EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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THE CINCINNATTI RACE.
OR
GILDIBUS vs. GOLDIBUS.

The following address was issued to the free electors of Hamilton county Ohio, by the Hon. Washington Mason who was a candidate for Congress in opposition to the Hon. Robert T. Lytle.

From the Cincinnatti Intelligencer.

GILDIBUS vs. GOLDIBUS.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

The great contest is to be decided on SATURDAY, the 8th of Nov. inst. Steady, boys, steady—no knowing who will be Congressman till 'after the Election

Huzza! Huzza! for the GIFTED, and the third WASHINGTON—Whoever Wins, it will be "glory enough for one day!!!"

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Having presented myself before the people of this district, as a candidate for Congress, I hope it will not be deemed too presuming upon my part, as I am not *gifted* upon the stump, that I should, in my own way, and after my own manner of thinking, offer a few remarks to the consideration of my fellow citizens. *I* go straight to work then, without further ceremony, and inform them, in the first place, *that I am the candidate of neither party.* Let not my friends—and let not the people be deceived upon this subject. I belong to the old school democracy; *I* have ever been a soldier in her cause, and have helped to fight her battles manfully—have I not? I appeal to my old friends and acquaintances who have known me for years—let them stand up and say yea or nay. I went for Jackson and *reform*, and shouted for glory and the battle of New Orleans. I voted for the Old General three times—and three times and but let it be, for he is entitled and so am I. But it is the "spoils of office" men, that now call in his name and *I* will not answer them. I go with the *people*—I go for *principles* and *my country*. And they have no principle but that of the "five loaves and two fishes." Rotation in office was the watchword and battle cry of the Democracy Some go up and some go down—it must be so; but let the ball keep rolling and we shall all find our proper level at last!

I go against too, as every true Democrat should do, the monstrous doctrine that a *Mechanic* and a *Labourer is unworthy* to become the competitor of one of the true *legitimates* of the office seeking gentry. For I ask on what other grounds it is, that the press of the office holders proclaims me unworthy to be a competitor of Mr. Lytle. *I* have worked more; and laboured harder than he has, *I* have for myself, and for my father, BENJAMIN MASON, had the honor of paying off, of from first to last, hundreds of hands in our employ, and not a man of them can say that I ever wronged him out of a cent—"no, not one." Can Mr. Lytle say more?—ay, as much as this?—I admit that in my young days, I have had lots of fun—and so has he. He was the son of a general, and I was the son of a mechanic;—what was right in him, I thought could not be wrong in me,—he was a bright & shining light that lead the way, and *I* a true satelite that followed after. But *I* have reformed from my youthful errors, and I hope he has done the same.

For years, I stood by Mr. Lytle—stuck to him *"tooth and toe nail;"* and, like 'sixfoot two," was ready *"to go my death"* for him. It was then, how are you Wash?—How d'ye do, Bob? A hearty shake of the hands, a little good chat, and a social glass were all in true time—we met and parted friends. But, now, how changed the scene? The Hon. R. T. Lytle, on the one hand, and *unworthy* Wash, upon the other.——— Oh Bob! *"should auld acquaintance be forgot?"*

Yet, so wags the world. We poor Mechanics are fine fellows when we serve like dogs, but *unworthy*, the first moment we ask participation in the honors and offices of our country.

I, however, run upon *my own hook* and, like General Jackson, take, the "responsibility" upon myself. If I am defeated, there is an end of it, and I am Wash Mason still, but if I am elected, I trust there will be as much reason to change this familiar cognomen to that of the Hon. J. W. Mason, as there was in the change and improved modification of "Bob Lytle" to that of the *Hon.* R. T. Lytle, member of Congress, &c.—Who knows the virtue in a name—or how much more pure metal may be extracted from rough ore, until it is tried? At all events, I pledge you my word, that if *I* am elected, I will not resign, and ask you to re-elect me, but like a true mechanic, will toe the mark, and do the best I can.

And more than this, being the only real cabinet maker in Congress, I will get David Crockett to move, that I be appointed a committee of one to examine into, and regulate the *cabinet* of our present worthy chief magistrate, and even that of Andrew the First, with the fore shadow and coming of the true *legitimate* Martin the Second.

