

### RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

Did you, spring poet, or any other kind of poet, ever try to find a rhyme for Mephistopheles, or for silver, or for chimney, or for—but really, when one comes to think of it, there is no end to the problems which the rhyming dictionary has failed to solve for us versifiers. We have heard a good deal about the feat of finding a rhyme for Timbuctoo. But there are greater difficulties than that in the way of mating words. No poet, for instance, has yet succeeded in unearthing a perfect, and at the same time a reasonable rhyme for the word orange or the word month. I emphasize the perfect and reasonable, for attempts have certainly been made to get these words mated. But if there is rhyme in the following, there is assuredly very little reason:

From the Indus to the Bloreng  
Came the Rajah in a month;  
Eating now and then an orange,  
Coming all the day his Grunth.

It is not very intelligible, is it? No; it is pretty far-fetched, for the Bloreng is a hill in Wales, and the Grunth, I believe, is the Bible of the Sikhs.

Here is the outcome of a struggle with the word month:

"Search through the works of Thackeray—you'll find a rhyme to month;  
He tells us of Fogarty—of the fighting onty-oneth."

But this rhyme must be put out of court as not being sanctioned by the dictionary. It reminds one of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who declared that as there was no rhyme to silver but "Little Dicky Dilver," he would have to patent a process for extracting moonshine from cucumbers, and call it a "chilver." We shall soon find rhymes for anything if we may invent words for ourselves. The difficulty of rhyming certainly vanishes to some extent if one is allowed to use compound words, as here:

"I gave my darling child a lemon,  
That lately grew its fragrant stem on;  
And next, to give her pleasure more range,  
I offered her a juicy orange  
And muts—she cracked them in the door-hinge."

This can hardly be accepted as satisfactory; but it is probably the best that can be done for this crusty bachelor of a word. It is at least as good as Byron's:

"But oh! ye lords and ladies intellectual,  
Come, tell the truth—have they not hen-pecked you all?"

Pope has been tolerably successful in rhyming the names of his contemporaries in sarcastic attacks upon them. When Swift sought to do the same to Bettesworth, the latter boasted it would be impossible to find a rhyme for his name. But accident was kind in supplying the Dean with what he wanted. An Irish porter, disgusted at the remuneration offered him by Swift for carrying a heavy parcel, exclaimed, "Sure, your reverence, my sweat is worth more than that." "It is," cried the satirist, delighted, for he had found his rhyme.

Names were a perpetual worry to the old epitaph rhymester. "Here lies

Elizabeth Wise," and "Here lies J. M., pro. tem.," were childish efforts compared with the following to the memory of a Newcastle architect:

"Here lies Edward Trollop,  
Who made you stoness roll-up."

In other cases the Gordian knot was cut entirely, as in the following bold effort of doggerel skill:

Here lies John Bunn, who was killed  
by a gun;  
His name wasn't Bunn, his real name  
was Wood;  
But as Wood didn't rhyme with gun I  
thought Bunn would."

Some amusing effects are obtained by rhyming to the eye as well as to the ear; as in this example:

"There was an old witch of Malacca,  
who smoked such atrocious tabacca,  
When tigers came near  
They trembled with fear,  
And didn't attempt to attacka."

The proprietor of a large traveling circus tells a story which goes to prove that inhabitants of country districts are not so innocent as town-dwellers picture them. Some fifteen years ago he visited with his show the small town of M. During the performance, the tent was blown down, and a score of people injured. "Well, only a few months ago," he continues, "I returned to M. with my company. I remembered the accident that had attended my former visit, and I announced that all who had been injured by the fall of the tent would be admitted free. But, alas for time's ravages! Of all those twenty victims only about ninety-seven had survived."

A journalist, who sought experiences, recently made a point of answering some of the curious advertisements which appear in the newspapers. He commenced by sending one dollar for a cure for drunkards. The answer was "take the pledge and keep it." Then he sent half a dollar to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out. "Just take hold of the tops and pull." The next advertisement he answered read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into banknotes, fold them, and thus double his money. Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and got a package of needles. He determined that the next should be his last, so he sent one dollar to find out "How to get rich." The reply was short and to the point: "Work hard and never spend a penny."

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