

An unusual and singular Fact.

*In the celebrated Battle of Talavera, which was fought on the 27th of July, 1809, with such sanguinary success, as seldom has been equalled, a circumstance rather uncommon in the annals of modern warfare took place. A brook of running water crossed the field of battle, and served in some measure as a barrier to the encroachments of either party. Here, during a short suspension of arms, were to be found, Eng, Span, Frenchmen and Portuguese, forgetting the ferocious animosity of individuals, shaking hands across the streamlet as brothers well met. This circumstance, in the beautiful poem, entitled the "Battle of Talavera," is thus admirably delineated:—*

THERE is a brook, that from its source,  
High in the rocky hill,  
Pours o'er the plain its limped course,  
To pay to Fejo's monarch force  
Its tributary rill;  
Which in the peaceful summer tide,  
The swarthy shepherd sits beside,  
And loitering pours his rustic song  
In cadence, as it rolls along;  
Carol of love, or pious chaunt,  
Or tale of knight, or giant gaunt,  
And lady captive held;  
Or strain, not fabled, of the war,  
Where the great champion of Bivar,  
The Moorish pagan quell'd.

But now no shepherd loiters there—  
He flies with all his fleecy care,  
To mountains high and far,  
And starts, and breathless stops to hear  
Borne on the breeze, and to his fear  
Seeing at every gust more near,  
The distant roar of war.

Now on the streamlet's margin green,  
Other than shepherd's forms are seen,  
And sounds unlike the rustic song,  
The troubled current rolls along;  
When, of the cooling wave to taste,  
From either host the warriors haste,  
With busy tread and hum;  
You would have tho't that streamlet bound  
Were lifted field, or faced ground,  
Where battle might not come.

So late in adverse contest tried,  
So deep in recent carnage dy'd,  
To mutual honor they confide.  
Their mutual fates; nor shrink  
To throw the cap and helm aside,  
As, mingled o'er the narrow tide  
They bow their heads to drink.  
Or, nature's feverish wants supplied,  
Unarm'd, unguarded, side by side,  
Safe in the soldier's faith and pride,  
They rest them on the brink.

They speak not—in each other's phrase  
Unskill'd—but yet the thoughts of praise  
And reverence unfold,  
The heart has utterance of its own;  
And ere the signal tramp was blown,  
And ere the drum had roll'd,  
The honest grasp of manly hands,  
That common link of distant lands,  
That sign which nature understands,  
The generous feelings told:

The high and sacred pledge it gave,  
That both were true, and both were brave;  
And something added of regret,  
At parting when so lately met,  
And (not developed quite)  
Some dubious hopes of meeting yet,  
(As heaven their devious paths might set)  
In friendship or in fight.

But short the truce that they can keep;  
For now the signals shrill, &c. &c.

From a London paper.

ON A LONG NOSE.

Heavens! what a nose! forbear to look,  
Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook;  
For as the fair Narcissus died  
When hanging o'er a fountain's side,  
You too, the limped water quaffing,  
May die, my worthy sir, with laughing!

DIVERSITY.

From the Augusta Herald.

DIED—A few weeks since, in a state of distraction, Miss Mary-Ann Mooney, aged 21 years. The circumstances attending the death of this unfortunate female, are published as a warning to the unreflecting of her own sex, and as an awful and solemn admonition to the inconsiderate of the other.

This young lady was the daughter of Mrs. S. Mooney, who lives a few miles from this place, honest and respectable. The old lady has seen better days; but of late years she has depended upon her industry for subsistence; and by her prudent management, her little family has been kept from want. —Mary-Ann was her oldest daughter, and a favorite child—

"She, with her widow'd mother, fiddled, old,  
"And poor, liv'd in it" cabin near this beautiful town.

The mother had endeavored to instil into her children the principles of moral rectitude, and to excite them to purity of conduct. The wants of the family rendered a frequent intercourse with the town indispensable, and Mary-Ann was often sent to procure necessary comforts, with the avails of the family industry. In this employment she became acquainted with a young man, whose polite attention made way to her unsuspecting heart, and soon secured her undivided and unalterable affections. Her innocent and unreserved encomiums upon this person, induced the mother to attend her daughter in the disposal of the next roll of homespun she had to part with. The old lady, more experienced than her daughter, tho't she discovered something in the manner of her customer that she could not approve of; and that her favorite was venturing upon the brink of a fatal precipice, from which she ought instantly to snatch her. As soon, therefore, as the cloth was disposed of, she told her daughter of her dangerous situation, and forbid her ever again visiting the store. The poor girl, suspecting only generosity & goodness of one who appeared to her all perfection, thought her mother's fears unfounded and her prohibition unreasonable. But, considering it a duty to be, as she had ever been, obedient, she endeavored to conform herself to maternal directions. After a while, however, Mary-Ann was missing from home, and her mother, with tender solicitude and anxious forebodings, for many days sought her forrowing. At length she was found at a house not far from town, and under the protection of the person she had been instructed to avoid. Distressed and almost distracted, the mother spent her days in ceaseless sighs and unavailing tears. Her child, her darling child, she said, was lost, and lost forever. Sobs and tears supplied the place of words, and in the excess of her anguish the old lady seemed as if her heart's blood would stream from her eyes.

