

DINNER AT THE "QUEEN'S,"
MONTREAL, 1879.

Prologue.

McGill's Law students, I've to say,
St. Patrick, patron of this day,
Cad mille faithe! greets us all
Assembled here in festive Hall;
Full bent on pleasure at the board
Which, graced with cheer and wine record
Unmeasured joy of blithesome hearts
On this completion of our parts
In rugged Law's probation course,
(The which we willingly endorse).
"Variety's charming," runs the song,
So having studied much *Troylong*
And also work'd with might and *Maine*,
There're many great "*Pots here*" to drain;
We having sought them for a *spelt*
In cups another *Story* tell,
And *Blackstone* fling aside in play
A "white stone" take to mark this day.
Then let us to our Feast betake!
We've nothing but our *heads* at stake!
In place of Malvoisie and Sack
(Old possets strong; of times far back!)
We'll pass the lighter *Sauterne* round,
And thus a gentler *rev'ry* sound
Than drinking one's self semi-blind
We'll required elevation find.
Then each who is of Themis child,
Become the son of Bacchus wild!
Drown care and strife and spleen and spite
And cease to prate of "wrong and right!"
Let repartee and speech and song
In varied form to us belong;
Theme, wit and humor gay combine,
Law Bachelors of Seventy-nine!
But lest that any should get *tight*
On this commemorative night,
Our sleighs, nay, shutters for the *fast*
Are order'd sharp at twelve half-past.

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But stay, one moment ere we start
This sentiment is from the heart,
'Tis—should one passing shadow cross
Our bright Kaleidoscope with loss,
'Twill be the thought of parting ruth
From *Alma Mater* of our youth,
Adieu! Adieu! Farewell! McGill!
We ever lov'd, and love thee still!

G. E. B.

Montreal, 17th March, 1879.

ON WRITING NAMES IN BOOKS.

Those who do not love books *as books*, who would as willingly derive the same information or delight by some other means, lose a large amount of pleasure which the bibliomaniac has, over and above what he may extract from the letter-press. They can hardly understand the expectancy with which he turns over a book to discover any of those little signs which help to make it more precious to him.

Most of us have sometimes waited a moment, half thinking, half putting the question, "How shall I write my name here?" when we have been fortunate enough to possess a handsome copy in which a careless scrawl across the fly-leaf would almost seem a profanation.

Take up one of the heavy folios which were the delight of book-lovers three hundred years ago, and the chances are that you will find, stamped on the cover, the arms of the owner, generally those of a college, but occasionally one has the good fortune to see the broad tasselled hat and minutely quartered arms of some learned churchman, or the crowned rose which suggests the possibility of a Tudor owner.

To-day, books are more easily obtained, and are not particularly valued by most people, so that so expensive a fashion as stamping the arms has almost disappeared. Some few use a book-plate, but even this is somewhat unusual, and pen and ink are generally employed to mark the ownership.

In old books, "John Smith his booke," and possibly a date, or the name of his college, is frequently seen; but once in a while a more comprehensive statement is given, as in a copy of the first edition of Machiavelli, published in Florence, 1550, a young Englishman who laid old Howell's Instructions to heart during his tour wrote "*Questo libro appartiene a me Edmondo Verniyo, Gentiluomo Inglese, l'anno di nostro Signore 1663, il pretio su 9 shillings.*"

"We don't want to crib, but, by jingo, if we do,
"We've got the cribs, we've got the books and got the
pockets, too."—Ez.