Negative—Messrs. Harris, M'Clean, Ireland, Hodges, Beckett, Turner, Teackle, King, Ewing, Grubb, R. C. Edelin, Carroll, Nicholson, Wright, Barnes, Cromwell, Kemp, Hope, Norris, Jarrett, Montgomery, Hardcastle, Boon, Bowles, Fouke, White, Merrick, Klipstine—28. Resolved in the affirmative.

On the second reading of the bill to alter and amend such parts of the constitution and form of government as relate to the election of the council to the governor.

Mr. Chapman moved to insert the following, after the "And be it enacted, That there shall be a lieutenant governor, who shall be elected at the same time, in the same manner, and shall be possessed of the same qualifications, as the governor." Resolved in the affirmative.

Mr. Worthington moved the following as an additional section: "And be it enacted, That the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, shall nominate and appoint the chancellor and judges of the county courts of this state, in the same manner as they are now appointed by the council, and in the recess of the senate, the governor shall forthwith fill all vacancies that may occur as above, subject to the ratification of the senate at their next meeting thereafter."

Mr. M'Mahon moved to alter it so as to read, "that the governor shall nominate, and by and with the advice of the senate appoint." Resolved in the affirmative.

Mr. Jarrett moved to insert the city court of Baltimore? Resolved in the affirmative.

Mr. Merrick moved to insert "the general and field officers of militia? Resolved in the affirmative. The section was then assented to.

On motion by Mr. M'Clean, the words 'whom he may appoint,' were stricken out, and the words 'to be appointed in the same manner as the governor is now or shall hereafter be appointed,' inserted in the clause appointing a secretary.

Mr. Dennis moved the following section: 'And be it enacted, That the governor shall be taken alternately from the eastern and western shore.'

Mr. M'Clean moved the following as an amendment to the section: 'That when the person who is chosen governor shall be a resident of the western shore of this state, the person to be chosen as lieutenant governor shall be a resident of the eastern shore, and when the person who is chosen governor shall be a resident of the eastern shore of this state, the person to be chosen lieutenant governor shall be a resident of the western shore. Resolved in the affirmative. The section, as amended, was then assented to.

On motion by Mr. Teackle the words 'secretary to the governor' were stricken out of and 'secretary of state' inserted in the 5th section

The questions were severally put on filling up the blank in the clause making it the duty of the governor to reside at the seat of government and to provide a salary, with $6000, 5000, 4,500, 4000, 3,400, 3,300, and 3000 dollars? Determined in the negative.

Mr. Barnes moved to recommit the bill? Determined in the negative.

Mr. Beckett moved to refer the same to the 4th July? The yeas and nays being required appeared as follow:

Affirmative.—Messrs. Speaker, Hawkins, Gough, Kilgour, Millard, M'Clean, Hodges, Beckett, Parran, J. Edelen, Chapman, Shower, Worthington, Price, Turner, Bennett, Jones, Henderson, Grubb, R. C. Edelin, Carroll, Wright, Barnes, Farquhar, Kemp, Jarrett, Boon, Fouke, White, Merrick, Wilson, Beall, Lee, M'Mahon—34.

Negative—Messrs. Harris, Ireland, Rogerson, Garner, Reyner, Dennis, Teackle, King, Sullivane, Travers, Ewing, Nicholson, Parker, Hope, Norris, Montgomery, Hardcastle, Barwick, Brown, Klipstine—20. Resolved in the affirmative.

The bill relating to the appointment of constables in this state and for other purposes, was read a second time, amended and passed.

On motion by Mr. Lee, the following order was read: Ordered, that the committee of claims do make up the journal of accounts to Monday next, being the 28th of Feb. inclusive.

The house adjourns until 6 o'clock. P. M.

To what length may not the experimental curiosity of mortals extend, or who will endeavour to set bounds to scientific researches? Truly may we be said to live in an age when fancy is exceeded by fact. The following extract, if taken from the Arabian tales, would be pronounced a monstrous and incredible fiction.—*Balt. Am.*

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Liverpool, to his friend in New York.

