

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER DAYS

To the pioneers I am known as Betty Shepard. I was born October 26th, 1840, in Jefferson County, Iowa, at a place called Brush Creek, about fifteen miles from Rome. My father, Henry Shepard, was a pioneer to Iowa in 1837. The Indians were there at that time but later they were moved to Minnesota. Two years later my father's father, Charles Shepard, his mother Sarah Springstein Shepard, and three brothers, Charles, James, and Joseph, moved from New York to Iowa. Father's birthplace was De-waysburg, Schenectady County, New York, and my mother, Elizabeth Mattern, was born, November 14th, 1811, at Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany. She died a week before Christmas, in 1849, and in the fall of 1851, my father, with my sister and me, his brother Joseph, and Wife Louisa, and two other young men, started for St. Joseph. One of these men was Ellis Straway, and the other, Martin Huffman.

When we arrived at St. Joseph, they took the cattle across the Missouri river to winter. We had two wagons, three yoke to a wagon, three cows and one horse. The three men worked for the Indian agent that winter. This man was named Pensonnaw. The cattle wintered themselves on the big rushes which grew in that country, and it happened to be a very mild winter such as I have seen many times in Oregon. My Aunt stayed with the men and did their cooking while my sister worked most of the time for different families. I stayed with a family named Hannah, who came from Iowa with us. In the spring, my Uncle felt discouraged, and, with Ellis Straway, and Mrs. Hannah, and her three children, Jane, Andrew, and Lewis, all started back to Iowa by boat, by way of St. Louis and Kerkirk, while my father, sister, and I, with Martin Huffman, fixed to start for Oregon. Three other men hired out to come with us for \$10 each. One man furnished one ox to drive in a yoke. They brought the cattle over the river to St. Joe and put them in a corral so as to have everything prepared for our long journey, but when we were ready to start father found our three cows had been stolen.

We started the 27th of April, 1852, and traveled up the Missouri to Kansas City and there crossed over in a ferry boat. Before we crossed the river we joined another train of emigrants. The captain of that train was named Dr. Bonner. He had a half-brother named, Eddy, who acted as captain when his brother

was waiting on the sick. We traveled two days when we met two men with a team of horses, who were on their way to California. We traveled about two weeks on the plains and everything was fine, when, one night three Pawnee Indians came in to our camp and stayed all night and slept under one of the wagons. We gave them their breakfast and they went away, but the next evening they came back and stayed that night also. The third night they came back and stampeded all the horses, about seven head, and we never did get them back. Mr. Kane bought another team from the French traders and came on with us until he came to the California road.

A great many people suffered with cholera, but we only had two cases in our train. The first was a little girl, two years younger than myself. She and I were great friends and playmates. Her name was Elmira Eddy. I remember the morning she was taken sick. They stopped their train and my father, being a doctor, stayed with them. He did not overtake us until we had arrived at the last crossing of the Platt river. He borrowed the captain's saddle horse and overtook us just before daylight. They were fixing the oxen to cross the river but father told them they could not do that until the captain overtook us. They insisted, however, until another campman said "no, you must wait," so they decided to do so. Then one of our men, Martin Huffman, took the cholera, and, before we came to the California road, the three men did all they could to save his life, and happily, they did so and he came on to Oregon with us.

We did not have any more trouble until we came to the California road, when some of the men wanted to go to California, but father said "no, I started for Oregon and I am going," so the men stayed with us until we arrived near to The Dalles, when they packed their things and started on a-foot. When we were within five miles of The Dalles we camped by another party. A most pitiful sight awaited us. Some children, named Fitzgerald, had lost their father and mother on the plains. I stayed at the camp and cooked my own dinner the day I was twelve years old.

Here let me say my father was again married in September, at Fort Boise, Idaho, to a Miss Louinda Nelson, in 1852, while we were on our western journey.

While at The Dalles, father and my step-mother went to see some people off on the boat, which party were on their way to Portland. My sister went to the Cascades, with a family named Coston, and my father, my step-mother, and myself stayed

in The Dalles that winter. We had a very hard winter and lots of snow. Another family by the name of Gardner, stayed with us in the hospital. They later settled down on Lewis River, Washington.

When spring opened my father took a place two miles below The Dalles. It was a very pretty spot, grassy, and very level and with oak trees scattered about. Near by, about 300 yards, was Mill Creek. There was a big Indian camp about a quarter of a mile above the place, and the chief's name was "Mark." My father had spaded the ground and had quite a little garden growing, when the chief went to Major Alvord and made a complaint against us. He said we were on his ponies' grazing ground but said if we would go away peacefully, they would send the Indians to help carry the things down to the river, so father was notified the next day by the government. The soldiers and Indians came and helped move our household goods down and we stayed there four days, when a flat-boat came up the river under the management of Captain Baughman. Father went to The Dalles to see him about taking us down to the Cascade Falls. We started for a place, now called Council Crest, where my step-mother's people had taken land back in the hills. When we arrived at Captain Baughman's house, a mile above the falls, on the Washington side, we stayed all night. The Captain said it looked like rain and we had better carry the things up to the house, which the men did, and the next morning it was raining and continued for two or three weeks. The good Captain proposed for us to stay at his house until he made one trip to The Dalles. We stayed while he moved two families, one named Smith, who went to the Grande Ronde country; and the other was Joslyn, who settled at White Salmon and started a stock farm, living there for many years.

