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GEO SHAW: Annapolis, Jan. 17.

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Which has been in use, and Tudem Harness nearly new, will be sell low for Casm, or n a credit of in months, the purchaser giving security. Enquire of the Editor. April 17.

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Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Mischard it should be her pride to be down to posterity, not only on access of the profession. The posterity of its deep interest, but as a particular way of its deep interest, but as a particular way of the profession of the voluntary serious different morning practices, and ces, daring spirit, and determined solution, of her citizens, during the profession of the p

period of doubt and dismay. In the confident expectation that citizens of Maryland will consider proposed publication of sufficient portance to entitle it to their parage, the Subscriber is induced is these proposals.

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section of 1827, ch end to the nt per ann. teen thouly, and ten part there-certificates the State,

work after desired at GEO. SHA!

Store, the Maryland flagsite of and the respective Offices of the Coty Clerks of this State.

The Atarplant Gatette.

VOL LXXXIII.

Annapolis, Thursday, June 5, 1828.

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id-Three Dollars per annum.

HEUERIANY.

SONG. ve mark the young rose is matthe young rose
in its levely green stem,
opening in lips to the dew;
of the newly fledged birds,
re lock upon them,
is futering their wings ere they flew reset the young light rang dim in the east, acked ringing bell, site gay nuptial feast, as joy of the bride and her love?

the provided of the second of the young hirds are gone-

knolling a knell, the lover and bride, where are they?

TE MARRIED ACTRESS. Friendship's Offering' for 1828.)

ses applauses. At fifteen she agains, and studied alternately sper and the 'School for Scanit seventeen, she became ro-kad pined for glory. At eigh-se was on the stage. Matilda thand talent, and played with maivy her figure, if not be witch as feainine, and her face, if not m feainine, and her face, if not six expressive. In short, she as public favourite. All that receis in the loves and sorrows trima was her peculiar province; the and smiles of youthful passible pictured by no other skill; with of the rejected child, the date innocent wife, the fond the tender despair, were

n, and the tender despair, were inhort a rival. Wealth flowed wher; and last and most hazard-fler triumphs—lovers came in

serie and waitz—are the frigid to he temperature of the green A perpetual fire of billets down in spon the idol; and if a confla-acould be kindled within her bo-tembossed paper and perfumed a hadsome actress would be the consequenced within the first

to the ground within the first of the season. eigh, one lover came—fashion-fed, and devoted beyond all the grof devotedness. Matilda still dhechain; but who can for ever

every night in every year, of a misera-ble, toilsome, thankless existence. The truth is, that no woman of common sensibility can feel at her ease before the mixed kind of persons that, in the the-atres, take the liberty of insulting every thing one looks, says or does. But then the love! What can be more dreadful, than to be the perpetual ob-ject of the most odious admirations; to be honoured by the flames of gentle-men from Cheapside, and clerks in banking houses, ready to be hanged for your sake; to be set down as the god dess of some thriving pawnbroker, or to create pistoling in the souls of two apprentices in the very depths of White-

A popular actress ought always to insure her life at the commencement of season. There's cunning Fanny Fickle fired at as regularly as a part-ridge in September; and poor Angela Love's exquisite skin has been rildled in the many control of the second of the in the most merciless manner. Yes—we are a perfect pigeon match; with this only difference, that they fire at us in our cage.'

'And then, my kind Sopy, the horrid equivocal, or unequivocal, attention of coxcombs, every word on whose tongue the most impudent condescension. But in a word, I wanted your opinion about sir Charles, said Matilda, covered with a rosy blush, 'love's proper

.The man of all men, that I would have chosen for my inestimable friend. But you must not quit the stage yet. What am I to do, deprived of my modet, my guide, my inspirer?"

'I have asked your advice, and upon

it will depend my acceptance or rejection of sir Charles. Say no, and I dismiss him at once, and am an actress for life,' firmly pronounced Matilda.

'That will I never say,' and Sophonisba's zeal for matrimony flowed back

full tide; 'my dearest love, you must consult your own happiness; perish the stage, perish all inferior ties! and your beauty, and your talents shine in the circle for which they were formed.— Now, take the pen, and write an an swer to a lover who will make you the enemy of one sex, as you are already the admiration of the other-write in-

'And yet I have some lingering doubtings, some childish fondness for the stage,' and Matilda's cheek grew

.Impossible! For the stage, for weariness. exposure, caprice? No, my love, your decision must be fixed; and here is the note that I have this moment written to Sir Charles in your name.'
Sophonisba's cheek glowed with anticipated triumph as she handed the note to the reluctant bride.

The deed was done: Sir Charles flew

to the feet of the young actress on the wings of romance. A week of delightful hurry vanished away in bridal preparation. Of that week, not a moment found Sir Charles without a speech, a

moment when Matilda's vision was done
—He was honourable, liberal, and loving. But his horses and his tenantry,
his club and St. Stephens, shared the soul that love had exclusively filled during the first year. He had gone through the regular stages of the ten-der passion, and was now in that temperature which makes a regular hus-band!