I witnessed a phenomenon last night which puzzled me more than any thing I have seen for a long time. I went to see the famous Mr. Charles' exhibition, and among other elegant experiments in electricity, he took some clay which was prepared with Chlorine, and which he put into a common tin canister. He then strewed some mustard seed on the clay, covered all with a tin lid, and by applying the electric fluid, through a hole in the top, he raised the mustard about one inch high, in about two minutes; it looked as well as if it had been growing on the earth for several days, and the taste was as pungent as usual. His experiments, to those who understood any thing about the matter, must be very instructive."—*Statesman.*

PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE ON REASONABLE TERMS.

For the Easton Gazette.

Extract from the Diary of an old Bachelor.

Communicated by Jotham Long-Story.

—— *Alas, that sound!*—it was the stroke of midnight, and it announced the completion of my *forty fifth year!*—I have heard December's winds moan in melancholy cadence through the lonely and dilapidated mansion, when darkness might be felt, and the chill of destitution was upon every nerve—I have viewed upon a summer sea the waves rolling with fearful and portentous swell, and heard their long and appalling crash upon the distant shore—I have heard the "live leaping thunder" and rattling hail, burst upon the cloudless atmosphere and musical sweetness of July—I have heard—in short, I have heard a thousand dismal and disheartening sounds—but none, alas! that ever conveyed to my bosom such a sense of chill and utter forlornness as *that sound!* —— *That sound!*—'twas the knell of vernal joys—of young blisses, budding in boundless luxuriance—of soft midsummer delights, glowing, expanding and mellowing into exquisite ripeness—These have been mine—I have basked in an Elysium of sweets—exulted amidst charms inexhaustible as creation—but *that sound*—that little bell—it warns me that I am *forty-five*, and I fear that these cannot be mine much longer.

I was not born for the drudgery of business, or the toils of greatness—and, had I a will for either, there might be room to doubt if I had the ability. I was formed to be pleased with the pleasing, to admire the beautiful, to be enraptured with the enrapturing, and to love the lovely—and, if I was born for aught on earth, I was born merely and simply to be *a happy fellow*. My early years were as sportive as May—as mild as her aerial vault—and one tender, one unbroken dream of felicity, whiled away my youth, and brought me up to bloomy and buxom manhood.—I then looked abroad upon the great world—I was young—I was rich—I was free as the light winged zephyr, that sports beneath a cloudless sky, gathering perfume from every flower, sighing to the murmur of every cascade, and mingling with the melody of every grove. Earth was to me an interminable Paradise, where there were sweets that would never tire—all was animation—all was ecstacy—every stream was crystal—every bower was fragrance—and every pretty female was by turns a sylph, an angel, a Houri!—A pretty face!—ay, there was the polar star to which trembled the magnet of my affections, my sympathies, my all!—there was the object to which my most devout adorations were paid—the shrine before which my whole soul was offered up. The gay, young and beautiful Rebecca had an eye which I thought brighter than the planet of Jove—a step of fairy lightness, and a voice of syren melody.—One short year rolled round, and I thought of no one but Rebecca—I had eyes for no one but Rebecca—and I believe that ere another year had ended, Rebecca, with her good leave, would surely have been mine, had not a different, and, as it seemed, a more potent object of attraction, interposed in the mild, accomplished, romantic Matilda. In her complexion were marvellously mingled the snows of Lapland with the gushing crimson of the tropicks—her eye was "emblem'd by the dew"—and into her heart Nature had breathed its warmest, unabating fervour.—I was in love—ay, too much in love, perhaps, to venture my all of happiness at once, in that fearful question, *Will you marry?* Nevertheless, Matilda I had reason to think looked upon me with partiality, and I was, for a while, sufficiently happy in the pleasure of conversing with her, gallanting her to the assembly or the theatre, and in being privileged to write sonnets in her praise, and to pour out my passion in sentimental odes and pathetick madrigals.—"Procrastination," says Young, "is the thief of time," and he might have added—I do not say what—but after the lapse of two years spent in bliss unutterable, and in fancied security of its object, I was doomed to behold my Matilda enter church with a fat, well pursed merchant of forty, who, it was whispered to me, had become her husband the evening before! For the first time in my life I felt a pang!—But thanks to my happy formation, it was not of long continuance.—I was introduced to the proud, haughty, aspiring Georgiana—a belle of great note, whom all feared, many admired, few loved, and with whom fewer found either grace or favour. As a beauty she was every way the reverse of my two former flames—in truth, she was no beauty at all—unless a brunette, turned of eight and twenty—with a countenance of supercilious expression, shaded by an immense profusion of raven curls—uncommonly tall and muscular—can come under that denomination. How she, who seldom smiled at all, could deign to smile on me, Heaven knows—be that as it may, I was soon closely riveted in her chains, and such was their power over me that I became verily of opinion that a proud demeanour, a haughty look, and a robust and masculine form, were necessary concomitants of beauty.—I talked of the tender passion—she sighed!—I spoke to her of matrimony—for the first time in my life I spoke to a woman of matrimony!—she replied not—I sought her answer in her eye, and received a tremendous frown that well nigh annihilated me, but which, in the course of some days, gave place to a delicious sunshine, and—in fine—the wedding day was appointed!—But, as Virgil saith,

