

MR. EDITOR,

To correct and restrain an assuming arrogance, of sole learning and sole judgment, in his wanton attacks and insidious fulminations, may justly be termed the duty of every man who does not desire this "community" to receive a stigma. Philo Reflector in the Centinel of last week, says that "people at a distance" judge of the merit & demerit of the whole community by advertising puffs ungrammatical expressions, and the absurd pretensions of some silly quacks, who have lately come amongst us!—I therefore very naturally feel anxious "to efface the stigma" such whimsical vagaries might "sometimes" be intended to produce, & enquire whether the opinions of that writer will accord with "public sentiment."—Indeed sir, I view this as an imperious duty—for when a writer whose "self sufficiency" "disgusting declarations" and "scientific acquirements" are so obvious will come before us with such absurd & arrogant notions, they might if tolerated to pass, cast a stain that would carry on the "very" back "of it" a degree of preposterous "indelicacy."—The many "petty attempts at witty" perversions, which this Mr. Philo has indulged in, caused me "seriously to consider" (for I really doubted) in what manner his ignorant but "greatful services" could be most becomingly repaid—I at last, concluded that it might be best to indulge an idea of his "extensive knowledge" & disinterested "practical" acquirements, and to leave others to "disclaim the idea of its being possible for man to obtain such unbounded medical and grammatical abilities."

I would not dare for the world, to insinuate, that "blasphemous profanity" was the darling aim and object of Mr. Philo—or that his aim would in any degree, even if it did exist, aid him indirectly to throw a cloak over Mr. Jennings's views in the establishment of the Centinel, or weaken the force of any late discussions respecting it; such a weak idea could not have existed in his Herculean mind.—His aim and object must have been to correct our taste, enlighten our judgment, and save the community from a "stigma"—There's no doubt of it—as Mr. Philo carefully avoided all remarks that might be calculated only to wound the feelings of certain individuals, and instructed the public at the same time.—Actuated as he declares, by "philanthropic motives" and that too without any reference to "public champions" "impostors" "unmeaning phrases" "profane allusions" "our character abroad" "ignorant quackery," &c. &c.

Some have thought that he was a second Joshua, "sent to save nations, tongues and people," but as he has judged so correctly and logically, of some physicians, and cured two of them so judiciously with the same prescription, others think, he should himself be dubbed a Doctor—but alas! he so fully displayed a total want of that enlightened liberality of sentiment, which the study of physic, with its attendant branches, are so well calculated to bestow, I would infer if he claims that (until of late) honorable appellation, he is yet wanting in the first essential characteristic of his profession—and emphatically, nothing but a quack—"fair and softly" let me only do one thing at a time—with the same dose Philo can cure a dozen—but I'll only prescribe for one, until I know exactly, the complaint.

As a professional character, I may not be unlike others.—I judge every thing through the media of my own pursuit—therefore I must be expected to express myself accordingly. To exemplify what I mean by this I'll give you an old anecdote—One Friday evening a certain gentleman was thrown down by a mad bull, as he was going to pay his respects to the governor—he had the misfortune to break one of his legs, and dislocate his shoulder—a crowd instantly collected around where he lay, in which were an Editor, a Painter, a Mathematician, an Office-Hunter, an Apothecary Quack Doctor, a Lawyer and a Clergyman—"Poor unfortunate fellow," said the Editor—"had he not been so busy going about to serve me, and instruct my employers, this cursed bull would not have horned him!"—"how finely his figure was foreshortened in falling" said the Painter.—"he made a parabolic curve before he touched the ground" said the Mathematician.—"I'm truly sorry" said the Office-Hunter—"he can now do no more for me—I wish only, I could get the office he will soon vacate."—"It is

ten thousand to one" said the Lawyer—"if he made a will."—"I'll send him physic immediately" said the Quack.—"We'll have none of your physic" said the Clergyman, "but d'ye hear, run for a surgeon, and let us in the mean time assist the poor man in getting home."

Now for the game—leaving all grammatical blunders made by Mr. Philo and there are not a few to prescribe for themselves—instance "things he has a knowledge of the cause" &c. &c. &c.

"Averse to pampered and highmettled steeds,

His own upon chopt-straw Avaro feeds;
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn."

"Pray tell me Philo, which of you was it that died some weeks ago, you or your brother?" My Grandmother.

