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WEEKLY ALMANAC. Table with columns for Day, Sun Rise, Sun Set, and other astronomical data for the week of November 7, 1852.

MISCELLANEOUS

A HEBREW MELODY. The wave has still as deep a die, That breaks on Judah's shore; serene and cloudless in her sky...

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Rest to thee, Mariner, rest— The smile of heaven is o'er thee, And ocean's violet breast...

From the Russian Anthology. AUTUMN.

The dry leaves are falling; The cold breeze above Has stripped of its glories The sorrowing grove.

BABYLON.

From Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c. It was not till after the destruction of Niniveh by the father of Nebuchadnezzar, that Babylon attained its acme of glory under that great prince himself.

the elevation of the walls. They were entered by 95 gates on each side, made of solid brass, and additionally strengthened by 250 towers. Within these walls rose the multitudinous streets, places, and other great works of Babylon; including the temple of Belus, the hanging gardens, and all the magnificence which constituted this city the wonder of the world.

Have you ever had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair? An Irishman all in his glory is there. He wears a hat and he wears half a crown. Comes out 'melted his friends and for love knock his hat down. (Old Song) DONNYBROOK FAIR. From an early hour in the morning, the road from Stephen's Green was literally blocked up with vehicles of all descriptions, and pedestrians of all ages and sizes, the latter of whom were at every step saluted with cries from the drivers of the former, "Going to the Brook, Ma'am?" "Room for two, your honour, and a dog in the well?"

had only made calves foot jelly of her broth. At night, when the fair was lit up and dancing had commenced with spirit, the promoter of mirth appeared to be at the highest. Pipers, barbers, and fiddlers, laboured in their vocation most indefatigably, while happy thrice happy couples danced "right fore and aft" each other. All was fun and frolic, waggery and gaggery. Lively jigs were squeezed from under the elbows of the pipers, whilst those of the fiddlers were more busily employed at the animating planxy. Dublin Morning Post. No one forgets the school-boy fable of the old man who undertook to please every body; the excellent lesson it teaches is with much point and pleasantry enforced in the following narrative of an Englishman's tour on the continent. It is communicated to the editor of the Sporting Magazine, from which we have copied it for the amusement, and happily for the instruction of our readers. [N. Whig. From the Sporting Magazine. You must know, (says my correspondent,) that, during the rage of the last continental war in Europe, particular business obliged me to set out upon a journey to Vienna;—but, being a stranger to the etiquette of travelling, I neglected to provide myself with a passport; for, as my business was of no concern to foreign nations, I had no notion that that they had any business to concern themselves about me.

This was but poor consolation; but, however, it was all I could get; so I had the honour of spending the night in a French guard-room, with a set of wretches as ragged as scarecrows, and the next day the Commissaire condescended to let me go about my business. Proceeding on my way a few leagues farther, I fell in with a detachment of German chasseurs, who demanded my name, quality, and what brought me there. Upon which I told them that I came to dance, to sing, and to dress! "He's a French spy," says one; "he must be hanged," says another; so I was commanded to mount behind a dragon, and away they scampered with me full drive to the camp. When I came there, instead of a rope, I only met with a reprimand, for giving such a foolish account of myself, and was presently discharged, with a word or two by way of advice. "We Germans," says the commanding officer, "eat, drink, and smoke; those are our favourite employments; and had you informed the dragons that you followed no other business, you would have saved them, yourself, and me, an infinite deal of trouble." Soon after this escape, I approached the Prussian dominions, where my examination was still more strict; however, I had got my lesson, and so told them that my only business there was to eat, drink, and smoke. "To eat, drink, and smoke!" says the officer; "impossible! there can be no such characters except among the Hottentots—Sir, you are an impostor, and must be tied up to the picket till you can give a better account of yourself."—"Sir," says I to the Prussian officer, "upon my honour I am no Hottentot, but an unfortunate Englishman, who have run the gauntlet in such a manner as no poor devil ever did before. "I have been imprisoned in Holland for keeping my own affairs to myself. I have been confined a whole night in a French guard-room, for owning that I was an honest dealer and chapman. I have been threatened to be hanged for a spy in Germany, only for saying that I came there to dance, sing, and dress; and now I am to be treated worse than an Hottentot for acknowledging that I came here to eat, drink, and smoke. But, sir, if you will be so good as to tell me what other account I may give of myself, so as to avoid that picketing spike, you will do me the greatest service in the world; for, as I am troubled with very tender feet, upon my soul I shall never be able to bear it." The Prussian officer laughed very heartily, and ordered me to be safely conducted back to the frontiers of Germany. "Make the best of your way home my good friend," says he, "nor regret the time and labour you have lost, since, if you take back with you this useful lesson, your disappointments and distresses in this short journey may be of infinite service in your journey through life: Never take any man's word for what will please another: never falsify your own word, for the sake of pleasing any body; and, in whatever quarter of the world you may hereafter be a resident, or a wanderer, be assured that the hopes of pleasing every body will be found as chimerical as the invention of human wings, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone."

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

In the year 1664, on the 5th of December, a boat on the Menal, crossing that strait over which a bridge is now building, with 81 passengers, was upset, and only one passenger named Hugh Williams, was saved. On the same day, in the year, 1785, was upset another boat, containing about 60 passengers, and every person perished, with the exception of one, whose name also was Hugh Williams, and on the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat met the same fate, but the passengers of this were only 25, and singular to relate, the whole perished, with the exception of one whose name was Hugh Williams! London pap.

EXTRACT.

All men wish to be more happy than they can be—Yet most men might easily be more happy than they really are.