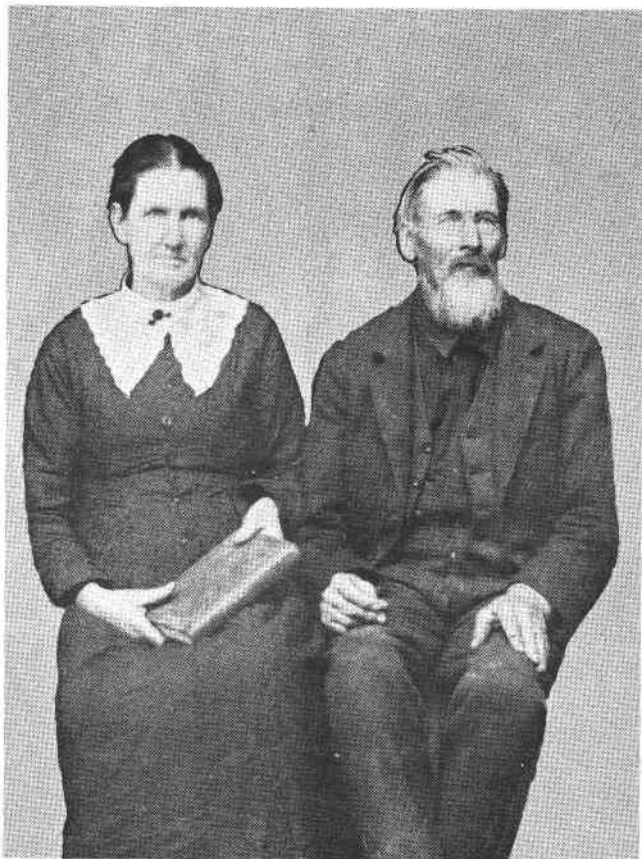


# Lane County Historian



MR. AND MRS. CORNELIUS J. HILLS

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FIRST DONATION LAND CLAIMS IN LANE CO.—1846

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LANE COUNTY PIONEER — HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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# LANE COUNTY PIONEER — HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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2161 Madison St., Eugene, Oregon—Merle S. Moore, Editor

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“I am only one of God’s Black Oak Trees  
Spared and growing along life’s trail.  
He only knows the date of my birth  
Or the rest and comfort to humankind,  
So let me stand on this highway of earth,  
A home for his creatures, a shade for man.”

The above poem by the late F. M. Wilkins, one of the earliest Lane County pioneers, reproduced on a tin sign, was tacked on an oak tree alongside the old Applegate Trail, or Westside Territorial Road, at Smithfield (later Franklin) by the DAR, about 1930.

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John E. Smith, Corvallis historian, contributes the following clipping in regard to the Applegate Trail.

“In the fall of 1846, the old packtrail of the Hudson’s Bay fur company was made wider (most of it by the Jesse Applegate party) for use as a wagon road. . . . It was the first north-south wagon road through Lane and Benton counties, and in 1848-9, became a principal highway going on southward toward the California gold fields. It passed through, or near, Cheshire, Elmira, Crow, Lorane and Anlauf.”

**The LANE COUNTY HISTORIAN assumes no responsibility for statements of contributors.**

(but will welcome any corrections of historical facts)

# Cornelius Hills Crosses The Plains

(first 1847, re-crossed for his bride, 1850; third—1851)

By Hallie Hills Huntington, granddaughter

Ever since the Crusades the Hills' family seems to have been touched with the wanderlust, for the first ancestors to whom we trace in America, left Essex, England to sail out of Bristol on the 250 ton sailing ship LYON, in the year 1632. Starting on June 24th they entered the harbor of Boston on September 16th after a tempestuous voyage. Arriving on the LYON of that sailing with Will Hills was Elizabeth Winthrop, niece of the Colonial Governor. A brother, Thomas Hills, came the next year. Through one marriage he claimed relationship to George Washington—on the same branch that Queen Elizabeth II is related to the Father of this Country.

Five generations and one hundred and eighty-six years later, Cornelius Joel Hills was born near Syracuse, New York, in Onondaga County. As a young man he learned the Cooper's trade (the making of shipping or storage barrels for the Syracuse Salt Works). His family moved from New York to Wisconsin, but having a good job that paid 50c per day for skilled labor he remained on with his work, even though the call of the west was ringing in his ears. Sometime later, he suffered a badly cut right foot. Unable to work he set out to walk to the primitive home of his parents which was near Sylvester, Wisconsin, several hundred miles distant. Doagries or (Dogerys) Saloons, were numerous along the rough and unimproved roads leading West and by keeping his foot wet with whiskey, he was able to walk with a fair degree of comfort. It appears that his heroic treatment was effective. At least he did not develop infection. This was between the years 1833 and 1835. He arrived sufficiently recovered to help his father, Joel Hills, build a house of hand-hewn timbers. Joel's wife was Polly Fox and there were 13 children in the family.

The family table was kept supplied by

hunting and fishing. It was during this time that Cornelius developed the skills and woodmanship that would prove so important in his later life. From Wisconsin, following the building of the house, he went to Michigan, and there worked with his uncle on the first railroad attempted in that part of the country. Leveling of the track bed was hand work and the rails were made of hard wood. After many frustrations the whole venture was declared unsuccessful.

It was while he was working on the railroad that he heard a man telling of the wonders of the Oregon Country, that legendary land that he declared to be the Biblical version of the land of "milk and honey" with sections of unbelievably rich land, to be had for the driving of the stakes. His imagination was fired and he yearned for the passing of the snowy and unusually wet winter. During that time his mind was made up and he started to collect some good horses and the then available, rough camping equipment. He haunted every place where the magic word OREGON might be spoken and learned everything possible about the country and the perils of crossing to this promised land. He was told that only by having a chain halter would it be possible to keep his saddle horse out of the hands of thieving Indians, so he had a stout one constructed for Dolly, the mare that he would ride on this exciting adventure.

By spring his enthusiasm had proven contagious and several other men had agreed to make the crossing of the plains. They started looking for an outfit to join.

St. Jo. was the "jumping off" place for the far west and presented a very rough appearance. This frontier town was just beginning to get set for the tremendous rush of business that was to be pressed upon its still unready, mud-lined streets and crudely thrown up shops and supply stations. Prices were high and commodi-

ties limited. Some of the most sought after services were the blacksmith shops, where it was possible to have horses shod, wagon tires reset, and in fact wagons built to near specifications, with water tight bodies, for later stream crossings. These wagon beds were later to prove a sound investment, for the rivers were many and varied in the problems they created. Talk was rough and even then guns were rapid and often deadly. The law, what there was of it, was not too much concerned, except to stay away from possible conflict with these hardy characters, who burned with a desire to head westward. Here too families waited anxiously, for trains with leaders to be formed, so they could with even a measure of safety push off into the beckoning sunset.

May 20th was the day of the actual start for Cornelius. Wagons, some 40 of them, were lined out and oxen that had been bought at prices ranging from a small amount for green "broke" up to \$150.00 and often more for one span of well-wintered and properly broken work stock. The first day only five miles rolled under the wheels of the wagons. On good days as much as 25 miles might be logged, but for the most part 12 to 15 miles was considered a good days travel. Oxen on fairly level ground walked at a rate of about 2 miles per hour.

