



Über dieses Buch

Dies ist ein digitales Exemplar eines Buches, das seit Generationen in den Regalen der Bibliotheken aufbewahrt wurde, bevor es von Google im Rahmen eines Projekts, mit dem die Bücher dieser Welt online verfügbar gemacht werden sollen, sorgfältig gescannt wurde.

Das Buch hat das Urheberrecht überdauert und kann nun öffentlich zugänglich gemacht werden. Ein öffentlich zugängliches Buch ist ein Buch, das niemals Urheberrechten unterlag oder bei dem die Schutzfrist des Urheberrechts abgelaufen ist. Ob ein Buch öffentlich zugänglich ist, kann von Land zu Land unterschiedlich sein. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher sind unser Tor zur Vergangenheit und stellen ein geschichtliches, kulturelles und wissenschaftliches Vermögen dar, das häufig nur schwierig zu entdecken ist.

Gebrauchsspuren, Anmerkungen und andere Randbemerkungen, die im Originalband enthalten sind, finden sich auch in dieser Datei – eine Erinnerung an die lange Reise, die das Buch vom Verleger zu einer Bibliothek und weiter zu Ihnen hinter sich gebracht hat.

Nutzungsrichtlinien

Google ist stolz, mit Bibliotheken in partnerschaftlicher Zusammenarbeit öffentlich zugängliches Material zu digitalisieren und einer breiten Masse zugänglich zu machen. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher gehören der Öffentlichkeit, und wir sind nur ihre Hüter. Nichtsdestotrotz ist diese Arbeit kostspielig. Um diese Ressource weiterhin zur Verfügung stellen zu können, haben wir Schritte unternommen, um den Missbrauch durch kommerzielle Parteien zu verhindern. Dazu gehören technische Einschränkungen für automatisierte Abfragen.

Wir bitten Sie um Einhaltung folgender Richtlinien:

- + *Nutzung der Dateien zu nichtkommerziellen Zwecken* Wir haben Google Buchsuche für Endanwender konzipiert und möchten, dass Sie diese Dateien nur für persönliche, nichtkommerzielle Zwecke verwenden.
- + *Keine automatisierten Abfragen* Senden Sie keine automatisierten Abfragen irgendwelcher Art an das Google-System. Wenn Sie Recherchen über maschinelle Übersetzung, optische Zeichenerkennung oder andere Bereiche durchführen, in denen der Zugang zu Text in großen Mengen nützlich ist, wenden Sie sich bitte an uns. Wir fördern die Nutzung des öffentlich zugänglichen Materials für diese Zwecke und können Ihnen unter Umständen helfen.
- + *Beibehaltung von Google-Markenelementen* Das "Wasserzeichen" von Google, das Sie in jeder Datei finden, ist wichtig zur Information über dieses Projekt und hilft den Anwendern weiteres Material über Google Buchsuche zu finden. Bitte entfernen Sie das Wasserzeichen nicht.
- + *Bewegen Sie sich innerhalb der Legalität* Unabhängig von Ihrem Verwendungszweck müssen Sie sich Ihrer Verantwortung bewusst sein, sicherzustellen, dass Ihre Nutzung legal ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass ein Buch, das nach unserem Dafürhalten für Nutzer in den USA öffentlich zugänglich ist, auch für Nutzer in anderen Ländern öffentlich zugänglich ist. Ob ein Buch noch dem Urheberrecht unterliegt, ist von Land zu Land verschieden. Wir können keine Beratung leisten, ob eine bestimmte Nutzung eines bestimmten Buches gesetzlich zulässig ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass das Erscheinen eines Buchs in Google Buchsuche bedeutet, dass es in jeder Form und überall auf der Welt verwendet werden kann. Eine Urheberrechtsverletzung kann schwerwiegende Folgen haben.

