

for Mrs Baker (Spinner)

Lane County Historian



Henry Clay Huston and His Wife

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Vol. XIII, No. 4

Eugene, Oregon

Winter, 1968

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Mrs. C. A. Huntington, President

740 West 13th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97402

Dr. E. E. Gray, Membership Secretary

450 L. Goodpasture Rd., Space #45, Eugene, Oregon 97401

Mrs. Stoddard Malarkey, Editor

2075 East 27th Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97403

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be typewritten and double-spaced. If the author wishes to retain his copy, then please submit a duplicate copy for consideration.

CONTENTS

JOURNAL OF HENRY CLAY HUSTON, 1864-1866	83
Transcribed by Hazel Dell Pendell	
THE MILLICANS: ROBERT AND GEORGE	98
Collected by Leah Menefee	

100
175

Journal of Henry Clay Huston, 1864-1866

Transcribed by Hazel Dell Pendell

The reader will perhaps remember that the Henry Clay Huston Journals for the years 1856-1860 were reproduced by the Lane County Historical Society in 1960. We are fortunate to be able to add two more years of his journals to that collection.

Born in Indiana in 1828, Henry Clay Huston came to Oregon in 1852. He developed his land claim west of Eugene, taught school, mined, fought Indians with the Oregon Volunteers, and kept up a constant diary. To quote from the introduction to the previous journals, after his return to Oregon in 1860 from a lengthy trip east, "For the next five years, he alternately worked on his claim, wrote for and was a travelling representative for various Oregon newspapers, taught school, freighted, worked in the Eastern Oregon mines, and began to look about him where a young girl who had come across the plains in the same wagon train which he joined in 1852 was beginning to grow up. On July 15, 1866 he married Lydia Ann Zumwalt, daughter of Isaac and Jane Doak Zumwalt, of Lane County Oregon.

"1866 was election year and Mr. Huston was elected to the legislature. The following year, on October 2, 1867 his first child, a daughter Joan, was born. He returned to the legislature that year, but, discouraged by the corruption of his day, he resigned in the fall of 1868 and thereafter lived on his Lane County property. Here he was constantly sought by his neighbors for his views on all subjects, since he was one of the most broadly educated men of his day. Candidates always stopped to visit

with him and to discuss local and national issues far into the night, while his neighbors came to him to draw up wills, deeds and other legal papers. He died December 18, 1899."

The reader will find that this journal—almost an almanac—has a preponderance of weather information; yet a thread of his life as it leads from mining to farming to election and to marriage can be traced. Rarely do we glimpse his thoughts, but they are interesting when they are expressed. (Ed.)

Wednesday, May 9 (1863?)

It is a fine, dry day.

Thursday 10th

A pleasant day, rather warm.

My Birth Day.

Friday 11

Warm and sunny.

Saturday 12

Cloudy with some drops of rain.

Sunday 13

Rain last night, showery in the morning.

1864

Sunday, June 12th, 1864

I left home preparatory to starting for the "mines."

Monday 13

Still making preparations.

Tuesday 14

Left H. Smyth's and went to Howards.

Wednesday 15

Thursday 16

Awaiting the motions of a "pack train."

Friday 17

Left Eugene City and crossed into "The Forks" of Willamette on the "McKenzie Road"—had a severe shower with hail.

Saturday 18

Moved on about 11 miles. Crossed McKenzie River, and had another shower of rain.

Sunday 19

Disgusted with past and promised delay of "Pack Trains," I seceded and left for the "Barlow Route"; and reached the main valley. Staid with John H. Milliorns, a good Democrat.

Monday 20

Pushed on—to Rob't Miller's—who told me he voted the full Democratic Ticket for the first time, this year.

Tuesday 21

Crossed through "The Forks of Santiam" and halted for the night with Mr. O. H. P. Darby on the North Santiam a few miles from Sublimity. He also stated that he this year voted the full Democratic Ticket for the first time.

Wednesday 22

Awoke to hear it rain, but at noon I started on through light showers of rain and arrived at Silverton.

Thursday 23

Staid last night and till noon, with Mr. Brown a good Democrat; no rain though cloudy and lowery.

Friday 24

Camped last night on Molallah Creek, at the East end of "Molallah Prairie"; bought feed and pasture of Mr. Welch, another staunch Democrat. Moved on to Foster's near the foot of the Mountains. The road was hilly and I traveled slow. Mr. Foster is a rabid Democrat. Last Tuesday, near North Santiam, I came upon a young couple, by the road-side, "whispering tales of love" all alone. Today I saw a buxom lass marching deliberately along with her dress skirt turned over her head—at the sight of me it fell.

Saturday, June 25

I left Mr. Foster's and set out alone into the mountains, the road was wet, but not very muddy. I found but four very bad hills today; but all along the way were tremendous forests of timber some alive and much dead! Dashing streams of water rang in my ears at every step of the road, after I had come seven miles from Foster's. During the day I saw a small brown bear and evidence of other game. Crossed three considerable creeks and then Sandy and camped five miles from the foot of Laurel Hill—25 miles from Foster's.

Sunday 26

Set out early, soon reached Laurel Hill, scuffled up it then up another, and another and so on, till I reached the Summit—Near the Summit I saw a very large black bear passing over a marsh. I put my dog after it, both were soon out of sight and are yet—thus I lost my dog, but what was his fate I do not know! I had time to parley, but kept on think(ing) the dog would come, but he did not, and I regret that my thirst for fun cost me a valuable companion!

