

# Lane County Historian



JOEL COWAN INMAN 1822-1902

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**LANE COUNTY PIONEER - HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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# LANE COUNTY PIONEER - HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Eugene, Oregon

Doye M. Hulin, Editor

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THE PETERS - LISTON - WINTERMEIER HOUSE

## JOEL C. INMAN TO OREGON IN 1852

### Lois Inman Baker

On the morning of April 2, 1852 before the sun had dried the grass of the prairie, an immigrant train slowly wound its way over the dusty road leading to the west from Franklin County, Missouri, on the way to join the rendezvous at "St. Jo" for the long trek over the Old Oregon Trail. Two of the wagons in this train belonged to Joel Cowan Inman. Mr. Inman was born on October 10, 1822 in Madison County, Alabama, the son of Jane Walker and John Ritchie Inman. His grandfather was Abednego Inman, a major in the American Revolutionary War, who was granted 4000 acres of land in Jefferson County, Tennessee, as payment for his service in the War. Joel's parents had died while he was quite young so he had lived with his sister, Mrs. Joseph Woodruff, and had moved with her to Missouri in 1844. On March 5, 1846 he married Sophia Jane Hinton, the daughter of Sarah (Richardson) and Clayton Burke Hinton. By the time they started for Oregon the Inmans had three small sons, William, Thompson, and Job, and another son, James, was born on the Plains.

Other families had come to Missouri the fall before, waiting for the spring thaw and the floods to recede in order to move on westward where there was free land and untold space. Briskly they started off that April morning with all of their earthly possessions piled high on the prairie schooners. One of Grandfather Inman's schooners was drawn by two oxen, Berry and Henry. Berry was red and had only a horn and a half so Joel's wagon and yoke could easily be spotted in the long line of like schooners. Driven along in the rear by some of the older boys and the men of the party were several head of stock, but the trip was to prove too severe for many

of them and, as food was scarce, now and then one of the herd was killed for food. However the two oxen and a heifer, called Susan, were all of the Inman stock that reached Lane County, but they survived for several years.

In this same group of emigrants were Clayton Burke Hinton<sup>1</sup> and his wife, Sarah (Richardson),<sup>2</sup> parents of Mrs. Inman. Six years earlier in the spring of 1846 two of their sons, Rowland Burke and Thompson Douglas Hinton, had moved to Oregon, one settling near Monroe and the other near Richardson Butte in Lane County. Word from them had come back to Missouri urging the parents to "come West". With the urging of the sons and the decision of the Joel Inmans to go to Oregon, the elder Hintons joined the train. And it is fortunate that they did because Grandmother Sophia had her hands full looking after the small children who were too young to trust alone or out of the wagon. Before the train reached Oregon, another son, James Madison, was born. This little fellow lived only a few years, dying of typhoid fever when an epidemic swept the county in 1859.

<sup>1</sup> Born June 6, 1790 in Washington County, Georgia, married to Sarah, March 22, 1811, in Franklin County, Missouri, died August 15, 1856. In 1825 he was County Treasurer of Franklin Co., County Judge, 1839-42, and a member of the State Legislature of Missouri in 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Born September 6, 1793 in Fairfax County, Virginia, moved in 1803 with her parents, Daniel and Nancy Richardson, to Missouri, then called Upper Louisiana Territory, and died July 5, 1884. Both are buried in the Richardson cemetery on the hill above Fern Ridge dam.

The baby Job died on the Barlow Road as his father was carrying him to keep him from fretting. He was buried at Laurel Hill. A wagon bed was torn up to make a little coffin and the wagons were driven across the grave to prevent the Indians from locating it and opening it up to steal the clothing. Grandfather Inman always regretted that he did not return to the spot and bring the coffin to the family cemetery on his donation claim.

On the back of C. B. Hinton's wagon, he had fastened a large box with a tight lid which was full of hardtack, prepared before they had left Missouri. In the evenings when the train had stopped for the night, this hardtack often was all there was for supper because of the scarcity of fuel for fires. Fortunately there was usually some warm milk from the herds, to accompany the dry bread. When it was possible to start a fire, a special treat for the children was warm tea diluted with milk and called by the uneuphonious term of "bull's milk".

The death of so many persons on the trail was proof of the privations and hardships encountered. One day Mr. and Mrs. Inman sent the children on with relatives and stayed behind with a family whose wife and mother was very ill. She died during the night with cholera and the next morning they buried her and threw away the bedding. The Indians who were constantly lurking about did not take the bedding because they realized that it was contaminated, but the graves had to be dug deep to keep the coyotes and wolves from digging them up. This wagon train had passed a grave that the wolves had disturbed and had partly eaten the body.

The Indians were a constant threat also, even if they did not attack outright. They frequently poisoned the drinking water along the trail. One day Grandmother Sophia and two of the boys were walking ahead of the

train and drank from a water hole. A little way on, they came upon two dead oxen and they were frightened for fear that the water they had just drunk had been poisoned. Another day they were walking ahead of the train again and came upon a man hanging from a tree. They later learned that he had murdered a well-to-do couple who had hired him to help them on the trip and that he had stolen their possessions. Speedy justice exercised on the spot by the pioneers was necessary to help preserve law and order because there was no organized law enforcement for hundreds of miles.

