

REMINISCENCES OF DELIA B. SHEFFIELD

The following reminiscences of Delia B. Sheffield were furnished by her daughter, Caroline Hathaway Cook, for many years connected with the Spokane Public Library. Of these reminiscences Mrs. Cook has written:

"During my many years of library work and a special review of the history of the Northwest, I have been able to form a rather correct conception of the pulse of the reading public, and I feel it not only a privilege but a duty to bequeath to others interested in this great empire a few facts and incidents bearing on its pioneer life.

"My father, Sergeant D. G. Sheffield, with his bride, was a member of the memorable and heroic body of pioneers which constituted so large a factor in the civilizing forces of the Pacific Coast and, for a year, he was in constant touch with Captain U. S. Grant, and other young army officers who became national figures during the Civil War.

"Knowing my love of history and my familiarity with those times and my later acquaintance with some of the fellow workers of her young womanhood, my mother confided to my keeping the following recital of her hazardous trip and experiences to be presented to the chroniclers of history and lovers of justice, realizing that there is no justice so tempered with mercy as that of the pioneer.

"I am not only pleased to add these facts to the history of the Pacific but glad to pay tribute to the great men then forming the nucleus of a settlement which has grown and spread into the greatest and most majestic portion of America, and it is with supreme pride that I point to the fact that General Grant was 'The Noblest Roman of Them All,' and that he was not only loved in those early days, but a feeling akin to veneration clung to his memory far into my own life and time."

To these reminiscences I have added a few notes in confirmation and explanation of various points.

WILLIAM S. LEWIS.

REMINISCENCES OF DELIA B. SHEFFIELD

Fifty years ago a journey of three thousand miles was not to be taken with the ease and comfort that such a trip would be today, in Pullman sleepers, dining cars, and with electric lights, steam heat and all the other inventions of the age; but at sixteen, dangers are neither weighed, nor feared, and journeys to places or countries, ever so remote, are merely youth's opportunity for gratifying its eager desire for knowledge and novelty. So when, a bride of sixteen, I was confronted with the choice of enduring my husband's absence for a year, or a journey to Fort Vancouver, then in Oregon Territory, I was "wild to go" as girls say. My husband, Sergeant D. G. Sheffield, wished me to remain in the east, until his return at the end of a year, but a year of separation seemed an eternity to me then, and besides I wanted to see the wonderful West, of which we had heard so much.

We had been married in 1851, and my husband, a member of Company H, 4th U. S. Infantry, had to serve until 1853 to complete his term of enlistment. His company was stationed at Plattsburg, New York, and in 1852, when the 4th Infantry received orders to go to Fort Vancouver, Oregon Territory, and relieve the troops stationed there, we traveled by boat from Plattsburg to Governors Island, in New York bay, where, on July 5, 1852,¹ eight companies of the 4th Infantry, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Benjamin Bonneville, embarked on the steamship *Ohio*, for Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama.

How little did we realize what awaited us on this journey! Had we known a tithe of the perils of the trip and that nearly one-half of the brave fellows, who took ship with us, with such pleasant anticipations and high hopes, would not live to reach their journey's end, we would have shrunk in horror for the embarkation.

On the contrary, we started in high spirits, anticipating a pleasant journey, novel scenes and experiences, a year's sojourn in a new and interesting country, having a delightful climate, of which we had heard much, and a safe return at the end of that time, but alas!

¹ "In the month of April the regiment assembled at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, and on the 5th of July eight companies sailed for Aspinwall."—*Personal Memoirs U. S. Grant*, (New York, Chas. L. Webster & Co., 1885), Vol. I, p. 194.

“L' Homme proposes,
Et Dieu dispose.”

There were about seven hundred passengers² aboard the ship, including the families of the officers and men. We were much crowded and some of the women had to occupy what were called the 2nd cabins. This crowding was due to the fact that when the war department decided to send the 4th Infantry on the *Ohio* the owners of the ship had already booked a number of passengers, many of whom were anxious to reach that Mecca of the gold-seekers, California, as soon as possible, and refused to give up their tickets.³

The weather was delightful during the voyage from New York to Aspinwall, which we reached on July 13th, 1852. On the voyage out we were very pleasantly entertained each evening by the concerts given by the 4th Infantry band. We also had dancing and card playing and during the day we engaged in fishing; watched the whales that followed the ship, and speculated as to the date of our arrival on the Isthmus and the adventures that awaited us on the journey's end, in the new country to which we were bound.