Some short time after, the person whose affection and friendship Mary-Ann supposed she had permanently secured, and who she said had promised to make her his wife, became indifferent towards her, and by avoiding her society, called forth all the tender sensibilities of her soul, and filled her mind with inexpressible agony. She sought her friend in town, but was unable to obtain an interview with him; and without innocence to prop her fortitude, her mental powers were overcome by disappointment, and she became wild and frantic. Some female acquaintances of the family kindly undertook to return her to her mother, & having placed her in a carriage, they went before to announce to the old lady the object of their visit.

When informed of it her color forsook her cheeks; she trembled, and bursting into tears, asked how she could receive a child whose character was destroyed? But while they were in conversation, the poor unfortunate Mary-Ann was brought to the door; and when her mother beheld her emaciated form, her pale visage, and her wildly-staring eye, she forgot her resentment, and clasping her in her arms, cried out, "O my child, my child, my lost and ruined child!" The scene which followed language could not describe, and the tears of the benevolent females who had thus again united the family, testified that they felt what they could not express on the occasion. But Mary-Ann, poor girl, was wholly unconscious of the feelings she had excited, and at times would ask the cause of the sorrow she seemed to witness; and then declared, that she was happy, very happy indeed. She was then told, that she must now stay and comfort her mother; but she replied, "O no, I cannot stay here, I must go to my friend, my dearest friend. I cannot stay with any one else." She would then cry, and rave, and run, and exhibit a most deplorable spectacle of misery, and insanity, and frantic wretchedness. It was at length found necessary to confine her, as her delirium in a few days increased to perfect madness. Every ray of reason extinguished, she would tear off her clothes, bite and mangle her flesh, and present such a dreadful spectacle of horrid distraction, as has seldom been equalled, perhaps never exceeded.

In this condition she continued for some time, occasionally calling out for her friend, her dearest friend, her beloved husband, and then again would rave and tear her shoulders and arms with her teeth. At length death, the friend of the friendless, kindly came to her relief, and her sufferings and her life closed together: And may the angel of pity consecrate her memory.

This plain and unadorned narrative of facts, may suggest some useful reflections to the youth of both sexes, for whose sake it is published. To one it shews, what all experience confirms, that no dependence should be placed in any professions of regard, which are accompanied with invitations to depart from duty; and to the other, it presents some of the consequences which may follow from an unfeeling triumph over unsuspecting innocence. And for the consideration of both it may be added, that at the dread tribunal of impartial justice, and before a Judge who is no respecter of persons, the injured and injurer, the betrayer and the betrayed, must hereafter appear; and happy will those be, who are prepared for the eventful interview.

Love-Letter from a School-Mistress to a young Lady.

DEAR MISS B.—If there be yet no prepossession towards a conjunction with you, be pleased to accept of this interjection of my pretences; for I do pronouns adverbium that I desire to be adjective to you in all cases; and I positively declare that, comparatively speaking, I should be superlatively happy might I engender with you in all moods and tenses. I hope you will not think me

so singular as not to desire to have the plural number in my family, or that I am too masculine to be neuter in regard to the feminine.—Wherefore, dear Miss B. let us have our affections in common of two. Far be it from me to decline the conjugation, though I am not the first person, nor the second, nor the third, that have solicited you to be subjunctive to this love. I presume you will not be in the imperative whilst I pass from the optative to the potential, and that you will permit me to make a conjunction of my propria quæ maribus with you as in presenti. This will make a participle of happiness, if you please actively to give your voice to be passive herein. Be you but supine, and I'll be deponent; thus you will find it the optative part of my soul, to be a lawful concord with the genitive; my whole income shall be a dative to you for the present; nothing shall be accusative against you for the future, and your dear name shall be my vocative till death, the great oblique of all things, part us. Yours, infinitely,  
CALEB SCRAWL.

A Matrimonial Dialogue.

Mrs. Hyson—I with you would take a trip with me to the Springs this summer—my dear.

Mr. Hyson—I had much rather not—my duck.

Mrs. H—And why not—my love?

Mr. H—Because I don't choose it—my sweet.

Mrs. H—Not choose it—my darling?

Mr. H—I can't afford it—my precious.

Mrs. H—Why not afford it—Mr. Hyson?

Mr. H—Because it is much too expensive—Mrs. Hyson.

Mrs. H—Expensive! why there is neighbor Jenkins and family proposing two whole months there—man.

Mr. H—Neighbor Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be—woman.

Mrs. H—I think, however, you need not abuse my friends—sir.

Mr. H—I shall not imitate the example of your friends—ma'am.

Mrs. H—Then if you won't go, I will—that's Poz—husband.

Mr. H—And if you do go, you won't have a penny from me—that's Poz—wife.

A young man, more noted for vanity than for talents, was boasting that his advantages had been superior to those of other literary men, as he had received his education at two universities, Cambridge and New-Haven; when a shrewd old gentleman in the company remarked, that it reminded him of a calf he had seen, which had suckled two cows. "And what was the consequence?" said the conceited young man. "The consequence was," replied the old gentleman, "that he grew to be a very great calf."

A cosecomb asked a hammering Barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?"—"No, sir," said the boy, "but if you'll let me down, I'll try."

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