



THE NOSES THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.

Old Party.—HELLO, JIMMY! I AIN'T SEEN YE SINCE LAST FALL. BEDAD, IF I HAD TEN CENTS I WOULD TREAT YOU. (*Insinuatingly*) MAY'BE, NOW, YE'VE GOT TEN CENTS YERSELF?

SPRING.

WHEN the tap no longer freezes, when we catch the first mild breezes,
And the dude his fancy pleases with the shortest Seymour coat;
When the snow no longer covers all those lanes *not* used by lovers,
And a crop of tins discovers to reward the browsing goat;
When those battered forms unsightly which the snow had covered
lightly
'Neath the warm sun show up brightly, while the sodden clothes
lines swing,
Then appear the grass-green shutters, then the child's sports in the
gutters,
And our fervid poet mutters—*This is sempiternal Spring!*

Not of course the Spring of olden days when everything was golden,
When the world had just unfolden to the Day Star's waking eyes,
All her virgin flowers springing, all her feathered chorus ringing
Some sweet song they'd caught in winging through the glades of
Paradise,
When the merry nymph and satyr kept their sylvan court in state, or
Coming down to times still later, to the times of Good Queen
Bess,
To the England that was "merry," to the maids whose lips are
very
Frequently described as "cherry"—then was Spring in joyousness.

Ah, alas! our Spring is dreary, and the meekest man grows weary
Of the tax-collector leery, with his ever-lengthening bill,
Of the ever-changing hatter, who pretends "'Tis no great matter,
But the rim *is* slightly flatter than it was last year—but still
If you *like* to you can wear it." So you buy the hat, and swear it
Is a swindle, but you bear it; and the yearly changes ring
'Twixt the tradesmen and the weather, till you really wonder
whether

In the Pit that's known as Nether *do* the dwellers long for Spring?

MELTON MOWBRAY.

GIVE US A REST!

SUFFERIN' Ulster! ain't it tough,
Have we not at home enough
Rows and troubles we must join in,
Without lugging the old Boyne in?
Prince of Orange *versus* Rome
Should be argued nearer home;
Legends old of ancient Cork
Don't concern our County York;
Neither does the Siege of Derry
Tend to make our folks more merry.
Take a rest: call off your dogs,
Or drown yourselves in Ireland's bogs!