

The West Shore,

A sixteen-page Illustrated Paper, issued monthly,
L. SAMUEL, Publisher.

BUSINESS OFFICE,
Morrison Street, between Fifth and Sixth, di-
rectly opposite Post Office,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
(Including Postage to any part of the United States.)
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Single Number, 25 cents.
Postage to foreign countries, 25 cts. additional;
Subscription must be paid in advance, and
all papers will positively be stopped at the end
of the time they are paid for.
Remittances can be made by registered letter,
postoffice money order, or by order on any of the
Portland business houses

The West Shore has the largest
circulation of any publication in Or-
egon or Washington Territory.

THE OFFICE OF "THE WEST
SHORE" HAS BEEN RE-
MOVED TO MORRISON ST.,
BETWEEN 5th AND 6th, DI-
RECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST
OFFICE.

OUR THIRD VOLUME.

We start our third year with this
issue, with a circulation of 7,200 copies,
which is by far the largest subscription
list ever attained by an Oregon publica-
tion. We intended to make a num-
ber of changes this month, but our
electrotyper disappointing us we must
necessarily postpone those changes un-
til next issue, when we can positively
promise to adorn THE WEST SHORE
with an elegant new heading, and make
other changes to improve its general
appearance.

OUR SCENERY.

We present in this issue another
one of those matchless views of the far-
famed Columbia river scenery. It
represents the grand and majestic
Columbia about 40 miles above the
mouth of Willamette river. In the dis-
tance (nearly 15 miles) may be seen the
bold outlines of the beautiful "Castle
Rock." The view near Dayton, W. T.,
represents a pleasing contrast, the re-
gion thereabout being unsurpassed as
an agricultural and stock-raising coun-
try. "Pilot Knob" is a peculiar-shaped
peak of the Siskiyou mountains, on the
overland stage route between Oregon
and California, and was so named on
account of the great distance it can be
seen from along the route, thus in the
early pioneer days piloting the daring
frontiersman over the then difficult and
dangerous trail.

MAKE UP CLUBS

FOR THE WEST SHORE. In order to
increase our list to 10,000 subscribers,
we will, during the next 60 days, re-
ceive subscriptions at the following
rates:

- A club of 3 at \$1.30 each.
- A club of 5 at \$1.25 each.
- A club of 10 at \$1.20 each.
- A club of 20 at \$1.15 each.
- A club of 30 at \$1.10 each.
- A club of 40 at \$1.05 each.
- A club of 50 at \$1.00 each.

This is a rare opportunity to obtain
excellent reading matter at low rates,
and these rates will positively cease
after the month of November. Names
for a club may come from any post-
office, but in all cases the cash must ac-
company the names.

FRANK HODGKIN, formerly of the
Telegram, is now city editor of the
Daily Bee. Mr. Hodgkin is a careful
and pains-taking writer, and although
the *Bee* has always been a good paper,
its late growing popularity may be
reasonably set down to Mr. Hodgkin's
able influence.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.



I think this tale would win my daughter too.
OTHELLO—Act 1—Scene 4.



You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
MERCHANT OF VENICE—Act 4—Scene 1.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF LAY-
ING OUT AND ESTABLISHING THE
OLD EMIGRANT ROAD INTO SOUTH-
ERN OREGON IN THE YEAR 1846.

BY LINDSAY APPLIGATE.

After the lapse of 31 years, (as there
has been no history of this circumstance
placed before the public), I propose to
give a plain statement of facts from
notes taken at the time and from mem-
ory, giving motives that led to the en-
terprise. Our immigration of 1843 be-
ing the largest that had ever crossed
the plains, our progress was necessarily
slow, having to hunt out passes for our
wagons over rivers, creeks deep gul-
lies, digging down the banks where
nothing but a pack trail had been be-
fore, cutting our way through the dense
forests before we could reach the valley
of the Columbia, and then it appeared
as though our greatest troubles had be-
gun; for here we had to encounter
cataracts and falls of the Columbia and
the broad and lofty Cascades, with their
heavy forests.

At Fort Walla Walla, on the banks
of the Columbia river, with our teams
about exhausted, we were advised to
leave our wagons and animals over
winter at that place in the care of the
Hudson Bay Co. A portion of the im-
migrants, including my two brothers'
families and my own accepted the pro-
position, providing we could procure
boats in which to descend the river, as
it was supposed we might procure them
from the Hudson Bay Company. Under
these considerations we made ar-
rangements with the said Company for
the care of the latter through the win-
ter. We failed in our efforts to obtain
boats; having a whip-saw and other
tools with us, we hunted logs from the
masses of drift wood lodged along the
river banks, hewed them out, sawed
them into lumber, and built boats, and
with our families and the contents of
our wagons, commenced the descent of
the river. Dr. Whitman procured us
the service of two Indians to act as pi-
lots to The Dalles. From there we
thought we would have but little trou-
ble by making a portage at the Cascades.
We did well till we reached the Dalles,
a series of falls and cataracts. Just
above the Cascade mountains one of
our boats, containing six persons, was
caught in one of those terrible whirl-
pools and upset. My son, Warren, ten
years old, my brother Jesse's son, Ed-
ward, same age, and a man by the name
of McClellan, who was a member of
my family, were lost. The other three
who escaped, were left to struggle the
best they could until we made the land
with the other boats. Leaving the
women and children on shore while we
rushed to the rescue, it was only with
the greatest effort that we were able to
keep our boats from sharing the same
fate. Wm. Doake, a young man who
could not swim, held on to a feather
bed until overtaken and rescued. W.
Parker and my son Elisha, then twelve
years old, after drifting through whirl-

pools among cragged rocks for more
than a mile, rescued themselves by
catching hold of a large rock a few
feet above water at the head of Rock
Island. At the time of the disaster it
was utterly impossible to render them
any assistance for it was only with the
greatest skill that we succeeded in sav-
ing the women and children from shar-
ing the same fate. It was a painful
scene beyond description. We dare
not go to their assistance without ex-
posing the occupants of the other boats
to certain destruction, while those per-
sons were struggling for life in the
surging waters. The whole scene was
witnessed by Gen. Fremont and his
company of explorers who were camp-
ed immediately opposite, and were pow-
erless to render us any assistance. The
bodies of the drowned were never re-
covered, though we offered a reward to
the Indians who searched the river for
months. We reached the Cascades
without any other incidents worth relat-
ing.