The old lady said so, yet I could not believe it, but I took up her spectacles, and having saddled my nose with them, I peeped at Philo Reflector, that renowned defender of Jennings's Centinel, and a famous disciple of Esculapius too, as he went dashing along. He was may it please you, a personage who had just begun to make some noise in town—very reputable in his way—he could bleed, and prescribe a glyster with the air of a lucky dog, who had always been successful from his great knowledge of causes. Yet still, whenever he protruded from the sphere for which education and habit had fitted him, he become like one possessed of nine devils, and was for pushing every thing to extremities. At the time I first saw the gentleman he was upon horseback, handsomely mounted indeed, talking about the "letters of introduction" and "liberality" of Jonathan Jennings—but I could perceive a kind of impatience about him, which caused uneasiness on the saddle—he was ever thrusting his head forward, with an eager eye seemingly as if he wished to get on faster than his horse could carry him.—I could not help eyeing him thro' the old lady's specs—by the way, she was my grandmother—until he had got quite out of sight—What reflections then rushed upon my brain—flash! flash! they come like lightning, and I immediately cast about in my mind for a thousand individuals whom I had once known—then "thinks I to myself," how many, yes, how very many, strain forward beyond the power of their horses, and, sad to tell! how many in this coursing get their legs and shoulders broke.

But again "thinks I," we must all die once, and then if any of us want to live again, there are quack doctors who can tell the "cause" of our death, yes, and write "grammatically" too—one of them would surely take a fee remove the cause, the effect of course will cease, and "Jack's alive again!"—I wouldn't believe a word of it—Those "grammatical" doctors who profess to judge "by advertisements"—to know causes, and at the same time, condemn a reference to holy writ, certainly sit uneasy on their saddles—They want to go faster than their horses, and will cure each other quicker by writing, than they can other folks by physic.

I got tired at this moment of grandmothers' specs, which were above twenty years old and very heavy naturally concluding that a new pair, not so heavy, with glasses of the best manufacture, must afford sights and thoughts, vastly superior. I therefore went, and immediately procured a pair.—They suited exactly, and as it happened Philo Reflector, the same personage I before glanced at, was the first to protrude himself in my view. He had shaved himself since I before looked at him, and changed his dress; he appeared very warm indeed, haranguing a crowd which his singular and unusual appearance had caused to collect—at the distance I stood from him, only broken sentences reached my ear—I could distinctly hear him say however, in an elevated voice, that "people at a distance" had neither judgment nor understanding; for if any empiric or silly fool, were to publish a puff, setting forth even in the most laughable manner, great medical talents—or were any person in the most serious manner, to refer or allude to, such "blasphemous" profane things as "sacred history" or "scriptural precepts," or even to such trifling matters as "shoe nails," or "shavings," or even to "cucumbers," that this whole "community" would be suspected of being "impostors!"—I also heard him hint with a degree of refined feeling that carried "on the very face of it" no "absurd indelicacy"—O, no, it really had every appearance of "scientific acquirements,"

that if the people would follow his advice, as he possessed "medical & grammatical abilities"—as he had "an extensive knowledge of causes," having been the first person to discover "fever and agues," and was in addition, a very able and learned stickler for Jennings and his Centinel, he would he said "no cure, no pay," prevent all fools "at a distance" from forming such a preposterous opinion, simply by displaying himself!

About this time he become quite uneasy in his saddle and spoke very low—yet he was apparently desirous to say something he feared to utter. I only over heard a sentence about "palmng himself upon the world as possessing knowledge and abilities superior to the rest of mankind," and though it might well excite "suspicion" he said, yet "his pretensions were well founded."

Here the appearance of a numerous cavalcade of travellers attracted my attention—they approached where I was standing, seemingly indifferent to all but themselves. I heard them laugh, and talk aloud about college-lectures, professors and yankee-town—but the precise words I could not hear. When they had come close to where I stood, they halted, and one who was next to me, spoke in a smooth glib tongue, very soon. I enquired why so many people were here collected, &c. &c.—In the course of a long conversation with him, I gleaned that his companions and himself were physicians, who understood "causes" and could "write grammatically," and that their names were, "Doctors uno and Jupiter, Tinker and Trotter,

Nimrod and Oxford, Marcus & Thotter, Singwell & Erryboy, Captain & Cryer, Gangwell & Ginglebell, Fairmaid & Fryer Beauty & Bonylass, Tanner & Trouncer, Foamer & Forrester, Philo & Pounder, Gander & Gundamore, Jowler & Jumper, Tarquin and Tamerlain, Thunder and Thumper."