The road today was all it could be, to be bad, the hills are steep, high, rocky and stumpy; the flats are muddy, rocky and stumpy. Logs, stumps and rocks are abundant all through, and mud is not wanting near the Summit.

I traveled till darkness hid the road, then very weary I tied up the horses and lay down, hungry and thirsty, and slept till dawn aroused me on the Monday 27th of June; I harnessed up without delay and set out for water and grass which I found about seven miles on, and three miles east of Barlow's, at the Eastern base of the Cascade Mountains—and 65 or 70 miles from Foster's. At this

place I concluded to rest and recruit the horses which look miserable.

Changed my notion left before night and halted late at night near Tigh Valley. 9 miles on my way.
Tuesday 28

Set out early; stopped for breakfast in Tigh Valley, after crossing the Creek, going again I soon reached DesChutes at the upper bridge, saw a white man smite a Siwash, paid toll and passed on, six miles brought me to Grass Hollow, and five more to a *Cyote* badly frightened, and six more to camp, in "Green Valley," where *never* a tree yet grew. Now, by the way, I've traveled 225 miles from Long Tom.

Wednesday 29

I traveled down "Green Valley" and left it, passed a spring and crossed John Day's River, where I came very near being swamped, as it was too deep to be safely forded. Passed on up Rock Creek and camped about 7 miles from John Day's River.

Thursday 30

So ends one of the most eventful months of my, so far, useless life. June 1st found me at Springfield, Lane Co. playing "Stump Orator" as a candidate for State Senator. The last finds me *alone* a weary, witless wanderer on Willow Creek, 275 miles from home, in the midst of dreary burning wastes; with a burning sun over my head and burning rocks underfoot. I write this after a 23 mile tramp, one of the hottest days I ever endured. May Heaven forgive my past follies and mend me in the future!!

July, 1864

Friday 1

Left Willow Creek early and about one o'clock reached the west fork of Butter Creek; rested my ponies till four or five o'clock, then

passed over to the east fork of Butter Creek, traveled up five or six miles and camped. The day was very warm, but more pleasant than yesterday as a pleasant breeze was blowing. I passed a fine spring about 12 miles from Willow Creek going East—on the North side of the road. The Sun is gone and one star comes out.

Saturday 2

Left Butter Creek, saw a live woman, horse hunting, day warm with a stiff breeze which made it quite pleasant: reached Birch Creek without a halt, got my pony shod and camped for the night.

Sunday 3

Left Birch Creek, took the Mountains and had a severe rain, but made a big day's travel and reached Deaby's Ranch about dark.

Monday 4

Dawned cool and dry with a pleasant breeze and flying clouds over the wild ridges of the Blue Mountains—"A Glorious Fourth." I started late and traveled slowly, but long before night I reached the "Horse Ranch" and there camped.

Tuesday 5

Two Messrs. Cox, Mr. Hinton, Mr. Daugherty and myself started rather early and traveled slowly but reached "Skeedaddle Gulch" in good time; there I found Knox alive and lively after an absence of seven months and twenty-two days.

Wednesday 6

Took my blankets and other fixtures and went to Granite Creek and left my camp equipage, took a look at the diggings, felt rather "down at the mouth" at the result and prospect of this Summer's work and this condition I returned to Skeedaddle.

Thursday 7

Started my ponies for the ranch

in care of Mr. Lemley and concluded to "lay to" till next Monday. The weather since I came to Dealy's Ranch has been dry and cool. Yesterday morning was frosty.

Monday 11

I went to work in the diggings.

Sunday 17

Clear, cool and pleasant, as has been every day since I came to Granite Creek. For four or five days I've been unwell, feeling disagreeable and often miserable with a severe cold, which seems inevitable in these Mountains about twice a year. From politics I have turned to mining "Bed Rock," "Pay Dirt," "Ground Sluice," "Flume," Water, Pick, Pan, Shovel, Grub, and "prospect" are common phrases.

August, Thursday 4

We finished cleaning up our "Ground Sluice." Weather dry and warm; water very low.

Sunday 7

Yesterday we finished "cleaning up" and "panning out," my interest, above expenses for this season, amounts to about 380 dollars. Weather dry, clear and warm.

Sunday 14

Pleasant. Had a rain with heavy thunder last Tuesday 9th. Spent three days last week working on a Reservoir.

On Monday the 8th Hussey and myself began to work by ourselves.

August end warm and pleasant, we had a few light and one heavy shower during the month. A considerable amount of thunder attended almost every shower.

Nothing exciting occurred during the month. The water is low and miners are deserting their claims and many are leaving for other parts.

September, Thursday 1st

September began with quite a

storm, a heavy shower of rain with heavy thunder and lightning.

Friday 2

Indications of rain with a sprinkle after dark.

Saturday 3

Dry and pleasant.

Sunday 4

A change has come over the mountain atmosphere. The air today is chilly and like Autumn and on the high Peaks Winter seems enthroned in Snow and frost!!

Sunday 11

Cool and in the afternoon a light shower of "Hominy hail"—about dark snow and rain mixed—began to fall, the night was squally.

Monday 12

Cool and disagreeable with falling sloop of snow and rain! This is our first snow on the Creek this Fall!

Tuesday 13

Pleasant but cool like Autumn!

Wednesday 14

Sunny and pleasant after a cool frosty morning.

Tuesday 20

I left Granite Creek in company with S. King Miller; having sold everything in which I was interested on the Creek, I left feeling that I would not again retrace my steps in any reasonable space of time.