Soon after the start rain poured down and a heavy wind blew. That was the time chosen by Mrs. Balch to add a son to the members of the westward trek. Only one day was lost for this event and the hardy young man seems to have had no ill effects from the jolting of his simple cradle.

Near the Platte River a herd of buffalo ranged near and two of the horses of the train joined them and were "seen no more." Loss of horses and work stock was always a serious and depressing matter. A night guard was posted each night after that experience. The Platte was a many branched river that gave the emigrants the first taste of what was to be a procession of many rivers to cross, with only their own ingenuity, resourcefulness and hard-headed judgment to guide

them. A few trains had already made the hazardous journey and a small amount of information had trickled back, but at that time ferries and bridges were simply not available. Quick sand plagued them at the first of many crossings of the Platte. If a wagon was not kept in motion for even a moment, one wheel might start down, and in some cases before it could be pulled out, the wheel would drop swiftly to a point where the wagon would be tipped over.

After crossing the Platte, buffalo were to be seen in the valley and it was not long before one of the men with a lucky shot brought down a large buffalo cow. This was their first sample of such meat and all acclaimed it, saying it tasted very much like a good grade of beef. The tongue was especially prized.

Several additional wagons asked permission to join the train and the number was now increased to 47. As they proceeded up the Platte River a small child of a Mr. and Mrs. Campbell became very ill and the train was halted. Everything possible was done, but the next day the emigrants sadly dug their first grave. It was a painful occasion, but they could not stop to ponder for the road stretched ahead and the little girl was beyond either their help or their tears.

Pawnees became troublesome about that time and even with the greatest care a valuable horse was lost. The guard, which was posted that night was not alert enough to detect the Indians' clever way of inching through the grass with the silence and smoothness of a snake until he could leap onto the back of the startled horse and with his moccasined feet dug in behind the shoulders of the horse, he was away like the wind into the darkness. Knowing the country as they did made pursuit useless.

Near Fort Laramie stock feed was extremely short and the Sioux Indians were troublesome, but did not appear to be actually vicious. Here the emigrants saw the Indian's answer to the age old problem of transportation. Two long poles were tied, one on each side of a gentle horse or dog. These poles had two cross bars well behind the animal of burden

and the two bars had a skin or blanket fastened so as to form a nest for carrying any number of articles; from teepees to the ancient grandmother, although usually she walked. Large dogs were used more often than horses and they seemed to accept such a burden without complaint. Indian dogs were always lean and looked in need of a meal.

Both the Little and Big Blue Rivers were enjoyed for their cool, but strangely murky waters. Here a great scare was in store for the members of the train, for one morning nearly half of their cattle were missing. Every one was convinced that sneaking Indians had been able to cut the herd in two and "made off" with a great share of the work stock, without which the train could not move. Most of the day was consumed while the men hunted frantically. Finally, they were located some distance away to where they had strayed, while the night guard took a nap.

The Sweetwater was a beautiful and unspoiled country. Cattle gave much trouble through venturing onto deceptive banks, where the marsh land looked stable, but was underlaid with a type of quick sand and many of the cattle became mired down. This necessitated fast and heavy work; for unless they could be gotten out in a reasonably short time, they refused to try to help themselves and stoically awaited whatever fate might have in store for them. Sunday, the 25th of June, they reached the Guide Post of the Prairies, Independence Rock. Earlier visitors had carved their names and the date or had left notes for later travelers. In fact, this was a sort of pioneer post office and the emigrants made much use of it as they passed in an ever increasing flood of humanity.

Buffalo were not as plentiful here as they had been earlier. The manner of Indian buffalo hunting was most interesting. First of all the hunters took great pride in their buffalo horses. Such a horse must be exceptionally fast and not afraid. Fleetness of foot was necessary to overtake the intended victim. The Indian hunter would run his horse until the toe

of his moccasin touched the rear of the fleeing buffalo, then, from the back of his running horse, he would shoot a heavy arrow into the flank, directed to range forward, through the vital organs of the animal. As soon as the arrow was loosed, the horse was trained to pass the buffalo with a burst of speed. Otherwise, if the arrow failed to hit a vital spot, both horse and rider would be charged by the infuriated beast. A good buffalo horse was said by the Indians to be worth "many ponies" and was considered far more than a wife. Most of the warriors, at that time, had several wives and would trade one or even two or three for a good buffalo horse.

Pacific Springs was a landmark that everyone looked forward to eagerly, for it was here, for the first time that water flowed to the Pacific Ocean. To have a drink from waters going to the western ocean gave a feeling that they were nearing their goal. Much of the country was infested with ponds of varying sizes, where a strange deposit, which they called Saleratus, was found. The travelers were not acquainted with alkali. They had grave difficulties with the cattle wanting to drink and in many cases this proved fatal. Another trial was the fact that they did not recognize the deadly danger of the western parsnip and several head of cattle were lost through eating the green lacy foliage. Usually they died within 24 hours.

Fort Hall was a welcome sight and for high prices it was possible to re-supply with some of the staple commodities such as flour, bacon, salt, and coffee. From there they passed up the Raft River and arrived at Prairie Springs. Great interest was caused by the Soda Springs that bubbled hot water with an evil smell and a flat sulphur-like taste which was not pleasant. The roads became dreadful about this time and the work stock was becoming seriously jaded. Each day they grew steadily thinner and several succumbed to "foot evil," with which they turned very lame and were not able to work. Great urgency was now felt as the mountains were still to be crossed and loss of work stock was proving a real handicap.

Digger Indians were a constant threat and to hold the cattle at night against their determined raids was a complicated task. One ox was killed by arrows and several others crippled. One man, who was not with the train claimed to have lost six span, or twelve head to arrows. Teams were supplied him from the dwindling surplus. Near the last of September, after the teams had turned south to follow the Southern Route to Oregon, Indians were very troublesome and an alert guard had to be maintained at all times. One evening, as supper was being prepared, a raid on the cattle started, but the guards were very quick and even though a good many arrows flew through the air none of the cattle were injured. This lack of success seemed to irritate the Indians and they started a rain of arrows on the emigrant camp. Ann Davis, a young girl, was kneeling by the fire baking bread. Three arrows sailed through the air at once, one striking her above the knee, another in the arm, and one penetrating her side. She was painfully hurt. Having no one in the train who was in any way skilled in surgery, it may be assumed that the removal of the arrows was accomplished with more force than skill. Due to the jolting of the wagon it was not possible for them to travel until a litter was built, upon which she could be carried by four men. She recovered, much to the surprise of everyone. Gangrene, the dread of the early wagon trains, did not "set in" and she later married and lived a long and happy life in the Willamette Valley.

Wood, water, and grass were of the utmost importance to every train. It required a lot of water for work oxen, otherwise they were prone to become "heated" and made unfit for heavy work. When the road was rough the oxen suffered cruelly from the jarring and jolting of the wagons. Each jar was transmitted through their neck and shoulders, as they were firmly connected to the tongue through their yokes. This heavy jarring was thought by some drivers to be the cause of bleeding from the nose. When this occurred, usually the animal died before morning.