During an eight days trip, in the month of July, on a crowded vessel, voyaging from a temperate to a torrid zone, cramped for room and exercise, any little trifling incident was of great interest and amusement to us all.

Lieut.-Colonel Bonneville, the Commandant of the 4th Infantry, was in the habit of pacing the deck, cane in hand, during the greater part of the day. He was a small man and wore a large, white, beaver stiff hat, which the men would never tire of joking him about. As he walked around the deck you would hear a voice call, “Where did you get that hat?” The Colonel would plant his cane firmly in front of him and look around in great displeasure to find the culprit, not seeing him, he would again resume his march, when from some other quarter would again come the cry, “Where did you get that hat?”

In spite of all their joking, the Colonel wore his white hat on the entire trip to Vancouver, and did not discard it after his arrival.

Col. Bonneville, although a most gallant and experienced officer, was of a somewhat arbitrary and testy temper, and the

² “We numbered a little over seven hundred persons, including the families of officers and soldiers.”—*Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 194.

³ *Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 194.

few little unpleasantnesses resulting from his crustiness, were always smoothed over by the quartermaster of the regiment, their captain, and later General and President Ulysses S. Grant.

I recall vividly the occasion on which I first met Captain Grant. One day as I was sitting on the deck, watching some of the men engaged in fishing, I noticed an officer walking back and forth, with his head bent, as if in deep thought. Presently he came and stood by me and said,

"Have you noticed the number of whales following us this morning? Look at that big one spouting."

"Yes," I said, "I have been watching it for some time."

"Are you Lieut. Scott of Captain Wallen's company?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "I am Captain Grant. Is this your first trip on the ocean?"

I told him I had crossed the Atlantic twice, with my father, when I was a child.

"It seems to me you are very young to have traveled so far. Are you going to Oregon with your parents?"

"No," I said, "I am going with my husband."

"What, are you married!" he exclaimed, "why, you ought to be under your mother's care, sleeping in your trundle-bed."

Captain Grant was then, as in later years an incessant smoker and very taciturn, thoughtful and serious, though affable in manner, and during every day and the early part of each night, of the voyage, I would see him pacing the deck and smoking, silent and solitary.

When we reached Aspinwall on the 13th of July, it was the middle of the rainy season and on most of the streets there was a foot or more of water, and planks raised on stakes took the place of pavements. The weather alternated between brief and heavy showers and bursts of tropical sunshine, and the climate was at that time the worst I had ever known. Fortunately our stay there was a brief one, and very soon after landing, the officers' families and a few of the officers took the train for the Chagres river, as the railroad was then built only to where it now crosses the Chagres. From that point we were carried up the river to Gorgona in boats poled by natives, of whom it might be said as of Gunga Din, that

The uniform 'e wore,
Was nothin' much before
An' rather less than 'alf o' that be'ind."

As the Chagres river has a strong and swift current this mode of traveling was necessarily slow, and it took us all of the rest of the day to reach the night anchorage for the boats. The native boatmen then left us to spend the night most uncomfortably in the boats, which were tied to the bank, while they went up to a little village, on the high bank above us and judging from the noises, they caroused all night in the village while we sat in shivering terror in the boats, kept awake by their shouting and fearing an attack from the drunken barbarians.

At last the long night came to an end, and at sunrise the boatmen returned and we resumed our journey. Shortly after we started the hindmost boat tried to pass the leading one, and this caused a wrangle between the crews of the boats, which greatly frightened the women and children of the party. The natives drew their knives and some of them had sprung into the water and were making for each other, when the officers who were in our party, drew their swords and ordered the natives to put up their knives and return to the boats, which they did reluctantly. When peace had been restored, we continued our journey and about 9 A.M. we reached Gorgona, from which place we were to journey to Panama on mules.

We stayed in Gorgona over night; the contractor, who was to supply mules at this place had not arrived with them. We were sadly in need of rest, having had no sleep during the previous night, and were worn out from fatigue and lack of food. There was a rather large and very comfortable hotel at Gorgona, whose Scotch proprietor furnished us with good meals and comfortable beds.

Captain Grant, as quartermaster took charge⁴ of our transportation, and in his quiet unassuming manner seemed to provide for everyone and we all had the highest praise for him.

