ECHOES OF HALCYON DAYS

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Echoes of Halcyon Days by Maximus A. Lesser

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Trieste

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Et in Arcadia ego.
SCHIDONE.

From me are gone for aye
My halcyon days.
W. N. EVANS.
("Mount Royal".)

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past.
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.
SHELLEY

Hartford, Conn.
Truman Joseph Spencer
1897

To My Mother

When others failed me, thou alone wast true,
When others doubted, thou alone hadst faith,
When others wronged me, cool as morning dew
Thy solace would my fevered temples bathe.
Gentle of face and form of graceful mould,
Of playful humor yet of thoughtful mind,
Limpid of soul like brooklet in a wold—
Such wast by Nature fashioned and designed.
Since Fate, alas! laid ruthlessly to rest
Thy loyal mate for five and forty years—
Him of the childlike heart and manly breast!—
Thy genial smile seems ever fraught with tears:
Thy heart still saunters on Arcadian ways,
Conjuring dreams of happier halcyon days.

—1896.

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Prefatory Note

The poems embraced in this volume were, with a few exceptions indicated by an appended date, penned (and, at least in part, published in divers, mainly non-professional, periodicals) a decade and more ago. Their publication now — substantially in their original form — is not attributable to a conviction that they contain aught that future generations will not willingly let die, nor yet to the thought that otherwise the Muses needs must mourn another "mute, inglorious Milton," but is influenced partly by the promptings of perhaps overzealous friends, partly by the author's parental desire to congregate the mental offspring of a period antedating his embarkation on the "bubble, toil and trouble" of a professional career—a period redolent of laurel, reminiscent of "love's young dream," replete with the Icarian aspirations of youth, and ever hallowed in memory, albeit*

"The pleasant time has vanished, ere our wretched doubtings banished
All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea,
Whom in days now dim and olden, when the earth was fresh and golden,
Every mortal could behold on haunted rath and tower and tree."

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*A career, however, bearing literary fruit in the form of a treatise on "The Historical Development of the Jury System." (Rochester 1894.)