The way was weary, hot, and long, but at last they reached the Humboldt River and finally Fandango Creek. The Sage country was not so rough and soon many lakes were in sight, often causing them to make wide detours. In the Klamath (Clamat) area the Indians were wild as deer and were difficult to get even a glimpse of, as they hid among the rocks and canyons. After passing the Klamath River the way became very rough and many days only a few miles could be gained even with the most back-breaking labor. The weather turned cold and heavy frosts were always on the ground in the mornings. The cattle would not graze until after the frost had melted off the grass and their starts were delayed until later in the day. This slowed their progress further, but they did not dare push the cattle without giving them time to feed.

The so called Umpqua Mountains proved to be most difficult. It was necessary to chain the wagon wheels and drag small trees by their tops to keep the wagons from running over the teams and usually in such cases, upsetting. Now the weather took a turn for the worse. Added to the bitter cold, a chill rain seemed to find every rent and tear in the canvas tops of the wagons. The Umpqua River was crossed with the help of Indians in canoes, but the water was deep and the current swift. Often in such crossings it was necessary to take off the wagon wheels and float the wagon bed across with a line from the farther bank, to which was hitched a team of horses, since they were so much faster than the lumbering oxen. This was a tricky and dangerous business, because, caught in the current, a wagon might be whipped around and upset. When this occurred it was necessary to "turn out" the contents of the wagon box for a thorough drying. In rainy weather this could be a real problem. Many times, by the time the last wagon was across, the men in the party would not have a dry stitch of clothing on their bodies. Now their route seemed to be a succession of rivers, with each day presenting a new set of problems. Feed for the stock improved and their prog-

resses eased as soon as two "horrible" days spent descending Cow Creek Canyon were behind them. This was done by dint of hard hand labor, which included chopping out trees or notching out the top half and piling limbs and other material up until the wagons could be worked over. Ropes were used on the steep hill sides, so they would not be tipped over, as they crept forward a few impossible miles each day.

Food for the weary travelers had reached a monotonous level. Bacon was no longer fresh after several months on the road without any sort of refrigeration, and had developed a rancid, strong flavor. Fried, always, the grease left over was made into a thick gravy with flour and milk if it was available; if not water was used. Frying pan bread was part of every menu, together with rice and often, some kind of dried fruit. Dried apples seemed to be the prime favorite. Their food was not fancy and far from delicious, but by the time the grind of daily travel came to a sagging halt, the tired people were thankful for their simple fare—and that it had not been exhausted. Beans could only be cooked on lay-over days, when plenty of wood and time were both available. Usually only the simplest of fare was possible to prepare, but while the emigrants grew leaner with the passing of each day their health was robust and they tackled their daily tasks with vigor and determination.

Horses seemed to fare better than the work cattle, who were becoming increasingly thin and weak. Each morning the work cattle lined up to submit their bony necks, heavy with callouses, to the yoke with what appeared to be stoic indifference.

After several crossings of the Willamette River Coast Fork and at sunset on November 3rd they pulled up at Eugene Skinner's cabin. It was with real joy that they shouted greetings and exchanged news. They had, at last, after six months of danger and hardships reached the magic Willamette Valley and the land that would be theirs for the taking. Two days of heavy rain followed, but even so

the men started at once to look for donation land claims. Many names of the members of the 1847 wagon train have made history in Lane County. Captain Lester Hulin, whose unerring good judgment had been greatly responsible for bringing the train through with a minimum of loss of life and equipment, Cornelius Hills, A. and L. Coryell, William Davis, Henry Noble, George Gilbert, Jason Wheeler, James Chapin, Isaac Stearns, Prior Blair, Charnel Mulligan, and the families of the Starr's and the Belknap's. These are but a few of the names from the roster of the train of 1847. Cornelius Hills started at once to look for a home site. He was in a fever to drive his first stake. First he went to the Elijah Bristow cabin at Pleasant Hill and enjoyed a meal eaten off a table. Rough, it was, to be sure, but the joy of sitting down to a table of sorts was not to be denied. After some discussion with the Bristows he staked a claim near them which he soon abandoned. Thinking of finding something more to his liking and where his neighbors would not be so close, he and John Winters built a raft and crossed the Middle Fork of the Willamette, near where the little town of Jasper now stands. When he saw the green, fertile valley with its own small, but rushing stream, he exclaimed in a scarcely audible whisper—"This shall be my home," and it was, all the days of his life. His only complaint about his adopted land may well be echoed by many who live in its verdant valleys—"What Oregon needs in winter is a danged BIG roof." Staking his claim did not seem to be a necessary precaution, for the Indians who roamed over the valley, camping where they chose, did not claim squatter's rights, but at any rate the corners were paced out and the stakes driven. This done, he made a home camp, collected his horses and proceeded to look the country over. At the present site of Springfield not even a shack was to be seen, though huge trees, with their roots intact were well scattered, as though carefully dropped by a giant's hand. On the wide valley floor they looked like match sticks. He drank from the spring

for which that town is named and forded the river, again heading west. The river bank was rocky and steep and when he had gained the level of the prairie, there was no sign of habitation until he reached the Skinner's cabin near the butte.

Following the custom of widely separated neighbors, he was given a meal by the Skinners, after which they spent some time discussing the many problems of pioneer living. Some news was beginning to trickle into the valley and they digested it avidly. This neighborly call completed, he started back to his camp, but a hard thunder shower came up with a driving rain. Under the Condon Oaks (on the present U of O campus) was an Indian Sweat House in useable repair. There he spent the night, with his dependable saddle mare, Dolly, tied to his ankle. On the westward trail she had proven herself to be a dependable Indian scout and was said to be able to "smell an Indian a mile."

The winter was spent in building a sturdy log cabin and making it as livable as possible, for he had made plans to return across the plains and claim a dark haired beauty of 18 years for his bride.

It was a wet and thoroughly miserable winter, with an unusual amount of snow. For want of better food he lived through the winter on boiled wheat and wild meat without salt. Each morning, before he went out to work on his claim, he would put a kettle of whole wheat with water on the fireplace crane to cook. The Bristows, who had arrived a year earlier at Pleasant Hill, had been able to sell him the wheat which had been cut with a scythe and threshed with a hand flail. Naturally it was full of chaff and foreign material, but it was at least strong food and he came through the winter lean but healthy and strong. The nearest supplies were at Oregon City and during the winter months the rivers were much too high and dangerous for him to attempt the many fords. This trip for supplies was found to take two full weeks, even when the weather was at its best. The roads through the valley were considered fair by the standards of the day and were often only "middlin'" deep in mud.

Indians were numerous and friendly. They adopted Cornelius as their mediator in their many tribal disputes. The Mollallas and Calapooias taught him many of their hunting secrets and liked to camp near his cabin on Hills Creek or a bit farther away on Wallace Creek.

