

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## TRAVELING AGENT.

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## FILES FOR 1883.

A limited number of complete files of THE WEST SHORE for the year 1883, all under one cover and indexed, can be obtained at the office of publication. Sent, postage paid, to any address upon the receipt of \$2.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

With the January number THE WEST SHORE will enter its tenth year. What progress it has made in the past is well known to all. The publisher is not accustomed to make empty promises, nor to announce anything until it is certain of accomplishment. It will, therefore, no doubt, please the many friends of THE WEST SHORE to learn that an entirely new dress has been purchased for the paper, including type a size larger and more easily read than that now being used, and a magnificently engraved cover. The January number will appear in its remodeled form, having eight pages added to its contents. The increased facilities will enable the publisher to produce a journal that will rank both typographically and artistically with the leading illustrated publications of the day.

THE WEST SHORE enjoys the undisputed honor of being the exponent of the resources of the Pacific Northwest. What it has done in the past year to entitle it to this distinction is amply shown by the long alphabetical list of topics and illustrations given in the present number as an index to the volume of 1883. An examination of this will demonstrate that THE WEST SHORE is a perfect encyclopaedia of the Pacific Northwest. No only will this be improved upon the coming year, but more attention will be paid to general literature, and many valuable features will be added, while its artistic department will keep fully abreast of the line of progress. It will be made especially valuable to the tourist and immigrant and rendered a welcome visitor to the fireside. It will be, in fact, a "Journal of Information and Literature." Though these improvements have been made and will be maintained at great expense, the subscription price has not been increased, they being warranted by the largely extended circulation, and it will continue to be sent, postage free, at the old price of \$2 per annum. Subscriptions can be made by mail direct to the office, either by postal order or registered letter.

The Coeur d'Alene excitement continues unabated. Many miners are in the mountains waiting for spring, and communication is nearly impossible except by the "snow shoe route." Besides the two camps in the mines a town called Coeur d'Alene City has been laid out on the lake shore as a supply point. Hotels, restaurants, wharves, warehouses, two steamboats and a saw mill are among the improvements either now being made or projected. Easy access to the mines can not be hoped for before May, and then a great rush of settlement is expected.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

From Swedish of T. L. Runberg

The moon shone white upon the down;  
The hungry lynx cried in the hedge;  
The dog's long howl came from the town,  
When one walked at the forest edge,  
Whose hut lay out upon the wold;  
The Christmas Eve was drear and cold.

He quickened wearily his pace,  
Upon the pathway drifted o'er,  
To wife and children's sweet embrace;  
To them some Christmas bread he bore,  
Asked at a wealthy burgher's gate;  
For they themselves long bark-bread ate.

It darkened more and more, when lo!  
He saw a boy alone and still,  
Who sat upon the drifted snow  
And breathed within his fingers chill,  
And by the night's light yet undimmed,  
Already he half-frozen seemed.

"Ah, whither goest thou, poor son?  
Come home with me and warm thee, pray,"  
So said, he took the frozen one,  
And reached ere long the garden way,  
Which to his humble cottage led,  
With his small guest and loaf of bread.

His day's trust by the mantel sat,  
The youngest child upon her breast;  
"You were so long in coming that  
You must sit by the fire and rest,  
And you come, too!"—so kind, so true,  
The stranger near the hearth she drew.

And soon they found how by her care  
The flames then livelier rose and sped;  
Unmindful aye herself to spare,  
She took with joy her husband's bread,  
And forward for the feast it bore,  
With a bowl of milk she had in store.

Already from the straw-strewn floor,  
Unto the banquet spare arrayed,  
The children gay had gone before,  
But by the wall the stranger staid;  
Then kindly she the little guest  
Led to a place among the rest.

And when a grateful prayer was said,  
That each might share, the loaf she broke,  
"Let blessed be that gift of bread;"  
So from the bench the strange lad spoke,  
And tears his eyelids straight forsook,  
When he the offered portion took.

When soon she would divide again,  
The loaf had grown whole from the rest;  
She fixed her eyes in wonder then  
Upon the stranger, her young guest,  
When still more marvelous than before  
It seemed he was the same no more.

For clear as stars his eyes now gleamed;  
A halo from his forehead shone;

The robe, fallen from his shoulders, seemed  
Like mists upon the breezes blown;  
And suddenly an angel, fair  
As any in the skies, stood there.

There went up then a blissful light;  
Each heart with hope and comfort fraught;  
It was an unforgotten night,  
Within the good folks' humble cot;  
No feast was fairer or more blest,  
Because an angel was their guest.

## FOLK SONG OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

And now is come our joyfult feast;  
Let every man be jolly:  
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly.  
Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your foreheads garlands twine;  
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lye;  
And if cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,  
And ever more be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
And no man minds his labour;  
Our lasses have provided them  
A bagpipe and a tabor;  
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,  
Give life to one another's joys;  
And you anon shall by their noise  
Perceive that they are merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call,  
Each other forth to rambling;  
Anon you'll see them in the hall,  
For nuts and apples scrambling.  
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,  
Anon they'll think the house goes round,  
For they the cellar's depths have found,  
And there they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,  
And mate with everybody;  
The honest now may play the knave,  
And wise men play the noddy.  
Some youths will now a mumming go,  
Some others play at Rowland-bo,  
And twenty other games boys mo,  
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore in these merry daies,  
Should we, I pray, be duller?  
No, let us sing some roundelays,  
To make our mirth the fuller.  
And, while thus inspired we sing,  
Let all the streets with echoes ring;  
Woods and hills and everything,  
Bear witness we are merry.