

from his own lips last evening. It is the original draught of it, which is signed by Peter himself, and counter signed by the Rev. J. L. Loeck, officiating minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church there, and who read it over to Peter.

Peter's Confession of the Murder.

As I before stated, I bought a lot of land, being 39 feet front, of Mr. Suydam, in 1839 for \$350, although he had previously offered to sell it to Mr. Anten for \$300. Mr. Suydam agreed to lend me about 400 for the purpose of building a dwelling house upon that lot, which money he advanced to me at different times, as I got along with the building—although I never got more than \$30 from him in cash at any one time. That was the most in one sum that I ever got from him. I also bought about \$250 worth of lumber from Mr. Aken on Mr. Suydam's account, which he paid for. When my building was enclosed, and the mason work was nearly finished, I gave Mr. Suydam a bond and mortgage for \$780. He then gave me a deed for the lot. The mason work was done for me by Mr. Cheesman; for this I was to pay Mr. C. \$210. I paid him \$110 in cash, and gave him a mortgage for \$100. In the meantime I had given Mr. Suydam a note for \$75. I was worried about that, for I had no money to take it up. Every one to whom I owed a few dollars was after me to sue or get me to give my furniture for the debt. I did so; I did all that I could; I was driven nearly crazy by these debts. I hadn't a friend on earth to whom I could go and borrow \$5; so I let them take my furniture, until there was scarcely any thing left in the house; and I was ashamed to let any one come into it to see how very poor we really was, and how bad off.

Some of the debts I worked off, and here I was oppressed and treated very badly. I had bought some sash frames for my house of a man, and they came to \$22 25. I gave a note for it, and when it became due I could not pay it. I was worried about it, and finally I agreed to work it out for him on a house he was at work at opposite this very jail. I worked hard for ten shillings a day; it took me over three weeks to work out that debt; all this time my wife and family were actually wanting bread; and the man I was working for never offered me a single shilling when Saturday night came to buy a meals victuals for my family. [Here Peter sobs tears.] And when I worked out the debt although there was plenty more work to do, and I had given such satisfaction that the owner of the house wanted me to go on and work there, yet the man I had worked out the debt with was so selfish that he told me he did not want me any more, and turned me away. And this is the treatment I generally met with, until I was driven almost crazy. All the money that I had in the world was buried into that house; and I had worked so hard at it that I thought if I had to lose it after all because I could not pay the interest and the mortgage; that I'd just as soon risk my life and lose that with Mr. Suydam at first said he'd give me five years to pay off the mortgage in; but when it came to a settlement he narrowed it down to four years; and I gave Cheesman, the mason, an order on Mr. Suydam for \$95 of that \$110 it was accepted and charged in the mortgage; and then when I asked him for the order back, he said it was burnt up, and so I never got it. And in every way I was imposed upon.

Time passed on until about the last day of November 1840, I went to Oliver Dunn's to get a settlement with him for work I had done, but I did not find him at home. I went to his new building and asked him for a settlement, as I wished to pay Abraham Suydam a note he held against me, which would be due in a few days, in the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. He told me he had no money, but if I would go to Alexander Moore's he would let me have \$5; could not at that time spare any more money, but would pay the balance in about a week's time. While at Mr. Moore's store, I looked out at the door, and saw Mr. Suydam on the opposite side of the street; I crossed over to see if he would be at home on the next Wednesday evening, I would call on him, as I wanted to see him concerning the note he held against me. At this time I was afraid my brother William would disappoint me, as he had promised to let me have some money to raise the note with. I then thought I would go to New York, to try to borrow money there, and see my friends. On Monday November 30th, I went to New York, and took my wife and child with me. I was disappointed in raising money. On Wednesday, Dec. 23, I put my wife and child on board the Newark steambot, and told her to stay there at her sister's until I could put up the doors in the house I had built. I then took passage on board the steambot Raritan for this place. After I arrived here, and took my supper at my brother William's, I walked around the town; called upon a number to whom I was indebted, and told them it was impossible for me to pay them. They threatened prosecution against me. The same evening about 8 o'clock, called on Mr. Suydam at his dwelling. This day was the first that I contemplated the act, which has brought me where I now am. In that interview that evening, I told Mr. Suydam if he would go to the bank the next day, and get the note he held against me, and call at my house, and bring with him the rest of the papers, I would settle with him, as I had \$300 in gold, and would pay off the note of \$75, and the balance should go towards paying off the bond and mortgage. I inquired of him what time he would call at my house; he told me he would come