It took this particular train of pioneers seven months and three weeks to reach Lane County and it must have dwindled slowly in numbers as many stopped to take up land in Idaho and eastern Oregon, Although the trip across the rolling prairies of Nebraska, Wyoming and Eastern Idaho was made without



Sarah Richardson Hinton, 1793-1884  
Mother of Sophio Hinton Inman

an attack from the Indians, it was a terrible experience. Water had to be carried in the wagons and used sparingly, and the sun shone incessantly, beating down on the hot and panting cattle without mercy. Always there were miles and miles of rolling prairies stretching out in every direction as far as the eye could see. How tiresome it must have been without a single object in the distance on which to rest the eyes.

All the monotony of the prairies was welcome to the dangers of the mountains which were finally reached in Idaho. Now there were boulders over which the wagons must bump and on which the oxen and people stumbled, trees to dodge and fallen ones to move. No longer need they be saving of the drinking water. Children could play in the water and everyone could wash his parched and brown face. But the rivers were a barrier as well as a blessing. Frequently they followed steep canyons where the wagons had to be helped down by tying on logs as brakes, and often times the train had to go miles out of the way to find a ford shallow enough for the creaking wagons. Sometimes logs were tied on each side and the wagons floated across the water if the current was not too swift. Fortunately there were logs and logs aplenty if an axle or a tongue broke now.

Great-grandmother Hinton had ridden a mare across the Plains and on camping near the Snake River one evening Great-grandfather fastened the horse's head to a front foot to prevent her from running off and in trying to drink from the river, she went out too far and was drowned.<sup>3</sup>

The Blue Mountains proved to be a very difficult stretch of the journey for the members of the train who were nearly exhausted after so many weeks and miles on the trail, most of which had been covered on foot for

<sup>3</sup> The side saddle which she used is now in the Lane County Pioneer Museum.

many of them, in order to help the poor animals which also were near exhaustion. The baby Job was ill and fretting and Grandfather had to carry him all the way across the mountains. Some members of the train were doubtful of being able to continue on the way after they reached the prairies of Eastern Oregon, but, thanks to a kind Providence, Rowland B. Hinton, Thompson D. Hinton and Benjamin Richardson (Sarah's brother) met them with a supply of food. What a meeting that must have been! The relatives in Oregon had become alarmed because the train had not arrived and it was getting very late in the season so the three men set out to help them. Upon meeting the rescue party, as it were, hope revived and on October 10, the Joel Inman family arrived in Lane County.

The first winter was spent in a log cabin with a dirt floor, hastily built on the new donation claim near to the present site of the modern home of Ben Inman, a great-grandson. The following year the house and some of the outbuildings shown in the drawing were erected on the location of the present I. M. Inman (a grandson) home, on the Old Territorial Road about two miles north of Elmira. The first winter in Oregon was very trying and a hungry one, too. Neighbors and relatives already here gave them food and wild game was to be had, but straw from the mattresses had to be fed to the cattle that winter. Some of their neighbors were Benjamin Richardson, John and Nancy (Richardson) Brown, both families having arrived in Oregon in 1848. Clara Manning, sister of Mrs. Inman, and her family came in 1851, as did the William Jeans family who had spent the winter of 1850-51 in Portland. The Stephen Jenkins family arrived in 1848 and lived not far distant.

Mrs. Inman's parents spent the winter in the homes of their sons, and the following spring built a home on their claim about one mile north of Monroe.

Mr. Inman later added 516 acres to his original claim, making a farm of 836 acres. Part of this land he bought from Indians who were living near and part of the purchase price was an agreement to look after the petty chief and his wife for the rest of their lives. Somehow the chief's brother managed to slip into the bargain so the three of them lived in a small log cabin near the creek which ran through the farm. The old chief became blind and either the squaw or the brother would lead him around with a string tied around his neck. Grandfather Inman furnished them food and clothing as long as they lived.

The following children were born to Joel and Sophia Inman:

William Clayton, 1847-1918, married Sarah Jane Jeans\*.

John Thompson, 1849-1901, m. Lucinda Duckworth.

Job Henry, 1851-1852.

James Madison, 1852-1859.

Joel Francis (Frank), 1855-1940, m. Edith A. Jeans\* (author's grandfather).

Sarah Jane, 1856-1945, m. James P. Zumwalt.

Joseph Shadrack, 1859-1884.

Varian Alice, 1861-1932, m. John A. Jeans\*.

Warren Wesley, 1864-1957, m.1 Mattie Curry, m.2 Ellen Hunter.

Benjamin Price, 1865-1960, m. Lillian Elliott.

Anne, 1869-1960, m. Harry L. Bown.

Charles Wilson, 1871-1944, m. Bernice Deming.

\* Children of William and Susan (Gibson) Jeans, who came to Lane Co. in 1851 and settled on a claim on what is now the Jeans Road, on the west side of Fern Ridge lake. A great-grandson, John E. E. Jeans, now makes his home near their original log cabin.



