same vein as Carrigan, Tarble, Sweet and Schandt, who also wrote their narratives around the same time. But it seemed to be more than that. "Even now, after thirty-six years, I look back and shudder, and my heart nearly stops beating, when these awful things present themselves fully to my mind. The wonder to me is now I ever endured it all."271 Her need to do this made sense according to David R. Sewell: "The Indian, whatever his actual power during the event, can be captured and tamed once and for all in the written narrative."272 Writing became a captive's way to regain control of her situation because she could not control what happened during captivity. By writing a narrative, captives used language to reassert their civilized identities after submersion in Indian cultures.273 In this light, White seemed compelled to tell her story to prove both the depth of her suffering and her ability to survive and return to white culture. She believed her strong will and her ability to occupy her mind in observation and reflection supported her during captivity:

270 Ibid., 421.
271 Ibid., 407-408.
Had I given way to all the terrors of my situation, I should not have been spared to meet my family or had any chance of escape, but should have met instant death at the hands of my cruel captors. My will sustained me and forced me to take note of these insignificant things, so that I might not sink or give up to the dreadful reality I was passing through. She claimed that keeping her mind otherwise occupied helped her to survive. It also justified the amount of detail she related about Indian life. Finally, she may have written her narrative to justify her own behavior while in captivity, especially if there were accusations made against her by other captives. "In order to make myself as agreeable as possible to them, I feigned cheerfulness, and took particular notice of their papooses, hoping that by doing so I would receive better treatment from them, which I think had the desired effect." White used any means to protect herself and her son, but she wanted the reader to know that she suffered just as much as the other captives, even if she did appear contented on the surface and overly interested in the details of Dakota life.

Mary Butler Renville

Mary Butler Renville and her husband moved to Minnesota in 1859 to work as teachers to the Dakota. When the war began, they lived near the Williamson mission at Hazelwood, five miles above the Yellow Medicine agency. At the time of the outbreak, Renville’s family consisted of her mixed blood husband David Renville and their daughter Ella.

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273 Ibid., 42-43.
274 Ibid., 407.
275 Ibid., 414.
277 Ibid., 29.
A THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF

INDIAN CAPTIVITY,

BY

MRS. MARY BUTLER RENVILLE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.:
ATLAS COMPANY'S BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
1863.

Reprinted from A Thrilling Narrative of Indian Captivity by Mary Renville