between 10 and 11 o'clock, which he did. After leaving Mr. Suydam's house I went to my brother William's. I said nothing to him, or any soul about my intentions. Slept rather badly—got my breakfast next morning, (Thursday,) and left William's house about 9 o'clock. I went to Mr. Cornell's grocery and purchased some corn to feed my fowls with, and then went home and fed them. Went into the cellar and split some wood, and made a good fire up stairs in the back room. I did not show my face out of doors when Mr. Suydam came there, although the negro swore he saw us shake hands in the back yard. Mr. Suydam came according to promise at my house. I expected Mr. Suydam would come at the front door, and I had a hatchet lying near the door for the purpose of despatching him there; but in this I was disappointed. However, I was prepared for him there, in case he happened to have come in that way. He came to the back door and knocked. I got up and let him in—the door had no latch; it was held by a lock; after I let him in I locked it again without his noticing it. Mr. Suydam and myself sat down by the fire. I told Mr. Suydam I had no pen and ink, but that my wife had gone out to get the same. In the meantime I invited Mr. Suydam down in the basement. At this time I took up a mallet, which I had placed in the basement ready to knock him over with. I then went into the front basement, Mr. Suydam in front of me. I followed behind with the mallet in my hand, he not noticing the same. My intention then was to murder him in the front basement—but my heart failed me. We then went up stairs again in the back room, I carrying the mallet with me. I played with the mallet against the palm of my hand. I stood by the fire talking about the house. He was there nearly fifteen minutes. I stated that my wife staid a long time.

He told me that he would go out and take a walk, and return again. He started to go, and I followed, until he got just through the doorway of the back room, which is within three or four feet of the back door, in the entry. I then knocked him down on his knees with the mallet, by striking him on the back of his head, through his hat. He undertook to rise, when I struck him again on the head, and he fell over, and laid still and senseless. I then supposed he was dead, and laid the mallet down; I then went and turned the button of the front door, which all this time was unfastened; and I went down into the front basement. I then went to work, and began to dig a small hole; after I had been for two minutes, I thought I would not leave the body up stairs; so I went up stairs to bring him down. I saw him on his hands and knees, with his face and hands all bloody. He cried out, "Oh! Peter!" once or twice. Had he begged for his life, then, I believe I should have let him off; but I did not want to drag him down stairs alive, and I didn't want to see him linger there in misery, so I seized the mallet, and again struck him on his head, which knocked him perfectly dead, as I supposed. I then took some papers out of the inside pocket of his coat. I then dragged him down stairs and left him for a few minutes; I looked around the house and found some paper curtains, and put them up at the front basement windows. I then went up stairs and put some paper curtains at the side light of the front door; there were no boards there as the witnesses swore on the trial. I took the sheet off the bed and put it up at the window at the head of the cellar stairs. I then returned to the front basement to finish the hole, just by where Mr. Suydam lay. I finished it; made it large enough to put him in easily; and I then searched his vest pockets and took out of one of them his pocket-book containing some papers and \$10 in money, not a cent more; I then searched his pantaloons pockets, in which I found only two shillings and a pen-knife.

I discovered a chain hanging out of his pocket, and drew from it his gold watch, and put it in my own pocket. I then dug the whole larger, and in throwing out the dirt I threw about half a load of it on his body and head, which completely covered it. He then groaned a little, but I shuddered to hear him, and so I got out and stood upon the dirt and on his head to smother him! He then groaned so hard that I got off of him and struck him with the edge of the spade upon the head, which sunk completely to the brain, and which killed him instantly! After finishing digging the hole I picked him up and threw him into the hole head foremost, very easily, for I felt uncommonly strong, and I covered him up. I then went up stairs to wipe up the blood. My brother William came to the back door and knocked—I asked who was there. He said, "It's me, Peter." I told him he could not come in. He went away. I thought to myself that as I was in trouble he should not be so too, by my letting him in to see what I was about. I then commenced wiping up the blood; I washed up and cleaned the floor so that no trace, as I supposed, remained of the blood. I went into the yard and brought three or four pails of water for the purpose of rinsing the floor. After I got through with this part of the job, I took the hat of Mr. Suydam and burnt it. I then overhauled all the papers I had taken out of his pockets, and during this time some other person came to the back door and knocked, and I made no answer.

I think it fortunate that this person was not let in, as I now felt as if my heart was completely black, and I was so hardened and callous, and yet so cool and deliberate, that I could have murdered

many more. I could without flinching or hesitating, have killed twenty men if they had come on me one by one. I then took the bond and mortgage and policy of insurance out of the papers, and a note of mine of \$73. I then endeavored to find the value of the papers, and found them to be worth, 16,000, exclusive of the bond and mortgage. I found among other papers an agreement between myself and Mr. Cheesman, held by Mr. Suydam, and burnt it. I thought it was not right to burn the other papers.

