THE POETS' DESPAIR.

Now all of you Poets—just hark to my lay;
O lend me thy earlets! I've something to say.
I'm writing these verses to see if you know
One word that will rhyme with, E — C — H — O.

Now, "Echo" is termed the Poets' despair,
'Tis said that no word can be found anywhere
With which it will rhyme, tho' search where you will;
So I ask, Gentle Reader, can you fill the bill?

In any Encyclo make your research,
In any Dickshinnery you may all search,
I'll gamble a dollar that none of you know
A word that will rhyme with E — C — H — O.

I tell you, sweet Reader, I'll bet you a bean
That none of you ever have heard of or seen
This word I am searching, to make up a rhyme
With "Echo," from language of any old clime.

But "LOW-RATE" has found one and two weeks from now
Will use it in rhyming, to shew you all how
The Poets of history talked through their hair,
In calling that wordlet, "The Poets' despair."

Try, reader, to find one, and if you succeed,
O hasten it hither with wonderous speed.
If you should be female, some candy I'll send;
Should you be a hemale—a smoke of good blend.

Yes: ship it to "LOW-RATE," I'll promise to do
My duty, in sending this bonus to you;
And promise, next poem, to find you a "mot"
To rhyme with that pit-fall, **viz.** E — C — H — O.