

THE WEST SHORE.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying."

"Sun comes, moon comes, time slips away."

The years glide swiftly away and by reflections from the past, the pathway is lighted ahead. Another year is almost gone; an old friend, whose tread we ne'er shall hear again, is silently, quietly passing into the great unknown. The works of 1881 whether for good or ill are now done, and the coming New Year calls for new energies, new thoughts, new efforts. We can not tell what another twelve months may bring, of sorrow or joy, of prosperity or adversity, but to our readers east and west, north and south, we wish a happy New Year. It is said that hope is made up of expectation and desire; then for those of the great Pacific Northwest at least, we hope the new year will "Bring glad tidings of great joy," and a prosperity and civilized advancement beyond that of former ones. We have as a basis of such hope, the great progress of the past with all its works, fresh and grand before us. New additions to the energies which have built them up; new facilities for more rapid advancement and a concentration of a world's capital gives us every reason for expecting that another decade will see this new and extensive region, leading the van to greatness. Our great natural resources have already attracted the world and "Westward the star of empire takes its way." 1881 has been a year of prosperity in every respect. Our crops were never better and our unnumbered herds crop the luxurious vegetation from thousands of hills. New railroads are opening up new regions which in turn will pay their tribute for the common good. Forests are falling right and left and bread springs from thence to satisfy the hungry of foreign lands. Wails of distress come faintly across the waters and the great Northwest responds from its bountiful store. The markets of the old world stand agape for our produce and thousands of miles of railroad are being built to carry it thither. From the east comes the cry, "what shall we

do to be saved from penury and hunger" and the wise men answer "Go west! Go west!" But a few years ago this country was known only a great wilderness, a desert waste, now it blossoms as the rose; the river forests echo back the sounds of a great commerce, while its mountain gorges repeats the shrill scream of the iron horse, whose thunderings frighten the startled deer or cougar to hide in the mountain fastness. Go where you will and the virgin soil gives back wealth for the laborer's toil. An hundred sail out in mid-ocean are but so many golden fleeces from the great Northwest, carrying gladness to other climes and chasing the wolf from thousands of doors. Judging from the past, may we then not hope for greater greatness in the near future? So far the season promises all that could be asked for 1882. From no section do we hear complaint of a severe winter and thousands of plows are preparing the way for the harvests of '82. All our great railways are progressing with astonishing rapidity hitherward, and forcibly tells a golden tale. The progress of the time will only permit a moment's pause, to pay our last tribute to the dying Year. He has indeed been a friend to us and all alike drop a silent tear, while the New Year with pleasant smile and cheerful aspect steps nimbly along to take his place.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

WORDS OF TRUTH IN REGARD TO OUR CLIMATE.

East of the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere, even in California, one constantly hears words spoken in degradation of our climate. Especially the winter weather of the Willamette Valley, and particularly that about the city of Portland, is traduced by those who have had the least experience here, and who know the least about it. I have passed the winter season in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, District of Columbia, California, and in different portions of the state of Oregon, while various other States and Territories have been visited

by me during the different seasons that go to make up the year. At different times I have spent weeks at a time in this city and can truly say that I believe the climate of Portland to have been unjustly dealt with. Last winter I spent in the city of Washington, within the precincts of the "sunny south." Many of the streets were several times blockaded by snow and hundreds of men were required to keep the Capitol's great thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, open, while the thermometer fell more than once to 20 deg. below zero. In Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha and other cities of the Mississippi Valley, all business suffered extremely from the severity of the weather, and in many instances had to be suspended for days and days at a time. Since the first of last November I have spent most of my time in the city of Portland, during which time I have seen no ice, but one frost, have felt no need of an overcoat and at this writing, two days before Christmas, find roses blooming in the open air. In and out of the city beautiful lawns present a mantle of fresh green, sparkling like pearls in the bright sunshine, between showers. The rain has been by no means in accord with representations of the climate, and full one half the time has the sun, moon and stars beamed their lights on us unobstructed by cloud or fog. The thermometer has shown so far this winter an average temperature of 45 deg. above zero and the rainfall, though abundant, has not been extravagantly bestowed, and yet the weather so far has been a fair average for the winters here. While the cities east of the Rockies, and as far south as 36 and 37 deg. N. are shivering and chilling under an almost freezing mercury, we in latitude nearly 46 deg. N. are surrounded by an almost spring like verdure and climate. Hundreds of craft, sail and steam, are plowing the blue waters of the Willamette and Columbia, with no apprehension of immediate interference from ice which not infrequently leaves our streams open and free for a whole year, and if perchance "Old Boreas" concludes to embrace us