Inman family . . .

front row, left to right, Charles Wilson, Varian Alice (Jeans), Joel C., Sophia H., Sarah Jane (Zumwalt), Anne (Bown)

back row, Warren Wesley, William Clayton, John Thompson, Benjamin Price, Joel Francis

Star Point Benton County 1855  
Oregon Territory November 30th

Dear Sons and Daughters,

I write to inform you that I received your kind letter by last mail. Dated 18th September which gave great pleasure to hear from you once more, and that you was enjoying common health. Your kind letter found your mother in excellent health. My health is good with the exception of some kind of breast complaint that annoys me very much. I suppose it is the same complaint that afflicted me for many years back--with the above exception I am well. Sophijane was very unwell and so was one of Clary's children about a week ago. Both complained of sore throats. Josh and Sophia Inman had been down on a visit and taken it here, but much better when she left last Monday. The balance of our connections is in prime health,

You write of a bountiful crop year the present season. I am glad to hear it for the year before was almost disastrous. We have had the most pleasant season I have experienced in my life and the most bountiful crops of everything that is raised here. Corn is not cultivated to very great extent--but where it's planted, worked, it yielded fine. We have had a very pleasant summer, since fall we have had regular showers a good part of the summer and fall. It is raining today. I expect our rains is just commencing. Although the last day of November, everything wears the appearance of Spring as the hills, valleys is green with a very luxuriant growth of the finest grass and the strawberry vines in full bloom. Cabbage, lettuce, turnips, beets, in fact all kinds of vegetables that grow in a garden fresh and green.

I am very sorry that I have to tell you that we have wars and rumors of wars. Not only rumors but war actually exists both north and south. We have twelve or fifteen hundred men in the north under the renowned Gen. F. Wool. Rowlands two oldest

sons both volunteered during the war. Also Doc Aaron Richardsons two oldest sons, that lived with him. Although war is unpleasant to think of we apprehend no danger in the valley. The war in the North is three hundred miles off -- our army has been gone about six weeks, and in all probability will remain all winter as it is too late to make a regular campaign. They have had several fights with the Indians, always whipping them a little but the cowardly rascals always mount their fleet ponies and run when they see a few of their men fall and our horses can't overtake them. The war in the South is considered more serious so far as life and property is concerned, the Country being more exposed, it being more settled though scattering. I believe about one thousand men is in the field. They had several battles with the Indians, sometimes with success and sometimes not so much so.

The Indians, they are contending with in the South is the Roaring River tribe and the remnants from other tribes that have joined. It is the general belief that the only alternative will be a war of Extermination. They have been treated with by the consent of their principal Chiefs and put onto their reserves, but flew the contract and is doing all the mischief they can by Killing and burning all the houses in the frontier settlement. It is believed that they have Killed one hundred people last summer and when the soldiers get after them they fly to their mountain retreats where they are hard to dislodge. Ben Richardsons son John and Job's Clayton both volunteered and got pretty badly wounded. Clayton was in a battle where it was necessary to charge the Indians. They had to approach very near before they could see them, of course. The Indians had the first fire wounding Clate and his comrade in the arm. The ball that hit Clate lodged in his arm near the elbow but without breaking it. Notwithstanding he stood his ground until he killed an Indian. The last time I

heard from him he was nearly well.

(Torn place in letter - some missing.)

As I must bring my letter to a close shortly, I desire to say a few words about Oregon and her prospects, I believe no Country is improving more rapidly as the many large farms and fine dwelling houses will show. There was a very little part of Franklin when I left that will compare with Oregon in point of large farms, neat dwellings at this time. So far as good flouring mills is concerned Mo. never can compete with her. Sawmills is equally plenty. The climate is so healthy that no time is lost by sickness. No grain sprouted in the stack. I will give you a sample of what a man can do here on a farm. My neighbor, Wm. Coyl, ploughed up fifty acres of sod and sowed it in wheat, he thrashed out fifteen hundred bushels of clean wheat. He also sowed between thirty and forty acres of oats. He will get one thousand bushels of clean oats. He has no help, only as he hires.

As my sheet is nearly full and my hand a little cramped, I will say but a few words about myself. I am very comfortably seated on as pretty a half section of land as any other man. My farm is small because I don't need a large one. My stock is all fat and sleek, if our cows do well, we shall milk nine the coming year besides other young cattle, all very likely. I have one of the finest mares. She has two very lively colts.

(One-third of last page badly torn and signature dim -- signed by Clayton B. and Sally Hinton.)

**Margin notes:**

You must answer this letter. Tell me about all the old friends and neighbors. I have never heard from my old friend John Miller. Give him my best respects and tell him to write me.

Some very unfounded and exaggerated accounts of Oregon have reached Franklin. I wonder if the Maupins carried. If they had

remained five years they might have been right.

Myself and old lady sends their best love and respects to all our grandchildren. I want Susan and Edwin to write us a letter. John McCallister is well and looks more like himself.

I write this letter to all my sons and daughters. Please when you peruse it - send it to the other two. I have never received a letter from Elisha and Elizabeth since I left Franklin. I have written several.

I live on the territorial road leading from Portland to the mines and California, sixteen miles from the seat of government, Corvallis. The most public place that I have ever lived in. I saw more fat cattle pass last summer and fall than I ever saw all put together. While I am writing three or four hundred is passing. Large droves of hogs and sheep.

I have quite a pretty young orchard planted out all from seed brought with us. I have apple trees eight feet high. I think my peach trees will bear some next year.

(If the peach trees had fruit the next year Mr. Hinton did not live to see them -- he died within eight months, on August 15, 1856 after a brief illness, called "lung fever", brought on by helping a neighbor shingle a barn on a very hot day.)



