

and your Stoicks, when your existence depends so much upon them!)---Whether the Ship of the Common Wealth shall be permitted to glide gently down the Stream, with a propitious Gale; or whether it is to be perpetually racked & tossed in the boisterous Sea of Faction & Corruption.. God I speed the Honest, & shipwrecks foretend, lay I with all the Fer- vency of true Zeal; and with the same Spirit do I thank him, for placing me in so humble a Station as to exclude all Commerce with po- litical Gamblers, a set of People with whom I have very little more Connection than that Bird has, which chaunts from yonder Spray to sooth Brunette's Sorrows.....and *awaken mine*. It resembled Alpasia's Bird, but it was not the same.....It wanted that Sweetness and Melody which her Bird had; for She, dear- est and best of Women, taught it.
---Inspire me, ye gentle Spirits, with apt expressions to describe the Emotions this lit- tle Incident excited in my Heart.....The Reflection---but it is impossible.....The most pathetic Description would be faint and lan- quid to Minds of Sensibility, and to those, whose leaden Hearts have never felt the most generous of Passions in its full Force, such Descriptions would be Arabic at least..... Take my Advice, ye Solecists, get over Head and Ears in Love as fast as possible.....assume the Man, and be dull, stalking bipede Brutes no longer.....

Happy Bird! said I addressing myself to it, as it took its aerial Flight, and singing as it flew.....happy Bird! amidst all the Cares and Tumults of the World, that wring the Heart of Man and convulse the State, Thou enjoy- est thy Viands and thy Song, *contented* and *free*!

Thought is quick, and all this had passed through the Regions of my Brain, before I could open my Pocket-Book; but had I at- tended to an Object beside Me, it would have prevented me that Trouble.....As I was put- ting up my Money, a Son of Poverty, shi- vering in Rags, looked wistfully at it.

You have a just Claim to it, said I, and there it is at your Service.....The Melancholy, which sat brooding upon his Cheek, vanished; and as he extended one Hand towards Me, he employed the other in pulling from his Head something like a Hat.....He bowed, but he had not learned the polite cringing Bow of a Courtier.....His was the Bow of Gratitude and Humility.....He uttered not a Word.....his Looks and actions spoke more emphatically.

How easily may a Man, who has no tel- lish wishes to torment him, give and procure Pleasure! This poultry Sun has brightened the Face of Sorrow, and has given me a Satis- faction which Graspall never did, nor ever will enjoy.

The Vicaries of Poverty may harangue in Fa- vor of a contracted Purse, but it certainly is not a Thing devoutly to be wished for, and yet it is infinitely more eligible than a contract- ed Heart, though I think,

“Gold has no Value as an End, but means.” and I would despise myself if I should ever think otherwise of it; neither have I ever felt so sensibly, or regretted so deeply, the con- tracted Situation of my Purse as when Misery has presented itself before me in a human Form---Would to Heaven I could supply all the Wants of the unfortunate and the mis- erable! I would be perpetually employed in giving and relieving.

Blest Employment! to change Grief into Joy; Want into Plenty, & Wretchedness into cheer- ful Contentment.--Were this the Case, happy, supremely happy would be my Lot.....Ever blessing and ever blest.....this World, to me, would thus be made Elysium!

These Reflections reminded me of an obsolete Lesson of Benevolence: “Sick, and ye visited me----naked, and ye clothed me!”---A sudden Impulse (of what kind it was, you, who have felt such, can best tell) turned me to the *poor Boy*.

Whatever your Wants are, the Want of Sensibility is not to be reckoned among them. Your Gratitude has laid me under Obliga- tions; in Return for which, accept this small addition to the other Trifle.....One Hand received & the other wiped away Tears which he wished to conceal, for his Face was turned from me.

Be a good man, said I, holding one of his Hands, and you will never want.

“Bless your Honor, I hope so!”

It is the Promise of Truth, and you may depend upon it....Tears flowed too fast, and he pushed off to hide them; but, they were not such Tears as would have flowed had I said “If you are a bad Man You will go to the Devil!” such Lessons are calculated to send weak Minds on that horrid Journey, and those who teach them know not what they do.

Brunette was in Tears too....How delight- ful are the Effusions of a Sympathetic Mind! --Generous Brunette! may You never shed a Tear; never feel a Pang, or know what Sorrow is, but, as now, from Sympathy.--Here my Tongue faltered----the Scene was too af- fecting for Words, and I hurried off from it, just stopping to press my Lips against her Cheek, which I thought the *sweeter* for the Tears that trickled down it.

Humanity! thy awful strain
Shall ever meet our ear,
Sonorous, sweet, and clear,
And, as amid the sprightly swelling train
Of dulcet notes, that breathe
From flute or lyre,
The deep bass rolls its mellow melody,
Guiding the tuneful choir;
So thou, humanity, shall lead along
The accented pulsations in their march,
And give out measures of sweetest melody.
MASON'S ELFRIDA.

WILMINGTON, (LAST YEAR) printed for
ADAM BOYD, who will be obliged to
such of his Subscribers as are in arrears for
this Paper, if they will observe that the 5th
Year is expired.