



Your crabbed Dad is just gone home:
And now we look for joys to come.

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 "To the old, se"
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 "The ancient C"
 "And if Lord E"
 "As all young me"
 "He will with ten"
 "Til I am borne"
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 "And I have told"
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The Mausoleum.

“ NO, NO,”—Sir GABRIEL GILTSPUR said,
“ No, not a Doit till I am dead.
“ Not one, my Girl, till I am sent
“ To the old, solemn Tenement,
“ Where, in due state and order, lie
“ The ancient GILTSPUR Ancestry.
“ And if LORD EDWARD loves you true,
“ As all young men will say they do,
“ He will with tender patience wait
“ Till I am borne through yonder gate.
“ Old as I am, ’twill not be long
“ Before Time chaunts my fun’ral song ;
“ And I have told you, o’er and o’er,
“ No Fortune, ’till I am no more.
“ You, LISSY, are my only Heir,
“ And little know the anxious care

“ With which I’ve shap’d your future life
 “ Whether a Maiden or a Wife;
 “ How strait I’ve drawn the legal line
 “ To keep my wealth unalter’d thine;
 “ To guard thy Love from lavish doing,
 “ Nor let a Spendthrift prove thy ruin.
 “ No Lord shall thy fair Dowry claim
 “ Unless he takes the GILTSPUR name:
 “ A name, for many a cent’ry past
 “ To honour known;—and it shall last
 “ If parchment deed, with seals set to it,
 “ Or Will and Testament can do it.
 “ Which you howe’er can never read,
 “ Till I am number’d with the dead,”

Thus to his only Child he spoke,
 While she his favour did invoke;
 And strove his kind assent to move,
 That Hymen’s wreath might crown her Love.

It seems LORD EDWARD had impress’d
 His image on MELISSA’s breast;

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And he had sworn with am'rous art
That she posses'd his faithful heart :
But still he thought it might not thrive,
If, while SIR GILTSPUR were alive,
They were to urge the Nuptial Deed
To flight on t'other side the Tweed.
He reckon'd that his Soldier's pay
Did not exceed three pounds a day,
And what the Duke, his grumbling Dad,
Might, to support the Nuptials, add,
Would never, as he thought it o'er,
Turn Chaise and pair to Chaise and four :—
He thought it, therefore, best to stay,
And crown his Love some future day,
When Fate might wield his spear and prove
The Harbinger of wedded Love.
—Thus they would oft at Evening meet,
And mix discourse with Kisses sweet ;
Along the riv'let's bank would roam,
Talking of Happiness to come ;
While sometimes, passing folk would see 'em
Looking athwart the Mausoleum :

But CUPID, though an errant Thief,
No pick-lock had to give relief,
His efforts vain he would deplore
And curse th' impenetrable door,
Whose grating hinges would obey
No Hand but his who kept the Key:—
What could they then but patient wait,
Till that hand op'd the pond'rous gate.

Not far from where the Building stood,
In the dark op'ning of a Wood,
With all his well-known symbols grac'd,
The Statue of OLD TIME was plac'd,
Here they would pass their tender hours
And deck the sculptur'd form with flowers;
While chaplets of perennial green
Upon his naked pate were seen.
Such were the Off'rings they bestow'd
In honour of the fleeting God;
Although they felt the full disaster
That he fled not a little faster.
But 'twas in vain to sigh and sue,
For what could the old Pagan do?

He was o'er-rul'd, nor could his pace
 Be quicken'd in the daily race ;
 His plumage could not quicker move
 By any artifice of Love :
 But it appears, search the world over,
 There's nought so thoughtless as a Lover.
 Thus Time went on his usual way,
 From Hour to Hour, from Day to Day ;
 But prov'd, at length, the Lover's friend,
 And brought SIR GILTSPUR to his end.

The KNIGHT was to his room confin'd,
 Hobbling and weak, and almost blind ;
 So that MELISSA, when she chose
 Of short-liv'd Joy, to pluck the rose,
 Would mount her Carriage and repair
 Among the Groves to take the air,
 In hope to meet Lord EDWARD there. }
 One morning, as the Lovers stray'd,
 And talk'd of Joys so long delay'd,
 SIR GILTSPUR moving on was seen
 In dismal pace across the Green,

And by his side, to help him on,
 Appear'd a busy SKELETON.
 Slow was their march, and it was bent
 To the Sepulchral Monument.
 DEATH, for a moment, stepp'd before,
 And quickly op'd the creaking Door.
 The threshold pass'd, the Door was clos'd
 And there SIR GILTSPUR soon repos'd;—
 There his remains in silence lie,
 With all his boasted Ancestry.

“ Let us,” MELISSA gravely said,
 “ Turn from these Dirges of the Dead!—
 “ —The Carriage waits,—LORD EDWARD
 “ come,—
 “ And we will go, and weep at Home.”

DANCE OF DEATH
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