

DAILY REPORTER.

VOL. I. NO. 98.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 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.,
PUBLISHERS.

The Daily Reporter.

THE DAILY REPORTER is issued every day in the week except Sundays, and is delivered in the city at 10 cents per week. By mail, 40 cents per month in advance. Rates for advertising same as for THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

Book & Job Printing.

We beg leave to announce to the public that we have just added a large stock of new novelties to our business, and make a specialty of Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Ladies' Calling Cards, Ball Invitations (new designs) Programmes, Posters, and all descriptions of work. Terms favorable. Call and be convinced. D. C. IRELAND & CO.

E. E. COUCHER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

McMINNVILLE - - - - - ORGON.

Office and residence, corner of Third and D streets, next to the postoffice.

DR. I. C. TAYLOR,

Late of New Orleans, La.,

Piles and Fistula a Speciality. Consultation free. No Cure No Pay.

Office with H. V. V. Johnson, M. D., McMinnville, Oregon.

JAS. M'CAIN.

H. HURLEY.

McCain & Hurley,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC,
Lafayette, Oregon,

Especially attention paid to abstracts of title and settlement of estates in probate.
Office—Jail building, up stairs.

Mrs. M. Shadden.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The Taylor System of Cutting and Fitting employed.

Third street, Next to Bishop & Kay's store, McMinnville, Or.

McMinnville Baths.

Hair Cutting, Shaving and Shampooing Parlor.

15c SHAVING 15c.

C. H. FLEMING, Proprietor.

(Successor to A. C. Wyndham.)

Ladies and children's work a specialty.

I have just added to my parlor the largest and finest stock of cigars ever in this city. Try them.

D. C. IRELAND & CO.,

Fine Job Printers,

McMinnville, Oregon.

PIONEERS OF '42-3.

CONTINUED.

Across the street we find the comfortable abode of Andrew J. Baker, or most familiarly known as "Andy." Mr. Baker was born in North Carolina in 1820, went to Tennessee at the age of twelve years, where he remained three years; thence to Missouri, and finally left for Oregon, in the year '43. In '47 he made a trip to California, returning in '49. He participated in the Mexican war. Was married in '57 to Miss Mary Lake, by whom he has had five children.

If there is a more jovial hearted pioneer in Oregon; a pleasanter companion on a hunt or fishing excursion it would be a pleasure to chronicle his name.

Of the immigrants of '42, Yamhill claims at present but two, viz: Captain Medoren Crawford, who was born in Orange county, New York, June 24, 1819, and arrived in Oregon in 1842. In the following year he married Miss Brown. In '44 a child was born to them and it was the first birth of American parentage on the west side of the Willamette river. In 1879 Mrs. Crawford departed this life. Captain Crawford has been prominently before the public ever since his arrival in this country.

Wayman C. Hembree is a farmer residing within a mile and a half of the city. Mr. Hembree was born in Warren county, Tennessee, in 1829. In 1861 he was united in marriage with Miss Nancy Garrison, and together they are journeying down the hills of time, hand in hand, ever and anon pausing to note the many changes that have taken place during the forty odd years gone by.

Near Carlton we find N. R. Sitton, who was born in Missouri in 1825. In 1849 he was married to Miss P. Rogers. His first wife was laid to rest in 1870. Some time afterward he married Mrs. Mary Laughlin, and around a pleasant hearth stone they review the scenes of other days.

John Carlin was born in the state of Massachusetts in the year 1820. In 1850 he was married to Miss Mattie E. Garrison. Mr. Carlin has always been found a ready provider, making friends easily and retaining the same.

Mrs. Cyrene B. Cary, widow of Miles Cary, is one of the few pioneer women who have been left alone by their partners in joy and sorrow. She is a remarkably well preserved woman and can tell you interesting reminiscences of the olden days. Miles Cary's death took place in '58.

Samuel Cozine was born in Kentucky, in 1821. In 1845 he married Miss Mahala Arthur. Mr. Cozine was about the first blacksmith located in McMinnville. He has lived to see the home of his adoption grow and ex-

pand, while now it presents an important appearance in the progress of the state.

Daniel S. Holman was born in Lincoln county, Tennessee, November 15, 1822. August 21, 1847 he married Martha E. Burnett. Mr. Holman's present home is near Bellvue, where the latch string always hangs out, and a cordial welcome awaits the wayfarer.

