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ROBINSON THE MURDERER.

The murderer Robinson, at New Brunswick, has according to a letter in the Newark Daily, manifested recently less obliquity, and has fully confessed the murder.

He says he called upon Mr. Suydam the night before the murder, and invited him to his house, under the pretence of paying off the note and \$300 on the bond and mortgage—he was prepared to assault him on his entry, and had placed his hatchet in the side light of the front door, intending as he passed in to seize it and make the attack; but Mr. S. came in the back door, which frustrated this plan. They went into the basement story, and Mr. S. entered into familiar conversation about the house, remarked to him that he was getting along well, and would soon be through, &c., but seemed to keep his eye on his guilty associate, who had taken up a mallet. They passed into the first story, and there Robinson said to Mr. S. that his wife had gone out for pen and ink and would return. Mr. S. replied, "I'll walk out a few minutes and return again, by that time she may be in," and advanced to the door. Robinson stepped behind him and struck the blow with the mallet, which threw off his hat and brought him on his hands and knees—a second blow brought him to the floor. He then went down to prepare the grave, and whilst digging he heard a noise up stairs and returned and found Mr. S. on his hands and knees, and at the moment took his hand and wiped the blood from his eyes and said, in a faint voice, "oh Peter, oh Peter!" These words, the convict says, ring continually in his ear. He then gave the fatal blow and carried him down stairs, and let him lay till the grave was finished.

From the New York Daily Chronicle.

EXECUTION OF PETER ROBINSON for the Murder of Abraham Suydam.

New Brunswick, April 16,

At an early hour this morning, the town of New Brunswick was in a state of great bustle and excitement, in consequence of the approaching execution of Peter Robinson. The time appointed for this last awful ceremony of the law to take place, was between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock.

From the time of day-break until the hour of execution, large crowds of persons were seen entering the town in the hope of witnessing the execution, but it was arranged to be strictly private, no persons, except those privileged by the Sheriff, were allowed to be present.

The jail is a plain two story stone building, one half appropriated to the use of the jailor and his family, and the other half to the prisoners. On one side of the passage might be seen the laughing children of the jailor, full of mirth and glee, playing, while on the other side of the passage, a fearful scene was about to be enacted. A murderer and a felon, about to pay the penalty of his crimes. What a contrast.

The place of execution was a small enclosure in front of the jail, about six feet in width, and about twenty-five feet in length. In one corner of this space the gallows was erected. Two large uprights, about twelve feet high, were fixed on the ground, and a beam placed across the top. Through this rope runs connected with a third upright, and to this rope was attached five heavy weights, raised about four feet from the ground. Between the two first uprights, a small scaffold was raised, about eight inches from the earth. The fence which enclosed this space was about sixteen feet high. Outside of this, was formed in line, two companies of volunteers to keep off the crowd.

During the whole of Thursday the pris-

oner was attended by several clergymen, including Dr. Howe and the Rev. Mr. Pilch, of New Brunswick. These persons continued to sing and pray with him the whole of the day. In the evening, his wife, his brother, and his brother's wife, visited him for the last time. When the hour of parting came they were very much affected, but Peter appeared as stoical as ever, not seeming the least overcome. His brother remained with him during the greater portion of the night. Several persons sat up with him all the night, singing and praying occasionally, but Peter heeded them but little.

The morning, which was cold, raw and misty, cleared off about seven o'clock, and the sun shone forth in full meridian splendor. At an early hour the clergymen were again with him, singing and praying, and remained with him until the time of his execution.

About a quarter past ten o'clock, the Sheriff, jailor, and a gentleman, who had prepared a dress for him, for the occasion, entered his cell, at which time we were admitted. None who knew Peter Robinson before the commission of this most brutal murder, or up to the time of his conviction, would now recognize him. Then he was a hale, hearty, muscular man, with firm nerves, and upright gait; now he was but a shadow of his former self. The gnashing of impotent remorse has done its work on him.

"That juggling fiend that never spake before,
But cries, 'I warned thee,' when the deed is o'er,"

had completely overmastered its victim.—The sunken eye, the pallid cheek, and the quivering muscle, showed that a fearful struggle had been going on within. The gaze of the morbid and the curious, eager to catch a sight of the culprit, was nothing to him. He had done with the world, and was only anxious to escape from himself, to leap from life to death. Here is a wide field of inquiry for the divine moralist and philosopher. Here was a man, sober, frugal, and industrious, yet guilty of the most heinous crimes in the calendar.

The jailor unlocked the manacles on his feet and was about to put the key in the lock of the hand cuffs, when Peter said, "Mr. Cowenhoven you have not got the right key, you will have to get the other key." Another was brought and the hand cuffs were taken off. A large white muslin dress was then put on him, reaching down to his feet. A white cap was also placed on his head. He asked to shake hands with all in the cell before his hands were tied, which he did. He shook hands with the jailor and said, "I hope God will bless you and your family, for you have treated me like a father." His hands were then tied by a rope to his sides, and at exactly 23 minutes past 10 o'clock, preceded by a clergyman, and walking between the Sheriff and the jailor, he passed through the main passage of the prison to the cell.