And now the relations of Mr. Suydam, and his friends, can't say that they lose any money by the murder. At the end of the hearth, in the upper front room, I deposited these other papers, under a floor board, and I put the gold watch and the bond and mortgage and policy in the tool chest. All this did not take me two hours.

I then left the house and went to my brother William's, and told his workmen I supposed my brother William would be angry with me for not letting him in. I then went down to the dock and threw Mr. Suydam's knife into the canal. I returned to William's house and sat down in the shop, and shortly after William came in from church. One of the workmen said to William, "You can come in."—William made answer to me, "When I call again to see you, you will let me in." Nothing more very particular occurred that day.

On Friday I painted a small part of the entry to hide the blood which seemed to show, with some paint I had in the house. Nothing more particular happened until Saturday, when I went to my brother James' house, and told him if he would help me fire my buildings I would give him \$50. He inquired why I wanted it done. I then asked him if he would go with me and help me take in the boards for the front basement floor, which laid before the house, which he did. On the way to the house we stopped at Mr. Nevius' and purchased some more paint. He helped me in with the boards. We then finished painting the entry. On Sunday I called on my brother James, and wished him to go with me to the house to shovel some snow out of the garret. He went with me to the house and did the same, while I was engaged in laying the floor in the front basement over where I had buried Mr. Suydam. On Monday, with the four o'clock train, I went to Newark, and took the gold watch with me. I went to see my wife, who was with her sister. I took breakfast there, and walked out and called on Mr. Evans, the watchmaker, and exchanged Mr. Suydam's watch for a smaller one, although Mr. Suydam's watch was worth double what I got for it; and I gave the chain for a set of silver spoons.

I staid at Newark, until Wednesday evening, and then returned home. I told my wife she had better stay until Saturday, as I had the masons at work at the house. I said nothing to her about the spoons, but put them in my wife's trunk at Newark. When I got home I called on Mr. Voorhies, watchmaker, and purchased a ring from him; from thence I went to P. P. Vanderhoofs, and from thence to Mr. Van Arsdale's hat store, and from there to William's. I took supper, and staid there all night. On Thursday I was employed somewhat at my building, and in walking round and talking with my friends. On Friday I had a mason at work, and worked little myself around the building. On Saturday I asked my brother William if he would nail down the floor in the front basement, while I was at work in another part of the house, which he did. I never told him Suydam was under there. I never thought any one would think of looking there for Suydam's body. This day I asked my brother James to go to the cars at 11 o'clock and attend to helping my wife with her baggage, and take her to my brother William's; but instead of which he brought her to my house. She took out what clothes she wanted and left the trunk, and went to William's. I went to William's that night and staid all that night there with my wife. That was the end of the Saturday as I was arrested on Monday.

On Sunday I went to my house in company with Wm. Moody and Wm. Van Nostrand, to feed the cat. In showing them round the house, I showed them the papers. I returned to William's and spent the rest of the day there. On Monday morning I asked my brother William to go with me to the house. On that morning my wife went to the house to wash up some clothes.

About 9 o'clock Mr. Edmunds came to the house and called me out of doors; he held some conversation with me, and charged me with the murder of Mr. Suydam. I denied the charge. He asked me if I did not want to buy some sash—I told him I would buy enough for a couple of windows. He asked me if I would go to his house and look at them; I made a bargain with him and paid him. He asked me if I would bring my book down and have a settlement with him at his office. I told him I would come down between 12 and 1. I took the two window frames up to my house, but left the sash. I worked at the house until 12 o'clock, then took my dinner at William's, got my book and went to his office to settle. He was not in the office, and I went to his house—he was at dinner. I waited until he got through with his dinner; I then took up the two sash and went with him to his office. While at the office he entered into conversation with me concerning Mr. Suydam. I did not have much to say on that subject. We then settled

our account. His son James, who was there, then wanted to know where I got the gold watch. Told him I had it pawned in New York. He wanted to know where I told him it was none of his business. I left the office and returned to my house as if nothing troubled me. Worked until 3 o'clock, when I was arrested by the Mayor and several other gentlemen, to whom I gave up all the papers and watch. After the examination before Justice Conover, I was committed to jail.

Certificate to the above.

I do certify that the above statement I read to Peter Robinson, and he acknowledged it to be his confession to Mr. Cowenhoven, and declared it to be the truth, and nothing but the truth.

