

fire it for the reasons before given. After some altercation, the governor put the question, whether the account should be then decided on? I voted against it, and also against its passage.

JAMES BRICE.

Mr. PRINTER,

I WAS present at the debate in the house of delegates, on the 16th, respecting the eligibility of one of the members.

I must confess it appeared to me to be a tedious piece of business, and I was so weary, and so much disgusted, with the observations and reasoning of the member who first addressed the house, that I was on the point of quitting it, when a remark that he made, put me into a train of reflections, which happily lasted till the conclusion of his long unmeaning harangue.

The remark I allude to, was on the division of laws into body and soul, so aptly illustrated by the shell and kernel of a nut.

It brought to my mind, in the first place, an observation frequently to be met with, but which I never before could discover the meaning of, *a sweet nut for the Devil to crack*: The law is indeed a sweet nut, though some skill and discernment are necessary in order to crack it to advantage; this, however, is amply compensated for by the sweetness and largeness of the kernel, which of course falls to the share of the crackers, while the shells are charitably distributed among the bye standers.

How the Devil came to relinquish so lucrative an employment, and how the present possessors came to enjoy it, are points of too much antiquity for me to determine; but, as I take it, that the Devil is not an ass, whatever some people may say, it is probable that he looks forward to a return of his property with good and legal interest for the use of it.

In Shakespeare's play, of Troilus and Cressida, Thersites is introduced in the character of a jester, and compares the heads of Achilles and Ajax to a fairy nut, without a kernel: I could not avoid thinking this in some measure applicable to the gentleman I have already mentioned, who, after infinite labour and toil in cracking his nut, brought forth so very rotten a kernel; and if every nut was of this quality, it would be well, (as Nero wished of the heads of the Roman people) to have them all joined into one, and enclosed in a shell so strong that it might never be cracked again.

We are taught, by Holy Writ, to believe that our souls come into existence with the heavy load of original sin. The souls of many of our laws may emphatically be said to be born in sin, and to grow up in wickedness, and while they continue to exist, there is little probability of their being purified: The chief consolation is, that they are not, like other souls, immortal, but are subject to an entire dissolution and death, which, in many of them, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

On considering the definition of a soul, we may be led to doubt, whether our constitution is animated by one or not. A soul is a rational spirit; but if such is the spirit of our constitution, it is foully misrepresented by those who have it in charge.

Souls are endued with the faculty of thinking, but it is a faculty which the soul of our constitution (if it has one) will have little occasion to exercise; as, some gentlemen, on a late occasion, have undertaken to think for it:—Whether a soul may be injured by such a liberty, or what action would lie in such a case, I shall leave to the crackers of nuts to determine, though, for my own part, when I had once positively expressed my thoughts, I should not thank any person for thinking or speaking for me.

Spinoza and his followers contend, that the soul is of the same substance with the body; if this opinion is right, our constitution certainly has not a soul; for light differs not more from darkness, than the soul, which has been attributed to it, does from its body.

Notwithstanding these doubts, however, I am inclined to think, that our constitution has a soul of some kind or other, as the framers of it would hardly turn out a body of such magnitude to fight its way without one.

Divines are said to have the cure of souls, which are therefore put under their care and direction; but their powers are trifling if compared with the privileges of those who superintend the soul of our constitution: These gentlemen not only direct its motions, but undertake to change it to any form that may suit their particular views, so that, at one time it shall be the narrow circumscribed soul of a bigot, who will damn a man merely because he is a Quaker, and will not take an oath, and another shall come forth, the soul of generosity itself, liberal as the air, and forfeiting its pretensions, even to common sense, for the benefit of objects the most undeserving.

Cobblers are frequently entitled, *menders of souls*, and probably with justice, whereas political cobblers too often leave their work in a worse condition than they found it.

The Pythagoreans held, that after the separation of the soul it underwent a transmigration, and informed the body of some of the brute creation:—What animal the soul of our constitution would be thrown into on such an event, is a point that I must be excused from delivering my opinion on at present, though I fear the chance would be a bad one.

Philosophers have, in all ages, been puzzled to discover the properties and qualities of souls, and false teachers have, at different times, propagated false notions concerning them. In like manner, it has puzzled many to discover the qualities of the soul of our constitution, and on a late occasion, men, who were by no means philosophers, but the falsest of teachers, have propagated the falsest notions, supported by the falsest arguments, and calculated to produce the most ruinous consequences. If no better definition can be given of the soul of our constitution, I pray, that for its enormous folly, wickedness, iniquity and injustice, it may be everlastingly damned.