——— "varium et mutabile semper Fœmina" ———

a wealthier match was offered, and I was forever forbidden her company and her house!——However, *I was born to be a happy fellow*, and the supercilious, unfeeling Georgiana had not, even for ten days, the cruel satisfaction of beholding in me a despairing, broken hearted lover. The world is full of pretty faces, of exhaustless variety—you may meet them at every turn—ogle them through every window—and be squeezed by them in every crowd—Why then should a man sit down sorrowing, because he has been jilted by a shrew, and a shrew of such alarming dimensions? Such were the thoughts passing in my mind one day, when, standing in my own door, I saw a little, fairy, Fenella-like form flit across my vision, and enter a house on the opposite side of the way. Heavens! thought I, what a creature! what a divinity!—Adieu to every thought of Georgiana, and to the absurd and unnatural ideas of beauty, with which my imagination has of late been so ridiculously perverted.—Georgiana, how large, how masculine, how rough!—you little sylph, how small, how sprightly, how exquisitely delicate!—a little woman!—a little mistress!—a little wife!—'tis the divinest thing under the sun!—My first business was to enquire who this angelick Lilliputian might be, but I could gain no information respecting her, except that she was a widow, who had just left off her mourning, that she was not more than nineteen, and that not much was known of her by the town's people in general, save, that in the small circle of her acquaintance she was emphatically styled the *little widow*. I had no means of being introduced to her, and I felt averse to seeking any, so little was I able to learn of her family and condition. To say the truth, it was bliss enough for me, during a long time to gaze at her whenever she made her appearance at the door, or approached the windows of the house where she lived; to feast my eyes upon her countenance of animated, yet soft and benignant loveliness; to dwell with rapture on her tiny flaxen curls, slight waist and foot of bewitching diminutiveness; and to imagine I beheld in her some modern Sappho, whose every whisper was enchantment, and whose soul was poetic inspiration!—My dreams were sweet for they were always of *her*—even my hours of loneliness were delicious, because I then employed my time in writing sonnets of which *she* was the subject—and I was so happy at my home as seldom to stir from it, because it was the nearest position I could find to the *little* goddess of my worship.—What then were my feelings at the end of eighteen months spent in this manner, on being informed that my *little widow*, was neither more nor less than the daughter of a besotted, execrated gambler—that she was vulgar, ignorant and silly—that she had, by her coquetry and vile temper, broken the heart of a clever-enough-sort-of-a husband; and that, though a *little woman*, she was admitted by all who knew her, to be a most tremendous evil!—Unwelcome intelligence indeed!—but, as in former instances, the pain it occasioned me was short—I was born to be a *happy fellow*, and I felt no disposition to thwart my destiny. I had, to be sure, been the dupe of a chimera which would not have disgraced Don Quixote—but as no one knew the extent of my folly, I was not in much danger of becoming a mark for the finger of ridicule.