One especially cantankerous Indian was named Old Fisherman. He was of the sullen, brutal type and treated his squaws with complete disregard, or even worse, with violence. One day when one of them had displeased him, and that appeared to be easy to do, he picked her up bodily and placed her on the camp fire, saying: "You not bring wood, so you burn." One of the younger Indians ran for "white brother" who ran to find the squaw still on the fire and afraid to move. She was badly burned. Their only medicine for such cases was bear's grease and that was of no avail. In a few days the squaw died. Old Fisherman held himself blameless and was completely unimpressed. After the burial (there is an old Indian burial ground on the high ridge overlooking Jasper, in the Scuffle area), white brother went to the Indian camp with a length of rope, which he knotted around Old Fisherman's neck, led him to a tree and threw the rope over a stout limb. Cornelius was not a man of unusual size but by giving the rope a hard jerk, he was able to lift the Indian onto his toes, where he held him until he wheezed out a promise never to do such a savage and cruel thing again. When he was finally let down, badly frightened by the experience, he hurried to his teepee, gathered up his remaining squaws and camping equipment and took a hasty departure. This was not to be the last of Old Fisherman, for he continued to be troublesome and was the only one of the many Indians who never became friendly and even dependent upon "White Brother." This hard lesson made a great impression on the Indians and added greatly to their respect for the lone white man, whom they then decided must be some kind of a God.



## Joins California Gold Rush

Soon the whisper of the magic word "GOLD" was heard in the Oregon Country. Every able bodied man and some even on the infirm side were caught up in the excitement. He needed to have two horses and since it would be necessary to sell them in California, Cornelius left his well loved Dolly with the Bristows and headed for the Gold fields to make his everlasting fortune.

The trip down was made by following both Indian and trapper's trails and was made in approximately three weeks. Arriving at the Feather River he walked along the stream bed and picked up pure gold NUGGETS with a common kitchen spoon. It was possible to pick up from \$150.00 to \$300.00 in a single day in this manner. There was so much free gold that he felt another medium of exchange would be necessary—for "after all the world could only use a certain amount of gold." During the winter he worked for the mines between the South and Middle Fork of the American River and by spring had a sizeable stake. Living was high, with a dozen eggs costing as much as \$25.00, if and where they were available. In the spring he started to worry about his claim, for the gold rush had brought many people to both California and Oregon, and a large number were land hungry as well as gold hungry. After working in the gold fields for a time and collecting a poke of gold, they seemed to head for Oregon and claim jumping was common to the point of being expected.

Cornelius went into San Francisco and started to buy farm machinery. The price was outrageous, but after all, he was loaded with gold and he bought a plow, mower, rake, light farm wagon, harness for a team of horses and many small, and then considered "comfort items" for his cabin home. He paid \$300.00 for a simple set of carpenter's tools and after that still had \$7,000.00 in free gold and nuggets.

## Shipwrecked

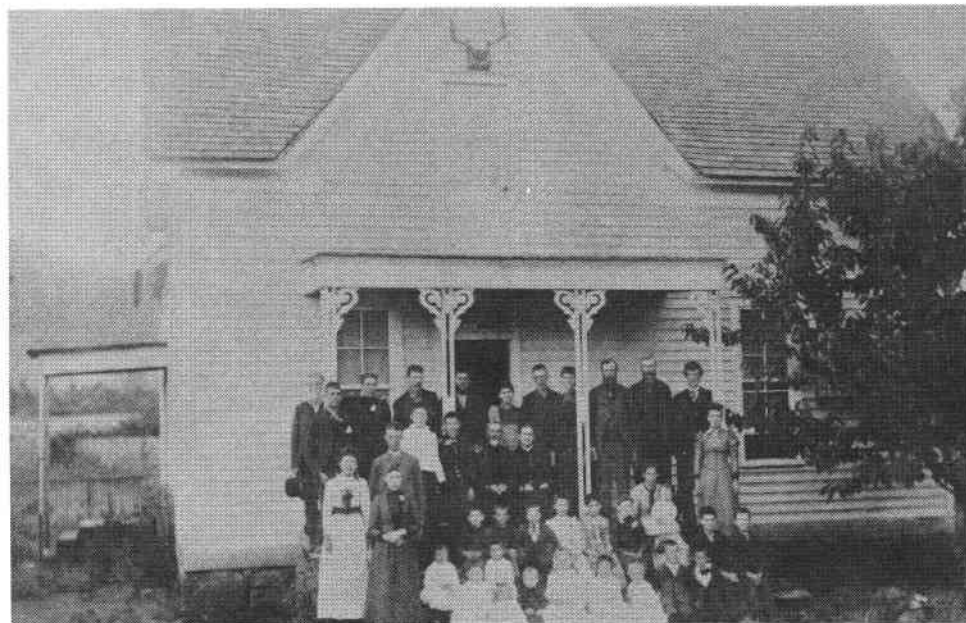
A small sailing vessel was making ready to follow the Oregon Coast and sail into the Columbia River and thence to Portland. On this tiny vessel, the HACKSTAFF, his farm machinery was carefully stowed and he "took passage" for Oregon. How the sturdy little ship breasted the waves of the Pacific is a source of wonder, for it was possible to stand on the bow and dip up water with a tin cup!

Each day he admired his farm machinery and watched the ropes carefully to see that the rolling of the vessel had not loosened them, so they would be damaged by the rough passage. The "upcoast" winds were not kind and for several days they lay becalmed, and to add to their woes the Captain "lost his reckonings!" In total there were 27 men, the crew was made up of 7 hardy souls and there were 20 paying passengers. Soon they were beginning to worry about their food and water supplies for a voyage not to exceed 14 days had been prepared for and under normal conditions they would have had a safe margin. Finally, they approached the mouth of a river which proved to be the Rogue. Here the captain declared that they must go in to where it would be possible to resupply their water barrels and tanks. It was a touchy business to penetrate the mouth of a river to a point where they would be able to dip up reasonably fresh water, for at that time shoals or rocks were not charted and they edged carefully into the mouth of the river over the breakers of the bar. One man stood at the bow with a loaded line, which he dropped to test the depth of the water; another swayed in the Crow's Nest to try to penetrate the silty water and find the channel. Slowly they crept along and seemed to be doing very well until the tide turned when they found to their dismay that they were stranded on a sand bar. For two anxious days they waited hoping that a higher tide might float them free, but quite the reverse was true, for with each changing tide they seemed to become more firmly

(Continued on Page 52)



**Cornelius Family, 1897, sitting, left to right: Jessie (Humphrey), Henrietta (Jacoby) Sephronia (Briggs) Hills (mother), Cornelius Joel Hills (father), Mary (Smith); standing: Elijah, Joel, Sheridan P., John, Jasper B., Cornelius H., arrived with the Hulin train in the present Lane County in 1847. Married Sephronia Briggs. Their donation land claim at the present site of Jasper, on the middle fork of the Willamette River, midway between Springfield and Lowell. # 523-F**



**Home of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Hills—with descendants, about 1898. House built about 1870 on DLC at present site of Jasper, on middle fork of Willamette River about midway between Springfield and Lowell. # 130-H**



School near Landax, above Lowell, on middle fork—about 1905. First school for Hallie Hills Huntington. The Hills pictures in this issue from the collection of Mrs. Fred Hills, Jasper Road, Springfield. #97-P



Family of Jasper B. Hills (son of Cornelius H., pioneer of 1847), for whom the hamlet of Jasper, Lane County, was named. Standing, from left: Fred, Ray, Jessie, John McKenzie, Charlie. Center row: Grace (Walker), Jasper B. (father), Florence Elizabeth (Neet) Hills (mother), holding Lawrence D., Elsie (Mrs. John McKenzie) holding her daughter, Gladys. Front: Hallie (Huntington). Their home—5 miles above (east) of Oakridge, on the Middle Fork and the old Oregon Military road—a travelers' stopover and a sportsman's center. Taken about 1905. #524-F

embedded in the soft and yielding embrace of a clinging mother nature. Indians, who were unfriendly, began paddling toward the stranded boat in long canoes and the men were forced to keep a stern watch to keep them from attempting to board.

