

With sorrow we mourn the absent Fidèle,
 With sorrow we look for the Hirondelle,—
 Oh! what can the latter be doing.
 Thro' such absentees much pleasure is lost,
 But I must confess what surprised us most,
 Was the absence of Mr. Bruin.

His brothers in arms intend to delight
 Their friends with a brilliant ball to-night,
 And so I think, perchance,
 For the sake of the many ladies fair
 Who'll grace the scene, this frolicksome Bear,
 Egad! must be learning to dance.

But I'll stop, for I know I've said enough,
 To put you all in a mighty huff,
 So now we'll drink the fair,—
 Those ladies fair who, with many a smile,
 Thus help us our bachelor hours to beguile,
 And drive away dull care.

THE SQUIRE.