the Gallant's WHEN sated Glor New Vict'ry's flauntin Tenud around the I bigateful shed the p Mepublic grief prep The hurels will for e litulen War's clam'r in the tranquil ho le Sidier calmly yiel lithe resistless power ligs due and sad a shome along the C his Grave no m ha sanctifies the vul

ENGLISH DANCE

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

The Gallant's Downfall.

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.

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—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,

miling foe was made regance of the fatal ste War's noble feats in praise was all he wo mise at some future the should get a Captain He was forc'd to sit hir inters in a Country Tox in laving nothing else Miss he chose to but impatient daught refred Officer, had a Col'nel's rank ac 1 with martial honor hade his purpose under mil the chatt'ring n Whaten his girl should warninge warninge a Major be at leas wise should join in H

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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,

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But the Lieutenant had contriv'd By arts which often-times have thriv'd, The fair Maria to persuade, Who was a kind, susceptive 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;

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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;—

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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:

EVELUNE DANCE OF DE relate search'd the Ga inta creature's to be for the safe from all this his Quarters snug and bold he wounded be, red von, Madam, sot sciplenty will be foun to be Lieutenant's under wa handsome man, 't twist good enough for rule was, had you bee

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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;

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DELISH DANCE OF DE

- " 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."

VOL. II.

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