With food nearly gone and no water remaining this was a desperate situation. Their life boats were inadequate, but it was finally agreed that they had no choice but to abandon ship. Under cover of darkness they managed to get every man off the ship and onto the river bank, which was on the opposite shore from the hostile Indian camp. The pitifully small supply of food was divided as evenly as possible and the ship-wrecked group headed north and east in an effort to reach the Oregon-California trail that paralleled the coast several score of miles inland.

Some of the men, being hungry, ate all of their food at once, so they would not have to carry it on their backs. A few carried as many personal belongings as they could stagger under at the start. Their trail of wandering could be traced by the articles that they discarded, one by one. Day followed weary day as they wandered in a state of slow starvation. The weaker refused to stay in camp, while the men who were skilled hunters tried for meat, for they were afraid of being left behind. One small deer was killed but it lasted only a day, as the men broiled it with sticks over their camp fire. As in all such groups the less reliant thwarted the efforts of those who might have been able to hunt and get some sort of game. Cornelius said later that it was pretty difficult to kill a deer with starving men all trailing along, shouting "Wait for me."

Each day they grew less able to travel until by chance they crossed a small fresh water stream that was filled with crawfish. All cooking utensils had long since been discarded, so the men, frenzied with hunger, turned over the rocks, caught the back-peddling crawfish and made a meal of them then and there. It was later agreed that raw crawfish were not strictly recommended, but under the circum-

stances they were just about the finest food any of the group had ever eaten. They stayed on at the stream until the supply was pretty well exhausted. After that they resorted to timber slugs and one of the worst complainers, who was always remarking about his delicate stomach, became too weak to travel. The other men surrounded him with those loathsome creatures. When the stronger men went back for him the slugs had vanished and he seemed much stronger. No questions were ever asked. During this time Cornelius decided the gold he was carrying was too heavy. He carefully dug a hole under the roots of a large oak tree and buried his nuggets and free gold in a buckskin pouch. In later years he often mentioned the gold cash but felt it would be a waste of time to try to find it. He laughingly said that some day a most amazing gold strike would be made down in that country, which would probably start a stampede, for some squirrel in burrowing down might dig under that very oak and scatter the shining gold out where it would be seen.

After 24 days they reached the trail they had been seeking, saw their first people, and had the most real food they had eaten for more than 20 days. Cornelius' trip to the gold mines was a year of hard work, starvation plus the loss of his farm machinery, and his \$7,000.00 in gold, which, when he weighed it in the balance, did not seem nearly as important as the saving of his own life.

The following year was spent in fencing the 640 acres, half of which would be his bride's upon her arrival.

One day he went to get his oxen and was surprised not to find them in the usual place. Quickly he saddled his horse, took his gun and started to follow the trail, which led down near to where Natron is now located. There on the bank of the slough he found the remains of Old Brindle. The Indians had driven him here and butchered him. They then loaded all the meat their ponies could carry and headed back for Klamath Falls. He followed them to the crossing of Big Fall Creek, but they had several hours start and the creek was very high, so re-

luctantly he gave up the chase. Good work oxen were "hard to come by" and it was not possible to replace Old Brindle that winter.

### Return Trip

The work of preparation for a recrossing of the plains went ahead during the winter and in the spring of 1850 together with a Mr. Conant and Felix Scott they started. Again they followed the trail known as Lassen Cut-Off. They crossed the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers and left the Oregon-California trail near the present town of Ashland. Not being encumbered with wagons and having but one pack horse each, they set a rapid pace. Some 15 miles below Klamath Falls they crossed the Klamath River. Hurrying on from there they passed Rhett Lake, Goose Lake, and Surprise Valley to connect with the California trail near Winnemucca, Nevada. At that time not so much as an Indian teepee marked the site of Winnemucca. Through much of the way and especially through the Sweet Water and Platte River country they were forced to lay over in hiding in the day time and travel at night. The Indians were especially bad at that time and they were forced to stay out of the higher country where travel was better and faster. Instead, they followed the canyons and coulees. They built only one fire each day and that was to cook their scanty supper in the evening. As soon as they could cook and bolt their food, they would cover their fire and hurry off into the cover of darkness. If their small fire had been spotted by Indians they would, in that way, still have a chance to escape. Their small number made for a great hazard where the red men were concerned and several times they had hair-breadth escapes.

Upon his arrival in Missouri, Cornelius was taken desperately ill. He went to the home of a Mr. Dennis and told him that it was quite possible that he might have cholera. Mr. Dennis probably said his prayers, but even so, he took the sick man into the smoke house where he lashed him firmly to a strong board to keep him straight during the course of the sickness. Gradually he recovered, and Mr. Dennis

nursed him faithfully until he was again able to travel. This must have been a courageous and God Fearing man for thousands of the emigrants died of cholera for which they had no known cure.

Upon his recovery he traveled to visit his family and to see the young lady, who had made the return trip necessary. The gathering of work cattle, horses, wagons, and equipment was started at once. One wagon was of a light horse-drawn type and the other a regular heavy freight wagon to be drawn by oxen. He knew well that it would take a mountain of supplies to make the trip to Oregon and equip a home on arrival.

On February 19, 1851 he was married to Sefronia P. Briggs, the daughter of Samuel and Susannah S. Briggs. She was born at Columbus, Ohio, on August 28, 1828. Her family moved from Ohio to Iowa and were within hearing of the guns at Waterloo, when the Mormons were driven out of Iowa and started for Salt Lake.

The family of Isaac Briggs consisted of John, William, Almira, and Elizabeth, all of whom joined the train for Oregon.

In early April the Briggs family had sold their farm and were ready. Two of Cornelius' brothers, Elijah and Putnam, and several other families with their outfits were ready to start.

### Third Crossing, 1851

#### (Hills-Briggs train)

It was a wet, miserable spring and the weather stayed cold. Even for the groom, with his light wagon and good, strong team the travel was difficult and wearing. His two brothers acted as drivers for the heavy wagon with its multiple ox-teams. Four to six oxen were often yoked to such conveyances. Many of the teams were "green broke" and scarcely a day was to pass without some incident. Several run-aways were narrowly averted and on a few occasions wagons were upset and the contents well scattered. Rivers remained high and the crossings were perilous. Where rafts or ferries were available, the prices were so high that the emigrants felt they could not afford such banditry and have any money left to help them get settled when they did finally reach Oregon.

# William Stoops — Emigrant Boy

Compiled by Charlotte Mitchel from clippings and writings by William Stoops

The John Stoops family left Missouri to go West on April 10th, 1853. William, eldest of the three children, never forgot the exciting adventures and hardships experienced on the Oregon Trail.

