

ON A REAL INSTANCE OF

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

ILL skill'd my youthful hand to guide

The just descriptive pen ;

Else with a poet's noblest pride

I'd draw the best of men.

Ye unseen beings that attend

In realms of purest light,

Affist to paint the orphan's friend,

The good, the matchless W——TE

And listen while I tell the tale,

More like a fancied dream :

One night, as languid, faint, and pale,

I view'd bright LUNA's beam,

I rov'd by yon fair building's side,

That strikes the wond'ring sight,

Then tow'ring high in airy pride

Dim through the gloom of night,

My

My mind o'erclouded was with woe,
As dismal as the scene;
Shades o'er my fate did thick'ning grow,
No ray could intervene;

But he was nigh, the friend of all
Beheld with tender care;
And still awake to pity's call,
My sorrows wish'd to share,

He spoke, ye heavens! the pleasing sound
Still vibrates in my ear;
Words which might heal the deepest wound,
And dissipate each fear,

But, oh! it was not words alone;
For bounteous deeds did prove,
A goodness to the world unknown
His manly breast did move.

On

On earth each broken heart elate

Beholds him with delight;

And heaven shall open every gate

To welcome matchless W——TE!

NO