Applegate Trail Marker



## The Applegate Trail in Lane County

John E. Smith

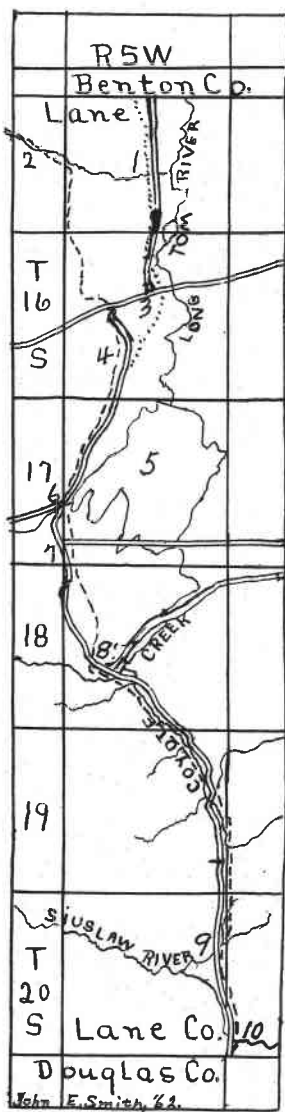
This is a story of certain events that took place during the epoch (1843-49) of the Provisional government of Oregon, then an independent foreign land, and of some earlier ones leading up to that time. Until this area, now Lane county, became a part of Benton county on December 23, 1847, it was in Polk county which then extended southward to the sea. Polk county was represented in the legislature by Jesse Applegate, 1845-46 and by Wayman St. Clair, 1846-47. Applegate, who in 1844 took a donation claim about five miles north of Dallas and who had lost a son in the Columbia river enroute to Oregon a year earlier, advocated, among other things, a shorter, safer southern route to western Oregon.

In 1825 the Hudson's Bay Company moved to Vancouver (Washington) and from there sent its packtrain parties, called "brigades," north to the Sound country and southward into Mexico, which then included California. These groups skirted the foothills where the drainage was better, the streams shallower with lower banks, hence easier to ford, commonly making a path about where the fields of today give way to the pastures above them on the hillside slope. They camped a short time at or near the stream crossings, hunting and trapping, or trading with the Indians for furs, pelts, hides, etc., then moved on to another stream. Because the smaller Rickreall, Luckiamute, Mary's river and Long Tom were easier to ford than the Santiam, the McKenzie and the upper Willamette rivers, the fur company's traffic was greater along the western foothills than on the eastern side of the valley. In 1823 they established a trading post, called Umpqua, near where Elkton is now located

and soon a well-marked pathway known as the Hudson's Bay company's packtrail was a result.

In May 1846, Capt. Levi Scott (founder of Scottsburg, 1850) in trying to scout out a southern route to the Umpqua valley, failed to get through the Indian country in southern Oregon and, turning back, appealed to Applegate for help. About June 20, 1846, Jesse Applegate and his brother Lindsay, a neighboring landclaimer, called together a group of 20 or more men of their vicinity (including Capt. Scott and his son, John) for this purpose. They assembled and started from a place near Dallas and proceeded southward along the fur company's packtrail, each man equipped with a saddle horse and a pack animal. The trail had been made wider for wagons into south Benton county; they traveled carefully, looking for places where easily made changes would be beneficial or necessary.

This trail entered the Lane county of today through the ridgetop gap about six miles northeast of Ferguson, followed down Ferguson creek nearly four miles, turned southward along the foothills, as shown in the accompanying diagram, over the ridge west of Cheshire and nearly in the location of today's highway southward from there through Elmira and Veneta. A dry-season detour or alternate route, more nearly on the level (dotted line on diagram), went southward from Monroe almost directly to the Cheshire of today, joining the main trail southward from there. The party scouted out the Pass creek gap (south of Cottage Grove) now so extensively used, but finding too much timber there for the easy road making required, followed the packtrail through Crow, up



Map showing the route of the Applegate Trail.

Locations on the diagram:

- |                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Ferguson        | 6. Elmira               |
| 2. Ferguson Creek  | 7. Veneta               |
| 3. Cheshire        | 8. Crow                 |
| 4. Franklin        | 9. Lorane               |
| 5. Fern Ridge Lake | 10. Cartwright Home     |
| --- Original Trail | ..... Dry-Season Detour |

Coyote creek, over the Willamette-Siuslaw divide and past Lorane, thence onward along part of the headwater fork of the Siuslaw river and over the Calapooia mountain divide, down Pheasant creek valley in today's Douglas county.

Continuing south, the Applegate party turned east a few miles beyond Ashland, to and through the Klamath country, thence southeast to the California road along the Humboldt river, which they followed eastward 100 miles or more before turning north to the Snake river in Idaho. Here they interviewed westbound immigrants and found enough who were willing to follow them, to make up a wagon train. Leaving two of their number as guides, the exploring party hurried forward along Raft river, retracing their steps to a point about 15 miles west of Winnemucca, Nevada. From here they made the packtrail wide enough for wagon traffic to and through the Klamath country, westward nearly to Ashland (of today). This section of the new road became known as the "Southern Route".

