



When the soul returns to pleasure,  
When forgotten ills have fled ;  
Having found its long lost treasure,  
Virtue, in Misfortune's stead :  
Friendship's gen'rous arm extended,  
Nothing left for us to mourn :—  
Certainly, if so befriended,  
Happiness will soon return.

PRINTER TO THE TERRITORY AND OF  
THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.