

DAILY REPORTER.

VOL. 1. NO. 97.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1886.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

The Daily Reporter.

Entered in the Postoffice at McMinnville for Transmission Through the Mails as Second Class Matter.

D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.
D. C. IRELAND & Co.,
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PIONEERS OF '42-3.

CONTINUED.

strong it was entirely unmanageable and darkness coming on, they had to let go and swim for their lives. They reached the shore at different points, so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak or call for some time. At last by the feeble voices of one calling to the other they got together and returned to camp, where they were received as men returned from the grave. The next morning the wagon was found about three miles below, and brought ashore and started on with the rest of the train. This is mentioned as one among the many hardships and dangers of that great journey.

"August 4th the party camped on top of the Rocky mountains, the great divide between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific ocean, and from this on they felt that they were indeed shut out from the world behind them. Henceforward their eyes could only look westward to the land of the setting sun.

"After weary toils and dangers, the immigrants arrived at Dr. Whitman's. Here the party began to divide. * *

Mr. Baker, who by the way has a most excellent memory, and as vividly recalls the trip as though it were but a short time ago, says that the first division of the party took place on the Big Blue river of Kansas, and not at Dr. Whitman's as heretofore reported, where some of the party made for California. At Fort Hall other divisions took place. Our band of brave pioneers continued on until they reached Fort Wallula, where they tarried for awhile. The Barlow road was not at this time open across the mountains. Mr. Baker and companions arrived at Fort Walla Walla afterwards known as Walula, sometime in the fall of the year. Logs were generously furnished them by the settlers at the fort; that had been caught while drifting down the mighty river of the west, and towed ashore where they were regarded as a god send by the occupants. Preparations were at once made to build boats to transport them to Vancouver. The lumber was cut out with a whip saw. This method of preparing lumber was necessarily slow and tedious, but in the end they had good serviceable boats that brought them in safety to Vancouver.

Mr. Baker here speaks, by way of retrospection, and at a suggestion from the writer, in the following strain: "We left in the spring of '43 and arrived at Vancouver in the fall. There was no sickness to speak of; no accidents worthy of mention; no suffering for food whatever as the party was liberally supplied, and no difficulties whatever with the roving bands of Indians.

* * Some pushed right on, others remained for several days, and some longer. Mr. Newby, with a party of seven families, came down to the Cascades in canoes. And here they were not without their dangers. Just at sunset one evening, while they were all gliding smoothly down the river, the canoe that contained Mr. and Mrs. Newby and one young man, struck a hidden rock, throwing them out, while the canoe floated on. Fortunately they found just room enough for them to stand on the rock and wait for the others of the party to go to the shore and unload and come out to their assistance. For hours Mrs. N., who was in delicate health, stood there knee deep and afraid to stir, as darkness had come on and they might slip off the rock. At last they were rescued and their canoe found. They were taken to the shore where a good fire awaited them, and the next day they proceeded on their journey. Arriving at the Cascades they found that the generous Dr. McLaughlin had sent up battaux to take the party to Fort Vancouver. There they found Mr. Douglas, the second in command, who gave the party a hearty reception. Food and fuel and every needed supply was furnished. Here they were gladdened by the sight of fresh apples, which they had not seen since they left their far distant homes. As soon as rested they were taken in battaux to Oregon City, where they landed on the 6th of November, 1843, and not a cent was charged for all that trouble and splendid treatment at Fort Vancouver. This was hospitality and generosity of the highest order, and coming as it did from the people of another nation, cannot secure too high praise. And this was not all. Some of the party were very sick and worn out by the hardships of the long journey, and remained in the hospital at Fort Vancouver, receiving attention, nursing and every attention, and no charge was made for anything.

Of this number John G. Baker unfortunately belonged. All that winter he was detained at Vancouver, dangerously sick, but generously cared for, while to-day, as ye scribe sits by his side, he speaks in glowing terms of the kindness he received at the hands of the old Hudson Bay people.

"In the year 1853 there were so many settlers here as to need the accommodation of a mill at some suitable central point. To meet that want, Mr. Newby during that year erected on Baker creek a grist mill that stands at the end of McMinnville's principal business street. Long in 1880 John J. Sax built a large and costly brick mill across the ravine, and the old land mark was obliterated. The old mill was located on a pretty ravine, which, from the opposite side of town, presents a picture worthy of an artist's pencil. This mill was the commencement of the town of McMinnville. In

the spring of 1854 Mr. Newby started a store, and in 1855, believing this to be the proper point, he proceeded to lay out a town, which he named after the city of his home in Tennessee. Mr. Newby was a man of intelligent judgment and great public spirit, as may be learned by the history of his efforts to build up the town. He naturally concluded that if he desired to make the nucleus of an intelligent population, he must establish a school of a high order; so he put forth efforts for the organization of such an institution simultaneously with the laying out of the town. As an additional incentive, he had a large family of his own to educate, and he wished to give them the facilities for liberal culture and at the same time keep them at home. He made a large donation of land for the establishment of a college, and contributed liberally in money. Other citizens aided, and an academy or college was started. A large building was erected and the institution moved off prosperously. This gave impetus to the town. Some of the best families came here to educate their children, and soon quite a flourishing little village grew up around the college. Mr. Newby always took a deep interest in the welfare of the town, contributing liberally of his time and money to forward any of its enterprises. His neighbors always speak very kindly of him as a quiet, unassuming, yet public spirited citizen, who has even sacrificed his own pecuniary interests for the benefit of the community. The town is centrally located in the midst of a rich farming country. It is on the south fork of the Yamhill river, which is navigable up to this point for a short time in the wet season of the year."

In the spring of '44, Mr. Newby followed John G. Baker to McMinnville, and was Mr. Baker's guest during the building of his cabin. Some writers have given the honor of building the first house at this point, and of being the first settler, to Mr. Newby. This is injustice to Mr. John Baker. At the completion of Mr. Newby's cabin there were but six families within a radius of twenty miles. This public spirited gentleman lived long enough to see the town of McMinnville come forward into prominence among the live towns of this northwestern country.

John G. Baker, and not Wm. T. Newby, was the first settler between the two Yamhills, and built the first log cabin on his donation claim, one mile north of town. Mr. Baker was born in Hopkins county, Kentucky, in 1818. At the age of nineteen he emigrated to Missouri. Two years later he married Catherine Blevins. This brave, warm-hearted lady still sits by the hearth stone, enjoying the company of her noble hearted husband, who retains all the vitality of men twenty years his junior.

To be Continued.