I exceedingly regret, fellow citizens, that in a contest like the present, *involving great national questions*, it should be necessary to make any allusions to the personal character of my competitor; but it was forced upon me by an attack upon my own, and *I* have done it with as sparing a hand as truth and the nature of the case would admit of. To do Mr. Lytle justice, however, I grant that he is my superior in some things, but I claim that I am not his inferior in others. He has had a more liberal education, and opportunities for information than *I* have, and his talents are of a more brilliant and shining order than mine. But I think I have proven on a former occasion, that *"all is not gold that glitters."* He makes a *splendid* speech against the monster, and a *splendid* speech in favor of the abuses and corruptions of the post office department—he is horror-stricken at the fact, that the bank has loaned a few thousands of dollars to certain printers; but he aint frightened at all at the thousands and tens of thousands squandered by the post office department for electioneering purposes—he is equally *splendid*, right or wrong. I do not say that I could make a speech for or against either, but I would vote to reform them both. He came home with splendid notions of his re-election to Congress, and to dazzle the eyes, and bewilder the people, he mounted upon the *splendid* hobby called GOLDIBUS, and I to break the charm and set them right again, mounted upon GILDIBUS—the delusion immediately disappeared. *"and they saw as clear as ever."*

He made *splendid* declarations, during this canvass, of patriotism, and said he would abide the result of the election, and be governed by the will of the majority. But his *splendid* expectations failed and he would not stand it—he takes the pouts and to spite the people beyond measure, resigns his office for the remainder of his term. Who has not seen a spoiled child get mad at its mother, and throw away its piece of pie because she would not give him a whole one, & then cry to get it again—so with Mr. Lytle, he now wants his office back again. He should have thought of this before, and not have let his *splendor* eclipse his judgment. But he threw away his office as *unworthy* of him, and sent, I suppose, his title, and somewhat of his dignity along with it. If so, the case, as I take it, is materially altered, and now stands *Legitimately* Bob against Wash, and Wash against Bob. So clear the course boys—fair play and no tricks, and we shall soon learn whether a MECHANIC is to be despised because he is such,—and considered *unworthy* to be a competitor of the "Gifted;" but no grumbling THE PEOPLE HAVE TO PAY THE COST—and all is well that ends well.

J. WASHINGTON MASON.

N. B. I could have made a much more *splendid* Address, had *I* accepted of proffered assistance; but I said no—"Let every tub stand upon its own bottom." *I* did not wish to sail under false colors, or to take upon myself the plumage and decorations of other men; so I sat down and wrote it out as you see it published; but not being used to the business, I confess it put me up to all I knew.

From the New York Gazette.

The circumstances set forth in the following recital may be implicitly relied on, as matter of sheer fact, without adornment or fiction. They were communicated to me by the late respectable Dr. Williams, the historian of Vermont, and the father of the gentleman who is now on the bench of the highest Court of that State. They go to show the ardor of mind, the inflexible determination, and elevation and pride of flight of the Yankee character, which, when so united, is equally capable of filling unknown seas with her canvass, or making the wilderness blossom like the rose.

W. F. P.

SCENE NEW HAMPSHIRE—Period 1778.

The Doctor (W.) then at the head of an eastern College, believed Dartsmouth, was on his road to Boston, travelling on horseback, without display or frippery ostentation, his saddle bags thrown over his horse, and after riding a few miles, stopped at a small country tavern (the appearance of which was not at all prepossessing,) for his breakfast.—As he approached the "Hotel or Inn," as Sir Walter has it, he saw perched on a horse-block a small boy, sitting in the sun, with unhempt carrotty hair, but without a hat, his dress consisting solely of a pair of trowsers and shirt, both of which were dyed a butternut color, (we endeavor to be graphic.) He called to this yellow haired boy, and directed that his horse should be provided with hay and oats, and every thing else that could make a horse comfortable. The boy approached, with a shingle in one hand, a "Barlow knife" in the other, 'whittling as he went,' but not 'for want of thought,' as he said he was making a water wheel upon a *new plan*.

While the Doctor was discussing his breakfast, this urchin frequently ventured as far as the door, and after gazing at the Doctor would retreat. At length the Doctor demanded of him what he wanted. Why, sir, replied the boy, they tell me that you are the man what larns the boys Latting, and I want to larn Latting.—Well, well, said this good natured divine, come to my house, (a distance of more than a hundred miles,) and *I* will teach you Latin. Thank you, sir; *I* will go.

On went our Doctor to Boston, and after a few days, returned home; where to his most perfect astonishment, he finds our hero of the butternut colored costume. The Doctor was of the old school and considered it a paramount duty to redeem his pledge. He set about giving instruction to the boy. *He* found him apt, quick and comprehensive. Attentive in a very high degree, he quickly acquired the rudiments of an English Education, and proceeded to the Latin, which he very soon mastered, and then grappled Greek, a knowledge of which he very soon acquired; and in the end become the most polished scholar of the University.

Shift we our scene.