Wednesday 21

Early in the morning we set out on a Mezeppa ride, the morning was cold and we hurried along till we reached the "Horse Ranch" about 14 miles from camp. After *breakfast* we went on to Richardson's.

Thursday 22

Came in a wagon from Richardson's to Birch Creek; overtook the rest of the company who had gone on horse-back. There we hired another wagon and set out, about

dark, for the "Chebang" where we arrived after midnight.

Friday 23

Off again early and before night we arrived at "Umatilla Landing."

Saturday 24

We came to The Dalles by Steamboat.

Sunday 25

We were detained at The Dalles. Saw Dr. DeWolfe's Picture Gallery and Phrenological Specimens, by special invitation.

Monday 26

Arrived at Portland after a pleasant Steamboat trip from Dalles.

Tuesday 27

Detained in Portland.

Wednesday 28

Left Portland with R. B. Cochran, passed Oregon City and in the *rain* and dark we found a house and there staid over night.

Thursday 29

Passed through "French Prairie" and staid over night within six miles of Salem!

Friday 30

Arrived at "The Fair Ground" went in and saw Sanitary things, muddy women, soldiers and horse races.

October, 1864

Saturday, October 1

Saw 35 or 40 horse-races and one foot race and left Salem in disgust.

Sunday 2

Day pleasant, arrived at Washington Butte!

Monday 3

Lay still.

Tuesday 4

Arrived at Mr. Fountain's. Day very warm.

Wednesday 5

Went R. B. Cochran's and to H. Smyths, day quite warm.

From Oct. 5th to Nov. 8th I heard 13 or 14 speeches, and was

around considerably. Weather generally fine and roads good.

November, 1864

Tuesday 8

Day cool, cloudy and pleasant and the Election went off, and if the News be true, fastened despotism upon our Country by the re-election of Lincoln. This news arrived Friday, Nov. 11th at night.

January, 1865

Tuesday 17

Warm and sunny. Went to, and left Eugene City for the South.

Wednesday 18

Very drizzly and damp. Reached D. Zumwalt's.

Thursday 19

Crossed the Calapooia Mountains. Some light showers. Reached Mr. C. Drain's.

Friday 20

Cool, no rain, roads very muddy all the way so far. Reached Mr. B. P. Smith's.

Saturday 21

Went to Oakland and Fendell Sutherlin's. Cool and frosty.

Sunday 22

Lay up at Cap't. Crouch's—cool and frozen.

Monday 23

Went to Crow's—cold and frozen.

Tuesday 24

Staid at Crow's, very cold.

Wednesday 25

Went to Judge Cathcarts—sleet at night.

Thursday 26

To Roseburg—muddy and rain at night.

Friday 27

Wet and warm. Still in Roseburg.

Saturday 28

Cloudy and damp. Went to Coston's.

Sunday 29

Went to J. C. P. Wither's. Day cloudy and pleasant.

Monday 30

Went to W.R. Smith's, a rebel immigrant. Day warm like spring.

Tuesday 31

Went to Flornoy's Valley, thence to Mr. John Weekly's. Day cool.

Wednesday, February 1, 1865

Rainy and warm, passed down Look Glass to Kent's for the night.

Thursday 2

Squally, showers and sunshine, cool and disagreeable. Crossed Umpqua and reached Dillard's.

Saturday 4

Cold and frosty in the morning, day sunny and pleasant. Arrived at Canyonville.

Tuesday 7

Cool and frosty, day fair and pleasant. Left the Canyon and went to Sexton's.

Wednesday 8

Pleasant like Spring, reached Rock Point to my sorrow. Ball a disgrace to human society.

Thursday 9

Remained near Rock Point at J. Butler's.

Friday 10

Went to Sams Valley.

Saturday 11

To Willow Springs.

Sunday 12

To Jacksonville, rain last night, snow on the hills—the weather has been fine for two weeks—except frosty mornings.

Wednesday 15

Morning rainy, evening cool—left Jacksonville! Went to Gasburg.

Thursday 16

Cool and disagreeable. I learned today that John B. Huston of Ky. had been arrested and sent South by S. G. Burbridge. He was taken in Lexington Nov. 8th at one o'clock a.m. and left a wife and daughter, Sac. Un. Feb. 11, 1864. Left Gasburg and went to Ashland,

day disagreeable. Staid at Asa Fordyces.

Saturday 18

Morning cool and frosty, day very snowy. Returned to Gasburg.

Sunday 19

Very snowy and disagreeable, went to Jacksonville.

Monday 20

Left Jacksonville, blustery, went to Applegate.

Wednesday 22

Left Williamsburg and crossed Applegate, the morning was cold, but day clear and pleasant.

Thursday 23

Went to Danville's, day fair and pleasant.

Friday 24

Clear and pleasant, went to A. B. Steven's.

Saturday 25

Went to Kerbyville, morning cold, day fair.

Sunday 26

In Kerbyville—went to church—congregation small—4 women, six men, 4 children and *little* dog. Morning cold but pleasant.

Monday 27

At Waldo; arrived here last night; very stormy, snow and rain falling mixed. When I came to town last night I thought drunkenness was the characteristic of Waldo, but upon further acquaintance I found the subscribers to the "Review" duly sober. Saw Mr. H. K. Hanna and lady, he is the active and worthy local agent here. Collected the only bill standing out here, and left for Althouse in quite a storm of snow and rain.

