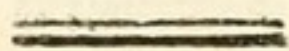


## SONNET.



As one who late hath lost a friend adored,  
Clings with sick pleasure to the faintest trace  
Resemblance offers in another's face,  
Or sadly gazing on that form deplored,  
Would clasp the silent canvas to his breast :  
So muse I on the good I have enjoyed,  
The wretched victim of my hopes destroyed ;  
On images of peace I fondly rest,  
Or in the page, where weeping fancy mourns,  
I love to dwell upon each tender line,  
And think the bliss once tasted still is mine ;  
While cheated memory to the past returns,  
And, from the present leads my shivering heart  
Back to those scenes from which it wept to part.