I was now thirty years of age, a circumstance which considerably alarmed me; when I recollected that like somebody in the Magazine, I had formerly looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man. Like him, however, I easily persuaded myself that I had been mistaken, and that, for ten years to come, I should be able to elicit the admiration and to win the love even of beauties of sixteen. For some time after this, I was so frequently inspired with the tender passion, that it had been difficult to say who I was in love with for two days together, or rather it might have been averred without much violence to truth, that I was smitten with every female I saw.—My standard of beauty, was nearly as changeable as my affections were fickle, generally coinciding with that of the divinity who presided over my feelings at the moment. Sometimes I preferred black eyes, sometimes blue or grey—sometimes a tall form, sometimes a short one—and I even remember once to have thought there was nothing more exquisite than the rotund!—I gazed upon all with an interest as intense as that with which a miser counts his "yellow dirt," or a poet the brilliant metaphors in some performance which is to immortalize his name.——But I see that my candle is wasting—the clock has struck three—and what boots it at best to write no matter what, of the last five years—my courtship of the sentimental Eleanor which ended in a sentimental parting—of the erudite Hermoine, which came to nothing but a hundred learned discoursers about the polite literature of the day—of the young and modest Estella, whom I beheld suddenly metamorphosed into a dame of thirty five, with false teeth, and, withal, a most arrant husband-hunting cheat!—Suffice it, that I have often experienced disappointment, but distress never.—I can look back upon the past and say, "I have been the happiest dog alive!"—But, alas for the *future!*—Gazing upon pretty faces has been the employment of my whole life—I fear I can be happy in no other—and can I expect that pretty faces will, much longer, bestow the smiles of love or even of complacency upon me, thrice old bachelor that I am!—The other day, as I was patting the cheeks of my friend W——'s little daughter Alicia, and talking to her in a jocular way of getting married, she began to rally me about my age—I assured her I was but forty—she cast upon me a look of surprize, and then said with a mischievous leer, "Lord! Mr. Bloomington, sure it can't be possible!"—Ay, Alicia, you are right—a score of wrinkles, a hundred grey hairs, the old family bible, yonder unfeeling clock, all bear witness that you are right—I am indeed *forty five*——Alas!——"*Othello's occupation is gone!*"

For the Easton Gazette.

"*Religion purifies the heart and teaches us our duty—Morality refines the manners.*"

The world has long since arrived at an age of intelligence; an age when the moral imperfections of men, are daily receding from the ground they have occupied. And in this grand advancement towards perfectability, the *pernicious effects of a destitution of moral principle*, almost invariably became developed in such a manner, as to remove the doubts of the skeptick, to awe the obstinate infidel, and confirm the creed of the pious Christian.—Sciolists would fain believe, and induce others to the espousal of their opinions, that man was made for the consummation of his own temporal happiness, and the enjoyment of all the advantages derived from nature, independent on the welfare of his fellow creatures, and his great accountability to God. But to the true, philosophick moralist, who deduces his theories from reason and revelation, the cavils of these poor, self-deceiving sophists, will appear too heterodox, too dangerous to be credited—too trifling, too irrational to be confuted to say that we are not bound by some great obligation—that there is nothing in reason and nature by which we may be restrained from delusive vice—that no law has been laid down in the *grand scheme* for the prevention of misery in man, seems to destroy the evident design of its omnipotent projector. Upon the establishment then of this principle, that there are certain laws by which happiness can be secured to man, we may conclude that a digression from the course prescribed by them, would be productive of the greatest evil to the world, that it would scatter death and desolation in indiscriminate profusion. A flood of injustice, treachery, cruelty, and all the world's 'obtrusive wrongs,' would be poured forth in torrents, overwhelming the establishments of virtue, deluging the earth with all that is impious and hellish, subverting the fair fabric of Christianity, staining the purity of innocence and piety with the deep die of its poisonous waters, and sweeping away upon its bosom, every beauteous object of nature.