Über Google Buchsuche

Das Ziel von Google besteht darin, die weltweiten Informationen zu organisieren und allgemein nutzbar und zugänglich zu machen. Google Buchsuche hilft Lesern dabei, die Bücher dieser Welt zu entdecken, und unterstützt Autoren und Verleger dabei, neue Zielgruppen zu erreichen. Den gesamten Buchtext können Sie im Internet unter <http://books.google.com> durchsuchen.



O, she has seiz'd his sword of flame!
And on it leant her breast so fair;
And sharp, sharp was that sword of flame,
And Youth and beauty perish'd there.

THE
POETICAL MAGAZINE;
OR,
Temple of the Muses.

Consisting chiefly of

ORIGINAL POEMS,

AND

Occasional Selections from scarce and valuable Publications.

BY

A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

These still exist, by thee to Fame consign'd.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Swan, Angel Street,

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY;

and sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1804.

P R E F A C E.

THE Editors of this work are now enabled to present to the public a volume of Fugitive Poetry, the intrinsic value of which, independent of its numerous embellishments, cannot fail of rendering it a favourite with the lovers of polite Literature, and a valuable acquisition to the fond adorers of Poetic Genius.

To boast of the patronage which we have received in the course of this undertaking, at the same time that we are soliciting a continuance of that favour, is such a common, yet such an awkward way of expressing our gratitude, that we feel ourselves quite at a loss how to express those feelings which such flattering marks of attention must excite. We, notwithstanding, beg leave to say, that, however unworthy we may be of public suffrage, no endeavours, on our part, shall be wanting in order to deserve it.

PREFACE.

We likewise embrace this opportunity of coming forward, to offer, in return, our best thanks to those correspondents whose respectable and elegant compositions have stamped a value on our Miscellany, and of whose voluntary contributions and kindness we yet hope to avail ourselves.

The mode of publishing in monthly numbers may, with some readers, operate in preventing a book from enjoying that place in the library which its merits would otherwise ensure. Such, therefore, are now informed, that they may have the volume complete, either in boards or elegantly bound, by applying at the Publishers.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
STANZAS to the Editors	1
Eloquence, an Ode	4
A Native of St. Kilda, to his Mistress	7
To a Lady	9
The Fisherman of Lapland.....	10
Sonnet to Mercy	13
Verses written on the Sea Shore.....	14
The Madagascar Mother.....	16
On leaving the Banks of the Arno.....	18
Tales of the Convent, No. I.....	20
To the Morning Star	24
To the River Tweed	26
To the Memory of Mrs. French.....	27
Edwin and Lucy	29
Sonnet to Hope	35
To the Memory of W. Cowper	36
The Observer, No. I.....	37
Woman, Dr.....	40
Woman, Cr.....	41
Wandering Mary	42
Stanzas to the Sky-lark	43
The Man of Sorrow.....	45
A Dirge.....	47
A Farewell Elegy.....	49

CONTENTS.

The Sun, the Horse, and the Insects.....	52
Solitary Reflections	54
The disabled Soldier	55
An Elegy written at Midnight.....	59
The Observer, No. II.—Mr. Dactyl	61
The Cot in the Vale	67
On the Loss of the Poetical Spirit.....	70
Serenade.....	73
On the Partiality of Fortune	75
Solima, an Arabian Eclogue	79
The Traveller's Address to Night.....	83
The Nun	86
Sonnet, written in a ruinous Chapel.....	92
Sonnet to Melancholy	93
Sonnet, written at Sea	94
The Hermit of Fribourg.....	95
Elegy.....	97
The Rose to the Zephyr.....	103
Maria's Tomb	105
Stanzas on hearing a Lady play on the Piano	106
On the Creation	108
The Fire-King	109
Ode to the German Drama.....	111
Pizarro	113
The Cruel Sister	115
Epitaph de Regnier	120
Henry to Laura.....	ibid
The Hermit of the Cliffs.....	121
Lovely Jean	124
On a Primrose.....	126
Tales of the Convent, No. II.....	127
The Gift of Love.....	133
The Chace.....	134
The Observer, No. III.....	143

CONTENTS.

