

**SCHOOL-BOY
REMINISCENCES.
A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649478408

School-Boy Reminiscences. A Poem by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**SCHOOL-BOY
REMINISCENCES.
A POEM**

SCHOOL-BOY REMINISCENCES.

A Poem.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

CAMBRIDGE: J. AND J. J. DEIGHTON.

1844

TO
THE REV. J. CARTMELL, M.A.

FELLOW AND TUTOR
OF
CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

This Volume

IS

WITH PERMISSION DEDICATED

BY

HIS EVER GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

May 24, 1844.

PREFACE.

THIS poem, which I lay before the Public, is intended to be a slight description of those hours that the boy spends in the halls of Science; and I have introduced any recollections that may have particularly struck me at that period. At first it was my intention to dwell entirely upon the Classic Poets that are most usually read in schools; but having been a traveller, my mind could not rest in so limited a sphere.

A friend, to whom I read it, observed that there was a part in the second Canto of Marmion, from which I might be accused of stealing some ideas. Speaking of a convent, I have used the title Hilda, a title I remembered that I had seen elsewhere, but had forgotten the precise book, not having read Marmion since my boyhood, the circumstances of which particular part had quite escaped my recol-

lection. I merely have added this to escape the imputation of borrowing from others.

If this book is written in a melancholy strain, it was caused by a heavy pressure of mournful circumstances. To the land of the South my thoughts most frequently wandered, where some part of my juvenile days was spent, and, I may add, some of my happiest hours. Australia has been hurled to the very lowest depths of misfortune since my departure (which is now some years), and many a dear friend, whom I once beheld in the zenith of prosperity, has been hastened by reason of its desperate condition to a most untimely end: if this be no excuse for a melancholy strain pervading my poetry, I desire to offer no further apology. As I have written nothing *particularly* relative to Australia in my poem, I send this small token on the southern breezes to her:—

Australia! when a boy I left thy shore,
Thy parting smile to me beamed beautiful;
There was a wild song in the farewell roar
Of thy rude billows; and the young sea-gull
Had music in its shriek; which came more full
Upon my heart, because it was the last.
'Twas a soul-piercing sound! which oft did rule
My aching bosom in the adverse blast;
'Twas that soul-piercing sound, which never shall be past!

On that bright morn our vessel left thy port—
Madly I could have burst the swelling sails,
And, stung with overwhelming, frenzied thought,
Have sent their pieces to the whistling gales!
'Tis well indeed intention often fails;
For how could I behold thee prostrate now?
'Tis well indeed my mournful vision hails
Old Albion's laughing hills; though here will flow
Too oft Grief's blood, as if thorns pierced my beating brow!

Lo! the Pacific's sweetly azure breast,
Tinged with gold dolphins' loving summer's sun,
Heaves bitterly; and mourns that she, so blest
In her fair childhood, should be now undone!
Undone, alas! and who, yes, who but One,
Can e'er allay her pangs, or heal her breach?
Ah! ships that hail this isle now so alone,
See the "thick darkness" round her glittering beach—
May God soon sheath his flashing sword, or patience teach!

ERRATA.

PAGE	STANZA.	ERROR.	CORRECTION.
10,	7.	Chæronna,	Chæronæ.
13,	14.	gleam,	gleam.
14,	18.	huæ,	hæ.
19,	32.	halycon,	halcyon.
24,	74.	Elæuis,	Eleusis.
60,	129.	Hæten,	listens.
64,	153.	in,	is.

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