He said that his fellow adventurers were all men of great "scientific acquirements" and pointing to Philo who was yet talking to the crowd—sir, said he to me, "that man is nothing but a carping verbal critic and a very ludicrous one, he can have no relish for any writing unless to discover passages on which he can try experiments—his long talk to these people brings to mind a noted oculist one of our late professors—this oculist was asked; was it not a pity a certain lady of his acquaintance squinted? Squint sir! replied he there is not I assure you a man in the state can cure squinting but myself."—After this we began talking upon a variety of subjects in succession, and I found my new acquaintance very inquisitive—he became so much so, that his company was tiresome.—Knowing the country he came from, I at first followed the plan of doctor Franklin—I told him my name, my age, my politics, my religion my trade where I came from, and where I lived, without waiting for him to enquire—I was aware he would have his curiosity gratified, and therefore he got all together.—But I soon found he must have more; he wanted me to inform him of all the great men in the state, and who their friends were, and all about them—which was really more than I had learned myself after full four years residence—I therefore turned his attention again to Philo, who was earnestly talking to one of the new doctors—they were speaking of the various diffinitions given of man—Philo contended for Plato's, that "he is a two legged animal without feathers" who might be tempted to support any set of great men—and he affirmed this was the greatest discovery Plato had ever made—indeed he seemed to plume himself on having a knowledge of it.—The new doctor doubted, and thought Mr Burke worthy of more praise, as he had determined man to be "a rational cooking animal" fond of discoveries.—This last definition brought to my mind the story told of a celebrated physician in N. York, who always went into the kitchen when he visited his rich patients, and shook hands with the cook—saying if it were not for good cooks he should be barefooted and starved.—My new acquaintance and I, talked about this—I told him that very few of the diseases incident to this country proceeded from cooking—that he would have but very few rich, and luxurious patients, & consequently the prevailing diseases here were different, from those he may have been accustomed to treat in another climate and under other circumstances—"O" he replied—he knew better, for he

had studied these matters—the human system" he said "was effected by the same causes, and cured by the same means every where."—This he demonstrated to his own satisfaction, by declaring that if a man were to avoid shoe nails and shavings and sacred history and scriptural precepts, it would in any climate, be a certain remedy for impostors!" and that grammatical abilities will in any climate shield J. Jennings, uphold his Centinel, and cure the ague and fever.—Like all other pretenders, he said a great deal, and though I had become tired listening, he would talk on still until at last, quite fatigued I left him and Philo engaged, and went home to shew my grandmother the new specs I had bought.—Just as I was about starting I called Philo aside; and told him he was unquestionably a doughty defender of physic, politics, literature, and morality—and to reward his mighty exploits I promised to have him decreed at the first convocation of the muses an undying wreath of hay, oats, cucumbers, shoe nails and thistles, symbolical of the delicacy of his taste & in immortal remembrance of his glorious achievements in the fields of science—I then bid him "good bye" and desired him to "call to-morrow."

MARCUS.

To the Editor of the Western Sun.
Claims for Property lost, &c.
During the late War.

MILITARY AND GENERAL AGENCY,
Washington City, 10th March 1817.
SIR—For the information of your readers, should you think proper to publish it, I take the liberty to apprise you that the act passed on the 9th day of April, 1816, entitled "an act to authorize the payment for property lost, captured or destroyed while in the military service of the United States, and for other purposes," has been amended by an act of the late Congress, so as that the

1st Section limits the provisions of the 9th section of the former act, to buildings occupied by order, as a place of deposit for military and naval stores, or as barracks for the military forces. (Claims under this and the 9th section aforesaid, to be investigated by the Commissioner and reported to congress.

2d Section provides for the appointment of special Commissioners as formerly, who are requested to take an oath of office. Commissioners authorised to appoint an agent in behalf of the United States, to join with the special Commissioners, when he may deem it expedient.

3d Sec. provides for payment of any horse, mule, ox, waggon, cart, sleigh or harness lost in service, except when the risk was to have been incurred by the owner.

4th Section extends the provisions of this and the former act, to cases of property lost, captured or destroyed in the wars with the the Indian tribes subsequent to the 18th February, and prior to the first day of September, 1815—and the 5th and last section, provides, that all claims of 200 dollars or upwards, shall be reviewed by the secretary of War, and may be confirmed or rejected by him.

I am sir, most respectfully,
JOSEPH WATSON.

This agency will undertake to collect claims of the above description, and all others on government.

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FOR CASH.

Vincennes, June 6, 1817

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LAW NOTICE

NATHL. HUNTINGTON,
Attorney at Law & Conveyancer.

HAS opened an office, under the same roof of Messrs Hale and Wood's Apothecary Store in Vincennes, where he will be generally found ready to attend to the business of his profession.

tf-5 Vincennes, January 2, 1817,