

my tongue. But on repeating his words, and offering me the money, I dashed it from his hand, and in a phrenzy of fury rushed from the house. I guessed full well the authors of my misery, the vile Wilfords, who, in my absence by the most servile arts, ingratiated themselves with Mr. T—. He abandoned me for their sons. Hours I continued walking about his demesne almost unconscious of my being; the insult I had received, the disappointment of all my hopes was too much for a natural impetuous temper. When reason a little calmed my passion, I resolved immediately to repair to my parents. I had not seen them since my infancy, though my wishes to behold them were great. Mr. T— always prevented my gratifying them as they lived at an extreme distance from him. Nothing will intimidate a youthful mind when bent on executing a favourite project; on foot, therefore, without consideration I began my journey; no pleasing thoughts soothed my breast or beguiled the tedious way. The third day I conjectured I must be pretty near their habitation; filial piety sprung in my breast and quickened my steps at the idea; a pleasing calm diffused itself over my soul in anticipating the rapture of the partial embrace—a dusky hue was beginning to steal along the expanse, and sober evening had taken her wonted station in the middle air.

A Church-yard lay on one side of the road, and the only separation between them was a slight broom hedge. I thought I heard the plaintive voice of woe. I looked and discerned a venerable man, whose figure must have moved even the sullen apathy of the stoic. He was seated on a new made grave—his grey locks displayed his age, and he appeared bending beneath the pressure of misfortune—his eyes were now watering the grave, now cast up to heaven, with a settled look of despair. I could not pass him unnoticed—I entered this mournful receptacle of death—too much absorbed, he had not heeded me, till a sigh burst from my oppressed heart. Without starting, he raised his head, and cried, who feels this dreary spot!—One I replied, pierced by adversity, who is hastening to a parent's bosom, where his wounds may receive the balm of consolation. Struck by your distress, I could not pass you, a secret impulse rose in my soul, I wished to hear your woes. Alas! young man, he answered, my woes are of the severest kind. I indulged hope, I listened to its idle prattle, I thought to have spent the remnant of my days in peace—but the shafts of affliction were let loose against me—they pierced this aged breast—it once had courage, resolution—I now can boast of none—grief has subdued it—yesterday's sun beheld the darling of my age consigned to the earth—the worm will soon begin to feast upon the beautiful cheek. I have so often kist with all the idolizing warmth of a parent; but she is happy, an angel—his voice faltered—Nature demands those tears from me as her just tribute—the virtues of my child too—he could not proceed, a sob stifled his words—after an interval, he continued. I have a wife, she is dying, blest release from misery, yet frail fortune would not enable me to see her depart. She raved for her child—I wept—she called for food—I shuddered—I had none—I crawled from the house to this grave—it has been watered with my tears. Unhappy man! ill-fated Harland—Harland! repeated I with emotion—Great God! pardon me, had you a son?—Yes, the hopes of his happiness mitigates my despair. A friend adopted him, and promised to shelter his youthful head from the misery I now feel. Since the five first years of his life I have not beheld him. Now, cried I, catching him in my arms, you behold him—blasted his ardent expectations, returned a beggar to you. For a moment he was silent, then raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed, thy will be done, Almighty Father! this is the final stroke. How fallacious are the promises of men. Well does the holy book of infinite wisdom advise—Put not your trust in princes or the children of men.

Come, my child, my poor deceived son, let us hasten to your mother, perhaps she lives, you may receive her blessing. But why should I minutely dwell on this melancholy subject? No, amiable Miss Blandford, I will not pain your generously susceptible heart. In a fortnight I paid the last mournful tribute to both my parents. Half insensible of existence, I continued till a happy destiny conducted me to the spot where so providentially I assisted in saving you—again I was the instrument of preserving a life so infinitely precious. Oh, Miss Blandford! at your sight sensations unknown to me before rose in my breast! Pardon my presumption. My mind open to each soft impression—such a form, such sweetness, no wonder. The keenest distress reduced me to my present situation. I had no friends to whom I could apply for assistance. In my tranquil days I had taken pleasure in cultivating small spots of ground, and rearing

All the lowly children of the vale.

In this situation I mix not with the other domestics—that indeed I could not bear. Fortune in degrading my rank has left my spirit unshaken. Pardon me, Madam, for having engrossed so much of your time. I could not resist the wish of acquainting you with the occurrences that have reduced me to this situation. Farewell, most amiable of women, may smiling peace ever hover round you, prays
E. H.

(To be Continued.)

Oliver Bradley

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from that old Stand in *Back-street*, to his new Shop, nearly opposite the *Main Guard*, where he still carries on the *BLACKSMITH* and *EDGE-TOOL* business, in all its various branches.

He tenders his thanks to the public, for the favours he has received in the line of his business, and wishes a continuance of their custom.

N. B. Any orders in the above line will be thankfully received and faithfully attended to.

Wanted,

A QUANTITY of RAGS, for which, Books or Cash will be given in exchange.

PRINTING-OFFICE.

FOR THE TELEGRAPHE.

THE DROOPING ROSE.

A PASTORAL MONODY.

Sweet Rose, look up; thy Season comes at last;
Fierce *Aquila* hath spent his chilling blast;
And every Monument of Winter's power
Melts in the Western breeze and vernal shower.
Sweet Rose, thy Season comes, and comes to bring
The welcome period of no common Spring.