The Doctor makes another visit to Boston; takes with him our hero of horse-block memory, whom he finds a delightful companion, abounding in literary anecdote, but the world all new and fresh to him. While in Boston, the Doctor is invited to dine with the Governor of the 'Bay State,' then under the crown of Great Britain. He consents, provided he may bring with him his protege.—While the dinner was going forward, intelligence, either false or true, was brought to him of some movement of the British army, which was deemed of sufficient importance to justify a special messenger to Lord George Germain, who was at this time at the head of the foreign office. He orders his Secretary to hold himself in readiness for the mission. Our hero hears all this and smuggles himself on board the same ship. Arrived at Portsmouth, goes instantly on shore, and drives poste haste to the office of Lord George, and finds that he (Lord George) had that moment left town for his country house, a few miles from the city. Nothing daunted, he follows him: presents himself to him in his travelling dress: imparts the intelligence, which was deemed by his Lordship very important although much doubted. He is invited to take refreshment and to remain all night, and to breakfast with him in the morning. All this he does, and accompanies him to town next morning in his state carriage. In the course of the day the regular messenger arrives, and is coldly received, his intelligence being anticipated. Do not let us lose sight of our flaxen-haired hero. He is taken into the office of Lord George, who finds his knowledge of this country very correct, & to him very important. He becomes his most confidential Secretary, is taken into the family of Lord George; is sent on diplomatic errands to different European courts; becomes a resident at one of them; writes with great ability upon almost every subject; and in the end, he who was at his outset plain Ben Thompson, becomes Baron Thompson, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

Let us not imagine that our great hero was unmindful of his early patron. He frequently solicited Dr. Williams to visit England, and offered him a conveyance in one of his Majesty's ships upon this station. Who will not respect Yankee enterprise and perseverance?

This gentleman also mentioned, that on the occasion of another excursion to Boston, he stopped to visit his old acquance Mrs. A——, whose husband at that period was minister to Holland.—She invited him to stay to dinner. He did so; and was set down to a substantial and indeed elegant one. She boasted that every article on the board was the produce of her own little farm. When *I* have occasion, said she to purchase wine, or sugar, or coffee, or any foreign production, I put J—— on the top of a load of hay, and pack him off to Boston, and he brings me in return any article I may want, or fancy I want.

This gentleman has since acquired great and deserved literary fame, and his country has awarded to his great desert her highest political honors. May he live to have them repeated.

The following observations on the education of the horse are admirable.—They are from *Bubbles from the Brunens of Nassau.* The writer is facetious in the beginning at the expense of the Germans, but they know how to take, a joke and there is no people that can better bear one, for none excels them in strength of head and soundness of heart.

TREATMENT OF HORSES.

In England there is no surer recipe known for making a pair of horses suddenly run away with one's carriage, than by taking off their blinkers to allow them to see it; but though our method decidedly suits us the best, yet in Germany the whole system of managing horses, from beginning to end, is completely different from ours. Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men; and in case any one should doubt that Germans are better horsemasters than we are, I beg to remind them of what is perfectly well known in the British army—namely, that in the Peninsular war, the cavalry horses of the German legion were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone. In a former chapter I have already endeavored to explain, that instead of reining a horse's head *up*, as we do, for draught, the Germans encourage the animal to keep it *down*; but besides this, in all their other arrangements they invariably attend to the temper, character, and instinct of the beast.—For instance, in harness they intrust these sensible animals (who are never known to forget what they have once seen) with the free use of their eyes—Their horses see the wheel strike a stone, and they avoid the next one, if they drag the carriage against a post, they again observe the effect: and seeing at all times what is behind them they know that by kicking they would hurt themselves: when passengers and postillion dismount, from attentive observation, they are as sensible as we are that the draught will suddenly become less, & consequently, rejoicing at being thus left to themselves instead of wishing to run away, they invariably are disposed to stand still. As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often too apt to term it, "lazy," they see the postilion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten or twelve threats, there will come a blow; as they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver—the moment he begins the heavy operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing, as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time; every movement in the carriage they remark; and to any accurate observer who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman and three heavy baronesses with their maid, and that to do that on a hot summer's day, is—no joke.—When their driver urges them to proceed, he does it by degrees: & they are stopped not as bipeds, but in the manner quadrupeds would stop themselves. Now, though we all like our own way the best, let us for a moment (merely while the horses are feeding) contrast with the above description our English mode of treating a horse.—In order to break in the animal to the draught we put a collar round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides, and lest he should see that, though these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers; and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter bar of a carriage If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment which he does not comprehend—something has struck him, and has hurt him severely, but as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter bar, which has cut him, is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction. Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena, becoming what we term steady in harness, still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels; the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the "undoubted derivatur" of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows it is coming nor where it comes from. If any trifling accident, or even irregularity, occurs—if any little harmless strap, which ought to rest upon his back, happens to fall to his side—the poor, noble intelligent animal, deprived of his eyesight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed and though, from constant heavy draught, he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own master—of his very own pimple faced mistress—and of his own fine yellow carriage in motion—would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly!