The next morning, while we were waiting for the mules which were to carry us to Panama, we saw a native climbing a ladder to the roof of a church that stood opposite the hotel. He carried a good sized rock in his hand; in amazement we watched him and to our astonishment he began pounding the bell with the rock. It was a signal for the mules to be brought, and the order was given for us to get ready for our ride. Many of the ladies were unaccustomed to riding and as all were compelled to ride astride and many of the mules were fractious, it was amusing to watch the start.

⁴ For Grant's account see *Grant's Memoirs*, I, pp. 195-198.

One of the ladies, a Mrs. Keeley, was the first to mount and as she weighed a little more than 200 pounds, it was a matter of some difficulty for her to get properly settled aboard the mule. She sat up with the cool assurance of an old cavalryman, but, when the mule kicked up his heels, and tearing away from the native who held him, dashed down the trail at a gallop, poor Mrs. Keeley seized the mule around the neck and screamed for help at the top of her voice. However, the native soon caught the mule and led him carefully thereafter. There was much joking at the horsemanship, or rather the lack of it, on the part of the ladies, but as each native led two mules, we reached Panama without any serious mishap after a tedious and dusty ride over a rough trail, which in places was only wide enough for a single mule to travel; over rocks and mountains, almost impassable, and all expecting at times to be thrown over the mule's head.

About the middle of the afternoon we came to a spring of beautifully clear water, which looked very tempting after such a dusty ride, but we were warned not to drink any of it because of the unwholesomeness of the water. Here we overtook Captain Wallin's seven year old son, Harry, who had been carried this far on the shoulders of a native. Poor Harry had become frightened at the strange looks and language of the native, and the wicked looking knives they carried, and when we overtook him, he was crying and trying to make his bearer understand that he wanted to wait until our own party arrived. My husband took Harry on his mule and carried him into Panama.

About three o'clock we met Captain Grant and a band of natives, who had guided a party over in the early morning. The Captain warned us against drinking any of the water from springs along the trail as he said it would cause fever. He told us the natives were going to help transport the soldiers and their families to Gorgona, and for us to wait there until he could make arrangements for transportation.

The department had arranged with the steamship company for the transporting of the troops across the isthmus, but on our arrival, we found the agent had not complied with his instructions and there were not mules enough to take the baggage and supplies over.

About dusk, "when shadows are beginning to lengthen," we came to a small native village and as we entered it a tall native came out of one of the huts, and seizing the bridle of my mule

started to lead it towards his hut. I screamed in fright, and my husband, who was not far behind me came running up and drove away the native. The tall native and several of the villagers followed us some little distance, jabbering away in their barbarous tongue, and thereafter I kept close to my husband, fearing another attempt by a native to steal either me or my mule.

When we arrived at Panama, about 9 o'clock at night, we rode to the hotel, where there was great excitement over the non-appearance of Captain Wallin's four year old daughter, Nannie, who had left Gorgona in charge of two natives, who carried her in a hammock, and did not reach Panama until 7 o'clock the next morning. Not any of us slept that night, poor Mrs. Wallin had hysterics and, despite the words of comfort we tried to give her, we never expected to see little Nannie again. The natives had reached their home village, about the time darkness fell, and had stopped overnight at their homes and finished their journey in the morning.

Panama, in 1852, was a town of small size, consisting almost entirely of one-storied adobe houses, roofed with thatch. It was enclosed by a low stone wall, with one large wide gate, through which all had to pass, on entering or leaving the town. The streets were dirty, the houses old and dilapidated. There were two somewhat pretentious, but unfinished hotels and several stores. The population consisted mostly of mestizos or "greasers" as the Americans called them and a few whites, mostly Spaniards and Americans. We women saw but little of the town and wished to see less, because it was so dirty and disagreeable. The only attractive things to be seen in the town were the ripe fresh and delicious fruits that were for sale, of which we bought quantities.

In the afternoon of the day of our arrival we went aboard barges and were towed out to the steamer *Golden Gate*, lying at anchor about two miles from the city, aboard of which we were to await the arrival of the rest of the regiment. We were there a week before Captain Grant arrived with the last of the companies.

The entire party had a hard and weary trip across the Isthmus. If these lines meet the eyes of any who traveled with us, on that memorable trip of 1852, they will remember the kindness and self-sacrifice of the officers in helping the tired women and children, who had to walk across the Isthmus, some of them carrying their babies.

