

RHYME.

(Continued from page 225.)

OUR ministers and orators like to speak of sins of omission and commission, of apprehending but not comprehending, of bearing and forbearing, of health and wealth, and moil and toil. A western editor classed his births, marriages, and deaths as follows: "Hatched," "Matched," "Despatched." Sidney Smith said Puseyism was "inflection and genuflection; posture and imposture; bowing to the east and curtsying to the west." Gibbon was once quite pleased at a compliment which, it was said, Sheridan, on the trial of Warren Hastings, paid his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," calling it the luminous page of Gibbon. "Luminous?" said Sheridan, when he was asked about it, "I said voluminous." Thackeray called Paul de Kock's novels and similar French works "fi-fi literature;" and foo-foo is nowadays a familiar cognomen of contempt. Such concerts in sound have always pleased the ear.

To the untutored mind the rhyme is a thing of vast significance; and the man who can make one is supposed to be possessed of the highest order of genius. I have seen people in New England, who thought they had developed the profoundest capacities of intellect, when they were able to bring the words "time" and "rhyme" into a juxtaposition, which would show their similarity of sound. These people believe rhyme to be synonymous with poetry. The descent from poetry to prose is easier than that from the sublime to the ridiculous. The following, for instance, is poetry:

There was a miller who owned a mill,
And if he aint sold it, he owns it still.

By changing the word "still" into "yet," it becomes prose. It is amusing to notice the exertion, the contortions of sense and grammar, and the distortions of pronunciation which are necessary to the composition of a few lines of this sort of poetry. The occasion requiring such an effort is often of a solemn character, and the poem in demand an epitaph or elegy. In Manchester, England, the following was discovered:

Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N.B.—His name was "Newtown."

A correspondent, some years ago, told the story of a pole, standing bleak and bare upon the coast near the lighthouse at Holmes' Hole. "Years since, three fishermen went out to fish in a small sloop. During the day a heavy shower came on, and the lightning struck the sloop and killed the men. It was resolved by the inhabitants to erect a cedar pole over their grave, with a suitable epitaph. The intellect of the vicinity was brought into requisition to secure it; and the following was chosen from the epitaphs submitted:

Here lie three friends who in their lives
Were never known to rankle;
Holmes' hole, cedar pole,
Crenkle, crinkle, crankle.

The last line is supposed to describe vividly the fact of death by lightning. The tablet could be seen in the churchyard a few years ago; but it is fallen now.