S. H. Hall, R. of Will.

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OF THE URTOF APPEALS OF MARYLAND.

It is it, and I hate its beams. It is in the deeply. You hate all it busilen—you fly from it, and in it you fly from the only in a happiness—for a mind it is a happiness—for a mind it. e Reported by Thomas Hern uire, Clerk of the Court of Ar less must be a wietched one. fiend will you never believe me? eals, and Reverdy Johnson, tals, and Reverdy Johnsen, Esquire, Altorney at Law, bess Decisions will form a contion of the first volume of Reperdy published by Messra. Harr Johnson, which closes with it FEOS. It is proposed to palliboroniain not less than one hard transfer for some and fe Ido believe you. Churchill-I do ere that a dark and gloomy, and ty mind, must be wretched. I must il, because I feel it, but you ne which you yourself resemble, path has shown, in the language math has shown, in the language and twenty five pages, and fe bers to constitute a volume. T in the perfect day, and must, like an set in glory, without knowing and the set in glory, without knowing akery of guilt, or the impossibility alming from it."

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PRINTING the executed at this Office.

CHE SUIDENE CARETE

Annapolis, Thursday, May 15, 1828,

PARTED AND PUBLISHED BY Jonas Green

CAURCH STREET, ANNAPOLIS,

Three Dillars Ber annum

HISUELLANY.

from the New York American.

From "Dunallen" a novel, recently

errer, remained unshaken, and the

der increased than diminished, by

rei. for, he remembereil, 'it is not suck who need the physician.' Consist of approaching death he sent for friend. Dunallen flew to his bedward there occurs the scene we pre-

We entered the room where my

ally pale and emaciated, but his sally pale and emacrated, but mid-diance expressive of the elevation lysic which reigned within. I will and gazed at him for a mo-a He smiled and held out his hand

kumposed dear Dunallen—I have

to say to you. I entreat you,

is to say to you. I entreat you, it rib me of the little strength I had me by exciting my emotion.

I mo leave us for a short time, my

rnalim?' said he to a lady who sai

Sel-ft the room, accompanied by ment the room, accompanied by the them; the cherchill looked after them; taked deeply 'My poor mother!' Intreated him to prove to me that I tet let his friendship, by suffering

if possible to do away any thing argand to his mother which would the his anxiety.

re can do away what I dread her come will suffer at my death, Dunal-batto more of this.' He attempt

targain his composure, but could tad when I saw him moved, I could logar control my grief, and throw-grapell on his bed, gave vent to the logar control my grief, and throw-grapell on his bed, gave vent to the logar taged. Churchill put his logar taged was a second way to the logar taged with the logar taged was a second way to the logar taged was a second way to the logar taged was a second way to the logar taged was taged was a second way to the logar taged was taged with the logar taged with the logar taged was taged with the logar taged with the logar taged was taged with the logar taged with the logar taged w

around me, and pressed me affec-

is a low calm voice.

rised my head, and turned to

posite his head, from whence

Well Churchill, replied I turning

lus spoke; at last, Churchill

A DEATH BED.

'My heart and life, my dear Danal-len, cannot bear to be tried by that standard, and from such a trial I should shrink without a ray of hope. ... 'No heart, no-life can bear it but

His who descended from heaven, and said she took on nature, that he might in our lifeel place fulfil, in heart and life, every precept of that all perfect law. He it is Dunallen-He who offers his salvation to you; to me—to all who ask it; who; while on this earth, used this touching style of repreach—'Ye will not come as here, we have extracted a simple deshave, we, must believe brought unto me that yo may have life.' He it rishave, we, must believe, broughts in its unany an eve unused to weep, rain its detached form, and disconsisting the story of which it is seining a part, it will deeply interest insier. To enable those who may the read the book, whence it is to the tenter more fully into this. is in whom is all my trust-all my hopes of happiness, and of complets freedom from every taint of moral indepurity. I long to know that state. Dung allen—I long to put off this weak, singful, dark mortality, which separates my soul from Hims who is near me, and around me, and within the Him whom having not seen I love and feel a joy in loving that is unspeakable!' He seemed lost in his own feelings, and his fine coutenance looked more than human. 'Can this be delusion? thought I. as I

where read the book, swhence it is into the contermore fully into this, into this, into this, into the content of the content gazed at him, and he soon recollected himself. *Dunallen, do you still admire the morality of the New Testament?' *I do, Churchill.' st of Churchill in Dunallen was

'And his character who is there de-

scribed?' 'Most assuredly I do.'