Captain McClellan,⁵ and several other officers overtook a small party of women sitting by the roadside, with bleeding feet and almost prostrated by the heat. The officers dismounted and helped the women on their mules and sent a native with them into Panama. This was only one instance of their many acts of kindness.

In the meantime, the dreaded Asiatic cholera had broken out among the men of the regiment, while they were crossing the Isthmus, and many died on the way from Aspinwall to Panama.

Quartermaster Grant had improvised a hospital out of an old hulk of a boat, anchored about a mile from us, where the more virulent cases were taken, while the milder ones were transferred to hospital tents on Flamingo Island, in the bay of Panama. The ravages of the disease were dreadful and the horror of it remains with me to this day. Strong and healthy would be attacked by it and would die in a few hours.

We did not know who would be the next victim, and it grew to be a common sight to see strong men, walking along the deck, be taken with cramps and die in a short time. One remarkable feature of this outbreak of cholera was that all the victims, with the exception of five or six, were men. Not any of the children were attacked. The surgeon said that the immunity of the women and children was owing to the fact that they did not use liquor.

Captain Grant, as quartermaster, and the surgeons did everything in their power to check the spread of the disease, and to alleviate the sufferings of the stricken ones. Too much praise cannot be given them for their tireless energy and great presence of mind during this outbreak of cholera. It was not an easy task to control almost seven hundred men during a siege of cholera, for they grew nervous and panic-stricken and Captain Grant had not only the sick ones to contend with but also the well.⁶

In spite of all their efforts more than one hundred and fifty deaths occurred.⁷ It resulted in the death of both Mr. and Mrs.

⁵ Capt. George B. McClellan, with Isaac I. Stevens on the U. S. Railway survey, and later of Civil War fame.

⁶ The experience of these troops led to the following report by O. Cross, Major and QM. on August 31, 1852, to the QM General at Washington: "In sending troops from the North to this place I suggest that they should hereafter come around the Horn. They reach here in clipper ships from New York in a very reasonable time, seldom taking over one hundred twenty days, and sometimes less, and arrive in good health. Recent experience has shown that, unless in a case of emergency, the Isthmus is a very trying route, causing much sickness, and a great loss in public property, besides doubling the expense, compared with the other route. The 4th Infantry, which recently arrived show the impracticability, as their loss has been great, while those who have arrived are broken down by disease, the seeds of which were engendered in the Isthmus."—*House Ex. Doc. No. 1*, (Serial No. 674), p. 89.

⁷ "About one-seventh of those who left New York Harbor with the 4th Infantry on the 5th of July, now lie buried on the Isthmus of Panama, or on Flamingo Island in Panama Bay."—*Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 198.

Lynch, and their three little children, thus orphaned, were taken in charge by the United States consul at Panama, and by him sent to relatives in the United States.

After the disease had abated, we were transferred to Flamingo Island, while the ship was thoroughly fumigated. After a sad farewell to our sick ones, who were to be left on the island, we continued our journey and reached San Francisco the first of September.

San Francisco, in 1852, was a very lively little place. Our ship tied up at the "Long Wharf" which was built out a great distance on the beach to deep water. We were there for several hours, but very few of the soldiers were allowed to leave the steamer for fear that they would desert,⁸ in order to go to the gold fields, where we were told, fortunes were being made every day. The intense gold excitement in 1852 was at its height.

We reached Benecia,⁹ then an army post, in the late afternoon, and went into garrison life for a few weeks. Here we were rejoined by the convalescents from Flamingo Island. It was a sad reunion, for we knew that the missing ones would never again answer the roll-call.

On September 18th, 1852, the regiment was ordered to Fort Vancouver, Oregon Territory. We took passage on the *Columbia*, and after a very rough voyage, during which we encountered heavy gales, which caused almost everyone to be seasick, we landed at Vancouver on September 20th. What a welcome sight our destination was. How glad we were, after our dreadful ex-

⁸ Discipline at frontier posts, especially during the "gold rush" was very lax. The following appears in the report of Major Allen to the quartermaster general, June 30, 1851: "I found two companies of the 2d Infantry stationed at this point * * *. One-half of the men belonging to these companies had already deserted, and the remainder had ceased to be soldiers excepting in name. They refused to work unless paid the mining value of their labor. * * * Discipline was so lax that the C.O. declined issuing arms to them."—*House Ex. Doc. No. 1*, (Serial No. 611), p. 303.