"We first met trouble at the broad Missouri River where we found 500 wagons waiting to cross, there being only three ferries to carry them over. And when a large train appeared demanding priority, there was trouble for all. Quarrels broke out, followed by fistfights and finally a display of guns. Fortunately the ferrymen were able to restore peace, allowing the Stoops wagon and others to cross the river that evening.

We were happy to reach the Nebraska side, but soon we were in trouble again, being caught in a wind-and-sand storm that compelled us to camp in crude shelters for several days. A few days of travel and we met still more trouble, being caught in a cloudburst while camping in a dry creek bed. This happened at night while the emigrants were asleep in tents or under wagons, being rudely awakened by a foot of water that covered the bedding and other things. Next morning the women were kept busy drying out the bedding, some of them weeping and declaring, "I wish we'd never started West!"

But soon we were travelling again and all was calm and peaceful for awhile. It was then that an Indiana train caught up with us, joining ours for safety, having a large drove of stock and about 30 head of horses to protect. Later on another train joined us, having about 100 wagons and 200 men.

By now we felt secure, knowing that Indians seldom attacked large trains. In fact, so complacent were we that I and other young boys were allowed to relieve the drivers of loose stock, riding horseback and cracking whips smartly, with no thought for trouble that might lay ahead.

It was at Fort Kearney where two men

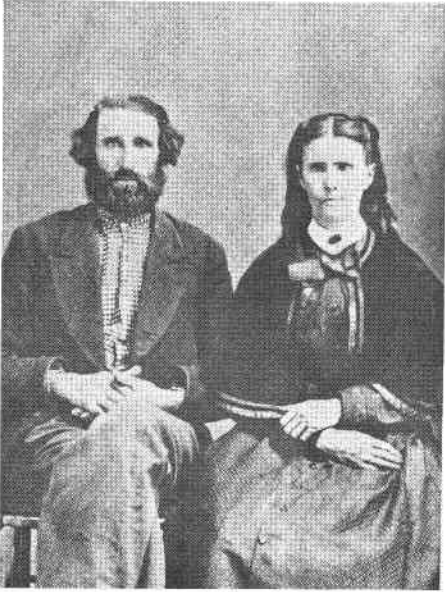
joined our train, wishing to work for their board. One, we learned, was a deserter from Fort Laramie, name of Sounders. The other—an Irishman called Paddy. These men, incidently, proved to be very useful in many ways for as long as they were with us.

As our mile-long train rolled along, it came near to an Indian camp. Here we learned that the train ahead had met trouble, having found its Captain murdered by Indians, his fine horse, saddle and bridle missing. Although this sad event sobered our thoughts, Sounders stopped to buy moccasins from one of the Indians, foolishly allowing the savage to see his large pouch of money.

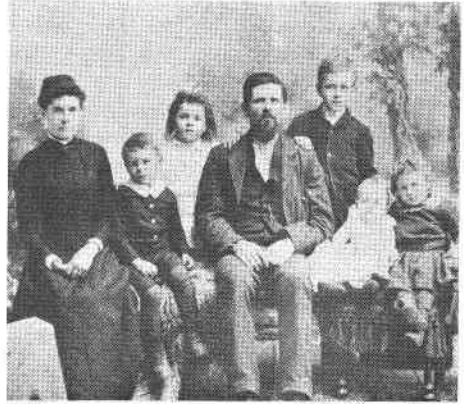
As the Indian grabbed for it, he let his knife fall. I saw Sounders pick up the knife and throw it at the Indian, but it missed, cutting the strings that held his bow and arrow. Seeing Sounders was experienced with bow and arrow, the savage did not run, although he refused to give up the money. While other Indians joined the fight, we boys ran in fright. Fortunately we were able to outrun their lariats, an arrow missing me as I ran.

Sounders tried to settled this affray by threatening the Indians (in Sioux language), saying that "if you harm the boys, all the men in the train will come back and kill every Indian in camp!"

However, this dire threat failed, an Indian making a pass at me with his lariat, catching me by the neck. Grasping the rope with my hand, I threw myself backwards to the ground, with my feet over the rope. Then as the Indian began to drag me, feet first, I took out an old steel case knife from my scabbard and made my escape by sawing through the rope. I recall that when I told this exciting tale to the emigrants, 150 men went back to rescue Sounders, finding him half way back, coming to meet them. As for me, I was a frightened little boy, vowing I'd never leave the safety of my wagon and family again.



Mr. and Mrs. John Stoops, Lane Co. pioneers of 1853, via Oregon Trail and down Columbia by boat, in wagon train with the Parkers and Rutledges. Settled at Dexter—near Pleasant Hill. Photo, courtesy Ruby Mathews. #369-F



William and w/ Mary Jane Babb Stoops and family—both parents Lane Co. pioneers of 1853. Picture courtesy Ruby Mathews. #447-F

At the crossing of the South Platte River the emigrants were in trouble again, and it was Sounders who came to their aid this time, showing them how to put the wagon's beds on blocks of wood and tie the blocks tight to the standards of the wagons. And it was he who saved two men who were caught in quicksand, pulling them to safety.

Still more trouble met the train below Fort Laramie where it had to wait three days to cross the river. Being overcharged for ferriage—3 to 10 dollars a wagon, the emigrants became very angry, refusing to pay, some crossing over by horseback, others demanding the ferryman to restore the \$3.00 rate. It was Mr. Frasier who settled the fracas when it became too serious, by striking the ferryman, then going to the commander of the fort, who restored order. We never saw any more of Sounders and believed the soldiers got him the night of the fight.

By this time I began to lose my fears again and felt quite grown up and experienced, not knowing that I was to ex-

perience another sad if not exciting adventure. It was when our train was four days' travel from Green River that a woman became very ill, the train splitting up next morning because of the shortness of grass, the provision wagons going ahead to the next camp, called Big Sandy. There we found less grass than before, however, so my father's teamsters, my brothers and myself put a letter in a split stick to the side of the road, telling those behind that we had left the Sublet cutoff.

There were three ferries crossing Green River, called Sublet, Emigrant and Mormon. Sublet was new, the road through the sage brush very rough, but the grass was good. When we reached the ferry we waited ten days for the family wagons to catch up, then ferried over. The other two ferries were down river about 6 days' travel; we did not know whether to go on or remain longer, but finally decided the sick woman had caused them to be late, deciding later that it was best to remain where we were until we got to the old road, thinking to overtake them.

When we came to a trading post we inquired whether they'd seen any such train. They said, "No, we haven't," so then we left word with the trader to inform them of our whereabouts, should they come in. So when my father got word that we were ahead, he and Mr. Rutledge started out on foot to overtake us. Needless to say, while Father was travelling those three days, I was a frightened boy, crying myself to sleep every night, certain that I'd never see my folks again.

Sick at heart, one day I took a cut-off road and sat beside it to cry, when a man came along. I told him that I was lost from my folks answering his questions as well as I could. Believing my story, he offered to take me with him to Oregon where, he promised, he would find my parents for me. However, I wisely decided to stay with the provision wagons. After being separated 42 days from his boys, my father finally walked into our camp one night, and when he took me into his arms, I cried with joy this time.