'Then, Dunallen answer me candid-

ly, why are you not a Christian? 'I hesi ated. 'I do not say, Churchill, that I am not a Christian—but indeed if the morality of the new testa-ment is necessary to being one, I may fairly own, that to me it is impractica-

It is necessary my friend, but it is so as an effect; the great end of christi-anity is to purify the heart, to renovate the powers of the soul, and to give a new principle of life-but we must be lieve in him who is the source of this principle of life—we must come to him to receive it, before we can obey the pure principles of christianity—just as he himself illustrates the-subject as the branch must receive nourishment from the vine before it can produce fruit. If you really believe in him. ly believe in him, you must -but the love and obedience love him-

are both his gifts.

'My dear Churchill,' replied I, I wish from my inmost soul I could comprehend you, but I do not, I cannot, and you are exhausted, for an hectic flush glowed on his check, and he spake with difficulty. Spare yourself my dearest friend, just prescribe to me—I promise to do whatever you desire me, if a bening an arrange of the property of th ing so weak dare promise. I shall not return to Aspasia, that charm is, I hope broken forever. He pressed my hand in his with affectionate warmth.

Dear Dunallen, I trust implicitly in every promise you make at this moment, you remove the only real grief that embittered my last moments. Promise me also, to read this volume, added he laying his hand on a bible which lay on his bed, 'promise me to read it with at-tention. I have constantly thought of you while reading it, ever since I knew you Dunallen-You will find that I have attempted to answer those objections which I supposed might arise in your The book was interleaved, and full of his writing. 'What unwearied frindship!' exclaim-

ed I. Churchill, what will life be without it?"

ile was moved, but struggled to suppress his emotion, I felt an indescri-bable desolation of heart. His eyes a gain fell upon me, and he smiled with

his usual sweet serenity.
My dear Dunallen, I cannot describe to you the happiness I feel at this

And yet, Churchill, you seem to be in pain, and breathe with much difficul-

"th! that is nothing!" interrupted he let my breathing he still tighter, and my pulse flutter on—I now wish for no delay. There was but one care which delay. There was but one care which hung so heavy on my soul, I shrunk frum death, I had not faith to cast it from death. I had not faith to cast it on his mercy, who in this precious volume invited me so to do—and he has in his gentleness condescended to show me ere I depart, that he is the hearer of prayer. My beloves I lumallon, you were that painful heavy care, and you have been brought to me. You have primised to abandon that course which was leading who to overlasting darkness. was leading you to everlasting darkness You have promised to study this volume which will guile you to that state to which I now hasten. I have no farther fears. My friend is reclaimed! Gracious Lord I thank thee! He sunk back quite exhausted-I thought he wad sup-

twa membry, low and erroneoud; and range violently, the set and range violently, the set and range violently, the set and range poriet higher entered, accompanied by a woman whose countenance expressions our healf-tevelation teachers, and of perfection.

soemed pleased to lean his head bn.my! breast, and he took his mother's hand and attempted to speak, but could had: 'You need repose, my dear Edmund,' said she

"I feel repose," replied he; in a low

'Thank God, you always do, Edmand. Buffer me; dear Madam, to watch his repose said I dreading to be turn

for a moment from him. *She Jooked at me, and then at him, and attempted to smile, but burst into tears.

rurse, said Churchill to the woman who had entered with his mother, and atone more evening service with you all.

'I reluctantly yielded my precious charge, following Mrs. Churchill to an anartment where her family was assembled. It was a numerous one—the youth whom I had already seen, and

six boys and girls still younger.

*Are all these the brothers and sisters of Churchill? asked I. *All but this boy,' replied Mrs Churchill, the is my child, and Edmund's brother by a doption-he is an orphan. She intro duced them all to me by name. Ed mund has been brother, and father, and tutor, and friend to them all,' added

'Mrs. Churchill spoke with compo the course of the four and hiding his face week for the four and hiding his face week for the four, and hiding his face week himself on the floor, and hiding his face week hitterly. went bitterly. Poor George,' said his mother, the can appreciate his brother's character;

I know not how he will bear ---. 'she stopt—but recovering herself said. God can give strength suited to our days of ·Grief soon cloes away all ceremony

we were in a short time perfectly inti-mate, and I felt a sweet pleasure in having the little brothers and sisters of Churchill in my bosom, and hanging upon me. Mrs. Churchill spoke quite freely to me-and when George returned, and saw that we all we staid and gave vent to his grief without controul. "Churchill soon sent for us-his

countenance brightened on our en-trance, but he appeared extremely ill. All gathered round his bed, and the children seemed to have their particu-lar places near him. The youngest slipped down from my arms, climbed upon his bed, and, getting as near him as she could, put her little face close to his. He smiled, and kissing the rosy cheek, then looked round on all the children with an expression of melan

choly pleasure.

