

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died,
And stouter spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke had filled the other;
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I know I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares deride me)
I looked, and drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civilly returned my stare,
And said, 'I'm Richard Warren!'

'You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who in the Mayflower's cabin signed
The first New England charter.

'I could some curious facts impart—
Perhaps some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions.'

'Ask on,' said I, 'I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation.'

Says he, 'First tell me what is that
In your compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eye-balls up,
And scorch my very marrow.'

His finger pointed to the grate—
Said I, 'That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth,—he shook his head—
'It is, upon my soul!'

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night,
And rubbed quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
'What necromancy's that?' he cried—
Quoth I, 'a friction match.'

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: now heaven save me,
Aloud he shouted, then
'Is that hell fire?' 'Tis gas,' said I,
We call it hydrogen.'

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echo'd the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forests bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised
In worship, Warren fell—
'Great is the Lord our God,' cried he—
He doeth all things well.'

'I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O may I ne'er provoke his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff.'

'Rise up, my friend, rise up,' said I,
'Your terrors are all vain—
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train.'

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent but sure—
He started, smiled, burst out laughing,
'What witchcraft's that?' 'It's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing.'

Once more we stepped into the street:
Said Warren, 'what is that
Which moves along across the way
As softly as a cat?

'I mean that thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head—
A monstrous hump below its waist,
Large as a feather bed.

It has the gift of speech, I hear,
But sure it can't be human!
'My amiable friend, said I,
That's what we call a woman.'

'Eternal powers! it cannot be,'
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they're strangely altered.'

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor-saving henery.
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, 'Tis plain to see,
This world is so transmogrified,
'Twill never do for me.

Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your thing which chickens hatches,

Have turned the world so upside down,
No peace is left within it!—
Then whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished, in a minute.

Forthwith, my most veracious pen
Wrote down what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it word for word.

Vermont School Journal.

Alliteration.

No great writer downward from Homer has scorned to avail himself of—

"Apt alliteration's artful aid."

Familiar specimens are Milton's:

"Will keep from wilderness with ease,
"As wide as we need walk."
"Defaced, deflowered and now to death devote.
"Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
"And hush the waving woods."

In his quaint contemporary, Quarles, we find the following:

"We travel sea and soil; we pry and prowl;
We progress and we prog from pole to pole."

So whoever has drawn many buckets from the well of English undefiled will remember in Jeremy Taylor, "She shall strike sore strokes," and Shakespeare's, "So sweet a bar should sunder such soft friends"—as well as the following line, which can not be surpassed, since not only all the words but all the syllables alliterate,

"Lo lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

Every reader of Brown's Mental Philosophy must remember the extracts from the Latin poem of several hundred hexameters, every word in which, from first to last, begins with P. Thus it is entitled: *Pugna porcorum per publicum Porcium, Poetam*. During an