The rope was then adjusted on his neck, and instantly, without speaking a word, the Sheriff with a hatchet cut the rope to which the weights were attached, when they fell; the rope that was around his neck, here slipped over the culprit's ear, and he fell with a groan on the scaffold.—A shriek of horror burst from all present. Mr. Hoagland, the Marshall, immediately lifted Peter up, and although he appeared stunned with the shock; yet he stood unaided again under the gallows. He exclaimed when he was placed upon his feet, "The Lord have mercy on me." The Sheriff and Jailor then re-adjusted the rope of death, and the beam-rope being again cut, the weights fell; the prisoner jerked up, and in an instant with one convulsive spasm of agony, he was launched into Eternity. Not more than five minutes elapsed from the time he left his cell, before he was in the arms of death. After hanging the usual time, the body was cut down, and placed in a plain, painted, common looking coffin, to be delivered to his friends.

During the whole time, Peter did not evince the slightest fear or trepidation; he walked from his cell with a firm, careless step, and mounted the scaffold with as much sang froid as one would walk up a stair case. His reckless demeanor astonished every beholder.

The whole time spent, from the unlocking of the manacles, to his final exit, did not occupy more than five minutes. Not a word farther than the short sentence that fell from Peter's lips, after his first plunge, escaped either from officers or spectators, who numbered in all about sixty; among whom we noticed Attorney General Molliston; District Attorney Vandvke; Mr. Wood, one of the Counsel for Robinson; Mayor of New Brunswick, several of the assistant Judges, and the high Sheriff of

New York, who visited the place for the purpose of witnessing the process of execution, which was new to him, though, on the same principle as that in use in the State of New York, and different from the form in Pennsylvania.

From the unconcerned manner of the females connected with the prison, who were busily employed in cooking articles for dinner, and the idle prattle of children by their side, not ten feet from the scaffold, it was next to impossible to realize that an execution was in progress.

Thus ended the occurrences of the day, and thus has retributive justice, ever slow but sure, overtaken its victim. Thus has been taken away in the full flush of vigor and manhood, Peter Robinson, a just expiation to the offended laws of his country.

From Alexander's Messenger.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holitch was his coachmaker in those days; Udo's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the time of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding door, at once, with a grace that could only be acquired by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder; and the women-servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very old race; a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London; and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the "Morning Post." The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was, as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, though very beautifully formed and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much had justed to wealth to regard it as an object,—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had, nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body added when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron; nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many of them were libertines, and the rest were fools; and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility. There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine, or fool,—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; but father, mother, and daughter, all thought him out of the question; the father, because he was not a duke; the mother, because he was a soldier; the daughter because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert.—Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up into her

cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too, and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint.—Two days after, as Alice's father was about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada, to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way, Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother: he made a sad business of it, what with building, and planting, and farming, and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada, just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you."

"Good fortune" did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy; but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and she turned pale, and she sat still and said nothing.—Henry Ashton became agitated himself.—"It is all in vain." I know her father too well; and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice, "in the little room beyond the back drawing room."

Henry paused a moment longer: the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips, and said, "Farewell, Miss Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents, "Alice Herbert will hear of this!" but often, too, he would ask himself, "I wonder if she be married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper: the births, deaths, and marriages.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain, Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of—. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate, and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it, shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours. What took place Alice did not know, but Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place wished the banker and his family, where Alice herself wished to be—in Canada. In the mean time, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer, and unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by

the dim sickly light, Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor, something like the figure of a man asleep. Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it, and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtains. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing room; but Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead for some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother; and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he found a small vial, and was gazing on it intently.

"I had better put this away, Miss Herbert," he said at length in a low voice; "I had better put this away before any one else comes."

Alice gazed at the vial with her tearful eyes. It was marked "Prussic acid! poison!"

This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared that he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found that he had died utterly insolvent. That all his last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother—the funeral;—the examination of the papers;—the sale of the house and furniture;—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations;—the commiseration of friends; the taunts and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence. Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death bed of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and Alice sat with her eyes drooping fast, thinking of the sad "What next?" when a letter was given to her, and she saw the hand-writing of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe the man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life, are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection.—It was the only balm that Alice Herbert's heart should have received; and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquilized its aching.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been, indeed, a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings that you will understand. Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after taking passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec;—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence,—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 15th day of May, 183—.

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton.

It was just after the business in Canada were settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations,—one writing a letter to go by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading the newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the three great things in life, and read, first the marriages, then the deaths; and, as he did so, he saw,—"Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq." The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although, he it said truly, he gave his thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible that she can ever be mine?"

(Concluded on second page.)