The march of the human mind to its present state, has been attended with all that is grand and magnificent. It has travelled through the mysteries of ages, in triumph, and the obstacles presented to it, have only added vigour to its efforts. Philosophy has opened her invaluable treasures to its enjoyment, and her subtleties have not been too great for its comprehension. The wonders of heaven and earth, in their turn have had their influence. Amazed at the vastness of its own conception, it has paused: and while admiring the greatness of design and art in the structure of the universe, has been carried on with enthusiasm and delight, to the author of all. How truly sublime has been its course! How great its extension! But instead of confining itself to the investigation of truth, to finding out the mysteries in which nature and her author are involved, and dispelling the clouds in which itself is enveloped, it has been bending in subserviency to ignorance, depravity, and skepticism. Its idolatry has been to worship gratification as its deity; to bow at the throne most accessible.

It is thus that man, by this strange operation of the mind, has wandered into the various ways of sin and corruption. Mankind have ever walked in darkness, and ever will continue until the gloom be penetrated by the light of reason. True it is, that the knowledge of the most important concern of temporal and eternal happiness has been derived from inspiration. Revelation has given man an insight into the government of the universe; its great Architect, the might of his power and the glory of his eternal existence. But there still are some so insensible to the enchantress that proclaims 'peace on earth, and good will to man,' as to imagine her to be a siren false and illusive. Their voices have been raised to drown the cry of reason with the exultation of error, and the echo has been filled with disbelief and impiety.

Grossness of immorality has a tendency to destroy contentment of mind. Like some evil genius, a sense of it hovers around in the imagination, and brings the terrors of apprehension in all their multiformed hideousness. The consciousness within may be lulled to a sleep, but there are moments when the opiate relaxes its influence and evaporates; when the mind awaked to its danger, feels alarm at the blackness that overshadows it. It bursts the bars that imprison it, and finds relief in another state, where it can enjoy at will a more salubrious and exhilerating atmosphere—Here then, we perceive the destructive effects of a deterioration of morals. While man might be roving in the flowery fields of peace and joy, he has turned aside into a wilderness of misery and woe. He has become attracted by the fairy enchantments of pleasure: she has held forth the cup as a charm, and allured him with her smile: she promises him the fruition of all the delight, that beams in the radiance of her countenance. But how unexpected is the fatal issue! Instead of the realization of these pleasing anticipations, he meets with nothing but vexation and disappointment. A rude depravity usurps the place of innocence, perhaps of refinement. All the finer qualities of the soul become converted into hateful deformity; and the tender emotions which used to arise, and which caused him to sigh at the recital of a melancholy event, or weep over an object of distress, subside, while obduracy and vice are worshipped at their shrine. Those high, exalted principles which elevate him above a state of brutality, become eradicated by the strong hold of unhallowed passion.

The voluptuary while going on, in the madness of his career, regardless of his worldly interest, the good of mankind, and his dependence on Omnipotence, views the expectation of a joyful futurity, as a phantom vain and fugitive. Having no great object before him, which can animate to exertion or a course of rectitude, he buries himself in the cold and gloomy recesses of despair and death. Alas, that humanity should thus be prostituted! that this fair blossom of nature, should be niped in its bloom by the hand of the vile destroyer!