Matilda was fonder of him than in their earliest union. Yet she pined. Her colour fled—in the midst of all means of enjoyment, she was unconsciously discontented. One evening as she was sitting in an apartment filled with luxury, and opening out on a garden breathing early in fragrence her. den breathing exotic fragrance, her in voluntary sigh attracted the attention of Euginea, a young relative of Sir Charles, who, as she raised her eyes from a volume in her hand, was struck with the contrast of so much unhappi ness in a countenance so formed to tinge upon the cheek, and touched the profusion of ringlets that clustered over t with rich lights; but the lip was pale, the eye was sunk, and the white hand supported the cheek was languid and thin. Eugenia anxiously inquired whether she was indisposed.
'No' was the answer, I never was

freer from actual illness in my life 'Yet you are evidently unhappy. Has Sir Charles offended?'

'No, he is the kindest of the kind; and yet. Eugenia, I feel a weariness indescribable; a loss of interest in ex stence; a weary depression of heart and senses, which would almost reconcile ne to abandon life-possibly, I am dy

Eugenia approached her in alarm, and taking her hand, asked whether its mild yet feeble throbbings might not be the mere effect of the summers day? Whether she had ever been liable to fluctuations of spirits?

Never, was the answer. For six years I led the happiest life that wo man could lead. I was the gayest of the gay. I never knew a moments dreariness while—I was upon the stage! You surprise me-it may have had to amusements; but the labour, the actual toil'-

'Was absolutely nothing,' was the reply. 'Or, it it were something, habit gives ease. One part is so like another—originality is not the vice of modern authorship—that a single play generally lets one into the secret of every other during the season. I have known one French melo drama figure in the fourfold shape of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, for a year together.'
"But the horror of appearing before an audience, I should absolutely die of

the first fright,' said Eugenia, with a

Women are sometimes very coura geous animals,' said the mourner with a rising smile. Half our fashionable acquaintance exhibit an intrepidity, which I never dreamed of equalling Have you ever observed Lady Maria er to driving the reluctant Duke into the faith Matrimonial net, in the face of the live?

mage of half the kneeling world, or some other idea equally strange and charming. Her fancy kindled her fine face as she said these words, and she looked the handsome creature she

'I must give up the question,' said Eugenia; 'but if you looked as dangerous on the stage as you do at this m ment, you must have been horribly plagued with the attentions of all kinds

of strange men.' 'Rather say perplexed, my dear,' and then the cheek wore a still liveli-er crimson, as Matilda rose and walk ed to the inagnificent mirror. The number of attentions that one receives may be embarrassing, and the admir ers may be now and then very odd peo-ple. But outre nous, ma chare, no wo man ever dies of excessive admiration. Some of those attentions were elegant. and from the elegant, the simplest pleasure of knowing that the world thinks well of one's appearance is a pleasure; but the delight of being the object of high bred admiration, of receiving the unequivocal humage, that paid to an actress, can be paid only to her beauty and her genius, is absolutely the most intoxicating draught that can steal a way the understanding of woman.'—
She stood arranging her fine hair before the mirror.

·I acknowledge your lady-hip's victory, said Eugenia, and will leave you but for a moment, to dress for the Counters's soirce. In the mean time, here is the evening paper, just arrived, and full of foreign wonders, fashions, the opera, and the arrival of the French Ambassador, covered with ribbons, and leaving all the belles of Paris in

despair—Lisez done.
On her return, she found Matilda sitting at the table, with her eyes fixed on the paper, her colour gone, and tears stealing down her cheek. Astonished and alarmed, she gleamed over the pa-per to discover the fatal news. It was neither battle nor shipwreck, but a paragraph in almost invisible print, in an at invisible corner.

Last night, the favourite drama from the French, Julia, or the Reco vered Daughter,' was performed. The lovely Sophonisba played the heroine with the universal applause of a crowd en house. If nothing can efface our recollection of its former exquisite representative, at least, its present one

is without a rival.

'There!' exclaimed Matilda, starting from the table; there I see an example of the basest perfidy. What an abomidable creature! I now see what was the purpose of her cunning advice! in-sidious wretch—I was in her way, and she was determined to remove me.' She burst into a flood of tears.