Tuesday 28

At Althouse, arrived here last night, and found half the town drunk. One or two subscribers sober and the snow falling rapidly, and this morning it still falls. No prospect for subscribers and hard fare. No hotel, no stable, no feed

but hay, and plenty of snow and whiskey, Sailor Diggings (Waldo) and Althouse are practically dead. Snow 8 or ten inches deep. Left Althouse, and staid at Wm. Chapman's.

Wednesday, March 1, 1865

Returned to Kerbyville, cold with more snow.

Thursday, March 2

Very cold and clear, thawing in the sunshine, left Kerbyville and reached Hay's almost frozen, night very cold.

Friday 3

At Hay's all day, one of the most snowy days I have ever seen; and from snow it changed to rain and so ended the day.

Saturday 4

A light misty rain falling, snow thawing rapidly. Left "Hay's Hotel" and traveled to the "Junction House," snow going, roads bad and traveling slow.

Sunday 5

Going again. Morning warm, gusty showers. Crossed Applegate and Rogue River, reached Sexton's. No snow in Rogue River or Applegate Valleys where I crossed.

Monday 6

Showery and disagreeable. Snow on the Hills along the road from Sexton's to Elliff's.

Wednesday 8

Morning cool and frosty, cool north wind. Left the Canyon and reached Myrtle Creek.

Sunday 12

Day dry and pleasant, went to church debate. Staid at Hamilton's.

Tuesday 14

In Roseburg all day, a little rain.

Wednesday 15

Cloudy, warm and pleasant, left Roseburg.

Thursday 16

Morning warm and like Spring, windy and cloudy, indications of a

storm. At Wilbur—Storm soon came and the day ended wet, cool and disagreeable.

Friday 17

Day fair and pleasant, roads very muddy—Reached and left Oakland.

Saturday 18

Another very rainy day; lost in the dark last night, found Rice's and staid there till this morning, left and came to B. P. Smith's and hung up in the rain.

Sunday 19

Left Smith's crossed the mountains and staid at Hawley's.

Monday 20

Down the valley to Mr. Dillard's, in rain.

Tuesday 21

Reached Eugene City, no rain.

Saturday (April) 15, 1865

Cloudy with sprinkles of rain, rather blustery. Still unwell! At Meek's sale :- A. Lincoln was shot last night in a theater at Washington City. He died at 7:30 this morning, *a President has been assassinated*. Forgetting the Sermon he preached on the fourth of March, he attended the Theater and was there shot by Wilkes Booth. So ended the life of Abraham Lincoln. On the 4th of March, he said: "Woe to *that man* by whom offense cometh" and on the 15th of April, just six weeks after, the woe came; if his followers believe as he professed why should they condemn Booth for his rash act?

Sunday 16

Started to Eugene City and heard Lincoln was killed. Day cloudy and cool with *little rain!*

Monday 17

Showery and cool for the season of the year! In Eugene City: great excitement over the assassination of Lincoln. Abolitionists talking blood and thunder. "*Review*"

threatened. Democrats are held responsible for the act of Booth.

Tuesday 18

Considerable rain last night. In Eugene again! Excitement still intense, talk of riots and mobs. Pen-gra cooled down! Democrats determined and cool. News came that mobs were numerous throughout the country! Oregonian talks death without mercy, to Democrats. Three Democratic papers destroyed in San Francisco and two others under guard. A man shot in Washington, three hung in Indianapolis, one flying in New York, and Beriah Brown chased out of S.F. by the party, who are *enforcing the law*. Murder, mobs and malevalence prevail. Law is set aside to avenge one man's ignoble death. Left Eugene.

Wednesday 19

Cold and frosty day clear and windy. *Cool times just now!*

Sunday 23

A pleasant day, cool and hazy. Nothing on hands. Disgusted with the human race and resolved to turn my back on womenkind; for these reasons—Either I am a fool or they are fools. What I admire they do not; honesty is a trait, not developed till after the honeymoon. To please a woman is to be a slave, to be independent is an insult, to win we must lie, to please we must deceive. And as I cannot stoop to lie, I of course must be discarded by all *sensible* females. Deception I hate, therefore I am and have been doomed to live and pine alone, and may die so!

Sunday, May 7, 1865

The past week has been clear, dry and very warm. Thermometer at 70 degrees above zero to 80 degrees. The roads are dry and hard, and waters are falling rapidly. Went to Mr. Mays expecting a school.

Monday 8

Returned to Smyth's in disgust.

Tuesday 9

Went to P. Breedings to see about a school, came back *blue!*

Wednesday 10

Clear, dry and warm. Idle and miserable.

These lines may outlive me, and it may be well to note the course of my uncertain life, for those who may come after me, or for a retrospect, if I live myself!

Today I complete my 37th year, poor, miserable, and lonesome, lost when in company most; neglected by the world generally, subjected to ingratitude and actually reduced to want, while hundreds of dollars are due me, for time, labor and property once my own. Other men, with knowledge superior to beasts only, live and prosper, while I stand alone, needy and neglected as if I were some soulless lump of Earth's meanest clay. Why I am the football of fortune I do not comprehend, or why I am sensitive enough to appreciate the pleasant paths of life, and not be allowed to follow them, is a mystery, to be solved when the "Heavens are rolled together."

One of two things I crave, either blessings that I appreciate, or else a callous heart and dull stupid mind, dead to the refinements of a civilized life; for to be annoyed with hope of temporal enjoyment and be forever debarred therefrom is the sorest of earthly ills.

