

For facing manhood's grand ideal
Eager its mystery to unseal,
These shadowy scenes are too unreal
The impatient heart's desires to fill.

Let then the Past her treasured dead
Of joys and griefs in silence hoard,
We will not wake her from her bed,
A ghost beside our festive board.

While Fancy with a fearless hand,
Her harp attunes to a bolder key
Through the circle of the mystic land,
And revels in the bliss to be.

PART I.—DAYDREAMS.

O SPRING! what beauty slumbering lies
Within thy wide extended bounds.
What harmonies of heavenly sounds,
What blendings of all brightest dyes.

The mantling snow has passed away,
The ice-bound brooklets leaping run,
And wakening 'neath a kindlier sun
The Earth prepares her bridal day.