

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## THE SILENT CITY.

BY L. P.

There's a city vast yet voiceless, growing ever  
street on street,

Whither friends with friends e'er meeting, ever  
meeting never greet;

And where rivals fierce and vengeful, calm and  
silent mutely meet;

Never greeting, ever meet.

There are traders without traffic, merchants with-  
out books or gains;

Tender brides in new made chambers, where the  
trickling water stains;

Where the guests forget to come, and strange, list-  
ening silence reigns;

Listening silence ever reigns.

Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners  
quiet lie,

And no signals fly from top-tree 'gainst the  
glowing, crimson sky,

Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built  
Argosy

For the Fleece is sailing by.

Here the belle forgets the fashions, mindless  
of her snow white-dress;

All unheeded now her toilet, free, ungathered  
lock and tress;

None here flatter face or figure, none come fondly  
to caress;

Tresses flow and none caress.

Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and  
bolted door and gate;

Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-  
trees steep and straight;

Room for all!—the high and lowly. Rich and  
poor here equal mate.

Equal dwell and equal mate.

Flowers are blooming near these mansions, kissed  
by loving dews at night;

Breathing softly round their porches, flowing  
through the cooling light;

Pealing from their bells sweet music, pealing  
odors pure and white;

Pealing only to the night.

Here each keeps his well-coiled dwelling, fearing  
naught of quarter day;

Here no landlord duns the tenant, and no tenant  
moves away;

Dwelling ever unevicted, dwelling on from May  
to May;

Paying never quarter-day.

Beckons ever this mute city to its comrade living  
gay.

To its comrade laughing loudly, sitting on the  
pulsing bay;

Drawing from its masqueraders pale, white spec-  
tres day by day;

Spectres now, men yesterday.

Thus two cities grow forever, parted by a narrow  
tide,

This the shadow, that the substance, growing by  
each other's side;

Gliding one into the other, and for evermore shall  
glide;

Growing ever side by side.

## LONE FIR CEMETERY.

Perhaps one of the surest indications of advanced civilization in this section of the great Northwest is the care and attention bestowed by the living on the homes of the unnumbered dead in the silent cities adjacent to the bustling towns and villages of our fast-growing and prosperous State. Portland, in this respect, as in nearly all others, leads the van, and its people are entitled to respect for the reverence with which they tend, beautify and adorn that picturesque spot entitled "Lone Fir Cemetery," situated on the east side of the Willamette river and distant just one mile from the Stark street ferry. This quiet home of many hundreds who now sleep the sleep that knows no waking, fell into the hands of the present stock company in 1868, and the association has spared no pains in ornamenting and improving the grounds. The Board of Directors of this incorporation are: Mr. A. H. Morgan (President), Mr. B. P. Cardwell, Mr. Levi P. Anderson (Secretary and Treasurer), all three gentlemen well known and highly respected. The cemetery, a handsome engraving of which is presented on the opposite page, is located on high, dry ground, the most eligible obtainable for the purpose, and consists of thirty acres of nice, gently undulating land. It is divided and subdivided into lots and plats. The lots are 10x20 feet and 20x25 and the plats are 42x46. The grounds are handsomely enclosed and well kept under the special superintendence of Mr. L. Kiernan, the Sexton and a full corps of assistants. The cemetery is a favorite resort in pleasant weather for quiet people as well as those whose affection for departed friends has outlived the sordid struggle for money, and still bears on memory's page the last fond look and yielding grasp of the mother, father, wife, husband, brother, sister, son, or friend, who have gone before to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." Handsome shrubbery and rare plants adorn many graves, and floral tributes in abundance are not wanting to attest man's lasting affection. There are many beautiful and expensive monu-

ments to be seen on every hand, as one meanders through the serpentine walks, several of which cost not less than \$2,000 each, and all show skill and delicacy in design and execution. The most prominent of all these monuments is the magnificent and costly mausoleum erected to the memory of his deceased wife by Donald Macleay, Esq., at an expense of \$11,000. This structure is chaste and decidedly ornamental to the grounds and will be doubtless followed in the future by monuments equally as attractive.

The epitaphs are nearly as numerous as the tombstones, some indicating originality, and humor. A queer place one would think for the exhibition of wit. But to illustrate we mention the following: In 1862 a well known character named M. Mitchell, who made his livelihood by jig dancing, was frozen to death during the extraordinarily cold night of January 13th. His body was consigned to its narrow cell in Lone Fir and his friends placed a monument to his memory, on which is engraved the following couplet:

Here lies one who has taken steps  
That won the applause of man;  
But grim death came and took a step  
Which he could not withstand.

## MAY-DAY IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent at Liverpool, England, in a letter to us dated May 1st, writes: "This is our May-day, and annually all the great railway companies, manufacturers, corporations and employees of horse-power, vie with each other in making a grand turnout of their best horses, said to be the finest in the world. The N. W. Rail Co. had 160 in to-day's procession, this being all they could spare without suspending business. The procession consisted of over 5,000 horses with their harness and brass work, chains, etc., etc., in the height of perfection, and the carts, luries, etc., all newly painted and decked with ribbons and garlands of flowers. The money value of the horses alone was £300,000 or \$1,500,000 in American money."

"Tea-table topic" of the Syracuse Herald faintly complains because there is no clause in the game law to prevent house hunting.