When the Captain returned he proposed to my father to go look at a land claim two miles above the Cascades, and when my father got back, he said he would take it as it had the most wonderful timber he had ever seen. The Captain told him he could make a good living by cutting the wood and sending it to The Dalles, so we moved up. It was about the last of April, 1853, and my father found work that summer where the Cascade Locks now are. He was building a boat for a man by the name of Bush, and worked till the first of September, when the boat was ready to be launched. All the people in the neighborhood were there. They gave a wonderful dinner, and it was the first celebration that was ever held at the Cascades, September 12th, 1853.

The next fall my father hired men to cut logs and built a log house. We lived in a tent all summer but moved into our new log home in December, after which my father hired men and began cutting wood and banking it to send to The Dalles.

My sister was married to Francis M. Vanderpool, January 24th, 1853, at the Cascade Falls, (Washington), at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bush. She worked at the hotel when they were married, then she came up to The Dalles on the first boat to visit us, and when we took our place, they went back to the Cascade Falls. In June, Mr. Vanderpool left and went to the Umatilla country while my sister went to Portland to work, and after three years he came back, and together they took up a place where the Stevenson cemetery is now, (which is now known as the old Bevins place). It was one place above my father's and was first known as the Vanderpool place.

I was married, March 18th, 1855, to Henry B. Holtgreive, who lived down on the Columbia River, five miles above Vancouver, on the Oregon side. We had been married about a year when the Indians attacked the Cascades. Shortly before this time my sister came down to stay with my husband and me as she was afraid. She had not been with us two weeks when two steamers, the *Bell*, and the *Fashion*, went up the river on their daily trip, but came back about 2:30 with their flags flying at half-mast, and landed at Mr. Lewis Leiser's place, just across the river from our place, as he had a wood yard, and the steamers landed there for wood. A man named John A. Williams, took a boat and went over to see what was the matter. Later he told us that the Indians had attacked the Cascades and for every body on the Oregon side, from the Sandy River, to go to Portland, and those around Cape Horn, Washington, to go to Vancouver. After being warned, the Cape Horn residents, and those who lived around on the Columbia bottom, went to Vancouver in row boats. My husband was one of the parties who rode out to warn the people. We were to meet at a Mr. Millard's house, two miles below us, and when we came to that place everybody was gone and the house locked, so we went to Vancouver.

When my husband, Henry Holtgreive, returned, he came on down to the Millard house, and, finding everyone gone, went on down to the ferry. He had his rifle with him and had to pass an Indian camp. While on the way he heard a boat and tried to hail it but they never answered him but stopped rowing and just drifted, so he went back home. Our house being rather small,

he went up into the attic where he fixed the two dogs on a blanket by an old way sail, and in the morning when he awoke the sun was already up. He rounded up the cattle and started for the ferry, and when he came to the Indian camp he found several Indian women and one man looking up the river. One woman said she was afraid her people were killed. The Indian came up to my husband and asked if he was not afraid, and he said "no." Then he went on down and met the boats coming back, so Mr. Williams took him in and they went back home to get some things they needed. Before they arrived a flat-boat landed from the Cascades, on which were a family by the name of Hamilton, and a Mr. Pierce, who had been shot. They had picked up every body along as they came down. Afterwards they took Mr. Pierce to a hospital and I think he recovered.

The next boat was the *Jennie Clark*, from Portland, loaded with volunteers, and headed for the Cascades, but the next day they came back and stopped at Vancouver.

The soldiers from The Dalles came down to the Middle Cascades where the Indians were having a barbeque, but when the bugle was sounded the Indians ran and took the trail for Yakima. They had already killed several people, and amongst them was Mr. Palmer, who had a store at the Middle Cascades. After they had killed him, the Indians carried away all of his goods which were later found piled up back in the woods. I never knew what they did with these things.

We did not hear from our folks for about a week, but finally my sister's husband wrote, saying they were all alive. He said three men came rushing up, warning them that the place had been attacked. Immediately after receiving this news, my father took his wife and two children in a row boat and crossed the river. The river was very rough, the east wind was blowing hard and when they were out in the river, they found they had nothing to bail water with, so my step-mother took her bonnet and bailed the water out of the boat. By the time they arrived at the opposite shore, the boat sunk, but they waded out, and just then the steamer *Mary* came over from the Washington side and took all the women and children to The Dalles. They sawed Mr. Atwell's fence rails for wood to run the boat, and they stayed as near the Oregon side as they could, but they were not molested.

The next after they brought the soldiers down, they killed a few Indians at the Upper Cascades, and then moved down to the Middle Cascades. I have spoken of this before. The Indians

soon fled when they learned the soldiers had rescued the settlement. Aside from the adventures of my own people, during this massacre, I could give many other details but I suppose it has been written by other parties.

ELIZABETH R. HOLTGREIVE.