



The Asfaltant does not feel a wound:  
But yet he dies, for he is drown'd.

The Gallant's

WHEN sated Glor  
 Then Vict'ry's flauntin  
 We crowd around the E  
 bid grateful shed the p  
 While public grief prep  
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 The Soldier calmly yie  
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 Charges due and sad a  
 He's borne along the C  
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The Gallant's Downfall.

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WHEN sated Glory digs the Grave  
Where Vict'ry's flaunting banners wave,  
We croud around the Hero's bier,  
And grateful shed the patriot tear ;  
While public grief prepares the tomb,  
Where laurels will for ever bloom.  
But when War's clam'rous clangors cease,  
And, in the tranquil home of peace,  
The Soldier calmly yields his breath  
To the resistless power of Death,  
In dirges due and sad array,  
He's borne along the Church-yard way,  
And by his Grave no more is said  
Than sanctifies the vulgar dead.





—If the brave man whom Fortune spares,  
 Amid the dang'rous din of Wars,  
 Should chance, in frolic ease, to die  
 By any common casualty ;  
 If all his vital powers should cease  
 By bursting of a Fowling Piece,  
 Or, if inclin'd to play the fool  
 By vent'ring on th' half-frozen pool,  
 And spite of Caution's sage advice,  
 Should find a grave beneath the Ice,  
 The termination of his story  
 Is so unlike Heroic Glory,  
 That some are apt to play the Fool  
 By turning it to ridicule.  
 But such was the young Hero's fate  
 Whose tale these pages will relate.

He was as brave as that keen sword  
 Which, to his honour, kept its word :  
 For oft as was its shining blade  
 In battle's bloody scene display'd,

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The trembling foe was made to feel  
The vengeance of the fatal steel.  
—But when War's noble feats were done,  
A thrifty praise was all he won,  
With promise at some future day  
That he should get a Captain's pay.  
Thus, He was forc'd to sit him down  
In Quarters in a Country Town;  
Where, having nothing else to do,  
A Country Miss he chose to woo.  
She was th' impatient daughter fair  
Of a retired Officer,  
Who had a Col'nel's rank acquir'd,  
And, still with martial honour fir'd,  
Had made his purpose understood,  
Through all the chatt'ring neighbourhood,  
No Subaltern his girl should wed,  
Or e'er ascend her marriage bed :  
He should a Major be at least,  
Whom she should join in Hymen's feast,

But the Lieutenant had contriv'd  
By arts which often-times have thriv'd,  
The fair MARIA to persuade,  
Who was a kind, susceptible maid,  
To chaunt the burden of the Song,  
That—" Papas oftentimes are wrong."  
The Gard'ner too had lent a key  
To aid the Son of Chivalry,  
By which, at the appointed hour,  
He could approach Love's sacred bower:  
A Ladder too, both strong and tall,  
Was always left against the wall,  
By which th' Heroic Swain could clamber  
With ease, into the Lady's Chamber.  
There we suppose the moments flew  
As quickly as they're apt to do,  
When tender Lovers steal an hour  
To weave a wreath for Hymen's bower,  
And they had hop'd they should be seen,  
Within a week, at *Gretna Green*.  
But Fate, that's oft a Foe to Love,  
Did not, it seems, the plan approve ;



And, as it oft has done before,  
Left a fair Maiden to deplore.

The clock struck Ten,—with stately tread,  
The Col'nel sought his feather bed:  
When, as he pass'd, his watchful ear  
Did some unusual bustle hear.

BETTY, who held the light, and knew  
That his suspicions might be true,  
Said—"La, Sir! 'tis the cats that squall  
"As they run on the Garden wall."

"Then," he replied, "I'll stop their squalling,  
"And quickly spoil their cat-a-walling:

"So hold your tongue, and make no fuss,  
"I'll take my little Blunderbuss:

"Whoe'er they are, I hope to fright  
"The rascals from their sport to-night."

So on he march'd in martial state,  
And boldly pass'd the Garden gate;  
When he took post behind a tree  
To form some dire catastrophe;—

Though the dark mantle of the night  
Veil'd all things from his dizzy sight.  
In the mean time the Hero came,  
Burning with Love's all-daring flame,  
And had the ready ladder found ;  
But e'er he reach'd the upper round,  
Grim DEATH, who, in a spiteful mood,  
Watching beneath the window stood,  
With ready power backward threw  
The Ladder and the Lover too,  
Who tumbled headlong in the pond,  
Stuck in the mud and soon was drown'd.  
Just as the fatal work was done  
The Col'nel fir'd his Evening Gun.  
" Save him," was poor MARIA'S cry,  
" Or I shall burst with agony."  
Her Sire replied—" Save him, save what !  
" If I've kill'd ought, it is a Cat.  
" So get you gone, and go to bed,  
" And drive these terrors from your head."  
Nor was it long e'er BETTY cheers  
The weeping Maid.—" Dispel your fears :

- " For we have search'd the Garden round,  
 " And not a creature's to be found.  
 " I think he's safe from all this riot,  
 " And in his Quarters snug and quiet ;  
 " But should he wounded be, and die,  
 " Why need you, Madam, sob and sigh :  
 " Lovers in plenty will be found  
 " When the Lieutenant's under ground.  
 " He was an handsome man, 'tis true,  
 " But not half good enough for you.  
 " Poor as he was, had you been married,  
 " Your scheme, I fear, would have miscarried.  
 " My Master would have stamp'd, and swore  
 " That he would never see you more ;  
 " And left you both to fast and pray  
 " On Love, and a Lieutenant's pay.  
 " But be th' event or right or wrong,  
 " Calmly submit—and hold your tongue."

The morning came, the Pond display'd  
 The poor advent'rous Soldier dead,



And Miss was waken'd to recite  
The Lesson of the over-night ;  
When, with pale looks, she view'd the scene,  
And wonder'd what it all could mean :  
While the good people gape and stare,  
And all exclaim,—“ How came he there ?”  
—The Col'nel, though ne'er bred at College,  
Would boast of his superior knowledge ;  
And was the Oracle well known  
Of ev'ry Club about the Town.  
All were prepar'd his thoughts to hear,  
And thus he fill'd each list'ning ear.  
“ Had you e'er been where I have been,  
“ And had you seen what I have seen,  
“ You would have guess'd, as well as me,  
“ The cause of this Catastrophe.  
“ The poor Lieutenant was as gay  
“ And frolicsome as birds in May :  
“ Time, says the song, is on the wing,  
“ And Youth's the Age to laugh and sing.  
“ He fledg'd his maiden sword in *Spain*,  
“ Nor did he draw it forth in vain ;

- “ And ’twas a Spanish trick he play’d  
“ To give my Girl a serenade :—  
“ I’ve done the same when I was young,  
“ And to some Nymph by star-light sung :  
“ Thus, hoping to amuse my Daughter,  
“ The Gallant fell into the water.  
“ ’Twas a scheme after dinner form’d,  
“ And hence my garden has been storm’d :  
“ He, doubtless, had o’ercharg’d his glass,  
“ And this mishap has come to pass.  
“ A tear ne’er fills the Soldier’s eyes,  
“ When on the plain a Soldier dies :  
“ To the heroic and the brave  
“ The Battle’s field is Glory’s grave ;  
“ But when this Boy in youth’s fair flower  
“ Finds in a pond his final hour,  
“ I’m forc’d to feel the ridicule,  
“ That He should die so like a Fool.”