'The servants entered, but turned away their faces when they saw the pale looks of their young master, and the little head that leant upon him. His poor nurse sunk upon her knees and concealed her face upon his bed. Mrs. Churchill, pale as marble, sat with her eyes fixed upon her son.

He, with great difficulty, prayed few short but fervent sentences for those around him, then looking at me,

and faintly smiling he said,
'I cannot express that I wish.' Then telling George what part of scrip-ture he desired to have read to him, he looked for a moment at his mother. then at the children, then at me. held his hand in mine—it was cold, and the pulse fluttering. He pressed mine feebly, then turning away his face, laid his other hand on his eyes, and seemed to listen with the deepest atten tion .- When George read the passage from our Lord's prayer on the eve of his suffering; 'Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, _______, Churchill raised his harid for a moment from his face, and looked towards heaven. A smile of rapture was on his lips; he a gain covered his eyes;—George read on ma broken voice, but he betrayed no farther emotion. His hand at last fell gently from his face.—Mrs. Churchill. uttered a scream of terror on seeing the pale and fixed look; he did not hear

pale and fixed look; he did not hear it—the pure spirit was at last free.

Solit was morning when the confusion of my ideas began to subside, and the dreadful truth gradually returned to my recollection. I started from the bed where I had been laid, and, perceiving my poor worn out servant asleep, I softly left the room, determined from once more to look on that belyest ing once more to look on that belower countenance, in which was so long countenance, or Churchill. I saw. read the nened, and entered the room but could scarcely believe I was in the apartment of my departed friend.
There was none of the mockery of death—all was as if nothing unusual

To that standard which reaches the could not speak, he smiled, and motion is an branch of a white life that grews thoughts and motives of the immost recesses of the soul; no being ever attain the cesses of the soul; no being ever attain to me.

Let me relieve thee, said his mother with its perfume. I hoped I had only to me.

No, no, said Churchill faiatly, he ed the bed. The curtains were closed len. cannot bear to be tried by that seemed pleased to lean his head by but, on gently drawing them aside. felt the reality of my wretchedness when I discovered Churchill's mother felt the leaning over his pule corpse. started on perceiving me, but held out her hand with a smile that resembled

Churchill's "He is still himself," said she, turning again to gaze on his countenance; how placid! I would not bring him back for a thousand world! Oh, God, only permit me soon to follow hims! Yet I am wrong in this wish; but I feel so hapless now when that countenance, which used to animate my heart, is so still!'-She shuddered 'Oh, God support me!

"I shall not attempt to describe the day that followed this morning my dear Catharine, nor the waking of the morn after. Mrs. Churchill's composure when I met her on this second morning surprised me. It was at the door of my friend's apartment-she had locked it-but held the key to me smiling faintly.

"You wish again to view that forsak en cottage of clay-the spirit is now gone, indeed! we must form new ideas of his stare, and learn how to follow him there. May God give you the support he has bestowed on me, added she, it is sufficient even for the widow and the childless."

There was an expression almost of delight in her countenance as she spoks.
...Will you join us soon?? she asked as we parted; I promised, and left her, almost deprecating any support, which seemed to me so unnatural.

"And can the mother of Churchill o soon desire to mourn without the bitterness of grief for him? thought I. as I entered his silent room, and, with a sickness of heart, uncovered the pale face of my friend. She had said right; the impression of his exalted spirit had left his earthly tenement; his features, tho beautiful, bore only the straightened character of death. I remained con templating his changed countenance with the most wretched and gloomy feelings, till I was interrupted by some one tapping softly at the door of the room. I went to it and found one of the little sisters of my friend.

"Mama sent me to fetch you,' said the little thing in a whisper; but though there was an expression of concern in her infantine countenance, it bore the bloom of health and peace, and she smiled when she invited me to go with

her.
"So you have also learnt not to feel, little creature, said I reproachfully to the child, and putting away the little hand she had laid on mine. She looked hurt and abashed at my reproof but said nothing, and lingered me. After going a few steps I turned to make up for my harshness to the sweet child —She had stolen into her brother's room. I softly followed, and perceived her with an expression of fondness, press her little cheek to his.

'So you still love your brother,' said

'This is not Edmund now,' replied the child; Edmund is in heaven, and this is only the house in which his soul has lived-and mama says this body must be laid under the tuif and flowers time, till papa and Edmund return to them again, when they shall awake and go to heaven too, and Edmund is quite,

quite happy now."
And was Edmund not happy before? asked I.

