Mr. EDES, As you have handed to the public through the channel of your useful paper, many curious characters of the present day, I shall endeavor to give you the outlines of one (for publication) not the smallest in the hemisphere of political confusion. This genius of anarchy and governmental defection will be known by the epithet of the Political Hermit, and must be esteemed from his manœuvres as secret Counsellor and Director General for the Northern Department of Conventional politics.

Such has been his avidity to promote the paper money system of this State that he has stood prompter for more Know Ye tenders than any other man in it, nor have tools been wanting to aid and assist him in turning the machine erected by ---- which grinds property out of the possession of one man and rests it in the hands of another. —'Tis said his Constitution is impaired, and that he talks of moving without the circle of the circumjacent effluvia which has poisoned the health of his neighbors; some of whom, to avoid a lingering death, have fled from their nauseous and disagreeable situation to enjoy a more salubrious respiration.

Such is the genius of the Political Hermit, that is a man religious he sneers at him for not being an Athiest like himself. —Has he property, he endeavors to circumvent and despoil him of it. Has he health, he keeps a stinking collection of putrid matter to stuff his nostrils and poison the sources of his bodily existence whenever he has the temerity to come within a snuff thereof.

He has feasted so long on the selfish advantages of a depreciated paper currency that he has no gôut for the New Constitution, nor could he (though an inhabitant of Providence) be induced in a friendly manner to eat of the Federal Ox roasted at that place, July the 4th, 1788, for celebrating independence and the adoption of the New Government by nine states, but chose to stimulate a number of men to come in from the country armed in a hostile manner to menace the town of Providence and the friends to order and good government collected on that festivious day.

Oh! unhappy State of Rhode-Island! which has the evil councils of an Ahitophel, the bloody politics of a Cataline, whispered in thy listening ears from the impoisoned tongue of a Political Hermit.