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THE WASHINGTON WHIG

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No subscriber is considered at liberty to withdraw his name, whilst in arrears.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual

from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Murder of Miss Hamilton.—We have been obliged to favor with the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Blatchford, of Lansingburg, to his son in this city, giving a circumstantial disclosure of the facts in relation to this unhappy and awful event. This extract will be read with deep interest, and the community will rejoice that the inhuman monsters are at last detected:—

Lansingburg, March 26.

"I presume you have heard that Thomas Lent, of the borough about six miles above Waterford, has been committed to jail as one of the murderers of Miss Hamilton.—He was engaged in this guilty business with another, of the same of Sickler, a native of the same town. Lent has confessed all the particulars, to which he has subjoined his signature. They are briefly as follows: Lent and Sickler had enlisted in the army, from which they deserted and returned home; but being pursued, they, to prevent being taken, determined to go to New York. Sickler resolved to violate the chastity of the first female he should conveniently meet. They met Miss Hamilton in Athens, near her father's house. Sickler seized her with one hand around the waist, and with the other pressed upon her mouth. Lent took her by the legs. They carried her about a quarter of a mile up to the fatal bridge. There Sickler committed the rape; and (as Lent says) on account of her struggles and agonized resistance, Sickler asked Lent for his club, with which Sickler broke in her skull, and having robbed her of gold ear-rings, threw the body into the creek. They both ran and reached a barn about two miles below Catskill, where they slept that night. In the morning they got on board a Troy sloop, arrived soon after in New York, tarried there a day or two, and then returned on the west side of the river; stopped near Catskill, hired themselves out for a month, stole two horses, were overtaken, and committed to Catskill jail for the theft; broke jail and returned to the borough. After some time Sickler went to the westward, where he has resided nearly ever since, in the county of Cayuga. But the eye of God is upon the wanderings of the murderer, and he often takes from him the common prudence of the human mind.—It was so in this case. Sickler had given frequent hints, (obscurely indeed) that he and Lent had perpetrated the crime in question, but these hints were not regarded as any thing more than the vain boasts of abandoned villany. At last however, the thing was brought to light. Lent's wife was found by her husband dead; he asked her what she said the day she snatched it from her, swearing bitterly, and threw it into the fire;—she got out again, and a quarrel ensued, in which he threatened her life, and told her he had killed one woman already, and would kill her. Her sister's husband, Isaac Armstrong, came in at this time, and heard the words. He mentioned them at a Mr. P.'s, at whose house Sickler had been brought up, and where he had boasted of the crime. This brought to their recollection that they had heard Sickler say in Lent's presence, and mentioned it to Isaac Armstrong. He came down to Waterford, and led him to Mr. Franklin Livingston, the deputy Sheriff, who went up and took Lent on his own risk; summoned the witness; and after several examinations, Lent confessed the whole. Mr. Livingston, empowered by the Recorder of Albany and the Lieutenant Governor, sat off in pursuit of Sickler last week, and I hope by this time he has got in safe custody the other mon-

itary adventure we shall describe a few of the persons who aspired to the honor of her hand. They calculated among her lovers 347 reformed Rakes, and 155 ruined Gamblers. She received twenty-five or thirty letters from Belgium, (not post paid) written by certain well known characters, who said they never would revolt, though she should prove to be the most hideous object in the world. They were disposed to flatter, caress and wed the plague itself, so they could procure abundance of gold. All their letters remained unanswered, but the generous girl ordered her servant to return thanks to a few poor devils who had solicited her hand in a gallant style. We were permitted to take a copy of the following:—

"Miss,—Report has doubtless, painted you less handsome than you are, at least none will refuse to admit that your physiognomy is expressive. I should have had the honor of presenting myself before you, and of declaring my passion, had not pitiless creditors detained me in the *Conciergerie*. I must beg you will have the goodness to pay me a visit to receive the proposition I am so anxious to make. Though you may have shown a little of the coquette, in order to set yourself off to the best advantage, that is not the fault of nature; consequently, it can make no difference in my intentions.—No aspect can be more hideous in the eyes of a prisoner, than his prison.—Bring me liberty, and you shall appear charming indeed! If you should favor me with a visit, you will see a man 25 years of age, who has, among other advantages, that of a tolerable person, with a mind proper to meet worldly success.—He has, moreover, the honor to declare to you his most ardent vows.

