

I mingle with the unsympathizing throng;  
 No cheering voice accosts, nor welcome's smile.  
 For dearest solitude once more I long  
 This dullest time its musings shall beguile  
 But ere the fancied pilgrimage be done,  
 To climes remote where oft with men commune,  
 Ancestral spirits, eager I alone  
 Hopeful repair, and anxious crave the boon  
 Of sweetest intercourse with hero minds—  
 —Departed spirits of the mighty dead,  
 Whose memory arrayed in glory binds  
 Our favored peaceful age with days long sped.  
 Nor vain my prayer. Descending from on high  
 They who in days of yore, on earth held sway,  
 And now are potent rulers in the sky,  
 A vision gave radiant as brightest day.  
 Varied their converse. Long I raptur'd heard  
 How they discourse of Virtue's noblest mood  
 And graceful told how they in life prepared  
 For deeds of high enterprise, the common good  
 By arts unselfish to secure, and strife  
 Valiant maintained with ev'ry hostile band  
 That desp'rate warred against their country's life;  
 How they in battle for their native land  
 Had struggled oft, and oft by foes out-done,  
 Their toil renewed, and greatly struggling still,  
 Success achieved and glorious Freedom won,  
 The worthiest meed of their unswerving will.

I stood entranced, and would have tarried long,  
 Unconscious of the swiftly passing hours.  
 But ah! who e'er shall hope of mortal throng