

"fear it," etc.; another broke the word irrit-able into two parts, but a third was successful in finding in the dictionary the word "skirrit," which is the name of a garden plant. A correspondent calling himself "Quicquid," asked for a rhyme for "liquid." Mickey Rooney proposed "chickweed," which they "often cure the sick wid." "Thick quid" was suggested by several, as:

Of tobacco from Virginia a sc'lor chews a
thick quid,
He then from time to time ejects the brown-
ish liquid.

Also:

If from headache you'd be quick rid,
Abandon stimulating liquid.

The "Knickerbocker Magazine," some years ago, offered a brass quarter dollar to the person who would find a rhyme for window. The prize was won by the following excellent stanza:

A cruel man a beetle caught
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
"Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"
And his soul went out at the window.

For the word "garden," "barr'd den" and "harden" have been suggested. For "carpet," "harp it" was proposed; and also the following "to a pretty barmaid":

Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar pet.
Believe me, my dear,
Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet.

"Chicago" has been supposed to offer difficulties; and an unfortunate person has used "cargo" and "embargo" in a poem about it. But a right-minded youth has referred to some one by the name of Iago, who wanted to let his pa and ma go to the city of Chicago.

It is said that Coleridge, being asked for a rhyme for Juliana, replied:

Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Juliana;
Lozenges I gave my love,
Ipecacuanha.

It was not a correct rhyme, however, for the sound of "ana" is identical in both lines. Hannah, manna, or Hosanna would have been better. As a counterpart to a line ending with Germany, Coleridge wrote, "Where sheets of paper we did blur many."

"Porringer" has been rhymed as follows:

The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
Then said the prince, "Oh, I'm so glad,
She'll make a rousing porringer."

The word "Timbuctoo" has occasionally employed the wit of writers. Here is one stanza:

I went a hunting on the plains,
The plains of Timbuctoo;
I shot one buck for all my pains,
And he was a slim buck, too.

Another proposed, if he were a casowary on the sands of Timbuctoo, to eat a missionary, body, clothes, and *hymn-book too*; while a third, during the time of Mr. Buchanan's presidency, included Jim Buck too.

The hardest English monosyllable to rhyme is "month."

A stanza is extant, I believe, which breaks the phrase "gun thrown away," so that "gun th—" becomes a rhyme; and another rhymster says he tried a hundred times and succeeded the hundred and onth. But most people will disagree with him in calling that a success. There are but two or three good rhymes for "step," though, of course, by separating syllables a great many may be produced.

"Twickenham" was supposed to be a rather difficult word for the poet; but a contributor to "Punch" exerted himself, and produced the following:

ON THE RIVER.

I sat in a punt at Twickenham,
I've sat at Hampton Wick in 'em—
I hate sea boats, I'm sick in 'em—
The man, I, Tom, and Dick in 'em.