The child hesitated -- then said. as if she told me something very sacred and looking mournfully at the pale countenance as she spoke—I think not quite, for I have seen him weep!

Weep!' repeated I.
Yes. When he used to bring me into this room and bolt the door, and kneel down, and make me kneel down beside him, and then pray to God, he sometimes wept when he said-Oh, God be a Father to this child, and teach her to know thee-and then he used to take me into his bosom, and speak to me about. God—and he used to do this

I could not stand this, and exclaim ed alaud—'th! God of this house, be 'tuy 'God!'—I startled at my own pray' er—ny whole character flashed on my recollection. An adultered against conviction against the strongest reman strances of him who now haid before me-impossible! I attempted to over my former opinion respecting Church-

It was enthusiasm, thought I, happy superstition, natural to innocen and flowing minds, but I could not convince myself, I must be said where he is are I know but whatever is then death—all was as a lighting distance of the state when had happened. A window was open he is ever I know—but whatever is the ed, into which had strayed the flower—to be disclosed, this world is now.

hateful blank to me, thought I, as I turned away from the cold remains of the being on earth I had most really loved.

FROM THE CLUBS OF LONDON

The best thing related of Mr. Car ran was the full wing judicious mances vre, by which a sun was recovered from a scoundrel, in whose safe keep ing it had been placed by an unsuapecting countryman, who came to Dub lin for the renewal of the lease of his farm, Eur this purpose he had brought with him bank notes for one hundred pounds, which were to be paid as a

fine.
Having taken up his quarters at an inn, he requested his landlord to take care of his money for him, as he wished to go and look about the city and treat himself to the theatre that evening. Mine host readily undertook the pre-cious charge; but when next morning the farmer had spruced himself up to attend the landiord's levee, what was his astonishment, on asking for his money, to hear the villainous landlord deany knowledge of him," or his hundred pounds.

ured pounds,
"By the holy," said he, "you gave
me no money, and by the powers no
money shall you have back."

masthur?" said the countryman, turning pale at the prospect of losing his treasure; then recovering himself, be continued with a smile expressive of fear and doubt, "Bad luck to at this present writing-make man, and give me the notes, else I'll be late, and I wont have my lase signed at all.

"I know nothing of you, or your lase," replied the landlord.

"O murdher!" exclaimed the farmer. "does my eyesight desaive me, to hear the swindling tief going for to deny that I gave him the money, and that too, unknownst to any one for the entire safety. "

"It's yourself that's the swindler, to come for to axe me for money that I never seen," retorted mine host, "but Ibublin's not the place for ye to come and play your tricks in; so take your-self off, ye robber, or by the holy! I'll send for the police this blessed minute, but swear a highway robbery against and swear a highway robbery against ye, and have ye put into Newgate, and hanged for the same."

The poor countryman, transfixed with astonishment and horror, was for some time unable to reply, but continued to regard his plunderer with a va cant stare and open mouth. At length he found words and exclaimed, "the holy Jasus keep me from all mortal sin! Ounly hear to the false tory robber But I'll have justice of ye, ye murdering tief of the world, if there's law or instice, or judge, or jury to be had in Dublin city."

Dublin city."

Having uttered this threat, he pressed his hat violently down over his forehead, and, clenching his hands in agony, rushed into the street, the very picture of despair. After walking on for some time, the poor fellow bethought himself of making his complaint to one of the judges at the Four Courts, the magnificent structure of which he had admired during his perigination the day before, and where he had learned that the sages of the law sat daily for that the sages of the law sat daily for the administration of justice.

Although his topographical know-ledge of the city was very stender, he soon recognized the famous spot, and boldly entered the hall, where he soon mixed with the throng of attorneys, clients, witnesses paraded up and down; but seeing no one who was likely either to give him advice or assistance, he was about entering one of the courts, which was altering one of the courts, which was anso greatly crowded; when an officer
told him in an authoritative tone to
stand back. The former expostulated,
but in vain, for the man in office learning that he had no business with the cause which was pending, peremptorily refused to let him pass. Seeing an anusual engerness and anxiety, however in the countryman's countenance, he inquired the nature of his business; to which the latter replied, *1 wish sur, to spake to the judge about a murdering

"Posh! pooh!" replied the officer, you must not come here about muriers and robberies; why don't you go to the magistrate?"