⁹ The Third, or Pacific Division of the U. S. Army, was under the command of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General Ethan A. Hitchcock, with headquarters at San Francisco, and embraced departments No. 10 (California), and No. 11 (Oregon). Department No. 11 comprised the following posts:

Fort Oxford, Port Oxford, Oregon; 1st Dragoons, 62 men; 1st Lt. W. H. Stanton.
Oregon trail post, site not yet determined; 4th Infantry, 2 companies, 132 men; Captain and Brevet Colonel R. C. Buchanan.
Columbia Barracks, Vancouver, Oregon; 4th Infantry, 4 companies, 292 men; Lt. Colonel B. L. E. Bonneville.
Dalles of the Columbia; 4th Infantry, 1 company, 69 men; Capt. and Brevet Major B. Alford.
Stellacoom, Puget Sound; 1st Artillery, 2 companies, 100 men; Capt. and Brevet Major S. J. Hathaway.
Enroute via Cape Horn; 4th Infantry, 2 companies, 175 men.
Total strength 11th or Oregon Department, 830 men.—Report of the Adjutant General, U.S.A., Nov. 15, 1852, *House Ex. Doc. No. 1*, (Serial No. 674), p. 62.
Supplies for the 11th or Oregon Department came from the Division Depot near Benecia, Calif., and were shipped as required, the average freight to the Oregon ports being \$30 per ton by sailing vessels.—*Ibid.*, p. 91.
Columbia Barracks at Vancouver became the depot for the quartermaster and commissary for the Oregon posts, furnishing everything in the shape of stores, transportation and funds to the whole department.—*House Ex. Doc. No. 1*, (Serial No. 611), p. 328.

perience with the cholera at Panama, and our almost equally dreadful experience of seasickness, to find ourselves safely and permanently once more on terra firma.

Vancouver¹⁰ was then a very small hamlet, consisting mostly of the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company's trading post and the barracks and other buildings of the United States military post. There were besides these buildings about a dozen small log cabins, belonging to the Indian and half-breed employees of the Hudson Bay Company.

The Hudson Bay Company's post consisted of a large stockade about three hundred yards square, built of halves of fir logs set firmly in the ground and standing about twenty feet high. There were heavy puncheon gates at each end of the enclosure and these were closed and locked at night. Inside the inclosure were the factor's store and office, magazine, workshops and log houses for the resident white employees. In the northwest corner stood a three storied log tower pierced with loopholes for riflemen, and portholes for cannon. The largest and finest of the houses inside the stockade was that of Dr. John McLoughlin, the factor of the Hudson Bay Company. In the center was an open court, here the trappers and Indians brought their furs and pelts to sell or exchange them for goods and supplies from the Company's stores.

From these headquarters companies of trappers, mostly Canadians and Indians, were sent in all directions to hunt. They traveled as far north as the Russian possessions and to the California borders on the South. Oftentimes they were gone for several years, returning with their furs to barter at the fort.

My first impression of Vancouver was a dreary one and a feeling of homesickness came over me as I saw only a few old dilapidated log huts inhabited by half-breeds. But when we reached the garrison and I had a good view of the grand old Columbia river and the snow-clad peaks of Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood, looking like giant sentries, I felt as if I could battle with the pioneer life of a new country.

Life at Vancouver in 1852 and for several years later was of a very simple and primitive sort. Luxuries were not to be had and the necessaries of life were costly; eggs cost a dollar and a half a dozen, potatoes nine dollars a sack, and flour twenty-four

¹⁰ Reporting to the Quartermaster General, June 22, 1851, Capt. Rufus Ingalls, assistant quartermaster at Vancouver, describes and furnishes drawings of the garrison buildings, the quartermaster department, and the Hudson Bay Company improvements at Vancouver.—*House Rep. Doc. No. 1*, (Serial No. 611), p. 328.

dollars a barrel. Carpets were unobtainable, all furniture was rude and home-made, and fortunate were those who could secure pieces of furniture that had been brought across the plains, or around by the Isthmus. The easy chair that Captain Wallin made out of a barrel and upholstered with calico and stuffed with moss, was the envy and admiration of the whole garrison.

