

THE WEST SHORE.

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AN OREGON WINTER.

Whilst bleak December winds are sweeping over all the Eastern and Western States, we in the most north-western section of the Union, in the same latitude as New York, but with our climate tempered by the Gulf Stream, are still basking in the mellow sunshine of a late Indian summer. At this writing, December 22, the sun is

bright overhead, with the thermometer ranging from 55 to 70 degrees. Roses and many of the more tender varieties of shrubs are in full bloom outdoors. The grass is growing finely, wild strawberries are blooming on the hill-sides, whilst now and then blackberries and raspberries are still being gathered from belated bushes. Just think of it, you dwellers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large

cities, who are paying fancy prices for a diminutive hot-house bouquet to decorate your Christmas or New Years' dinner-table with, that here in dear Oregon it is within reach of the poorest to have their Christmas tree decorated with the very choicest of flowers, grown in Nature's most favored floral park, "the Pacific Northwest." Nor is this an unusual winter. During the winter of 1876-'77 the grass at no

time stopped growing, and at no time were rose-bushes without either buds or full blown roses. To a new-comer our winter rains may at first seem disagreeable, and yet they insure us never-failing and bountiful crops, whilst parched up California, is longing for these very rains. Once acclimatized to Oregon, and no sane person would ever wish to live anywhere else.



WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.