The countryman responded with The countryman responded with a deep sigh, usure it's myself that's a stranger in Dublin, and I don't know the ways of it, ob, what will I do this blessed day! I won't get my fase signed st all; and I must not show my face at Gallagher without it. Pil be turned out of house and home, (here the poor fallow shed tears,) and poor Norsh and the dear childer will be obliged to take bag and go out. The holy vargin and the bleased vaints give them their protection! But clericating his hand-it's no use bothering about judges and magistrates; I'll go back this in-Fand magistrates; I'll go back this in ... Curren—Are you willing to be guid-a stant and tear the Orange tief's heart | ed entirely by my advice.

out of his body; its no more nor he de-wries; and if I'm hanged for he mur-der, sure its better than to be robbed The officer's curiosity was excited

No. 20.

y the violence of the poor man semohad robbed him.

The farmer replied, "him sure as keeps the Carman's Inc., down there in the place they calls Stoney Batter."
Officer-But there are several Carman's lnns; what is his name.

Harmer—His name sure is Rooney;

don't know his christian name that's what's painted on the sign of the

Officer-What Nick Rooney, that Officer—What Nick Rooney, that keeps the King William o'horseback! by Jaker! my good fellow you are fallen into d—d bad hands. Only como across old Nick and he'il play the devil with ye—Nick Rooney is the worst villain and the biggest blaguard in all Dublin city; and that's saying a great deal any tow. What has he robbed you of?

Parmer-One hundred pounds bad

luck to the villain.

Officer—What! a hundred pounds! how did Nick rob you of that sum.

Farmer—I gave him the notes last night to keep safe for me, an' when I axed him for them this morning, by the powers! if he didn't deny clean that e-ver I giv'd them to him-the false mur-

derer that he is? Officer-But had ye no witness to

that same.

Farmer—Is it a witness that ye Same the devil a witmane musther? Sure the devil a witness in life was there but myself and Rooney. I'd no notion the bloodthirsty spalpen would have thricked me with the bush and an I client them. out of the notes, and so I gived them

out of the notes, and so I gived frem to him privately to prevent myself from being robbel by the Dublin thieves.

Officer—By the holy St. Proker! there isn't a bigger thief in all Ireland than Rooney, and you may take your affidavit of that same: but I'm sorry you haven't got no witness, because d'yo see ye'll not be able to prove that ye

gave the villain the money to keep.

Farmer—By the holy virgin! I'll take my oath of it.

take my oath of it.

Officer—True, for you, my good friend—but that isn't enough to convict the robber. I'm afraid ye'll not be able to recover your money.

Farmer—Ochone! and is it that you say? What will I do? what will I do?

what will I do?

Officer-By the powers! a thought is just come across me: counsellor Cur-ran is the boy for your money, if there's a man in Dublin can do it, the couna man in Dublin can do it, the counsellor is the man. Be aisy with yourself now, and step across to Bill Murphy's at the Haymow and Pitchfork. I'll come to ye when the court rises, and I'll take ye to the counsellor without any more delay. He's as cunning as Old Nick, or even the Devil himself;

as old Nick or even the best matter, and I'll bet ye the worth of the notes but he'll get them back for ye.

Farmer—Long life to ye, masther! I'll do that same; and its not for to spake of the reward I'll give ye.

Officer-Don't spake of no reward, my good friend, I'm happy to serve ye; and I'll be still more so to see that thick and I'll be still more so to see that this Rooney burnt alive for his robberies He once refused to trust me a neggin of whiskey, when I was out of place, and many's the gallon I drank and paid for on the nail at his house, before that same; but by Jackers! I'll be revenged now any how-the brute beast that he is! So now step over to Murphy's, comfort yourself with a drop of the smoke your door

I'll be with you in no time.

"Jasus be wid you," replied the
countryman, cheering up as he took his
departure for the tavern to which he was directed. He had not set here a-bove an hour when he was joined by the friendly door keeper, who, after tossing off a nogain potyeen, accompa-nied him to Curran's house in Ely

Mr. Curran heard the man's atory, and saw instantly through the whole affair. He knew Rooney by report to be a sly, artful scoundrel, and that success in recovering the money would describe the utimat nicety of management of the utimat nicety of management of the utimat nicety of management. pend on the utmost nicety of manage-ment. He resolved therefore, to, give his instructions to the countrymen by piece-meal, afraid to trust him with too piece-mean, arrand to trust nim with too much at one time, in case of bungling, and being well aware of the confosion of teas which any matter of impautance invariably produces in the muddy brain of an uneducated frish-

Having settled his tacties he said. Having settled his ractics he said, "you say, my friend, that this Rooney denies the receipt of the bank notes."
Farmer—I do, yer worship; and he's a false, black heartest traitor for that You have no witness? continued CITTAR.

Farmer-None, my Lard-the more's

-