Description of a true Poet	148
Oberon	152
Song, Willow, Willow	154
Sister Agnes	158
Alexis and Clara	159
Song	163
Death.....	164
Sonnet to the Morning.....	165
To the Author of the "Pleasures of Nature".....	166
To a Lady in Tears over her Child	167
Ode to Sympathy.....	168
A Turkish Ode of Msihi.....	169
Hymn to the Evening Sar	172
Translations from Horace	
To Agrippa	174
To Mæcenas.....	175
To Melpomene.....	176
On the Death of an Infant.....	177
Native Music.....	178
Translation	179
Ode to Pleasure	180
La Vallee	181
Stanzas to my Mistress	186
The Mermaid's Song	189
The Spirit of Despair.....	190
Time and Cupid	192
On seeing a Vessel sail	194
Sonnet to Friendship	197
Sonnet	198
Sonnet to St. Cecilia	199
The withered Violet	200
The Observer, No. IV.—The Spectre in Love.....	201
Valentine's Day	204
Sonnet	206

CONTENTS.

Sonnet	207
Bother Naggs	208
Syr Tyme	209
Song	213
The Ivy	214
Melancholy	216
Lusidorus, an Eclogue	217
The Progress of Poetry	221
Morning	231
The Rose	233
Sonnet	234
Content	235
Valentine to Laura	236
Sonnet to the Violet	238
Hymn to Poverty	239
The Charm	240
Tales of the Convent	241
May Morning	244
Legends of the North	246
Song addressed to a Lady	250
Address to Poverty	251
Model for Parodies	253
Sonnet to an Owl	254
Imitation of Petrarch	255
Persian Song of Hafiz	261
Sonnet	254
Translation of Horace	265
The Glow-Worm	266
The Peasant's Sleep	268
The Meeting	269
The Suicide	271
The Observer, No. V	275
Episode of Eliza	278
Ode to May	281

CONTENTS

The Muse	282
Stanzas to Serena	283
Sonnet to Autumn	285
The Wanderer	286
The Recluse	289
Noon	290
Bagatelle	291
To the Nightingale	292
Chinese Song	293
Imitation of Horace	295
Poeta ad Compositorum	296
Elegiac Sonnet	300
Legends of the North, No. II.	301
The Sincere Bacchanalian	318
Horace and Lydia	320
A Lover's Resolution	321
Elegy	323
The Observer, No. VI.	325
The Adieu	333
A Professional Declaration of Love	336
Elegy, written among the Ruins of an ancient Monastery	338
Spring Morning, a Pastoral	341
The Shipwrecked Mariner	347
To Julia	348

THE OBSERVER.

No. VI.

Imitation of Burger's "Lenora."


AT Whitsuntyde, with gloomy thoughts,
Poor Mary struggled sore;
"My William, art thou slaine," said she,
"On Egypt's fatal shore?"

He went abroad, with many moe,
The Gallic foe to quell,
But he no word to her had writ,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldyers come,
Their caps bedeckt with laurel boughs,
They seek their long'd-for home.

And every road, and every lane,
Was full of old and young,
To gaze upon the sun-burnt band,
Or mingle in the throng.

F F

“Thanke God!” their wives and children sayde;
“Welcome!” the brides did saye;
But greeete or kiss poor Mary got
From none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine
For him she wisht to see;
But none of all the Egypt lads
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were paste,
She tore her flowing haire,
And cast herself upon the grounde
In fit of deepe despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasp'd her in her arme;
“My child! my child! what dost thou ail?
God shield thy lyfe from harme.”

“O, mother! mother! William's slaine!
What's all besydes to me?
There is no mercye sure above,
For all are spar'd but hee.

“Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,
‘Twill calm thy troubled sprite;
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is goode,
What hee hath done is right.”

“ O, mother! what I feel within,
No prayer can ever staye,
Nor aught that earth can now afforde
My cruel pangs allaye.”

“ May be, among the *Heathen folk*,
Thy William false doth prove,
And takes an Infidel or Turk
To be his wedded love.