Northward, they followed most of the way along the Hudson's Bay company's packtrail, making it wide enough for a wagon track to the foot of the Calapooia mountains, which separate this part of Lane and Douglas counties. Here Capt. Scott and his son were near their home. Tired by toilsome trekking, uneasy because of the long absence and doubtless for other reasons, the road-making party, leaving an unfinished mission, disbanded and returned to their respective homes.

Although the Applegate party did not open the trail to wagon travel over the Calapooia divide or northward, the new driveway took their name to the starting point of the expedition near Dallas, because they were the successful leaders of the undertaking and paid most of the expenses involved. Through Lane county and the south part of Benton, the oncoming immigrants

did their own road-making along the same trail late in the fall of 1846, with the help of friends from Yamhill county and elsewhere who came to meet them. In western Oregon, this new thoroughfare, the Applegate Trail, later the Applegate road, was the first north-south wagon road through these counties. Though a very poor one, it served fairly well for later immigrants and for the excited travelers hurrying to the California gold fields in 1848-49.

Soon this highway became the access to market for miners' equipment and farm-grown food supplies. Long packtrains (armed) comprising hundreds of horses or mules, moving in single file with numerous bells equally spaced among them and a big cloud of dust in season seen rising in the distance, were characteristic features of this period of transportation. The Indians, who hated the white man's rifle, but liked his food and clothing, loved to capture such a train, or even part of one. Although they caused much trouble, they were seldom successful.

### **The Little Shop in Junction City, 1871**

Clarence A. Pitney

Among the buildings that were moved from the old boat-landing town of Lancaster to the new railroad town of Junction City is Tracer's Jewelry Store. There are some differences of opinion as to whether it was moved from the Lancaster area or not, but suffice to say that it has seen everything that has transpired in Junction City and has never stood idle a day during all that time, which is a record in itself.

Its first known business tenant was Jonathan Butler's Harness Shop. It was novel in that, in connection with the sale

A Meacham marker at Cheshire, one on a roadside tree in front of the old high school building at Crow, also a stone monument in front of the old Cartwright home, two and a half miles south of Lorane, affirm the location of this pioneer route. The Applegate school at Crow, which is situated astride the original trail, is appropriately named.

All of this new road in Lane county, south of a point near Franklin, became a part of the Territorial Road from Marysville (Corvallis) to Winchester, then the county seat of Douglas county. Northward from Cheshire the Territorial Road followed the dry-season detour (dotted line on diagram) to Monroe. The Territorial Road was authorized by the legislature February 4, 1852.

Along this new road in the fall of 1846 came Engene Skinner from California. He followed it to the vicinity of Dallas, where he left Mrs. Skinner to rest while he made a choice of a location for a home, which was occupied in the spring of 1847 and was later to be known as Eugene, Oregon.



Tracer's Jewelry Store  
originally Jonathan Butler's Harness Shop

and repair of shining harness, saddles, buggy whips and the like, Butler was Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and held civil suits in his shop. It was the Council House where city dads met to transact business and before the adoption of the Australian voting system, which we now use, it was the voting place for the entire area. You simply made out your ballot at home or elsewhere, tied your horses to the hitching rack in front of the harness shop, handed your ballot from the sidewalk through the window to Baster Howard, Democrat, William Pitney, Republican and Jonathan Butler, Judge. It was just that simple.

This building was unusual in more ways than one; at first the front end stood on stilts through which "Junction City Stream" flowed on its way to Keck's Lake. In front was a rare two way bridge to accommodate traffic going east and west on Sixth street and north and south on Holly street.

This building saw the transition from dirt roads to pavement. From board walks to concrete, and saw high sidewalks lowered to street level. Heard the sharp clanging tones of the firebell and saw "Berry's Team" galloping through the streets with engine belching smoke and hissing steam.

Saw the town under quarantine with black crepe on the doors and heard the church bell toll the sad news.

It saw the Southern Pacific's big roundhouse, the big oil tank, the feeding and loading yards and the great piles of wood stacked along its tracks.

It remembers when all livestock, including hogs, was driven to town for shipping, instead of being hauled.

It remembers when the streets were choked with wagon loads of grain, wool and mohair. When "Texas Longhorns" fed in its yards and "Bunch Grassers" from the eastern Oregon country were

driven yearly "Across the mountains" and sold in Junction City.

It remembers when the race track, the ball diamond and the city park were on the east side.

It has seen six big grain warehouses . . . three big livery stables . . . two flour mills . . . two saloons . . . three hotels . . . dwelling houses . . . business houses . . . schools and a skating rink, all destroyed by fire.

It has heard the whistle of the steamer, Eugene, and has seen the Gypsy tied up at Monroe.

Whenever service awards are issued to buildings as well as to men, Jonathan Butler's Harness Shop will be high on the list of merit.

(Ed. note: The building was demolished a few months after this article was written. 1963.)

## THE PETERS - LISTON - WINTERMEIER HOUSE

by

Josephine Evans Harpham

The architecturally and historically interesting house at 1611 Lincoln Street has been the home of the late Judge and Mrs. C. A. Wintermeier for many years.

Originally the house stood on the corner of S.E. 10th and Pearl on property purchased by A. V. Peters from Mitchell and Parmelia Ann Wilkins on June 26th, 1868 and consisted of two lots of which the cost was \$250.00. The home was probably constructed in 1869 or 1870.