Destitute of economy and even the comforts of life, I blunder on in life's dreary footpath. My manner of life has been, to be upright and honest in dealing with mankind, and poverty and want are my rewards.

An admirer of virtue and chastity among women; a lover of beauty, and charmed with wit of women, I desired the comforts of social

happiness and imagined that some day I might enjoy wedded bliss with some refined female; but poverty has barred the pleasure of female society, and living a contemptible bachelor is the reward of my respect for the other sex.

Fond of books and devoted to the acquirement of knowledge I have no place where I can sit down and enjoy an hour's reading without disturbance or the claims of manual labor. My favors are returned by ingratitude, my labors have been useless, my knowledge an injury!

Always unpopular among females I am now afraid to express my sentiments to or among them. Why should I desire to prolong life destitute of comfort, happiness or profit to me and others? is a question I cannot answer! Why should I strive for gain, when my past labors are vain is incomprehensible!

Why I should hope for comfort while I see none is strange. Why I seek happiness and have always been miserable is a curiosity.

Why I should love women and never be respected in return is folly, yet such is the condition of my fool-hardy inclinations.

Sunday, September 17, 1865

Left the "Prairie" with a cargo of cats; reached the "American Bottom" with freight all right and in "good order" but in a bad humor.

Monday 18

Came to my cabin and began to square things up for batching, found the cats "scatterlophisticated," the old one gone and little ones in a stew, or rather in an awful *mew*. So arranged affairs that I could stay and did stay at my cabin.

Tuesday 19

Cats worse scattered, only one

visible and that very seldom; What cat-astrophe has befallen the cats is not written, and may not be, in my cat-egory.

—Cleaned out the well,

—Scalded some duds,

—Washed the floor, got tired about night and "hung up" for the day.

The weather is dry and rather warm, we have had several showers, but not much rain, last Thursday night was the heaviest, since that the weather has been dry and pleasant.

Wednesday 20

We have had the dryest summer and *lightest crops* I have ever seen in Oregon. Wheat is worth one dollar per bushel and oats 50 cents, and scarce. Today was showery without much rain.

Friday 22

Still pleasant, the morning was *frosty*, First Frost, and cloudy but the day was fine. *Three of my cats came to light*. The *cat-ologue* of *cat-astrophes* appears in a better light.

Tuesday 26

Sawed half a day for Ellmaker, still showery.

Friday 29

We dug two troughs and arranged them at the well.

Saturday 30

Went to Smyths.

Sunday, October 1

Harnessed my mare and horse in the wagon. Returned home.

Monday 2

Re-harnessed my nags and *tried* to plow, had a "gay time," but failed to plow a great deal.

Tuesday 3

Again at the plow but *failed to plow* much.

Wednesday 4

Again "on the plow" after a general row among horses, got to work and *did plow*.

Thursday 5

My team comes to it by degrees, doing better.

Friday 6

Got started without a horse fight. Plowing.

Saturday 7

Peace prevails with my team, only *two* "horse-tile" demonstrations in the way of kicking by the mare "Blaze." Plowed a little each day, but *not much in all*. The week is gone, and at half past seven o'clock p.m. "the rain began to fall" and the "big drops come dancing to the earth" as if we never had had dry weather, for ten (10) days past the weather has been delightful for work or play.

Thursday 12

Cloudy and foggy but not wet; went to the shop with the plow to have it remodeled, *failed*, laid the case over.

Had a reinforcement of cats—three more came on today. My *cat-a-log*(ue) is about full enough.

Friday 13

Went to the shop, had my plow remodeled returned home, plowed a little—cross-plowing. Dark and foggy, no sun during the day, grass and leaves wet, with the thick mist-like fog.

Saturday 14

Plowed half the day and then went to Smyth's.

Thursday 26

Went to Smyth's to build fence. Cloudy and cool with a little rain.

Tuesday 31

Cool and dry, finished Smyth's place.

Monday, November 6

Went to Eugene City. Sent on my notification on a Homestead.

Came out to I. Zumwalt's for the night, day dry but cloudy by spells.

Tuesday 7

Very foggy and cool, no rain, returned home.

Wednesday 8

Rain last night and today—i.e. misty showers.

Thursday 9

Dry and pleasant with clouds.

Friday 10

Rain all day—i.e. light showers and almost a constant mist—light rain.

Sunday 19

Another *stormy* and rainy day, *more fence down* and more water, water everywhere.

Monday 20

More rain *all day* and at night, swales very high from Sunday's rain. *Finished reading Blackstone first time.*

Tuesday 21st

More rain, light showers, the storm appears to be abating.

Wednesday 22

More Rain! Not heavy.

Thursday 30 & last.

More rain, *hiu* rain. The month ends after a shower of 19 days' duration out of 22 days, from the 8th to 30th there were but 3 days without rain, though several were but *slightly* rainy and fair for work. But we have had a *very* stormy November.

December, 1865

Friday 1st

Rain. Blustery, cool and rainy.

Saturday 2

First snow. Ground white with *snow*, cold and frozen.

Sunday 3

Cold and frozen. Therm 16 degrees above zero. Disagreeable. I am not and have not been well for several days. I am unfit to enjoy any weather, but the bright sun appears tempting today cold as it is. If these three days are an index to our winter it will be *very* disagreeable. Dec. stormy, Jan. Snowy and cold, Feb. cold and frozen without snow or rain.