FOLLEVILLE."

"P. S.—Be so good as to request the gaoler of the *Conciergerie* to lend his parlour to our interview."

The mind of the young lady did not tend to a union in pursuance of the above invitations, but her heart was not insensible. She desired to find in France a husband to answer one she had drawn in her mind; in the brilliant society she attended constantly in a mask of was, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested views. The young man, on his part, was charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments which the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation. In short he declared, that all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she would feel in acceding to his proposal, but she expressed to him, at the same time, the dread that he would repent on beholding her face which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She urged him to beware of rashness, and consider well whether he could bear the wretched disappointment he might incur. "Well, well!" said the young man, in a tone of penetration, "accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband." "I consent," replied she, "but remember, that I shall not survive the appearance of affright, and disgust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage." "I will not shrink from the proof; it is your heart and not your figure I love." "In eight days," said the lady, "you shall be satisfied."

They prepared for the marriage, and notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property on him. "If you have not courage enough to suffer," said she, "for your companion, I shall, at least be consoled by the reflection that I have enriched him I love, and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory." Returning from the altar she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask.—What a situation for the husband!—His heart palpitated; his face turned pale—the mask fell; he beheld an angel of beauty!—She then exclaimed affectionately—"You have not deserved deformity; you merit the love of beauty."

The happy couple left Paris the day before yesterday for Livonia, where the immense property of the lady is situate. There will be no more talk at Paris respecting the lady with Death's Head.

From the [London] Constitution.

To those who prefer the full enjoyment of rational liberty and comfort, secured by law, to thralldom and distress supported by privileged pride, and continued by a sys-

tem of exclusive monopoly, America will be found to have last week presented an interesting spectacle. While nations, calling themselves civilized, are crouching under the oppressions of despotism, lingering out a life of privation and misery, with no other hope of relief than what death affords to the wretched; it is delightful to observe that wisdom and benevolence have succeeded in establishing a government on the great western continent—where the friends of liberty may repose in safety surrounded with scenes of peace, and plenty, that dignify and sweeten existence. This is the prospect, the cheering prospect, which at this moment America holds out to distressed and suffering Europe. It will be seen by the President's speech to Congress, in this day's paper, that the enlightened and upright government of that country, do not profess economy and practice extravagance—they do not boast of national prosperity, amidst general ruin—nor extol a constitution, which they are daily striving to undermine. They do not waste the public revenue in pampering a chosen few, and leave the many to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and the horrors of antipated famine. The government of the country have no dread of exposure, for they have no secrets to conceal, and truth only can do justice to rectitude. The limited duration of authority in the higher offices of that state, the moderate salaries annexed to all public employments, wisely withhold temptations from avarice, and preserve a disinterested purity of conduct. While the high wages of the laborer and the mechanic will enable him to command every comfort, the salary of even the President himself cannot supply luxuries. Such is the state of things in Republican America, where government is not only well administered, but where a population nearly as numerous as our own are prosperous, content and happy. The whole expense of this frugal government is defrayed at less than half the sum required annually to support the poor of England alone. It would appear to realize Milton's idea, where he says, "that the trappings of royalty will support a republic."

Sketch of the Island of Minorca.

From a letter written by a gentleman attached to our Mediterranean squadron, to his friend in Exeter, New Hampshire.

"We arrived here on the eve of December 26th, having been a month at sea; which is longer than we were crossing the Atlantic. 'Mahon' is the principal place in the island of Minorca." The harbour is perhaps the best in the World. The town contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is the neatest I ever saw. The Minorcans are a distinct race of people, and speak a dialect of their own. I am delighted with their personal appearance and their character. They have a light, wholesome complexion, and bear more resemblance to Americans, than to Italians or Spaniards. The women and children are beautiful, and every thing about their houses or dress is neat in the extreme. This is true of even the poorest, who are accustomed to white-wash their houses inside and out once a week, and would rather go without food than omit any thing necessary to cleanliness. The women all wear a sort of vandyke or half handkerchief passing over the head and pinned under the chin. This is of white muslin or red cloth, according to the weather and the circumstances of the persons. This dress gives them a singular appearance, but it is quite becoming. But what strikes one most forcibly, is the simplicity and innocence of their manners, and their frankness and hospitality towards strangers.