HORSES.

Caution—Mr. Beeson, veterinary surgeon, of Amersham, being called to examine two very fine horses that had died suddenly without any apparent cause, discovered in the stomachs, some portion of yew tree, which it seems the horses, having stood under the tree, had eagerly eaten. The poison was surprisingly rapid in its effects. They were a 3 and 5 year old that died, and could not have been estimated at less than £50 or £54 the two. There were no symptoms of the slightest kind observed before they fell: the driver says they went very well, and only staggered a few paces, dropped, and before the harness could be taken off they were dead They died in about three hours after eating the yew. Cattle and sheep are equally affected by this poison.

ARRIVAL OF THE CONSTELLATION.—The U. S. frigate Constellation, Capt. Read, from the Meditterranean station, came into our capes on Wednesday last, and the weather being thick and boisterous, anchored on the Middle Ground, until yesterday morning, when she weighed and stood up to the bite of Craney Island, where she is now anchored.

The Constellation left Mahon the 2d October, and Gibraltar the 13th; and since leaving the Western Islands has had remarkable fine weather.

The cholera which had prevailed in Spain during the summer, reached Mahon about the middle of September, at which time the C'l. was in that port, and we are sorry to state that the disease broke out among her crew. From the time C. left Mahon until she had been nine days in the Atlantic the disease continued to prevail; the number of cases during that time amounted to between ninety and a hundred, and the number of deaths to nineteen including passed midshipman Horatio G. Myers of South Carolina, the only officer who fell a victim to this fatal disease.

The U. S. ship Delaware, Com. Patterson, was on the coast of Syria, and was expected to leave Alexandria shortly for Mahon, touching at Tripoli and Tunis. The schnr. Spark, Lt. Comdt. Paulding, had arrived at Malta from Alexandria, and was also expected at Mahon. The frigate United States, Capt Ballard, was at Smyrna, giving Convoy to merchant vessels It was reported that the U. S. ship John Adams Capt. Connor, had passed Gibraltar, bound up.

The Constellation has brought over the fine marble statues, emblematical of Peace and War, intended to ornament the Capital of the United States. They were executed it will be recollected, by that admirable artist Louis Piersco, & are said to be splendid specimens of sculpture.

As the work of the artist is exhibited in a back view of the figures as well as in front, it is expected that they will be placed in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on each side of the speaker's Chair, and not in the vacant ninches of the Rotunda, as has been surmised. M Piersco has also executed a fine bust of General Jackson, which is also on board the Constellation. Mr. Piersco himself accompanies those valuable memorials, of his genius to Washington, whither the Constellation is ordered to convey them. Peace is represented by a female figure, with the olive branch, &c. War, a figure of Mars, copied from the best model of the antients; they are cut in the Carara marble, of the finest description.—*Norfolk Herald.*

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

for the third Week of October.

The continued genial weather, till within this day or two, has precluded the introduction of any fashionable novelties. In Paris, the light summer dresses, worn at the Champ de Mars, are still visible, and are only now and then varied by dresses or pelisses of silk. The most favorite silks are those of tartan patterns, called by the French Walter Scott Tartan. These are of very showy colors, and very large patterns, resembling the Tartans of the different Highland clans.

There is also another kind of tartan silk, much in favor, especially for morning dress It is called Marie Stuart Tartan, and consists of small checks of brown and blue, green and lilac, orange and brown, &c.

The Cloaks of silk, satin, or velvet, which are preparing for the winter, differ but little from those worn last season. The large cape is indispensable. If the cloak be of velvet, it is usually trimmed with some kind of costly fur, such as sable and ermine. If it be of satin, or gros de Naples, velvet is the most appropriate trimming. Black will continue a favorite color for cloaks, especially with light colored linings.

For out-door wear; white pelerines are yet found sufficiently warm. With low dresses, small handkerchiefs of muslin or net, trimmed with quilting, are frequently worn.

A YANKEE EDITOR'S EXCUSE FOR LACK OF EDITORIAL

If we had a subscriber on our list that we thought would not take the following as a sufficient excuse, for the want of *a single line*, we would erase his name from our list:—

"The business of the editor has been too multifarious this week to admit his paying much attention to the *editorial department* of his paper. Our printer and devil have both been drunk, and we, that is ourself, have been compelled to set most of the types and do the press work for the paper. It is known that 'we' are a practising physician, and that our calls have been unusually prolific this week.

