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ON A REAL INSTANCE OF

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

ILL skill'd my youthful hand to guide

The just descriptive pen;

Else with a poet's nobtest pride

I'd draw the best of men.

Ye unseen beings that attend
In realms of purest light,
Assist 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,

What had fome filler.

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

That strikes the wond'ring sight,

Then tow'ring high in airy pride

Dim through the gloom of night,

My mind o'erclouded was with woe,

As difmal 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 forrows 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.

But he was night, the friend of all

And feill awake to pity's call, at

lyly forrows with d to thate.

Deheld with tonder care;

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Tor bountcous deeds did prove,

A moodnels to the world and

Lie manly bread did move.

On earth each broken heart elate

Beholds him with delight;

And heaven shall open every gate

To welcome matchless W——TE!

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