The other day I walked into the country several miles. It was the middle of winter. I thought of friends at home—how you were all crowding around the fire and scarcely able to move out of doors on account of the snow. But how different with me. The sun shone bright. The air was mild as May. The hills were dressed in verdure, the dark green of the olive being beautifully contrasted with the lighter colour of the grassy carpet beneath. The meadows were enamelled with flowers of different hues; white honey-suckles and creepers of various ran. blooming along the walls, which separated newly planted fields. The birds made music among the branches, and the very wind-mills, (of which I counted 30 in sight) seemed as if they were animated by the beauty of the scene. We came to a farm-house and were invited to enter. Delicious bread and milk and sausages and wine of the Island were set before us in abundance; in the garden we plucked oranges from the trees like ap-

ples, and did not spare the grapes which had been left from the vintage. We were delighted with our hostess and her children, who, with a certain sweet simplicity, and without ceremony, made us welcome, entertained us with what they had, and dismissed us with every demonstration of good will. I met this day what I had read of in romances, but never found in real life before—rustics without clownishness, and people ignorant without being gross. In general this people seem virtuous and happy. The only unpleasant thing which one sees is the Spanish soldiers. They are convicts, and you may read crime in their countenance."

A plan to prevent small Vessels, such as Sloops, springing a leak, and thereby sinking.—In small decked vessels such as Sloops, there are seldom more than three or four men to navigate them, so that if they spring a leak, the fatigue becomes so great at the pump that the men are soon exhausted. When a sloop or small vessel is built and planking the bottom and sides, let the outside of the timbers be rubbed over with a mixture of pitch, tar, cowhair and powdered charcoal made hot, and which when cold, is of the consistency of collier's wax: after rubbing the timbers on the outside, when the planks are caulked, fill all the spaces up between the timbers with this mixture, and also over the inside of the timbers, then nail on the ceiling or lining planks. It is impossible, if the seams of the outer planks are ever so open, for the vessel to leak: nor can either rats or mice penetrate between the timbers, because they will not touch this composition. Two small brass rollers or friction wheels, fixed on the opposite sides of the pump spear, at the valve, will keep the pump spear upright, and make the pump work easier.

ATTACHMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a writ of attachment issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of the County of Cumberland, State of New Jersey, at the suit of Abraham Sayre, against the rights and credits, monies and effects, goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John S. Souldard, an absconding debtor, in a plea of trespass on the case, for two hundred and fifty dollars, returnable to February Term, 1817—that the same was returned, "duly served, as per inventory annexed;" by the Sheriff of said county.

DANIEL ELMER, Atty. EBEN. SEELEY, Clk.

March 17—2m

ATTACHMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a writ of attachment issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Cumberland, State of New Jersey, at the suit of Daniel L. Burt and Ephraim Westcott, against the rights and credits, monies and effects, goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John Ireland, an absconding debtor, in a plea of debt, for two hundred dollars, returnable to February Term, 1817—that the same was returned, "duly served, as per inventory annexed;" by the Sheriff of said county.

EBEN. SEELEY, Clk.

DANIEL ELMER, Atty.

March 17—2m

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of John Woodruff, deceased, are requested to, make immediate payment; and those having any demands thereon, are also requested to exhibit their accounts for settlement.

HOSEA MOORE, Executor.

March 24—3t

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having Removed to Bridgetown, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he intends carrying on the WEAVING business in its various branches, and every attention will be paid to accommodate his customers.

David Moore.

March 31—3t

NOTICE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court of the county of Cumberland, of the Term of February, eighteen hundred and seventeen, will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday, the third of May next, between the hours of 12 and 5 in the afternoon, at the Inn of John Tompkins, in Parrott,

A Lot of Salt Marsh,

Situate in Fairfield, on the south side of Bridge of Sticks Creek, and joining Marsh of John Westcott, jun. and others, containing three acres and three quarters, late the property of Charles Westcott, jun. deceased. Conditions at the time of sale. THOMAS HARRIS, Adm'r.

March 31—4t