Mr. Peters was born in St. Michael's Parish, France, on May 28th, 1833, the son of a sailing ship captain, W. B. Peters. His mother was French and he and his brothers and sisters received a fine cultural education in the old country. In his youth he assisted his father as 1st mate and with him traveled to all parts of the world.

In Portland, Oregon on December 22, 1864 Mr. Peters married Mary Elizabeth Shaw of Washington, D. C. In 1865 the couple came to Eugene and Mr. Peters entered business with Henry D. Parsons in 1866-67.

The A. V. Peters general store was located on the corner of Eighth and Willamette where the U. S. National Bank now stands. It was exceptionally well stocked for its day as Mr. Peters bought much of his merchandise in San Francisco. The inventory included hardware, saddles and shoe makers tools, paints, groceries, dry goods and clothing. Many times country produce was taken in exchange for goods, such as dressed and undressed deer skins, beef hides and so forth.

The store also housed one of the first telegraph offices in the vicinity.

After nearly thirty-five years of active business, civic and cultural activity Mr. Peters passed away on July 7, 1900. Mrs. Peters preceded him in death by four years (1896). Both were interred in the old IOOF cemetery.

Large evergreen trees provided a naturally beautiful setting for the Peters house as did its lovely garden with bright flower beds and borders, unusual shrubs, pampas grass and tree shaded walks. In one corner was a monument made of attractively eroded stones from the river, placed there in memory of many departed felines who had been loved family pets. A white picket fence encircled the property adding quaint charm to house and garden.

The house is an all wood structure and it is a story and one-half high.

Originally there were seven rooms which consisted of a parlor, living room, bedroom, and large kitchen down stairs and three bedrooms upstairs.

Some changes have been made through the years but most of the early day features remain. They include the 10 foot high walls, many four-paned windows and one bay put

together with wooden hand-made pegs, paneled doors, hand cut shakes on the roof, walnut banister and newel post, and the square hand forged nails used throughout the structure.

According to Marion D. Ross, architectural historian at the University of Oregon, the design of the house is 'Rural Gothic'. This style was popular in mid-nineteenth century England as part of the Gothic revival. Often done in masonry, the style lent itself to wood frame construction in the United States. It also made use of sheathing of verticle boards and battens (joints covered with narrow boards) for greater suggestion of true Gothic verticality. Other features consist of carved brackets and lattice porches and also little hoods and dormers. Some of the materials for this house were made in France and shipped around the Horn to San Francisco and from there to Eugene.

Some time after 1900 John Hampton, Sr., of the pioneer Hampton family of Goshen, bought the property and the Peters residence became known as the Hampton home.

In 1914 the late Judge C. P. Barnard bought the house and barn and moved these structures onto the property at 1611 Lincoln. The abstract of title of the latter was originally part of a donation land claim deeded to Charnel and Martha Mulligan by the United States government in 1859 and signed by James Buchanan, President.

In April 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Lee C. Liston purchased the house and grounds. Here Lu and his sister Kathryn (Mrs. John Hagmeier) grew up.

The Listons had come from Garden City, Kansas in 1909. Sometime later Mr. Liston became interested in the manufacture of leather and canvas goods. He continued in this business until his death in 1939.

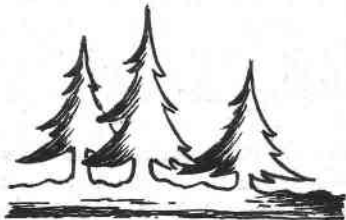
After the marriage of Mrs. Liston to the late Judge C. A. Wintermeier, the latter's law office was located at the Lincoln Street home. In time this venerable structure then became known as the Wintermeier house.

Continued on page 57

## Christmas Seasons in the Oregon Country

Mary H. Workman

Observance of Christmas in the Oregon Country during the years of exploration and early settlement is an interesting chronicle of what unconquered land offered for a proper celebration of this holiday. The earliest records are of great contrast to our present day enjoyment of this season. It is possible that there is no other period in history as short as Oregon history where there has been such a complete and sweeping change in the living habits of its people. In the early days there were no electric lights to decorate the Yuletide tree in safety. There was no telephone to call your neighbors or members of your family clan hundreds of miles away. Four-lane highways with automobiles going a mile a minute or more, airplanes, jet propelled, whisking passengers over the North Pole to all points of the earth, and television in our living rooms, showing a vivid picture of events happening now in various parts of the world, all were yet to be born. Should the earliest pioneers suddenly become transported from the past into our midst, one wonders what would terrify them most, Indians, our modern mechanical life, or a sign which reminds us that there are just 12 shopping days 'til Christmas? Lovely old Christmas Carols were only heard during Christmas week, and listened to with appreciation and reverence.



Whatever Oregon lacked in the Christmas season, it never suffered for want of trees. Decorations were plentiful and always mentioned in many a journal. Cedar rope garlands, wreaths of hemlock, pine and evergreen boughs made a spicy and fragrant atmosphere for holiday festivities.