“ Then, wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain;
And, when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode will him paine.”

“ O, mother! mother! 'tis too late,
My hope is all forlorne,
For I, by William, am with chyld,
And soon it will be borne.”

“ Go out! go out! my lampe of life,
In endless darkness die!
That I should live to have a child
So sunk in infamie!”

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her wither'd veins,
Against the Providence of Heaven
She hurld her impious strains.

“ Go out! go out! ye neighbours all,
Let night and darkness hide!—
And, Andrew, take your dapple greye,
And for a midwife ride.”

’Twas late, and weary was the waye,
But Andrew rode full fast,
And spurr’d his steed amain, and reach’d
The dowdy’s door at last.

When, harke! abroad she hearde the trampe
Of nimble-footed steed;
And hearde an iron foot alighte,
And climbe the staire with speede.

And soon she hearde a tinkling hande
That twirled at the pin;
And through the key-hole, grating hoarse,
These words were breathed in.

“ What, ho! what, ho! thy door undoe;
Art watching, or asleepe?
Dost not remember Andrew Bell?
And dosth thou laugh or weep?”

“ O, Andrew! tarry yet awhile,
Till I throw on my smock;
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss—
Hast, Andrew, brought a cloak?”

“ The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I know it by my nose:
My spurre is sharp, my dapple pawes,
Gadzooks! ne'er mind your cloaths.

“ All as thou lyst upon thy couch
Arise, and mounte the crupper;
We have a score of miles to ride,
And I have got no supper.”

“ How! ride to night a score of miles?
Thou surely dost bemocke;
Eleven is the stroke that now
Rings on within the clocke.

“ And hast thou brought along with thee
A comfortable cup?”

“ There's what, within my saddle bag,
Will keepe our spirits up.

“ All as thou lyst upon thy couch,
Arise, nor longer stop;
The gossips all thy coming waite,
The chamber door is ope.”

All in her sarke, as there she laye,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her hand so firmly clench'd
Round Andrew's waist she clung.

And hurry scurry, on they went,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And Andrew spurrd his steed amain,
And laugh'd—he well knew why.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
They ride with mickle glee;
“The devil's in the dowdy wife!
Dost fear to ride with me?”

“The morn is bryght, and blue the nyghte;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost fear to pass the church-walls neare?”
“Not I, but what of them?”

“Methout I hearde the parish clerke
Make the whole chapel ring;
And all the congregation met
The Psalms of David sing.

“Lead forth, O clerke! the chaunting quire
To swell our nuptial song;
Come, priest, and read the blessing soone,
For I've been absent long.”

They heede his call, and husht the sowne,
They soon were seen no more;
And Andrew spurrd his steed amain
Yet faster than before.

Hallo! hallo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye,
For Andrew thought he'd seen a sprite.
And grinn'd—he knew not why,

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, through waters wyde:
"The devil's in the dowdy wife
So well as she can ride!"

And backward scudded, over heade,
The skye and every star;
And all that in the moon-shyne laye
Fled—the Lord knows how far!

"I ween our journey soon will end,
My stomach is not dainty;
I snuff the hospitable scente
Of caudle cups a plenty.

"The dowdy wife can ride apace—
Our hard rode race is run;
Well done, my trusty dapple greye,
Well done! my boy, well done!"

And when he from his steed alytte,
So keenly set was he;
She look'd just like a skeleton,
Whilome so blythe of blee.

The door full quickly Andrew op'd,
The prieste was sitting there,
And in his hand you might beholde
The *book of Common Prayer*.

And, lo! besyde him Mary's love
From Egypt's land came hee;
And in his arms a chubby lad,
And dandles on his knee:

And greetings fond and friendly there,
And soundes of mirth arose;
Then knew the dowdy all was right—
She might put on her cloaths.

Hence warning take, ye maiden's all,
If any such there bee;
And let me whisper in your ear—
Keepe your virginity!

M. M.

London.

