

**FANCIES OF BOYHOOD: A  
SERIES OF  
POEMS ORIGINAL  
AND TRANSLATED**

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Fancies of Boyhood: A Series of Poems Original and Translated by Edward Blackadder

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**EDWARD BLACKADDER**

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# FANGIES OF BOYHOOD.

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A Series of Poems, Original and Translated,

— BY —

EDWARD BLACKADDER.

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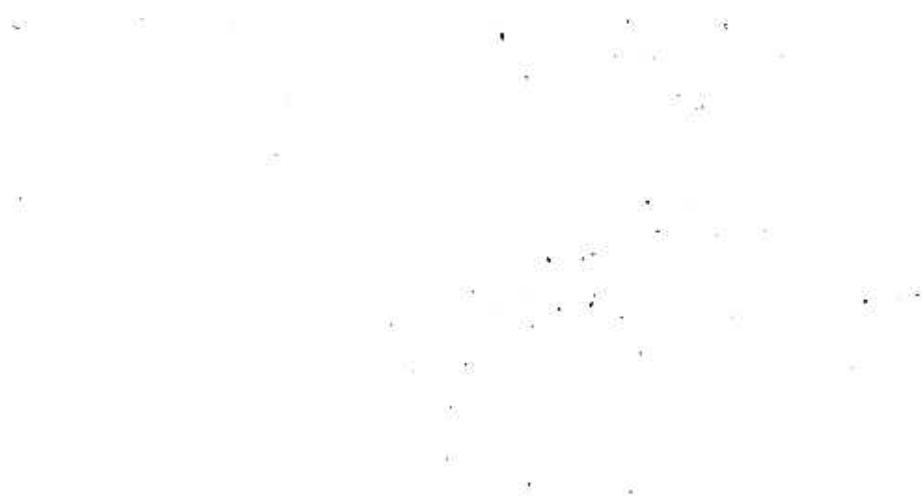


Figure 1: Scatter plot showing the relationship between two variables. The x-axis represents the independent variable (0 to 100), and the y-axis represents the dependent variable (0 to 100). The data points are scattered, and a regression line is fitted to the data.

The regression line indicates a positive linear relationship between the two variables. The slope of the line is approximately 0.3, suggesting that for every unit increase in the independent variable, the dependent variable increases by about 0.3 units. The intercept of the line is approximately 10, indicating that when the independent variable is zero, the dependent variable is approximately 10.

The scatter plot shows a weak positive correlation between the two variables. The data points are widely dispersed, and the regression line has a relatively shallow slope.

## PREFACE.

IT is a common practice among writers, when they make their appearance—especially for the first time—before the public, to offer some general remarks to their readers (if they have the good fortune to have any) on the subject of their productions; and the present author must, though the task be hard, follow the prevailing custom.

“’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print,  
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t,”—

says Byron, and some critics will probably give that as the only reason why the author of “Fancies of Boyhood” saw fit to publish. The remark may be true in part, but not as a whole. It is undoubtedly pleasant to see your name in print, that is providing it be not printed in the criminal list of some newspaper; but the pleasing sensation of seeing my name in print is not the only reason that led me on to the present undertaking. As a certain poet says:

“Lowly my lay, but yet, methinks, not wrong  
To pen these stanzas with an idle hand;  
The grey bird twitters out his ragged song  
Beside the robin with the note so grand;  
The heavens do not but for one songster stand,  
The earth but for great bards was never made.  
To all who sing, her glorious realms expand,  
Some in fame’s sunlight stand, while some in shade.  
The last O may I claim its lesser realm to invade.”

The writer strikes the point exactly. Although Acadia boasts such favored children of fame as Roberts, Vivien, Lockhart, Eaton, who occupy heights which the lowly author of these poor lines may



never hope to gain, yet he pleads the excuse "That the grey bird may twitter out his rugged song beside the robin with the note so grand," for both birds fill their destined place in nature.

As to the productions themselves, the title "Fancies of Boyhood" explain their nature. All were written between the ages of twelve and nineteen, and excepting three, "The Lost Child," "The Wandering Jew," and "Translation of the Pollio," before the age of eighteen; which early age will account for some irregularities of metre and crudities of construction. As to the worth of the pieces, I must of necessity leave the judgment of that to the public, but will feel (Oh, sad resource!) that if they are worthy of no praise, but possess at least a good moral character, they deserve no censure, and thus left alone, will pass into oblivion.

Yours truly,

EDWARD BLACKADDER.

*Wolfoille, November 18, 1839.*

P. S.—I must not forget to tender my most sincere thanks to H. Sidney Davison, of "The Aonian," for his many kindly suggestions and friendly and instructive criticisms.

# FANCIES OF BOYHOOD.

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## THE VISION.

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The following piece is supposed to be spoken by an Arabian—a character in an unfinished poem—which thus explains the peculiarity of thought and structure.

A FEARFUL dream my soul oppressed. Methought  
I stood in a wide vale; before me straight  
A mountain towered aloft, so far that sight  
Grew dizzy gazing at his heavenly crown.  
The sun had reached the summit of his course,  
And o'er the mountain hung, when suddenly  
A voice, re-echoed by the farthest orbs,  
From heaven resounded: "Now the end has come,  
And Truth and Justice o'er the earth shall reign."  
The awful speaking ceased, when lo, the sun  
Burst in ten thousand fragments, with a roar  
So deep and mighty that from star to star,  
From great Orion to the northern Bear  
And starry Hercules, it swiftly rolled,  
Shaking the universe with horrid jar.  
Clashing together in destructive rage,  
The stars fled back to chaos. From the moon,

Hung in the empyrean, drops of blood,—  
Red, fiery, ghastly,—'gan to fall : and earth,  
Quaking with fear, received the direful flood  
Upon her heaving breast : the dying moon  
Thus shed herself in tears, weeping in death ;  
And th' impenetrable shroud of night came down.  
And oh ! the silence that around did fall !—  
Silence so deep that Nature was appalled,  
And but the quivering of a leaf had seemed  
A sound as of a mountain overthrown.  
Then as I stood in terror, lo ! a gleam  
Of light, pale as the beam of the young moon,  
Played round the summit of the mount, which now  
Emerged to view ; and all the valley round  
Was bathed in spectral light. So feeling dense  
Had been the darkness, that the change, tho' slight,  
Mine eyes bore not, but closed ; and when again  
My sight uncovered was, upon the height  
'Twas fixed, and in the pale sepulchral glare  
Two forms appeared, so vast that each one seemed  
As if a planet in her arms could rest ;  
Of woman's form they seemed, their circling robes  
Enormous thunder clouds.

An arm of each  
Encircled other's form ; grasped by the hand  
Unprisoned, one a mighty balance held  
With JUSTICE thereon blazoned, word of light.  
The free hand of her sister held a book  
High o'er her form, and TRUTH, a burning word,  
Blazed from the volume.