

ULULATUS.

DECREED.

In this fair season when the world may see
 Spring poets thick as buds that deck the tree,
 Thus runs the Ululatus Ed's decree:
 No sluggish lines prosaic shall debase
 The humble joker's consecrated space
 Which effervescent strains alone should grace.
 When nature carols forth her lays sublime
 And poetasters too, I think 'tis time
 That fledgeling owls should learn to hoot in rhyme.
 Pro lege voluntas, behold! I've said,
 And sign the mandate, *Ululatus Ed.*

TRIED HIS BEST.

He was a Spring poet, (pronounce "pooh it")
 At least he pretended to it,
 Would fain sing of Vernal flowers,
 Of birds, fountains, shady bowers,
 But found 'twas beyond his powers;
 So dropt the pen and said: "I can't do it."

A PERIPHY;

OR

The Bundle that Did Return.

"Who *owns* the parcel, Mister——?"
 One of the roguish seniors said:
 But onward still with steady tread,
 Strode he address'd, nor turn'd his head.
 The day was fine, the streets were dry,
 No ominous cloud obscur'd the sky—
 Undoubtedly this was the reason why
 The mercury in their souls ran high.
 'Tis certain ev'ry heart was gay
 And light as the silver wreaths of spray
 That rose from the Chaudiere far away,
 Blessing within the wisdom grey
 That instituted the Holiday.
 Northward the student phalanx marched
 Till he of the bundle of linen unstarched
 Audibly thought, "it was time to go back,"
 When some knave suggested 'the Railroad Track!
 And away they sped at a break-neck pace
 Till the Walk engender'd a gala-day race,
 When the stop-watch bounds from its lurking place
 To mark in time on its sober face
 What the agile sprinter measures in space.
 Now Janesville fled away behind
 Like a lesson in Greek from a Freshman's mind,

Or an actor in the Academic Hall
 To his fuming cig, at the curtain's fall.
 They pass'd by the Rideau Bridge around
 And left on the right the Governor's Ground
 When he sigh'd relief, for the burden'd found
 That his vexing comrades were "homeward bound."
 And now as with lagging foot they strode
 Stirring the dust in the parching road,
 Our hero, whose manly visage glowed
 Like a sun thro' the shower of sweat that flowed,
 From arm to arm his tiring load
 Transfers repeatedly, till at length
 The sight of the laundry gives him strength.
 The trials of life would indeed be hard
 Were they not to purchase a just reward—
 A reward which, however, 'tis well to know,
 Should never be looked for here below.
 But may not a student when passing by
 The laundry, just slip from the ranks on the sly?
 And so 'twas the moment to make a dash,
 If he wish'd to get rid of his burdensome wash
 Alas! he'd forgotten that stubborn rule
 That waits on our wish like a milkman's mule;
 "None leaves the Walk till it reach the school."
 Though one cheek with a just indignation burned,
 Still one bundle and boy, as they went, returned.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

The budding flowers their petals ope
 And freight the breeze with perfumes rare;
 Your foot slips on that cake of soap
 Your wife left on the topmost stair!
 And as with hard unyielding force
 Your cranium makes the staircase ring,
 You lift your voice in accents hoarse,
 For "a spring, a gentle spring!"

Blue shine the skies at eventide
 Twinkle the brilliant stars above:
 Yon chimney tall doth Tommy hide
 Who carols sonnets for his love!
 But as, with cautious steady aim,
 The fateful jack you deftly sling,
 Tomaso leaves the way he came
 With "a spring, a gentle spring!"

Sweetly the merrysongsters sing
 Swift flows the liberated stream;
 Now doth the budding poet bring
 The rhyme he thinks "creme de la creme,"
 But as the office club you raise
 And by his ear he hears it sing,
 He flees the sanctum with his lays
 On "Spring, Gentle Spring"!