James Houck was born in Ohio in 1819. In the year 1857 he was married to Miss Mary Jones, who died a year later. His second wife was Miss Francis E. Albert. This honest old pioneer's life has been one ceaseless round of adventure. His travels have covered a vast area of country, and his experiences been something remarkable.

Thomas Owens first saw the light of day July 4, 1813. Dec. 25, 1850 he married Emeline Young in Portland. His home and interests are with us, and he looks back at the dawning of the new world with many pleasures, as he recalls the friends of his youthful days.

W. Jephtha Garrison is known far and wide as the hero of the Indian wars in early times. And be it said, too, Uncle Jephtha is a public spirited citizen, and has done more to bring McMinnville into prominence by his construction of his handsome opera house than any of the pioneers of county. Long may Father Time deal kindly with Uncle Jephtha.

From Uncle John Baker we have secured the following poetic jewel. This poem first appeared in the Oregon Spectator in 1848. As there are several old residents round about that will readily recognize the characters cast in the vivid portrayal of those exciting times, it is gladly given space.

Come hither, Muse and tell the news,
Nor be thou a deceiver,
But sing in plain poetic strain
The present "yellow fever."
Not long ago I laid me down,
To rest in quiet slumbers;
And whilst I slept, I dreamed a dream,
And coined it into numbers.

I thought I saw on every hand
A mighty congregation;
A heterogeneous mass of men,
Of every name and nation.

And each pursued with keen delight,
Some honest occupation,
Whilst rosy health, the laborers wealth,
Filled every situation.

And then I looked, and lo! I saw
A herald bright advancing!
A being from some other clime,
On golden pinions dancing!

And as he neared the mighty crowd,
He made this proclamation,
In tones so clear, distinct and loud,
It startled half the nation:

"Why do ye labor here," he cried,
"For merely life and pleasure,
While just beyond that mountain grey
Lies wealth beyond all measure!"

The road is plain, the way is smooth,
'Tis neither rough nor thorny;
Come leave the rugged vale and go
With me to California.

There wealth untold is bought and sold!

And each may be partaker!
Where fifty tons of finest gold
Are dug from every acre!

At sound of gold, both young and old
Forsook their occupation;
And wild confusion seemed to rule
In every situation.

An old cordwainer hears the news
And though not much elated,
He left his pile of boots and shoes,
And just evaporated.

The cooper left his tubs and pails,
His buckets and his piggins;
The sailor left his yards and sails,
And started for the "diggins."

The farmer left his plough and steers,
The merchant left his measure;
The tailor dropt his goose and shears,
And went to gather treasure.

A pedagogue, attired incog,
Gave ear to what was stated;
Forsook his school, bestrode a mule,
And then absquatulated!

A boatman, too, forsook his crew,
Let fall his oar and paddle;
And stole his neighbor's iron gray,
But went without a saddle!

The joiner dropp'd his square and jack,
The carpenter his chisel;
The peddler laid aside his pack,
And all prepared to mizzle!

The woodman dropp'd his trusty axe
The tanner left his leather;
The miller left his pile of sacks;
And all went off together!

The doctor cocked his eye askance,
The promised wealth desecring;
Then wheeled his horse, and off he pranc'd
And left his patients dying!

The preacher dropp'd the Holy Book!
And grasp'd the mad illusion!
The herdsman left his flock and crook,
Amid the wild confusion!

The judge consign'd to cold neglect
The great judicial ermine;
But just which way his honor went,
I could not well determine.

And then I saw, far in the rear,
A fat, purse-proud attorney,
Collect his last retaining fee,
And start upon his journey.

And when each brain in that vast train,
Was perfectly inverted;
My slumbers broke, and I awoke,
And found the place deserted.

—John Gary.

The following article was handed us by a citizen of this place. It was prepared several years ago. It has one or two defects as regards population of the town, etc.

Yamhill county has 1,080 square miles, being thirty-six miles from east to west, and thirty miles from north to south. It is bounded on the east by the Willamette river, and on the west by the coast range of mountains, forming a part of the great Willamette valley. This stretch of land is what the webfoot calls "the garden spot of Oregon." For twenty miles west from the Willamette river the country forms an almost unbroken plain; thence west, north, and southward a

Continued on 4th page.