RUSTICUS.

November 19, 1786.

To the CITIZENS of ANNAPOLIS.

"The Cit again, O save me gracious God!  
"What crime of mine could merit such a rod;  
"That all the rage of DULNESS now should be,  
"From this foul BLUNDERBUSS discharged on  
"me!"

OF all the scribblers that ever disgraced the liberty of the press, the Citizen is the most vain, ignorant, and contemptible. All sense of shame, all regard to truth, all respect to the sentiments of his fellow-citizens and the public, is laid aside; and with unwarrantable insolence he takes the liberty to publish whatever he pleases; he conceals himself under a mask, and stabs the reputation, as he would the person, of the Delegate, if he could escape with impunity.

The Delegate herefore conjectured, that the publications by the Citizen were the joint labours of a little junto in this city, whose united efforts he held in the greatest contempt; he is now satisfied that he was mistaken in this opinion. The young man, who presumptuously offered himself a candidate for Anne-Arundel county in opposition to the Delegate, was only the *ostensible* author; he carried the papers to the press, and justly merited every censure that was applied to him. The real author is the mere minion, sycophant, and puff of the young candidate. A brief account of the REAL Citizen may be matter of information to some, and entertainment to others.

On the commencement of the war with Great-Britain troops were raised, and surgeons became necessarily employed. Of the great number required, it was not possible to procure, nor was it expected that every one should be qualified for the profession. Lads were often commissioned without any regard to the competency of their knowledge, and employed in the manual operation of compounding medicines, scraping lint, spreading plasters, and administering the clyster-pipe. In this subordinate station the Citizen made his appearance in the Maryland line. How many years he performed the various duties of surgeon's-mate, cannot be precisely ascertained, but justice requires the admission, that in collecting of rags, scraping lint, spreading plasters, hauling the pestle and mortar, and administering the clyster-pipe and syringe, he acquired the reputation of the LAD of lads. Unfortunately for the Citizen, in aspiring to the character of a surgeon, he mistook his talents. His intellectual powers were only formed for the menial services of an apothecary's shop, and it was plain to all, and the common topic of conversation of the gentlemen in the hospital department, that he was no more calculated, by nature, for the duties of a surgeon, than a powder-monkey to command a line of battle ship.

When peace took place the Citizen found himself in a very sad plight. Without resources, without knowledge, and without any other reputation than what flowed from his experience and an extensive practice and dexterity in spreading plasters and administering the clyster-pipe (a most unprofitable business in town or country, as every old woman could practice in the same line, with as much security to the patient, and success in the operation, as the Citizen), he declined all thoughts of acquiring fame or a fortune as a son of Aesculapius. From his pride, arrogance and self conceit, he suffered many mortifications from lads, who were equal in rank and merit with himself, but whom, from his vanity, he affected to consider and treat as his inferiors. A disaster which happened to the Citizen, in spite of every prudent precaution, confirmed his resolution of attempting some other means to obtain a living. A captive British soldier, smarting with his wounds, to whom the Citizen was administering the warm and cordial potion, returned the whole contents, with certain additions, without the least respect, full into the face and bosom of his friendly operator. The hapless youth from this unfortunate accident insensibly got a contraction of his muscles, and the idea of his misfortune has made so strong an impression on his nerves, that he ever since appears as if his sense of smelling was continually offended. What adds to the Citizen's distress, and makes his case pitiful, wondrous pitiful, and fills up the measure of his calamity, and excites the compassion of the Delegate, is the remark of his companions, that *even in his smiles*, and when he wishes most to please and captivate the fair, he cannot, with all his philosophy, obliterate from his memory the unlucky accident, and his muscles and nostrils suffer the same contractions and contortions as at the moment of the disaster.

When the Citizen laid down the pestle and mortar and quitted the difficult study of Galen and Hypo-

crates, his evil genius inspired him with ambition to follow the law. What proficiency he has made in this study, the young candidate, his patron and teacher, only can determine; but it requires little depth of legal abilities to predict, that he will never acquire any degree of eminence in the profession; and the Delegate believes, that he is better qualified to give a clyster to a patient, than advice to a client.

