

IN MEMORY OF A DINNER.

In other days round classic boards, I met
With those whose young brows bore the laurel, pure
From stain. Talking of art and strong to endure
All things, we felt youth's star could never set.
The wine I spurn now like an anchoret,
But oft from out the past I fain would lure
The joyous wit, the impromptu portraiture,
The high philosophies which haunt me yet.

Fresh as those you gave us for a whet,
Apicius sent cool bivalves to his friend
In Parthia. Many millions would he spend
On feasts colossal; but I'd make a bet
Than yours a choicer did he never get,
And higher our young wits did ne'er ascend.

OTTAWA, March 9th, 1884.
