

Fortitude, a Sonnet.

The virtue, which the Orator of Rome,
Declared to be the freeman's brightest crown,
Found breath the straw-thatched roof, or gilded dome,
On desert wild, or in the crowded town,
Wherever patriot-courage strives with wrong,
Or suffering waits for God's appointment, long,
Wherever Man or woman finds a work,
And nobly strives, a mission to perform,
Whose animating voice, in new cloth look
In every whisper of the winter storm,
Calling alike upon the weak and strong,
Be this the burden of any humble song.