If this be the effect of this kind of moral degradation, how great must that be, which is produced by a denial of our holy religion! How appalling must be the cold-blooded blasphemy of an infidel, when profaning the sacred rites of Heaven, and proclaiming to men his entire disbelief in the power and goodness of divine supremacy. And how deleterious must be the consequences, when these principles are avowed by men, who stand eminently conspicuous for talents or learning! Instead of appearing as luminaries to dispell the great darkness which over-spreads the world, they come forth as a morning mist, to veil the lights of reason and science with obscurity.—It has always fallen to the lot of great men in every age, to influence the destinies of states. Though they be not always concerned in the immediate administration, yet so great is the ascendancy which they acquire over mankind, that they may be said to organize, and put in motion every part of the grand machinery of government. Certainly then they must have it greatly in their power to form the habits and morals of the community, by their example. They are looked upon as the guardian protectors of a land; as the only persons whose minds are capacious enough to form designs, to regulate their execution, and to preside over the fortunes of a people. And the rational part of the people, are always more or less disposed to give audience to the dictates of age and wisdom. They are taught to view the hoary headed philosopher, the grave moralist, or the more polished and rapid orator, with a degree of reverence and awe. When a rude assembly listen to the instruction of such men, they are too apt to be dazzled by the brilliancy of language, or confounded by the depths of philosophical reasoning. Instead of investigating the truth of what is advanced, they forget man's fallibility, and believe the doctrines declared, whether they be orthodox or impious.

The paradoxes of the disbeliever, whose mind has been enlightened by science, and whose depravity leads him on to prostitute his talents and attainments at the shrine of infidelity, become alarming, when they have gathered strength sufficient to create a revolution in morals. He is not ashamed to avow his denial of the existence of a God, or his doubts of the truth of Christian revelation. He tells the world, of the folly of appropriating time to the worship of a being, of whose nature he has, or pretends to have no conception. He calls the sincere devotion of the humble follower, a base hypocracy,—an assumed appearance of holyness,—the evidence of a gross absurd, superstition,—a sickly whining after a happiness that can never be realized. How great the moral degeneracy, that would thus despoil Christianity of her holy attributes: how base the man who would strip the Church of her sanctity, or rob the consecrated alter of its incense, while preparing an ascent to heaven!—How treacherous, how cruel the heart that would thus take from the poor and wretched, the only source of comfort, the only thing to still the commotions of the mind, in distress of poverty, or an hour of affliction!

See, what misery infidelity has originated, wherever its tenets have prevailed. The intellectual faculties, which were intended for usefulness and subserviency to the divine will, it has perverted: those fine, noble principles, which have given dignity to our species, it has corrupted; all the powers of the mind, by its deadly poison, have been rendered incapable of virtuous and rational exertion. Corroded indeed must be the conscience of the unhappy man, who has lived a life in opposition to the holy spirit of genuine religion and who has been convinced of his danger, and the doom that awaits him. Who can portray in the language the heart-rending sufferings of the unfortunate, faithless Voltaire, when about to deliver up his soul to the judgment of him, whose name and service he had profaned? No adequate estimate can be formed of the fatality attending the false opinions, and licentious principles of Mahomet. The self delegated apostle of God, he rode triumphantly for awhile over the ruins of Christianity. Converting the cross of the Saviour into a sword, he wielded it in the promulgation of his religion, beside the blood stained walls of Mecca, where instead of hoisting a sacred banner he erected the standard of infidelity, cruelty and death.

Can any one doubt the incompatibility of base immorality, with national prosperity? Will any one pretend to assert, that religion is not the safe guard of a people—that her holy rites and requirements do not in a great degree, preserve them from corruption? Would it not be an inconsistency with reason and common intelligence, to suppose for one moment, that, when men are restrained by no obligation, no law in the grand code of nature, they could remain in their primitive purity? It was to this fatal destitution, that Polybius ascribes the subversion of the Roman Republicks; and Greece, whose literary reputation has survived ages after ages, would have been able to have numbered the days of her glory, with any nation on earth, had she not lost the moral excellence of her character. She became sunk in degeneracy and superstition; and liberty expired on the alter, erected for the sacrifice of virtue. Other nations have taken the absurd and sophistical speculations of philosophy, as the standard of their excellence. Though she has conceived and brought forth many things in themselves good & useful, still she has placed herself in opposition to the wisdom of Heaven. And philosophy with all her deluded train, perished in the tempest caused by the rage of her adherents. May she always recollect, that instead of idle boasting, and vain presumption, she must yield obedience and pay devotion to the author of her existence.

G.

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