## The mantrouge 周emotrent.

## 3. I. Gerritson, yandisher



| ©lonte gotry <br> perseveri. <br> Id not give it ap-no! griut despair Shonld neres forge a chaitu for me, While thus I breathed my native air Within a land of liberty <br> Wo. dastard were the soul that cowers Within a free-born land like ours. <br> Id, not give it up-though every frowr That fortune's face is wont to wear, <br>  <br> That may have been my humble share Stiould thwart my every wish and will- <br> Fontide, through all, I'd wo thee gtill Shame on the weak and craven heart <br> $\because$ That bows beneath each transientsor Witiout the nerve to pluck, the dart? <br> "And greet the suncise of the morrow Withont the will-for'will is power- <br> To plack the thora; and cull the fiewer! <br> For what is man to manhood giten? For what bis varied powersfof mind? <br> For what his every hope of Heaven When earth's gifts have been resigned <br> If not to brave misfortune's thrall, And rise aperior to them all? <br> Then raiso that drooping brow of thine Resolre-and then-rwisaton <br> Give sorrow tó the laughing wiod <br> With fear ind donbt, forever! <br> Press onward and despond no more- Thy moto ho EExcesion:? |
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## Itliscellaments.



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