Monday 4

Colder still. Thermom. 14 degrees above zero in the morning, at 32 degrees at noon and at night. Evening cloudy, no snow or rain.

Tuesday 5

Rainy, Thermometer 35 degrees above zero.

Wednesday 6

No rain, more moderate. Ther. at 32 degrees at sunrise! W. W. Lucas left here and paid me.

Thursday 7

More rain, slacked off in the evening.

Friday 8

A little misty, not enough to stop work.

Saturday 9—Rain, All day.

Sunday 10

Morning fair evening rain and cool.

Monday 11

Ground covered with snow, snow soon went off: No rain but cloudy. Began to break sod. *Moon dark*—on its last qr.

Tuesday 12

No rain or snow *till night*, then a severe snow storm set in. Plowed a little more!

Wednesday 13

Ground covered with snow three or four inches deep, and quite cold. Ther. 11 degrees below freezing 21 degrees above zero. Rather "rough" and like Winter.

Thursday 14

Colder still—snow hangs on—Thermtr. at 15 above zero. 24 degrees at noon and 13 degrees at night—Winter surely, labor suspended!

Friday 15

Moderating, a light misty rain, snow going off. Thermometer above freezing.

Saturday 16

Snow gone, sun and clouds Stormy at night, turning colder.

Sunday 17

Snow last night, growing colder. Thermometer 28 degrees above zero at noon.

Monday 18

Colder still. Thermometer 14 degrees above zero—20 degrees at noon 18 at night.

Tuesday 19

Ther. at 23 degrees above zero. More moderate than yesterday. Ground covered with snow and more coming. A gloomy prospect! I am not well, tortured with sores and vexed with the weather. I pass the time miserably.

Wednesday 20

Snow yesterday did not amount to much, went off today, Thermometer at "freezing" and up to 38 degrees above zero at night, some rain; worked all day.

Thursday 21

Very rainy, about the Cabin all day. Ther. at 40 degrees above zero.

Friday 22

No rain or snow, cloudy and pleasant. Ther. at 32 degrees above.

Saturday 23

Warm and rained all day.

Sunday 24

Cooler and squally. Snow in the hills, rain in the evening.

Monday 25

Christmas

Thermometers at 41 degrees above zero and rain, RAIN, all day. Nothing but rain. At home weather bound. No Christmas to me.

Tuesday 26

Drizzle, drizzle all day with one or two showers, cooler—and all the face of the earth covered with water. I have never seen it wetter than now!

Wednesday 27

Another damp, drizzly day, rainy in the evening.

Thursday 28

Morning clear, cool and fine; evening cloudy, dry *all day*. The finest day of the month, so far.

Friday 29

Rain again, sun and shower, blustery all day.

Saturday 30

No rain of consequence, cool—clouds and sunshine. Went to Eugene City.

Sunday 31st

Cloudy and cool with an appearance of snow. No rain worth notice. The Year 1865 goes out today, cool and gloomy!

1866

Monday, January 1st, 1866

Rain in the morning, but soon ceased, evening cool and cloudy. Went to a ball at Yate's at night and had no sleep.

Tuesday 2

Cool and foggy, no rain, morning quite frosty.

Wednesday 3

Cool and foggy, wind north, Therm. at 31 degrees above zero—one below freezing. Reached home from my New Year's jaunt.

Thursday 4

Cool & dry, nearly freezing and cloudy. Plowing again, moon dark, plowed two "lands."

Friday 5

Cloudy and warmer than yesterday. Rain at night. Plowed two more lands.

Saturday 6

Plowed *land number 6*. Day fair and springlike. *Rain* at night.

Sunday 7

Cool & cloudy most of the day, went to "Noti Valley" found 16 head of cattle.

Monday 8

New Orleans Battle Day. Dry, fair and cool, plowing again, lands 7 & 8.

Tuesday 9

Cool, dry and fair. Plowing still.

Wednesday 10

Cool and cloudy, snow at night. Went to Esqr. N. B. Doak's to pettifog for G. W. Satterfield, my *first* effort at law & sorry enough it was too.

Thursday 11

Colder, considerably frozen—some snow. Plowed one more *land*.

Friday 12

Colder, still no rain or snow.

Saturday 13

Ther. 10 degrees below freezing, 22 degrees above zero. Clear and cool all day. Sun pleasant but no thawing in the shade.

Sunday (14.14)

Cold in the morning. Ther. 15 degrees above zero. Clear till noon, then cloudy till dark, then rain till

Monday 15

And rain, rain! Till

Tuesday 16

And more rain, rain, *waters high*. Thermometer above 40 degrees above zero, just right to rain.

Wednesday 17

Rain—more rain a deluge.

Thursday 18

Snowed last night about two inches deep. The whole land is covered with water and overlaid with snow. Not cold.

Friday 19

Yesterday's snow nearly gone, day and cloudy and pleasant. After dark snow began to fall. Worked on the road!

Saturday 20

Ground covered with snow—and rain falling *finely*, a huge slop and a disagreeable time generally. Snow gone at night, water—water everywhere and the rain comes down.

Finished Reading I. Kent.

Sunday 21

And still the rain comes down—

by showers all day and after dark; warm Ther.at 56 degrees above zero at noon. I never saw a wetter time in my life, I think.

Monday 22

Cloudy and damp, some rain in the afternoon. Warm and the waters are subsiding slowly.

Tuesday 23

Warm and rainy again. Began to make a table.

