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## SPECIMEN NUMBER.

Any one receiving this copy of THE WEST SHORE will please consider it an invitation to become a regular subscriber.

## WASCO COUNTY AND WHAT IT IS.

### ITS LEGEND.

Wasco, like all our original names, has its peculiar origin. Tradition tells us that once upon a time, a young man's wife died, leaving two bright, helpless little children, whose only care and succor was found in the love of their grief-stricken father; their continued cries for their forever departed mother caused the children's parent to try all manner of means for the quieting of their grief; so one day, he, with a heart full of sadness, while out with his little ones on a hillside for a walk, found a piece of an elkhorn, and with his flint knife cut the string from one of his moccasins and tied a broken flint to it, and after quenching his thirst at a beautiful spring of sparkling cold water, sat down beside it on a large rock and began pecking small holes in it, which so amused his loved ones, he concluded to make three in a row, making the center one as large as a basin, which represented to them, the three alone in the world. His relations, observing the devotion and attachment for these helpless ones, estranged them from him as it was not in accord with their old traditions, and cut him off from their association, which, with their barbarous habits, forced him to seek refuge away from the home of his childhood; so he took his skin-ropes, made them in a roll, tied up his war clubs and spear, and set his face with his little darlings toward the Shin-ni-na-klath—mountain of the setting sun—

"So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Passed the mountains of the prairie  
To the kingdom of the west wind,"

where he found himself in a land he called Win-quatt, because the new house was walled in by high rocky cliffs. This is the original, which we now call "The Dalles." Such was the

origin from whence sprang into existence the once powerful tribe of Indians known to-day as the Wascos, signifying makers of basins, or more literally "horn basin." This like all other tribes who have sounded the war-whoop with its savage glory, have faded and are still fading, as the pale face makes the warpath the highway for the iron horse, and his hunting-ground the source from which supplies are sent abroad to marts of the world, for the satisfying of the wants of the millions.

### ITS TOPOGRAPHY.

The topographical appearance, or general feature of the country lying between the two great ranges of mountains—Cascade and Rocky—suggests to the casual observer the thought, that in ages past, hidden agencies and fevered breathings with convulsive throes beneath earth's bosom, burst with gigantic force the arid plain, forming and bringing into existence the long line of dykes and canyons, which furnish now the way for the rapid flowing streams that find their course to the Columbia, leaving its upland sandy loam to become rich and fertile with the age of years, and its new-formed valleys to grow in alluvial deposits on which man may sow and reap abundant harvests. The western portions of the county, which is more or less mountainous, has an abundant supply of timber, such as pine, fir, larch and, lastly, oak. In the interior portion there is a scarcity of this essential element, save along the small streams which are supplied with a limited quantity of fuel. The fencing is mostly of wire construction, costing less per mile or rod, and more durable and satisfactory to the farming communities. Its health-giving climate, and rich fertile plains prompted many to push out on its borders, and in 1852, the first actual settlers made their homes in its confines, having immigrated from Western Oregon, although many, in those pioneer days, came overland direct from the western states and made themselves permanent homes here. While we speak of the early settlement, we do not include missionaries who came into this region in 1837 and 1846

for the purpose of civilizing and Christianizing the aborigines, nor the few traders who were searching for gain, but the permanent settlers who are the bone and sinew of the land. They had their trials and hardships in this frontier border in those early days, as well as those who followed them with their families, having sacrificed their old home comforts and pleasures to open up a wilderness (whose occupants were the red men), for the coming generations who are to reap where they had sown. Years have passed, and as circumstances change men's fortunes, so it does the development of the resources of its once supposed wealth (that of stock-raising), to the more steady and permanent growth, that of agriculture.

### ITS AREA.

The county has an area of 13,000 square miles. Were the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut set down bodily on its surface, it would have 500 square miles left to furnish homes for 2,000 families. Its arable land, which is one of the best wheat-producing sections in the far west, has 2,560,000 acres of grain producing soil. This does not include the vast pasturage domain for its thousands of stock, consisting of 45,867 head of cattle, of which number 16,780 have been sold this year, realizing \$335,600.00; and over 19,000 head of horses and mules, of which 3,210 have been sold, bringing an income of \$96,300; and last, but not least, there are in the different parts of the county over 302,000 sheep, whose wool clip this year, in round numbers, will be not less than 1,900,000 pounds, worth to-day as we write 23 cents per pound, at The Dalles, or \$437,000. Then there has been sold out of this large stock on hand, for slaughtering, 39,700 head after the fleece was taken off, which brought \$60,000, so that the total amount of receipts that goes into the hands of the owners, for 1882, makes no mean sum, when we say \$928,900. This amount of cash, that has been distributed among the people of this county, does not include the product of the farming sections, whose exports are as a handful compared with the vastness of the producing resources.