

Oh, gentles ! I've been pickin' 'em
 For bait, the man's been stickin' 'em
 (Cruel) on hooks with k'ick in 'em.
 The small fish have been lickin' 'em,
 And when the hook was quick in 'em,
 I with my rod was nickin' 'em,
 Up in the air was flickin' 'em.
 My feet, so cold, kept kickin' 'em,
 We'd hampers, with *aspic* in 'em,
 Sandwiches made with chicken ; 'em
 We ate ; we'd stone jars thick, in 'em
 Good liquor ; we pick-nic-ing 'em
 Sat, till our necks, a rick in 'em,
 We turned again t'wards Twickenham
 And paid our punts ; for tickin' 'em
 They don't quite see at Twickenham.

A revision of the last stanza of Lowell's "Beaver Brook" is worth noticing, as showing a remarkable facility in the use of rhyme. As first printed it read :

In that new childhood of the world,
 Life of itself shall dance and play ;
 Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins
 be hurled,
 And Labour meet Delight half way.

Few persons, not practised in verse, could have made different endings to the first and third lines with but the change of four words. As now printed it reads :

In that new childhood of the earth,
 Life of itself shall dance and play ;
 Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make
 mirth,
 And Labour meet Delight half way.

Puttenham gives a plan for testing a master of verse. "Make me so many strokes or lines with your pen as ye would have your song contain verses ; and let every line bear its several length even as ye would have your verse of measure, suppose of four, five, six, eight or more syllables, and set a figure of every number at the end of the line, whereby ye may know its measure. Then where you will have your rhyme to fall, mark it with a stroke or semicircle passing over those lines, be they far or near in distance." After this, he says, give the theme ; and if a man writes a poem according to the direction he is "master of the craft."

A literary society of Toulons, during the reign of Louis XIV., proposed annually, for some time, rhymed ends for a song, generally in honour of the king, and the writer of that which was deemed the best, received a silver medal. It is said that the French writer Dulot, in the seventeenth century, once complained to some friends that he had lost a number of papers, among which were three hundred sonnets. Surprise being expressed that he had written so many, he explained that they were merely sonnets in blank or rhymed ends of sonnets which had not yet been filled in. A French writer named Mallemaens, who died in 1716, wrote a "Defiance of the Muses," consisting of a collection of thirty sonnets, composed in three days, on fourteen rhymed ends, proposed to him by a noble lady.

It is related by a young man named A. H. Bogert, a native of Albany, who died in 1826, aged 21, that he was never unsuccessful at any test of this nature. It was sometimes said that his impromptus were prepared beforehand, and his friends, Col. John B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, on one occasion desired to put him to trial. Van Schaick picked up a copy of Byron, in which was the name of Lydia Kane, a clever and beautiful young lady known to them. As the name contained the same number of letters as the lines of a stanza of Childe Harold, Van Schaick suggested that the letters be written in a column, that he should open the book at random, and that Bogert should be required to write an acrostic on Miss Kane's name, with the rhymes of the stanza on which his finger should happen to rest. This was done, and the following was the stanza indicated by Van Schaick's finger :

And must they fall? The young, the proud,
 the brave,
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome
 reign?