The long rainy winter of 1852-53¹¹ came to an end at last, and everybody who could, began preparing gardens. We hungered for vegetables and watched eagerly their growth.

Captains Grant and Wallin leased a tract of land from Mr. W. Nye, situated about a mile from the post, along the Columbia river, intending to raise a crop of potatoes¹² on part of it, and seed the remainder to oats. The two officers ploughed the ground and planted that portion of it nearest the river with potatoes.

Passing this field one day, in the early spring, I saw Captain Grant, with his trousers tucked in his boots, sowing oats broadcast from a sheet tied about his neck and shoulders. Captain Grant worked thus in the hope of realizing a profit from his crop which would enable him to bring his wife and family out to live with him. His pay as Captain was not sufficient to meet his own expenses, and this was the cause of the farming venture. It was, however, a sad failure; the river overflowed and killed most of their potatoes and the remainder were sold at a low price.¹³ Every farmer, tempted by the high prices of the previous year, had planted a large acreage and the supply was ten times greater than the demand, potatoes glutted the market, and sold for a song.

Early in the spring of 1853, Captain Grant came to my husband and myself and asked that we take the house in which he, Captain Brent, Lieutenant Phil Sheridan,¹⁴ Captain George B. McClellan and Mr. Eastman, Captain Grant's clerk, had been keeping bachelor's hall all winter, and let them all board with us. My husband told him that he thought I was too young and inexperienced to undertake the responsibilities of so large a household.

¹¹ During this winter Oregon Territory was divided, all north of the Columbia River being taken from Oregon to make Washington Territory.

¹² In *Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 203, Grant relates how he bought a pair of horses, broke the ground and put in this crop.

¹³ In *Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 203, Grant states that the only potatoes sold were to his own mess.

¹⁴ This date is an error. Sheridan, a brevet 2nd Lt. in the 1st U. S. Infantry, was stationed in Texas until Nov. '54, when he received promotion to 2nd Lt. in the 4th Inf., and was ordered to join his regiment at Ft. Reading, Cal. He embarked from New York for the Pacific Coast, July, 1855, and joined his command at Benecia Barracks above San Francisco. He did not reach the Columbia River district until Oct. 9th, 1855. In October of that year the Yakimas broke out and Sheridan was engaged in the fighting in the Yakima Valley, at the Dalles, the Cascades, etc. He was in Oregon, in command of the post at Yam Hill until Sept. 1, 1861, when he left to join his new command as Captain of the 13th U. S. Infantry. Mrs. Sheffield was evidently confused as to the date of Lieut. Sheridan's arrival at Vancouver.—*Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan*, I, pp. 35, 125.

"Oh!" said Captain Grant, "that can be easily managed. I will detail one of the soldiers who is a good cook, to do the cooking, and besides I have an excellent cook-book and am a pretty good cook myself, and I am sure that we shall manage very well."

The Captain was very fond of beef a-la-mode, and he took great pains in instructing the cook how to prepare it. We had always relied on the half-breed wives of the Hudson Bay Company employees for our butter, but one day Captain Grant asked me if I could make some butter, as he was hungry for some sweet home-made butter. So I saved the cream and churned it, and, thinking to please the Captain, I put sugar into it instead of salt, as he wanted some *sweet* butter. At dinner, that evening, I displayed it with great pride. I noticed a smile appearing on their faces, and finally Captain Grant said, "Mrs. Sheffield, is this some of our home-made butter?"

"Yes, Captain, how do you like it?"

"Well, it is the sweetest butter that I ever tasted," he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye.

He was very fond of wild game, and whenever we had any, he would put it in a bucket and let it hang in the well for three or four days, before it was cooked. I remember one day a farmer brought to the house a large swan that he had killed and which he wanted to present to Captain Grant, but he would not let any of us look at it, until the Captain came in. Captain was delighted with it, and it also went into the well, and hung there for several days. He said he wanted to cook it himself, and donning a big apron and rolling up his sleeves, he took possession of the kitchen and baked it to perfection.