The Citizen finding that he had neither talents for physic or law, commences author, and as a specimen of his genius and abilities, he composed and set to music a song on the military exploits and achievements of our American heroes. This ditty was the lowest insipidity of the most vile and execrable composition. But this quondam surgeon's-mate, then lawyer and now author, can sing this very song. Good luck! Good luck! how he can sing it! His enemies (for with all his virtues he has some) pretend to discover some few defects in his performance. Their envy and malice prompts them to say, that he snuffles and wheezes, and makes such wry faces at the company, that his chaunting has the same effect on some of his fair audience, as when the bag-pipe sings in the nose, and they cannot contain for affection. His friends on the contrary are in raptures with his voice, and say the world cannot produce an opera singer to compare with the Citizen, when he exerts his utmost powers.

The Citizen's next exhibition of authorship was an answer to a celebrated performance wrote and printed in Carolina against the establishment of the society of the Cincinnati. Nothing can mark the vanity and ignorance of the Citizen in stronger colours, than his impertinence and audacity in publishing his nonsensical effusions as a reply to such a masterly production. The citizens of the United States were thoroughly convinced of the dangerous tendency of the institution, as it was originally framed; and the society themselves were fully persuaded, that the liberties of America might hereafter be affected, if not endangered by it, and therefore they changed and altered those articles, which were most obnoxious to their countrymen. The Citizen's remarks were too despicable to engage the notice of the able pen which wrote the pamphlet; and our author, not only failed in his vain attempt to acquire a literary reputation, but he was much disappointed in the sale of his performance, the profits not defraying the expence of publication.

The history of the last session of assembly was the next essay of his genius. Ignorant of the principles of our constitution, unacquainted with the executive rights and authority of the different branches of the legislature, without capacity to discover the principles of action, and the objects and views of the principal characters, and wanting that candour and love of truth which every historian should possess, his narrative is imperfect and false, and his remarks and reasoning the vilest jargon that ever disgraced the press. A return of the money paid for this catch-penny work can be obtained on application to any justice of the peace; and the fraud practised on the public may be punished on an indictment against the Citizen for an impostor and cheat. The Citizen stipulated to furnish the purchasers of his work with information and improvement, and deceiving them in both, he cannot be entitled to *something for nothing*.

The Citizen's next attempt at authorship was his publications against the Delegate. Prodigious things, if we believe him, have been wrought by the magic of his pen. He enlightened the citizens of Annapolis, and they rejected the Delegate as an elector for the city; he enlightened the electors of the senate, and they rejected the Delegate as a senator. Had the Citizen, indeed, exerted his *dearship* and not his *authorship*, and published to the world that he had exercised the clyster-pipe upon the citizens, and upon the electors of the senate, he might have been believed, for this was within the compass of his acknowledged talents; but for this insignificant wretch to gig it about and wriggle as he does, and to cry out buzzs, I enlightened the citizens, I enlightened the electors of the senate with my masterly pen, I gave them information and improved their brains, I cracked their noddles and poured light and knowledge into their skulls; such bouncing, and cracking, and boasting, can never obtain credit, nor be considered in any other light than the mere brayings of an ass.

The Delegate, says the Citizen, is beset with men without intrinsic merit, and by others who would sacrifice this country to their own interest; and thence he concludes the Delegate to be a prostituted character. The Citizen cannot mean by these assertions to asperse the Delegate's reputation. His only object is to lay open and display his own heart, and to let mankind see that there is nothing there to operate as a check upon its natural depravity. The Citizen, indeed, might have saved himself this trouble, for nature having given him a soul capable of extreme baseness, in compassion to the human race, bestowed on him a form, figure and features, correspondent to his mind, that every one, warned by these external marks of a desperate and abandoned spirit, might be on their guard against malice, treachery and falsehood.

The Citizen has asserted, that the Annapolitans first expressed the virtue of denying the Delegate that testimony which every one ought to expect from the immediate witnesses of his conduct. In all his publications he has impudently endeavoured to impress

the public with the strongest objection, and had from him. If you are in truth, you are in the D for sentiments, while their re last session of a has acted in with them, the did his duty in poration would Detected and e Citizen will nei session, an addi characters in th In this address a gratitude for invariably w whom the rig of his count we are actual acknowledged ment, to our hibited in yo removing th town; a me ly this city. l is concerned rious conse rly heavy upo been left im efforts, there attempt, den wa most than we thus decla certain as to not help tell integrity, and to our advant of the whole of truth." As I tion, gratitude bered, the Citia culumulator, no gens of Annapo

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