Thrice has yon River burst his icy chain,
And spread his annual tribute o'er the plain,
Diffusing, from his rich and swelling tide,
The Seeds of future plenty far and wide;
While here, forsaken, it has been thy lot
"To blush unseen," and, in this charming spot,
"To waste thy sweetness on the desert air."
But now, sweet Rose, look up, this joyless doom
No more awaits thy renovated bloom.
His task again, see, faithful *Nichols* plies;
Again this spot attracts admiring eyes;
And they, whose absence we so long bewail,
Bespeak fair Winds to swell the lofty sail,
And speed their passage home. But—is it home?
Can it, alas, be so to them, who come
From *England* hither? Or, as hence they went,
Can they return, with joy and gay content?
Yes! when a sense of duty intervenes,
Virtue will gladly quit the splendid Scenes
Of pomp or pleasure; still secure to find,
In every place, that "Sunshine of the mind,"
That self-approved serenity of soul,
Which tempers every clime, from pole to pole,
And turns the World, in all its ample round,
For *England's* Progeny, to *English* ground.

Then droop no more, sweet Rose; they come! they come!
Here to enjoy again the sweets of home;
Pure joys, which hallow the domestic spot;
Pleasures which, tasted once, are ne'er forgot!
Sweet Rose, they come, for whose return the sighs
And prayers of anxious thousands daily rise.
O may propitious breezes waft them o'er
With speed and safety to this Western shore,
Where loyal thousands with impatience burn
To hail the jubilee of their Return!

A RIDDLE—BY MR. COWPER.

(Selected for the *Telegraphe*.)

I AM just two and two—I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often fold dear—good for nothing when bought.
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure where taken by force.

STRICTURES

ON THE
NECESSITY OF INVIOLABLY MAINTAINING
THE
NAVIGATION AND COLONIAL SYSTEM
OF
Great-Britain.

BY LORD SHEFFIELD.

WHEN I assert the importance of the established principles of English navigation, to the commercial and maritime prosperity of this country, I rest my opinion on no abstract and theoretic grounds, but, on the strong and stubborn evidence of experience and of fact. For some time after the American war, the increase of our shipping was rapid and remarkable; and Lord Liverpool, and other very intelligent men, have not hesitated to ascribe that increase to the policy, and to the policy alone, with which England then maintained her navigation and colonial system. Whereas, in the course of ten years, during which we were renouncing our old and wise regulations, the extraordinary diminution in our tonnage, which has been mentioned, took place; while the number of vessels employed by Great Britain in the American trade, diminished as rapidly as it had before increased; and the tonnage of America, according to her own account, advanced with yet greater rapidity, viz. to 939,000, that is, to within about 15,000 of what is known to have been the whole commercial tonnage of England, in the year 1787. It would therefore appear, not only, that our commerce and marine are intimately connected with our navigation system, but that, as that system is infringed or maintained, the commerce and marine are to flourish or decline.

Even the slightest view of our West-Indian trade, will render the danger of infringements of

this kind, sufficiently obvious. The number of vessels employed in our commerce with that part of the world in the year 1791, as appears by the report of the Committee of Privy Council, amounted to upwards of 740, containing 154,643 tons. This is great in a commercial, but still greater in a political estimate. The prosperity of the trade proves the wisdom of the system on which it has been conducted; and the number of seamen and vessels which it employs, renders it of essential consequence to the maritime power of the nation.

I feel more zealous on this subject from a knowledge of the efforts that have been made to derange the essential principles of laws and systems under which we have flourished, and which have become the object of applause, and as far as possible, of imitation, in foreign nations. Some of the West-Indian planters more than once, and that with violence and clamour have laboured to accomplish their views of an unrestricted intercourse with America; and the activity of their zeal, and the eager selfishness of their views, still continue to be exerted to carry their point. We know that, on the occasion of the treaty of 1794, with the United States, they proceeded so far in conjunction with the Americans, as to obtain the important and mischievous concessions that American vessels not exceeding 70 tons, should enjoy a free trade to the West India ports. Fortunately, the Americans were dissatisfied with the limitation; but though they suspended the ratification of the article, (and they should in future be kept to their word) the fact is still the same, and continues to speak a very forcible admonition. I am, therefore, apprehensive, and more particularly when I recollect that they into whose hands these affairs generally fall, do not always direct their attention to such subjects. They are too apt to listen to those who have a measure to carry, or a prejudice to maintain; and however acquainted they may be with theory and theoretic writings, which often mislead, they have not sufficient practical knowledge to comprehend the full meaning and probable consequences of what is proposed.

I cannot but dwell much and anxiously on a subject which involves not merely the maintenance of our navy, but the whole use, and advantage, and dependence of our colonies. Sir Josiah Child, speaking of our West India Islands, maintains, that "if they were not kept to the rules of the Act of Navigation, the consequence would be, that, in a few years, the benefit of them would be wholly lost to the nation." Dr. Adam Smith frequently implies the same persuasion, and asserts unequivocally, "that the same act is the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England." Mr. Gentz, as we have seen, adopts and heightens this language of approbation and praise. I repose not however even on the high authority of these names but on the facts and evidences by which that authority has been sanctioned; and I do not hesitate to assert my own persuasion, not only that, if the admittance of American shipping into the West India ports is to be allowed, those islands would become dependent on the American States; and that rather than surrender the carrying trade to the islands, it would be incomparably better to renounce the islands themselves.

It can scarcely be repeated too often that Britain derives no benefit from her West India Colonies, except those accruing to her navigation, manufactures, and agriculture, by supplying their wants, and by the monopoly of their carrying trade; and it is those advantages alone, procured and preserved by the navigation system, which can countervail, in any respect, the enormous expense of protecting them. The same articles which they furnish, might be purchased at least twenty per cent. cheaper at other markets, and the same revenue would arise from them, if they came through the Dutch, the Danes, or the French. I see not, therefore, why we should make the sacrifices expected from us, either with respect to America, or the islands; with respect to America, because there can be little doubt of her continuing to take from us more than she can pay for; and with respect to the Islands, because the monopoly which they enjoy of the British market, secures to them a better price than they could else-