Our sister's nurse has been sick, and we have been compelled to spend a considerable portion of our time in rocking the cradle. This would appear a sufficient excuse for any reasonable man, but it is not all. A beautiful black eyed girl came to town last Saturday, and we had no sooner seen her than we were half dead in love; we have, during the week, wooed and won the dame, and shall if no lawful objection be made be married at the Methodist church to-morrow. Are our patrons satisfied? If not, we hope they may be doomed to a life of celibacy!! Or if married,—doomed to all the horrors of the henpecked husband!!"

VOYAGE OF AN ASS.

From the Ister frigate, in 1816, Capt. Dundas, of the royal navy, in consequence of the vessel having touched the sand at Point de Cat, among other things he threw over an ass, to lighten the ship. The sea ran fearfully high, and the boat which put off was entirely lost. A few days after, one morning, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened, there stood the ass waiting for admission. He marched directly to the stable of Mr. Weeks, where he had formerly been kept. The ass must have swam and travelled, without guide, compass, or map, by the mere evidence of his own keen sense of smell, two hundred miles through a country in which he had never before been—An old horse, purchased in Vermont, many years since, was shipped at Saybrook, Conn., for Demarara, but in Long Island Sound he somehow got overboard, reached shore, and found his way in about five days, to his master's crib in Vermont.—Scientific Tracts.

A Tailor's Bill.—We extract the following from the Weekly Museum, of Nov. 2d, 1799; a paper formerly published in New York—the joke is too good not to be transcribed.

An unfortunate tailor, who had committed some law business to the hands of an attorney well practised in his profession, had a bill containing such a variety of charges that he fancied himself fleeced most unmercifully. The only satisfaction which occurred to him was to prevail on the lawyer to have a suit of clothes made for him, for which he in his turn gave in something like the following bill:

	l.	s	d.
To measuring and taking orders for a suit of clothes,	0	6	6
Warrant & instructions to my foreman	1	6	8
Going three times to woollen drapers	0	1	0
Fees to the woollen draper	4	4	0
Cutting out the cloth	0	6	2
Materials for making	1	16	2
Trying the suit	0	13	4
Alterations and amendments	1	11	0
Entering it in my day book	0	10	6
Posting it in my ledger	0	13	4
Writing to the button merchant	0	0	8
Filing his declaration, sixteen sheets,	0	16	0
Fees to the button merchant	0	6	8
Removing suit from my house to Broadway,	1	5	0
Reving it, by certiorari, from Broadway to your country house,	1	5	0
Writing out a receipt with a stamp	0	10	0
Filing same	0	6	0
Serving of same	0	5	0
Serving eight times more	2	0	0
	l18	18	9

By this bill he contrived to have a sufficient set off against the attorney, and acted on principles of equal fairness:

From the Georgia Sentinel.

Facts to be found in History.—The Roman Catholics first made their appearance in America, in 1632.

The first Baptist Church in America, was formed at Providence, in 1639.

In 1656 the Quakers made their first appearance in America.

The first settlement in New Hampshire, was in 1623.

Massachusetts was founded in 1628.

Maryland received its name in 1632.

In 1653 the first house was erected in Connecticut.

Providence, in Rhode Island was named in 1636, by Roger Williams, he being the first settler of Rhode Island.

In 1638 New Haven, in Connecticut, received its name.

Theophilus Eaton was the first Governor of Connecticut.

South Carolina received her name in 1663.

Pennsylvania received her name in 1681.

Rye was first raised in Massachusetts, in 1633.

The first mill in Massachusetts, was a wind mill.

The first vessel built in Massachusetts, was in 1631.

The first printing done in New England, was in 1639—the first thing printed was the Freeman's Oath, the second, an Almanac, and the third, an edition of the Psalms.

In 1689 the population of America, was 200-000 souls.

In 1642 was held the first Commencement of Cambridge University, in which 9 students graduated.

Mr. EDITOR:—If you think the above Facts will give information to your readers, you can publish them.

From the New York Star.

Miss Afong Moy—Second Visit.—We have paid a second visit to Miss Afong Moy, and have had the honor at last to be recognized by her ladyship; but not until after Atung, her interpreter, had formally presented us to her, and reminded her of our former interview. This time she gave us, from her cushioned throne, a gracious nod, *a la mandarin*, and a smile, and a speech in Chinese *four words in length*, to all of which we made due homage, as an honor that we deeply appreciate and shall long cherish. At the same moment that this signal mark of favour was bestowed, she thrust forward her pretty little

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