Eugenia attempted to sooth her-all was in vain. She, at length, asked was in vain. She, at length, asked whether she should order the carriage to be ready for the soirce. —'Yes,' said Matilta, 'order it; and instantly too, for I must see this abominable woman's performance before I sleep, if I am ever to sleep again. I will never put faith in human protestations while I

DECISIONS

The control of the path of one but the properties of the path of one but the path of the path of one but the path of the path of one but the path of th

of all—the worn out jests, the dull displayed the unnatural character that alogue, the unnatural character that every dramatic dunce conceives to be wit, eloquence and nature. Even to disgrace my figure, such as it is, by the burlesque dress, and horrid materials, that would make even beauty hiddens; and do all this—not once, but every night in every year, of a misera
entered ber mansion in Fortman-square, sleep into deliciousness; the figures of the drama living again before me in lovely procession—myself a queen or a stipli, or in some buwer of roses and of the real and the imaginary—the world of woman; Bir Charles had returned into his, at the mage of half the kneeling world, or some other idea equally strange and charming. Her family affairs were despatched with that knocked up her escort of chasseurs. In that knocked up her escort of chasseurs. In that knocked up her escort of chasseurs. In the drama living again before me in lovely procession—myself a queen or a still levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the heaving sound of the lamps and brake words. There are two worlds even here—living spain before me in lovely procession—myself a queen or a still levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the heaving sound of the lamps and brake words on the look out for her equipage, with a full levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the heaving sound of the lamps and brake sound of the lamps and brake strength into powder—the rending of the distanced il Gran Diavol, who was a full levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the heaving sound of the lamps and brake strength into powder—the rending of the distanced il Gran Diavol, who was a full levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the heaving sound of the lamps and wooden partitions—the their strength into powder—the redictions—the fine fact as the figures of the damp cruestion—myself a queen or a full levy of his smartest dressed and wooden partitions—the strength into powder—the redictions—the fine fact as th the swiftness of a woman determined called them into being to choke, con-on any purpose under heaven. Her quer, and silence them for ever.

the swiftness of a woman determined on any purpose under heaven. Her arrival was incog; her existence had been, of course, utterly forgotten by her 'dear five hundred friends,' within the first week of her absence. She gave Eugenia a portion with a country curate, who had won her heart during a walk through, the wonders of Oxford; torted; the side outline of the narrow and next morning, sent for the rival chamber in which I sat would have nearand next morning, sent for the rival manager, by her original name; her tilly described a right angled triangle, the hypothenuse leaning on my back:—ed on her with an expedition most in credible to those who best know the movements of those weights of the theature could not have admitted any thing movements of those weights of the thea-trical machine; heard her offer with rapture and announced the reappear-ance of the public favourite in red letters, of a length that was a wonder of the arts. Matilda appeared; she de lighted the audience. Sophonisba dislighted the audience. Sophonisba dis-appeared; she found that she had nothing to do but to marry, and she took pity on the silliest heir to the bulkiest estate among the dukedoms. Ma tilda enjoyed the double triumph glow ed with new beauty, flashed with renewed brilliancy, was the forture of the manager, the belle of the day and was supposed to be one of the princi-pal holders in the last three loans of the last war.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN WILLI-One of the persons who were buried alive in the ruins of the Brunswick (London) Theatre.

The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 28th Feb. in the course of my duty. As I was passing across the stage I was arrested by the voice of a new actress—a voice that had lingered in my ear in spite of every thing. The earnestness of my gaz-was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs. ___. Mrs. ___! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to de-mand from her own lips a confirmation or denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life — There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash or roar, or any other imitative word in the in my memory with what followed has have fixed its peculiar character in my mind; but I can only describe it to the imgaination by likening it to one's con my memory with what is a building in the idea of to-tall abaudonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

My senses. I believe, began to totter.

roar, or any other interactive word in the language; it was not loud—nor shrill—nor hollow: perhaps its associations in my memory with what followed may ception of the harsh, grating, sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave stone when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy. claiming bed, at the sounding of the last One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the cross the stage, and darted out by the side door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in passion was not dropped; the moving crowds of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse; there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the warrant organs of vision, and stood

Her family affairs were despatched with even than the inanimate sounds that had

All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulder which an Atlas could not my shoulder which an Atlas costs not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and discovered the manner of the thicker than the arm; before me was a wall apparently solid iron, and below. and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones and wood, was broken into narrow interstices. When the united sounds I have de-

scribed had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear; it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at all: it did not stop for breath; its way was not impeded like that of the rest, by the intervention of the ruins, minute after minute it continued, and every minute it became wilder and shriller, piercing like an arrow, through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insen-

Alive in the ruins of the Brunswick (London) Theatre.

Taken down from his conversation in the Hospital.

The theatre was stand my situation or received the stand my situation or received the stand my situation. stand my situation, or recall any thing that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and impenetrable barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into component parts, and to recognise the voices of those I knew; and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony than if it had been distinctly fearable with the dying accents of the fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved beat on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of sufferings while they, I imagined, were together, and in the nd of one another's voices, and the touch even of one another's clothes, re-ceived some relief from the idea of to-

My senses, I believe, began to totter, for I complained aloud of my lonely fate; I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voica rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be