We had to wait five days for the teams to reach us and meanwhile Frasier and Fennel parted from us and we never saw them again, although later on we heard they'd settled in the lower Willamette Valley.

The next incident occurred near the Snake River, where we found a dead man near a spring where he had knelt to get a drink of water. Lane Matlock was in the last train to camp there and when he saw the dead man's horse, its mane and tail shaved off close, he wanted to shoot the Indian who was riding it, but the emigrants talked him out of it, fearing there might be a large band of Indians nearby. Lane Matlock brought the fine animal to the valley, however, settling near Goshen where he ran the horse in several races. (He was Joe Matlock's father.)

Another incident occurred while our cattle were feeding in the hills above camp one evening. As soon as the men brought them in next morning, to drink at the creek, several became sick, rolled over and died. (My father lost four oxen and two cows.) Quite a number died there and on the road, having eaten lark-

spur in the hills. That afternoon when we caught up with Christopher Simmons, we found that he'd lost three of his teams, and his wife and sister-in-law were in tears while he sat in deep despair.

I recall that our train rested there, the men cutting Simmon's wagon in two, cutting off the front wheels and putting a tongue to the rear wheels, my father giving him one yoke of oxen and Mr. Rutledge giving him one, so that the family could go on.

When we finally reached the Snake River, we were delayed again, there being only one ferry and many wagons. We finally got across, but now our teams were growing weaker, my father having left Illinois with ten yoke of oxen, some dying, and giving Mr. Simmons one yoke, leaving us without enough to pull our wagons. So we had to leave one wagon and much of our dunnage, others doing likewise.

We got along as well as possible until we reached Boise River, across from where Boise now stands. Here we met Elijah Elliott, who had gone to California in 1849 and now had come to meet his family and, later on, to turn the emigrants onto the new road over the Cascades. After traveling down the Boise near to its mouth, we ferried the Snake again, which delayed us. One day's travel from the Snake brought us to the Malheur River camp, being the place where Elliott wished to turn the emigrants over the Cascade Mountains and down the Willamette River.

Elliott boasted to my father that he would beat him to the Willamette Valley by three weeks, but father replied that the new road had never been travelled and for those who wished to go that way, to drive out of the train to one side. Nearly half of the Illinois train did drive out and Elliott advised them to continue until they found good grass and to camp and rest there until he overtook them, he planning to stay awhile at the fork of the road so as to continue turning emigrants that way.

Those who went the old way found the water so brackish at the first camp that they could scarcely use it. This was called



the Tub Springs, there being several barrels sunk in the sand there. (Ten years later I found them still there.) Several days' travel brought us to Burnt River, where the road was very rocky, the canyon being so narrow that we had to cross the small stream often.

After we left the canyon, we came to Powder River—a beautiful stream, clear and cold. We found Grande Ronde Valley a fine country with hundreds of peaceable Indians there. After we climbed the Blue Mountains we found a dead man beside the road. While stopping there, another train overtook us, so the emigrants of both trains paused to bury the man.

Both trains traveled together and camped together until we reached Lee's encampment, in the night, turning the cattle loose to feed. Next morning not a cow was to be found, but on the third day my father found the stock back in the mountains about 20 miles from camp in a large log corral. Father tore the corral down, starting the cattle back to camp, but night overtook him, so he was compelled to make a dry camp without food. Next morning he found the cattle about three miles away. After he brought them to camp, they were double-guarded.

After we left the mountains the roads were good and we camped a day or so on Butter Creek, where there was a trading post and where flour sold for \$40.00 per sack of 50 lbs. Some had to pay the price or go hungry.

We reached the John Day River next evening, driving two more days without fresh water, depending on our filled cans of water. When we finally got within sight of water, our teams ran very fast, being famished. After a few days rest here we started again, reaching Fort Drum (The Dalles), where we shipped everything down the Columbia River, except the stock. The latter were driven down the pack trail to Cascade Locks, where they swam across to the north side. The women, children, ox yokes and log chains were taken down river by boats to Cascade Locks where they waited for the men. It was here where I celebrated my eleventh birthday by falling into the river!

As soon as the men arrived, we went by tram car which was pulled by mules. Then we went by boat again to the mouth of the Sandy, where we waited until the men came with the cattle. After a long delay there, we hitched up and came to where East Portland now stands. At that time there were no buildings there of any kind. A friend of father's came across from the west side of the river and tried to influence father to take a donation claim of 320 acres, which was heavily timbered. But Father told him that he would not be able to make a living there. A few years later he was to regret this decision, for that land now lays in the heart of Portland!

When we got to Oregon City, Dr. McLaughlin met us with several baskets of peaches. What a treat for tired, hungry emigrants! I recall that when we were near Salem a girl fell out of her wagon, breaking her arm, which was set by Dr. Hill, who settled at Albany.

We finally reached Rattlesnake Valley, now Trent, Oregon. Here we inquired whether Lige Elliott had got across the Cascades, and learned that no word of him had been received so far. (We camped at McCall's place, Elliott being his brother-in-law.) So the people got pack horses ready to go to meet Elliott, knowing they'd be short of provisions.

They met the first emigrants high up the Willamette River. These had been living off their starving cattle. After these were brought down, the rescuers went for more, until all were rescued. Our train had beat Elliott's in three weeks. They told us that the new road had never been made, just staked out with red flags tied to the stakes, which the Indians delighted in pulling up!

My father, failing to find vacant land, bought squatter's right for \$500.00 in cattle, the seller taking one yoke of oxen at \$200.00 and three cows at \$300.00. So then we only had one yoke of oxen and two cows left. We bought 5 bushels of potatoes and 30 bushels of wheat, taking the latter to a mill near Oregon City to be made into flour. We had to eat hominy until Father got back two weeks later; but, we had all the venison we could eat.

Father cut timber down all that winter to feed to the stock, they'd eat the moss and boughs. But that spring—March, 1854—we hitched up our stock and, with a borrowed team, ploughed several acres of land, planting it to wheat. This yielded 35 bushels per acre. The sow and shoats that Father bought were fattened by spring, so we had pork then.

#### STOOPS GENEALOGY

WILLIAM STOOPS, b. between 1760-65, probably in Penn. or Delaware. In census of Venango Co., Pa., 1800 and 1810. Moved to Nicholas Co., Ky., about 1813. He d. about 1825, leaving no will. He m. Mary Ann Brown (1st). They had 12 children.

MICHAEL STOOPS, son of William and Mary Stoops, b. Oct. 7, 1796, Pa. He m. Eleanor Van Sickle (1st) b. May 6, 1795, d. Aug. 22, 1843. He d. July 4, 1874, Ipava, Ill. They were m. Apr. 28, 1814. They had 13 children.

JOHN STOOPS, son of Michael and Eleanor, b. Dec. 9, 1818, Ohio. (1850) census. d. May 11, 1895. He m. (1st) Nancy Lowe, 1841. She d. about 1850. She was b. Kentucky (1850 census). They had 3 children.

WILLIAM STOOPS, b. 1842, d. 1933. He m. (1st) Margaret Hansen. Had 2 children. He m. (2nd) Mary Jane Babb, who crossed the plains in same wagon train.