Off the coast of British Columbia, at Adventure Cove, in Nootka Sound, in 1791, Captain Robert Gray and his men on the brig, Columbia, celebrated the first Christmas in the Oregon Country. The Official Record-Keeper of this expedition was a man named John Boit and he wrote in the ship's log the following:

"Thursday, December 25th, was kept in mirth and festivity by all the Columbia crew, and principal chiefs of the Sound, by invitation, dined on board ship. Natives took walks around the shops on shore and were surprised to see three tier of wild fowl roasting at one of the houses. Indeed, we were a little surprised at the novelty of the sight ourselves, for at least there were 20 geese roasting at one immense fire, and the ship's crew was very happy. The Indians could not understand why the ships and the houses were decorated with spruce boughs. At 12:00, fired a salute and ended the day toasting our wives and sweethearts."

Twelve and a half years elapsed before another Christmas goes on record. In 1805 the Lewis and Clark pathfinders with their forty odd fellow travelers made winter camp a few miles south of Astoria at Camp Clatsop. William Clark writes in his journal the following:

"At daylight we were awakened by discharges of firearms of our party and a salute,

shouts and a song which the whole party joined in under our windows, after which they retired to their rooms. Were cheerful all morning. After breakfast we divided our tobacco, which amounted to twelve carrots, one-half of which we gave to the men of the party who use tobacco, and to those who do not use it we made a present of a handkerchief. The Indians leave us in the evening, All the party snugly fixed in their huts. We would have spent this day, the Nativity of Christ, in feasting, had we anything to raise our spirits or even gratify our appetites. Our dinner consisted of poor Elk, so much spoiled that we ate it through mere necessity, some spoiled pounded fish, and a few roots. I receive a present from Capt. L. of a fleece hosrie (hosiery), shirt, draws, and socks, a pr. of mockersons (moccasins) of Whitehouse, a small Indian basket of Butherich, two doz. white weazils tails of the Indian women and some black root of the Indians, before their departure."

Christmas in 1811 was just another day to the Wilson Price Hunt party. They had been sent by John Jacob Astor to locate suitable trading posts for the Pacific Fur Co. In October they made the almost fatal mistake of attempting to reach the Columbia by way of the Snake River. At that time, the Snake River had never been navigated by white men, and it was probably fortunate that this party did not know the hardships they would have to endure to reach the mouth of the Columbia, 1,000 miles ahead. Boats broken on the rocks, treacherous rapids, wrecks, waterfalls and rugged land and mountains lay waiting. For six weeks before Christmas, Hunt and his men endured unimaginable hardships, hunger and thirst. Several men became so weak and depressed, they decided to stay with the Shoshone Indians for the winter. On December 23rd, at the Big Bend, which is half way between the present Weiser, Idaho and Huntington, Oregon, Hunt and the remainder of

his party crossed the Snake River for the last time. Emigrants along the Old Oregon Trail referred to this spot as "Farewell Bend". Hunt's men crossed here in canoes made from the skins of two horses, secured from the Indians. The river was turbulent and full of floating ice, but all arrived safely on the west side. The party then consisted of 32 white men, three Indian guides and the Indian wife and two small children of Pierre Dorion. On December 30th, Pierre's wife, Marie, who had kept up with the men without "murmur of flinching" was suddenly taken in labor and gave birth to a child. Two mornings later the Dorion family rejoined the main party. On their horse, which resembled a skeleton, sat the mother carrying the newborn baby, looking after the two-year-old strapped to the saddle and appearing as if nothing ever happened to her.



Warren Angus Ferris, employee of the American Fur Company, writes in his journal of 1833: "Mine host was Nicholas Montour and Indian wife and family. Christmas was passed agreeably, and we were rather more sumptuously entertained than on ordinary occasions. Our bill of fare consisted of buffalo tongues, dry buffalo meat, fresh venison, wheat flour cakes, buffalo marrow for butter, sugar, coffee and rum with which we drank a variety of appropriate toasts, suited to the occasion and our enlarged and elevated sentiments, respecting universal benevolence and prosperity, while our hearts were warmed, our prejudices vanished and our affection refined by the enlivening content of the flowing bowl. Our bosoms glowed with kindly emotions, peculiar to the occasion."

The Christmas season of 1847 was an anxious one for those who had survived the Whitman massacre on November 29th. One survivor, a Catherine Sager Pringle, who as

a young girl had been adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, described Christmas Day of 1847 in the "Commoner", a Colfax, Washington, newspaper. She said it was a tragically humorous day. All the survivors had been held hostages in an Indian village under a guard of hostile Indians. They were terrified constantly by the continuous din of their captors and the white women were forced to cook constantly for the Indians and eat from every dish first, to prove that the food was not poisoned. Just before Christmas they were put under Indian guard by a man named Beardsley, who had been a friend of Dr. Whitman and had taken no part in the massacre. In fact, it was believed that through his intercession, the lives of the survivors had been spared. Thinking that Beardsley's presence was Providential, the group decided to make Christmas Day as happy for the children as their means would permit. A Mrs. Sanders had some white flour and dried peaches, which she had brought across the plains, so on Christmas morning she made white bread and several peach pies. Because Beardsley had been so kind to them they asked him to have dinner with them. Never in his life had he ever tasted anything so good as that peach pie. He sat in one corner of the kitchen and crammed piece after piece of dried peach pie in his mouth. The white people were determined that he should have all he wanted, even if they had to do without. About an hour after he left the kitchen, the white people were terrified by a series of mad yells and cries of "Kill them! Kill them!" Looking out of the window they saw, to their horror, a band of Indians led by Beardsley starting to attack and clamoring for the death of all the white women! Just at this terrible moment, messengers from Fort Walla Walla arrived. They knew Beardsley well and demanded the reason for his wild and angry yells. He claimed he was poisoned by the white women. After a lengthy discussion be-

tween the messengers and Beardsley, they finally convinced him that he had eaten too much pie and had a "plain belly ache".