Occasionally we would have parties, the dining room would be cleared for dancing, and to the music of the Fourth Infantry band, we would dance until the wee small hours of the morning. Our guests would come from far and near. General Adair's three daughters, would come from Astoria, and Governor Abernathy's daughter would come from Oregon City; among the young ladies who came from Portland, was Miss Hamilton, who was considered one of the belles of that town. Captain Grant would never take any part in the dancing, but would come in and look on for awhile, then go upstairs to his room and remain there all evening smoking. He felt keenly the separation from his wife and family. Oftentimes, while reading letters from his wife, his eyes would fill with tears, he would look up with a start

and say, "Mrs. Sheffield, I have the dearest little wife in the world, and I want to resign from the army and live with my family." He would then walk back and forth, on the porch, thinking and smoking, for hours at a time, or he would order his horse and ride for a half day in the woods or along the Columbia river. Often, of a winter's night, when we were seated around the fire, he would tell me of his wife and children and how he missed them. I never saw him angry, but when occasion demanded it, he was very firm. His manners, dress and style of living were simpler than those of any other officer in the garrison. In manner he was unassuming and approachable, and his language was always plain and straight forward.

On one occasion we were having some private theatricals, in our little theatre at the post, when a drunken man, the purser on the *Eagle*, a small boat running between Vancouver and Portland, was disturbing the audience, Captain Grant walked to where he was sitting, and taking him firmly by the collar, marched him out of the hall. He had a true soldier's love of order.

After the potatoe failure, Captain Grant grew restless and wanted to engage in some enterprise from which he could make a little money, so he and Captain Wallin had my husband act as agent for them, and buy up all the chickens within twenty miles of Vancouver. They chartered a small vessel and shipped them to San Francisco. Nearly all the chickens died on the voyage, and they lost the money they put into the enterprise.

I often accompanied Mr. Sheffield when his duties took him into the country, and I had an opportunity to see how the pioneer farmers lived. We, of the garrison thought our life was hard and lonesome in spite of all our little social gatherings, but as we rode through the forests, we would come to a little clearing in the woods, and see the most cheerless little log cabin miles away from all settlers, the beginning of a home. What heroism it takes for families to leave comfortable homes, travel for weeks across the plains, for the sake of settling in a new country.

In September, Captain Grant was ordered to report at Humboldt, California.¹⁵ It was a more desirable station, but he wanted to resign and go into the lumber business. We bade him good-bye, knowing we were losing an agreeable companion and a true friend.

¹⁵ "The death of Colonel Bliss of the Adjutant General's department, which occurred July 5th, 1853, promoted me to a captaincy of a company then stationed at Humboldt Bay, California. The news reached me in September of the same year and very soon I started to join my new command."—*Grant's Memoirs*, I, p. 207.

He gave me his famous cook-book, his feather pillows and a number of other small articles.

During his one year at Vancouver he had not made an enemy and he was kind and considerate to all.

He gained the friendship and good-will of his men by a constant and watchful care of their interests.

During all the early years of my life there, not one word did I ever hear against his character; he was one of nature's noblemen.

Not until 1868, when General Grant was a candidate for the Presidency, did we hear the baseless and malicious story of the Indian daughter.¹⁶ I know it to be absolutely false, for this Indian girl was born a few months after our arrival at Vancouver.

Soon after Mr. Sheffield's term of enlistment expired, and the time we had eagerly looked forward to had come when we could return to our eastern home, the free life and the glowing possibilities and hopes of the future had aroused in us the desire to remain and the few friends we had we were warmly attached to, and so we lived through all the early pioneer days of Oregon Territory. We saw the Hudson Bay Company's supremacy decline and finally disappear from Vancouver.

We lived for months at one time in hourly fear of the Indians, who were committing depredations all around us.

Daily, emigrants arrived, bringing with them the few necessities, tired and sick after their long journey across the plains.

All were welcomed in those days and hands and hearts were ready to assist them.

We watched with interest the building up of Vancouver, Portland and the surrounding towns, and the farms that grew up along the Columbia and Willamette rivers.

Washington Territory, when she took on the honors of Statehood, through all the changing scenes of fifty years, what changes we have seen! The east and west have been joined together, by our transcontinental roads, and the region once known by "way out west" where bears and Indians predominated, has now all the forms of civilization that the eastern cities possess.

¹⁶ It has occurred to me that a confusion in identity of names may have aided the circulation of this slander. Richard Grant, the Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort Hall, through which most of the early Oregon emigration passed, was known as "Captain" Grant to the emigrants who dubbed everyone in a position of authority in those days "captain." Richard Grant was married to a woman of Indian blood, and had children of Indian blood. He was often at Fort Vancouver.