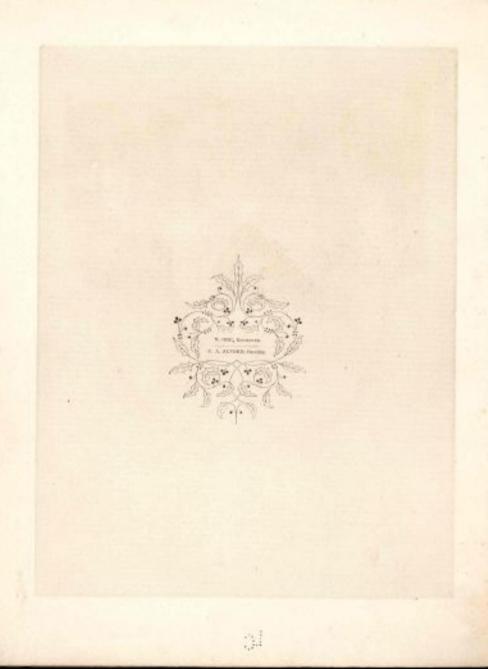


INSUSTRATED PROM ORXWINGS

By F. O. C. Danier.

NEW YORK ... ITMES G. GREGORY, PUBLISHER







A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

By Curaner C. Moore.

Twas the night before Christman, when all through the house Nor a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care.
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds.
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap.
Had nost settled our brains for a long winter's nap—



When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my hed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flosh,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sach.
The moon, on the breast of the new-tallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering ever should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rem-deet,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick.
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick,
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;



"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Princer and Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Copid, on! Dunder and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the noof,

The princing and pawing of each little boot.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all famished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;



His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The attump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth.

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.



He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spice of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Merrer Christman to all, and to all a good night."