(John Stoops other two children by first wife: Malinda, b. July 27, 1847, d. 1924. m. David C. Mathews. And Julia Ann, b. 1849, d. 1869. He m. (2nd) Phoebe Parker, b. 1831, d. 1885. They had 8 children:

Sarah, b. 1854, d. 1876.

Selenia, b. Mar. 15, 1856, d. Mar. 1, 1937. m. Arthur Bringle (1st) Henderson Elliott (2nd).

Euretta, (m. Wm. Laird).

James A. b. 1859, d. 1917. m. Lizzie Monroe.

May, m. Chas. Wiltsee.

John Oscar, m. Rachel Monroe.

Lottie (Mrs. Monroe).

Martha (Mrs. James Keeney).

(John and Phoebe Parker Stoops reared her brother, Joseph Parker, whose son is Ellis R. Parker of Eugene. John and Phoebe settled at Dexter.)

## First Lane County Donation Land Claims

From photostats obtained by Leah C. Menefee, from the Oregon State Archives, Provisional Gov. records, Pages 81 & 82. The following land claims were filed on July 14, 1846, as soon as the famous "Four Horsemen" (first whites to settle in Lane Co.) could ride to Oregon City after staking their claims.

EUGENE F. SKINNER claims 640 acres of land in Polk\* County, situated as follows, To Wit: On the W. bank of the first principal W. fork of the Willamette river at the head of Grand Prairie—beginning at a marked maple (18 in. diam.) on a rock bank at a bend of said W. fork, about 500 yds. E. of an oblong butte, and running S. 122 rods to a shorn stake S. 70° E. 127 links from a W oak (24 in. diam.)—thence W. 426 rods to a maple stake—thence N. 366 rods to a marked maple (15 in. diam.) on the bank of said river—thence along (meridian) on the bank of said river—thence along the meanderings of the river to the

place of beginning which he intends holding by personal occupancy. The above claim was located 8th July 1846.

Dated July 14th 1846

Attested, Fred C. Prigg  
Recorder

ELIJAH BRISTOW claims 640 acres of land in Polk\* County, situated as follows, To Wit: In the forks of the Willamette river, about 3 miles S.W. of a Butte on the middle fork and 2½ miles S. of said middle fork, and beginning at a W oak stake on the W. side of a slough and running E. 320 rods to a W oak stake S.75° W. 195 links from a W oak (30 in diam.)—thence N. 320 rods to a

W oak stake—thence W. 320 rods to a W oak stake S. 87° W. 52 links from a W oak 8 in. diam.—thence S. 320 rods to the place of beginning, which he intends holding, by personal occupancy. Land claim was located 4th of July 1846. Dated July 14th 1846

Attested, Fred C. Prigg  
Recorder

WM. DOBSON claims 640 acres of land in Polk County\*, situated as follows: To Wit: In the forks of the Willamette, beginning at a willow stake 48 rods S. of Elijah Bristow's S.W. corner, and running S. 320 rods to a marked fir tree—thence E. 320 rods to a Fir stake S. 41 W. 13 links from a W Fir (18 in. diam.)—thence N. 320 rods to a Fir stake, 48 rods S. of E. Bristow's S.E. corner—thence W. 320 rods to the place of beginning, which he intends holding by personal occupancy. Said claim were located 6th day of July 1846. Dated July 14th 1846.

Attested, Fred C. Prigg  
Recorder

FELIX SCOTT JUN\*\* claims 640 acres of land in Polk County\*, situated as follows, To Wit: In the forks of the Willamette river and beginning 20 rods W. of Elijah Bristow's W. line at an Ash Stake, and running W. 320 rods to a dog wood stake—thence N. 320 rods to a dog wood stake—thence E. 320 rods to an Alder stake N. 58° E. 72 links from a W oak (24 in. diam.) Thence S. 320 rods to the place of beginning, which he intends to hold by personal occupancy.—Located 6th July 1846 Dated July 14th 1846.

Attested, Fred Prigg, Recorder

MARION SCOTT claims 640 acres of land in Polk County\*, situated as follows: To Wit: On the E. side of Grand Prairie and about 1½ miles W. of the Willamette river, 4 miles above the first fork of said river, and beginning at a W oak tree (22 in.) and running W. 320

rods to an ash stake—thence N. 320 rods to an ash stake—thence E. 320 rods to an ash stake S. 23½° E. 375 links from a W oak (24 in. diam.)—thence S. 320 rods to the place of beginning, which he intends holding by personal occupancy. Said claim was located 9th day of July, 1846

Dated July 14th 1846.

Attested, Fred C. Prigg  
Recorder

\* It will be noted that these first land claims in the present Lane County are listed as being in *Polk County*. When the provisional government of Oregon was organized in 1843, the land west of the Willamette river between the Columbia River on the north and the Mexican border on the south as all included in the *Yamhill District*. In 1844 *Polk County* was created to include the south ¾ of the original Yamhill. Thus these land claims lands situated in Polk County at the time they were filed with the Recorder of the Provisional Government at Oregon City. Incidentally, in the Oregon census of 1850 these settlers were listed as living in Benton County—explained as follows: Benton Co. was formed in Dec. 1847 from the south ½ of Polk County. Then under the Territorial Government, Lane Co. was created from parts of Benton and Linn counties (Jan. 28, 1851). Therefore up until 1844, the Lane Co. area was in *Yamhill District*, 1845 to 1847 in *Polk Co.*, 1847 to 1851 in *Benton Co.* and after Dec. 28, 1851 in *Lane Co.*

\*\* Felix Scott, according to Walling's History of Lane County, "afterwards abandoned (this claim) and took one up on the south bank of the McKenzie River opposite the mouth of the Mohawk, upon which he settled." The original claim entry is marked, canceled at the request of the claimant.

join your  
LANE COUNTY PIONEER-HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
Annual dues, only ..... 2.00  
Ruth Richardson, membership secretary  
868 W. 10th Ave., Eugene

# Eugene City Centennial

October 17, 1962

7th city to be incorporated in Oregon

1844—Oregon City

1851—Portland

1851—Waterloo, Linn Co.

1857—Corvallis

1857—Salem

1860—Jacksonville

1862—Eugene City

(again as "Eugene," 1864)

Chartered by Oregon Legislature and signed by Gov. A. C. Gibbs—on October 17, 1862.

Following appointed trustees until an election:

Eugene F. Skinner

Norris Humphrey

J. J. Walton

Stuckley Ellsworth

Population in 1862—400+, in 1962—52,475 plus 9,600 U. of O. students

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## Eugene Centennial Activities

Proclamation by Mayor Cone, 33rd mayor ("presidents" before 1885)

Flags to be flown—Special window displays by merchants

Programs in all schools—Special edition of the Register-Guard

"Eugene Centennial" cancellation of stamps, Eugene Post Office

Pioneer Museum open all day, Oct. 17, at the Fairgrounds

Celebration of Eugene Centennial, Harris Hall, 2:30 Sunday, Oct. 14

by Lane Co. Pioneer-Historical Society—Ethan Newman, Pres.

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Ed. Note—Prints of pictures used in the HISTORIAN may be had at Dotson's Photo Shop, 111 E. 11th Ave., Eugene. Order by number (#).

Lane County Pioneer-Historical Society  
2161 Madison St., Eugene, Oregon

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