Wednesday 24

Showery and cooler. Finished my table.

Thursday 25

A little frost, no rain. Sowed nearly all day. Traded for I.Z.'s wagon.

Friday 26

Warm and pleasant, a light sprinkle in the evening.

Saturday 27

Fair and the *warmest* of the winter, 60 degrees above zero.

Sunday 28

Rainy morning, evening cool and fair.

Monday 29

Cool and frosty in the morning, foggy all day; made a water-haul at driving cattle to Noty Valley.

Tuesday 30

Went after feed to I.Z.'s. Day dry and cool, rain at night.

Wednesday 31

Cool but warmer than yesterday. NO RAIN. Sixteen rainy days, two or three snows and some freezing in January.

Thursday, February 1st, 1866

Cool nearly cloudy and pleasant. No rain.

Plowing—Moon dark.

Friday 2

1—Quite cool, a light rain at night. *Cloudy all day.*

Plowing.

Saturday 3

2—Cool and cloudy, light rain in the evening. *Plowing.*

Sunday 4

3—More pleasant, warm like Spring, cloudy with a little rain, a fine day for this season of the year.

Monday 5

Warm and rained all day. I did no work.

Tuesday 6

5—Squally, light showers and sunshine. Thermometer at 48 degrees above zero.

Wednesday 7

6—Cloudy & warm. *Rain at night.* Dry day—*Plowing.*

Thursday 8

7—A little cooler, more rain, cloudy and misty all day. Finished plowing west of the first swale. *Moon dark.*

Friday 9

8—Showery all day, *not* very wet, but squally. Plowed the *island* by the S. fence.

Saturday 10

Cloudy & no *rain.* Cool and pleasant. Plowing farther East.

Sunday 11

Went to Noti. NO rain, cool and quite blustery at night.

Monday 12

A cool *clear* and pleasant day.

Tuesday 13

Clear, cold and frozen.

Friday 16

Colder still, Thermometer down to 13 degrees above zero. Clear and frozen.

Monday 19

As yesterday. Began to SOW OATS.

Tuesday 20

A light sprinkle of rain, more moderate.

Wednesday 21

Fine and Spring-like.

Thursday 22

Frosty and frozen again.

Sunday 25

Morning frosty, day cloudy and warmer than several of the days last past.

Monday 26

Finished sowing OATS.

Wednesday 28

More Rain, showery all day.

Thursday, March 1st, 1866

Rain and snow, snow and rain, a miserable day.

Sunday 11

Cool but NO rain. The first day of the month *without rain*.

Monday 12

A little rain, but cleared up, and Tuesday 13 and Wednesday 14, Thursday 15, Friday 16 and Saturday 17 were dry and Spring-like, plows are in motion everywhere; This evening is cloudy with indications of rain.

Saturday 24

More rain!

Monday 26

Cooler, a light sprinkle of rain, cloudy, night clear with moon and stars!

Tuesday 27

Dry and hazy, indications of rain.

Wednesday 28

Rain—rain.

Thursday 29

More RAIN.

Friday 30

More and more rain, swales full.

Saturday 31st

Some rain squally. *Only seven dry days in March—"Hop to doo!"*

Sunday, April 1st, 1866

Blustery, rain and hail hi-u chuck, swales and streams *very full*.

Monday 2

Squally—considerable rain in gusty showers.

Tuesday 3

Misty and drizzly nearly all day.

Wednesday 4

Dry with a little frost in the morning.

Thursday 5

Clear and pleasant.

Friday 6

Dry, clear and fine.

Saturday 7

Dry, clear, warm and very pleasant.

(The next five days are not recorded.)

Friday 13

Pleasant and without rain, some frost and strong wind.

Saturday 14

Blustery, with some rain & violent wind.

Sunday 15

Very stormy—rain & wind.

Lincoln's Dead Day

Monday 16

More pleasant, some rain.

Tuesday 17

Warm and fair.

Wednesday 18

Morning fair, evening wet.

Thursday 19

Morning frosty cool, some sprinkle of rain. Pear, peach & plum trees all in bloom and have been for a week. *Grass is abundant & has been for two weeks.*

Friday 20

Cloudy with "signs" of rain in the fore-noon, and it came afternoon.

Saturday 21st

Cloudy—more rain.

Sunday 22 to Sunday 29

The weather was variable with squalls of rain, gusts of wind and hours of sunshine, quite warm and some mornings *frosty*.

May, 1866

Spring ended rather squally, but not disagreeable. May began showery and so continues, at present—

Thursday 3rd. Rain every day, so far, in May

Friday 4th

Quite blustery, went to Smithfield, then to Knox's.

Saturday 5

An agreeable day, very little rain, if any; the morning foggy, day cloudy.

Went to Eugene to attend the County Convention, *nominated* for State Senator. Returned to Knox's at night.

Sunday 6th

A clear, warm, sunny day. At Isaac Zumwalt's — *made a matrimonial proposition* and left it under consideration.

Monday 7th

Went to Eugene City to see Mr. A. Noltner who offered me a place in his office at 75 dollars per month. I take time to survey the field and decide to go, or not go in his employ.

Tuesday 8

A fine, warm, dry day. About

home preparing to make RAILS. Pondering over the past *two days*.

Wednesday 9th

A fine, dry day.

Thursday 10th

A pleasant day, rather warm. *My Birth Day*.

Friday 11

Warm and sunny.

Saturday 12

Cloudy with some drops of rain.