We then made a portage around the
falls, packing the most of our effects on
our backs, dragging our boats over the
rocks, reloaded and proceeded on our
way to Vancouver, ascended the Wil-
lamette river to the falls, there made an-
other portage around the falls, re-load-
ed again, ascended the river 25 miles,
coming to a place called Champeog,
where we finally left our boats and
made our way across the valley to Lee's
Old Mission, 10 miles below where Sa-
lem now stands, and on the first day of
December entered one of the old build-
ings to remain for the winter.

Previous to this, we had been in the
rain most of the time for twenty days.
Oh, how we could have enjoyed our
hospitable shelter if we could have
looked around the family circle and be-
held the bright faces that accompanied
us on our toilsome journey almost to
the end! Alas, they were not there!
That long and dreary winter, with its
pelting rains and howling winds, brought
sadness to us. Under these sad re-
flections, we resolved if we re-
mained in the country to find a better
way for others who might wish to
emigrate, as soon as we could pos-
sibly afford the time. From what in-
formation we could gather from old
pioneers and the Hudson's Bay Com-
pany, the Cascade mountains to the
south became very low, or terminated
where the Klamath cut that chain; and
knowing that the Blue mountains lay
east and west, we came to the conclu-
sion there must be a belt of country ex-
tending east towards the South Pass of
the Rocky mountains, where there
might be no very lofty ranges of moun-
tains to cross. So in 1846, after making
arrangements for the subsistence of our
families during our absence, we or-
ganized a company to undertake the
enterprise, composed as follows:

Levi Scott, John Scott, Henry Bogus,
Lindsay Applegate, Jesse Applegate,

Benjamin Birch, John Owens, John
Jones, Robert Smith, Samuel Good-
hue, Moses Harris, David Goff, Benit
Osborn, William Sportsman, William
Parker. Each man had his pack-horse
and saddle-horse, making 30 animals to
guard and take care of.

To be Continued.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY.

A correspondent of the *Astorian*,
in speaking of this county, says: It
contains some of the finest land in
the State, consisting of prairie, river
bottom and tide land; the river bottom
being the most productive. Wheat,
oats, barley, flax, potatoes, and ve-
getables of all kinds grow luxuriantly;
apples, pears, plums, cherries, goose-
berries, currants, strawberries, and in
fact all small fruits do well, but the
staple production of Tillamook county
is grass. Timothy, red top, orchard
grass, blue grass, and clovers of all
kinds grow to perfection, making it, as
it is, the finest dairy county in the State.
The butter made here is the best in the
Oregon market, and the amount made
is steadily growing every year. In or-
der to develop this branch of industry
and render it as it eventually will be
the main business of the county, we
need the same plan and system as that
used so successfully in the State of New
York, namely—the establishment of
cheese and butter factories at proper lo-
cations; each factory to consume the
milk of 100 to 350 cows. Money used
in these factories would be a surer in-
vestment than any other branch of bu-
siness in the State, butter never failing
to bring from 20 to 30 cents per pound
wholesale, and cheese from 12½ to 15
cents per pound, according to quality.
100 pound of butter to any common
cow is the average for the summer,
which, say, at 20 cents per pound would
amount to \$2,000 for 100 cows; it is
calculated by experts that three pounds
of cheese can be made to one of butter,
we have the amount of 3,000 pounds
which, say at 11½ cents per pound
would amount to \$3,350, to say nothing
of the pork made at the same time.

THE DAILY STANDARD.—Since our
last issue this most excellent publication
has been changed to a morning paper,
and Mr. Noltner, the enterprising pub-
lisher, made arrangements for tele-
graphic dispatches, thereby placing the
Standard in the very front ranks of
Oregon newspapers. As a local paper,
thanks to the never-tiring efforts of its
city editor, Mr. Jno. Burnett, the
Standard has no equal, and it certainly
deserves, and from all appearances re-
ceives, a liberal support.

A FINE APPLE.—Two years ago we
noticed at the Washington county Fair
a very fine apple, which at that time
attracted so much attention that Mr.
Walling, the Oswego nurseryman,
offered \$500 for the sole right of it,
which, however, was promptly refused
by Mr. E. Barton, the owner. This
apple is known as "Barton's Favorite."
A few days ago we had the pleasure
of sampling some of them, and must say
they are just a little ahead in beauty
and taste of any apple that has ever
come under our notice.

THE Mechanic's and Farmer's Store,
under the able management of Mr. L.
Prager, who, by the way, is well and
favorably known here, is doing a very
flourishing business. We refer our
readers to his list of prices in another
column of this issue, and can vouch for
Mr. Prager doing exactly as he ad-
vertises.

When you visit Portland, don't forget
to call on Himes the Printer, 5 Wash-
ington Street.

Six millions of dollars worth of bee-
wax is annually produced in the United
States.

DURING the past year the United
States exported flour and grain to the
value of \$100,000,000.