"Christmas in 1849 was one of excitement and distress in Oregon City," writes the Rev. George Atkinson, first Congregational minister in Oregon. A great flood, caused by snow and rain, carried away a sawmill and destroyed much other property. This was followed in 1861 by an even more devastating flood just before the Christmas season, when practically the entire business district of Linn City, just across from Oregon City was swept away.

As settlers arrived and the valley became more populated with towns, the "Christmas Ball" came to be a social function eagerly awaited from year to year. In 1859 a formal invitation to the Christmas Ball was issued. It read, "You are respectfully invited to attend a Ball, to be given at the residence of P. F. Blair, Esquire, one mile south of Eugene City, on December 26, 1859. Managers will be selected when the company assembles."

Christmas Day in 1869 was a memorable one. On that day the first steam locomotive, "The J. B. Stephens", crossed the newly-built Clackamas River bridge, just north of Oregon City, putting into operation the first 20 miles of railroad track in the Willamette Valley. One hundred years ago there was not a paved road in the territory. There were patches of "Corduoy" where the mud had become bottomless and most roads in winter were called "belly-deep to an ox". Families going to spend Christmas with their kinfolk rode horseback or walked. Some who lived near the river and could afford it, would go as far as possible by boat. These families were intensely religious, patriotic and deeply united, so going home to them at Christmas time had great meaning. Children would hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve and were deeply grateful for what they received. Their toys were home-



made jumping jacks, stick horses, sling shots, toy guns, rag or shuck dolls, doll clothes, tiny chests of drawers, small chairs and cradles. A pair of good boots or shoes was prized as highly as a new sports roadster or a two-way radio wrist watch would be today by our youth. Holiday tables were festive, with roast venison, fried ham, roast goose, chicken and home-made noodles. Vegetables were boiled turnips, stewed potatoes, onions and cabbage. Breads were sour dough, soda biscuits, and salt rising bread. Desserts would be plum pudding, fried apple pies, with sugar cookies for the children. Coffee and tea were common beverages. The pioneers made elderberry and blackberry wine, but seldom used it except for illness.

There is one story written by Adrietta Applegate Hixon which is read with fascination. It is a true story of her journey to the West and the facts were recorded in her 70th year. They left their home in Arkansas in 1852. They joined an emigrant train in Independence in April and came over the Oregon Trail, arriving in Oregon City in September. "Our first Christmas," she commented, "was a happy one, beginning the day with a cheery greeting. The one who succeeded first in making this greeting, felt that he or she had gained a point! Red candles were made from a mold that made six candles at once and were lighted in the evening. The cabin was cleaned spotlessly, put in order and decorated all over in ferns, vines and garlands of woods foliage. Home made gifts were exchanged and before going to bed all gathered around the fire and sang, "We Praise Thee O Lord for the Gift of Thy Son." Father read the story of the Christ Child, the goodnights were said . . . . and the candles were blown out."

The author is indebted to the following for information contained in this paper:  
 Oregon Historical Quarterly...December 1929  
 Oregon Historical Quarterly ..... June 1954

Oregon Historical Quarterly...December 1959  
 "On to Oregon," by Adrietta Applegate  
 Hixon (Resident of Weiser, Idaho.  
 Died in 1946)

Oregon Statesman ..... December 18, 1955  
 Oregon State Library Clipping Collection as follows:

December 22, 1946 by H. M. Corning

December 25, 1938 by C. Warner  
 Churchill



#### PETERS HOUSE - Continued from page 53

Some beautiful and interesting antiques lend added charm to this early Lane dwelling. In the front hall, framed in fine old walnut hangs an original Navy flag with staggered stars of the first 13 states. It was made in 1777 and belonged to Mrs. Wintermeier's grandfather, a Union veteran.

Another heirloom is a Seth Thomas clock which tells time, date, month and day of the year and belonged to the late Judge Wintermeier.

There is also a handmade bedroom suite in Sleigh style. The dresser still has its old China knobs. Originally painted in gold leaf and made in France, the set was ordered by Mrs. Peters for her new home which was built not too long after the end of the Civil War.

Another Eugene resident, Mrs. John Walker (Dorris Hardy) has a quaintly beautiful tea set for 12 which belonged to Mrs. Peters. She had presented it to Mrs. George B. Dorris, maternal grandmother of Mrs. Walker. The basic color is white with pastel flowers and with dainty old fashioned figures in the center of each piece.

In addition Mrs. Walker has an old Bible printed in London, England in 1615 which belonged to W. B. Peters, father of A. V. Peters. This also was a gift to her grandparents from Mr. and Mrs. Peters.

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WALLING-LITH-PORTLAND-OR.

**RESIDENCE OF J.C. INMAN, 15 MILES NORTH WEST OF EUGENE, FRANKLIN P.O.  
LANE COUNTY, OR.**

A lithograph of the Inman farm, taken from  
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF LANE COUNTY, by A. G. Walling, published in 1884.

**Lane County Pioneer-Historical Society  
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