Sunday 13

Rain last night, showery in the morning.

This portion of the journal ends with this final weather report. As it was indicated earlier, this was an eventful year for Mr. Huston. Lydia Ann Zumwalt did accept his proposition and they were married in July. Also, his nomination led to his election to the Legislature. We sincerely hope that this portion of the journal will ultimately be available. (Ed.)

The Millicans: Robert and George

Collected by Leah Menefee

A Short Narrative by Robert Millican, in Possession (1959) of His
Daughter, Mrs. Brewbaker of Eugene, Oregon*

Copied from a Handwritten Manuscript by Leah Menefee

"Father (Robert) Millican died in Eugene, Oregon at Ina's house on February 28, 1918 at 7:20 p.m. on Thursday. Buried on May 19, 1918, IOOF Cemetery, Eugene."

"To gratify some of my family I will try to jot down some of the happenings of my life. I was born in Otsego Co., New York, south of Utica, June 18, 1837. My parents came from the boarders of Scotland. My father was killed before I was born. A brother of my father's came to our place in 1843. In 1844 we all moved to Jefferson Co. Indiana and located near Hanover. In April 1854, I went to Cincinnati to learn the carpenters trade. In the fall of '56 I went to McDonough Co. Ill. Worked on soc, frame house (all brick work in Cincinnati). Went back to Ill. the next spring, didn't like the climate. Worked in Indiana until the fall of '59, started for Oregon the 12th of November. Spent a few days in Otsego Co. Sailed on the steamer Atlantic, the 21st of Nov. In about six days we landed at Colon. Spent one day getting the passengers and freight to Panama. Boarded the steamer Golden Age for Frisco. Coaled at Acapulco, Mex. Spent the day ashore, sight-seeing. Had to wait in Frisco for the Portland boat. The ice in the Columbia was running so the boat could not get to sea. Came to Albany on the river boat. Then walked to Eugene.



Robert Millican and Son Oscar

"I stayed most of the winter with John Latta. The 11th of May 1860 I joined a prospecting party bound for Eastern Oregon. Crossed the mountains near Diamond Peak the 20th of May. The party consisted of 53 men and 107 head of horses and mules. The country was full of hostile Indians. On the head waters of the Malheur river, they stampeded 67 head of our stock. The 40 we saved were across the creek, hid by willows. All we could do was to burn what we did not

*Robert Millican married Mary Abigail, daughter of Tavener Beale and Judith Marie Hutchings, August 13, 1867, in Lane County. They had eight children: Oscar Millican, Maria Belle, Agnes, Lawrence, Fanny, Ada May, Ina, and Lester R. Robert was born in Otsego County, New York. He and his brother George, came to Oregon in 1859.

need and start for home. A short distance from camp, the Indians ambushed us. We were among them before we knew it. They put up a good fight but their aim was not as good as ours. We got an Indian every time. They shot one of our men through the leg.

"The trip to the valley was a hard one. Our boots soon wore out. The men's feet got sore. A number of them gave out. I was one of the guards detailed to see they all got into camp. We were a hard looking lot when we reached the settlements. There was nothing to do here so I walked to the mines in Southern Oregon. Bought a claim in Douglas county near the Jackson county line. I made some money. I left there in January '63 on my way to Idaho. I located in Florence on the waters of Salmon river. There mines were very rich. I worked my claim out then left for Auburn, Baker county, Oregon. There was 4 of us in company. The second night south of Lewiston, an Indian stole my saddle. I tracked him home. Well, I didn't get my saddle but they gave me the worst scare I ever had. I spent all night trying to get even with them. Went back to Lewiston. Bought a saddle and started for Walla Walla. Got there a few days too late to join a prospecting party bound for the Boyse country. I got a fresh horse and crossed the mountains. It was not safe to go farther than Auburn alone, not catching the party I got twenty-five men together bound for Boise. The Indians fled when they saw us. I mined in Boise nearly

two years. In 1864 I went to Canyon City, Grant Co., Oregon. Three of us went over the middle fork of John Day to prospect. We began where Susanville was afterward located. The Indians scared us away. It was very dangerous outside of Canyon City. Susanville was a very rich camp afterward. In the fall I came here. I bought the ranch we live on. I worked for George (Millican) three years. Then married Mary A. Beale, August 13, 1867. We have lived on the farm ever since."

GEORGE MILLICAN*

"Born near Otsego, New York, Nov. 22, 1834; 1861 Nez Perce Co. Idaho; 1862 to San Francisco with \$15,000 in gold; back to Eugene and married Susan Ritchey 1863.

1863 first trip to eastern Oregon with Crouch.

In 1863 he made his initial trip to Central Oregon in the Ochoco valley making a trail and accompanying Capt. Crouch of Douglas country who was making a trip across the Cascades on a military expedition to Boise, Idaho.

Millican later settled on McKenzie. 1868 trailed cattle over to McKay creek, near present Prineville. Brand was a Heart. 7 other men went with him. His son, Walter, born 1870 was the first white child born in central Oregon.

1886 relocated at Pine mountain where Millican is. Wife died on McKay creek in 1875. He remarried 1881 Ada Bradley of Eugene, buried Odd Fellows cemetery."

*From *History of Oregon*, Vol. III. (Chicago and Portland: Pioneer Historical Publishing Co., 1922.)



Home of Robert and Mary Millican, Walterville

LANE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
740 West 13th Ave., Eugene, Oregon

Non-Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 96
Eugene, Oregon