H. J. LEACOCK, officiating Minister, in the Prot. Epis. Church in N. B.

In relation to the several murders of which he has been accused, he has made the following denial, signed by his own hand:

Peter's Denial of other Murders.
Being about to die shortly, and with the thought of eternity before my eyes, and the fear of God on my soul, and knowing that I cannot be forgiven if I die with a lie in my mouth I here, this 14th day of April, 1841, deny all knowledge of how the pedlar Allen, or Randolph, who was killed at Dark Lane a few years since, or my children, came to their death, other than natural causes. I also deny knowing what became of my sister Susan.

PETER ROBINSON.
Witnessed by
W. H. ATTREE, and
JAMES COWENHOVEN.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE OF GOVERNOR WENTWORTH.

The Knickerbocker for April has been published for some time. It contains much agreeable matter, a sample of which we subjoin. It is an anecdote of Governor Wentworth, the last of the Colonial Governors of New Hampshire, and is still related by the aged people of the neighborhood in which he lived:

"He had, it seems, married a pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gaiety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or in dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her gray-haired husband. Nevertheless although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The governor, who was a quiet, sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and as the lady seldom came home till past midnight he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could bear it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before twelve o'clock, she should not be admitted to the house.

"The lady laughed at her spouse, as pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases; and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past two in the morning. The governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the ponderous clang for admittance; but he did not stir. The lady then bade her servant try the windows; but this the governor had foreseen; they were all secured. Determined not to be out general led she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man. This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. "Let me into the house, Sir!" sharply demanded the wife. The governor was immovable, and very ungallantly declared she should remain without all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened; but it was all in vain. At length becoming frantic at his imperturbable obstinacy, she declared that unless she was admitted at once she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that he was the cause of her death. The governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure; and shutting the window, he retired again to bed.

"The governess now instructed her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and to throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good governor, notwithstanding all his decision and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water side, the expostulations of the servants, the plunge and the screams; and knowing his wife to be very rash, in her moments of vexation, and really loving her most tenderly, he no longer doubted the reality.

"Good God! is it possible!" said he; and springing from his bed, he ran to the door with nothing about him but save his robe de nuit, and crying out 'save her, you rascals!—leap in and save your mistress!' made for the lake. In the mean time his wife hastened in doors, locked and made all fast, and shortly afterward appeared at the window, from which her husband had addressed her. The governor discovered the ruse, but it was too late; and he

became in his turn the expostulator. It was all in vain, however; the fair lady bade him a pleasant goodnight, and shutting the window, retired to bed, leaving the little man to shift for himself, as best he might, until morning. Whether the governor forgave his fair lady, tradition does not say; but it is reasonable to presume that he never again interfered with the hours she might choose to keep."



THE JOURNAL.

One country, one constitution one destiny

Huntingdon, April 28, 1841.

Democratic Candidate

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN BANKS,

OF BERKS COUNTY.

One More Veto.

Each returning week, adds another to the list of Vetoed Bills. Last week we recorded one, and this week we are obliged to give another evidence that "our own David R." knows more than the entire body of Legislators.

A bill had been passed in the early part of the session, to abolish the Mayor's court of Lancaster city; to which, the Governor attached his veto, and returned the bill to the House in which it originated. It seems that the bill, with some amendments, again passed both Houses, (and if we understand our Harrisburg news right, giving to the people the right to say at the next annual election, by ballot, whether they would agree to the abolition of the Court or not,) and giving the selection of the Mayor of said city to the people. Again has this bill been returned, with reasons why the same should not become a law; and what is more extraordinary, the last veto is of a different character to the former. In that we believe he stated his willingness to sign any bill which gave the election of the Mayor to the people. The latter bill provides for such an election, but still the same all powerful hand, tells them that he will not sign it.

How in the name of common sense, can an honest people patiently submit to such a canting and hypocritical course, in an Executive Magistrate? Is he above and beyond all control? Cannot the people of Pennsylvania, or a part thereof, have no laws except such as please the overbearing mind of this same David R. Porter? Is he so immaculate in his notions of right that all others must be wrong?

These are grave questions; and it devolves on every citizen of this State, to openly declare whether he is in favor of this one man Government. If he is so let every man denounce the meeting of the legislative bodies—let not our native State be borne down with the expense of a Senate and House of Representatives, when this single man can pronounce every act of theirs null and void.

Some four or five years since, Joseph Ritner vetoed two or three bills, and he was pronounced a tyrant, and opposed to the will of the people, as expressed through their Representatives. Now David R. Porter vetoes eight Bills, all of them important ones, in one session, and he is proclaimed a patriot. Are you, people of Pennsylvania, willing to submit to such arbitrary power any longer?

This bill has been passed in order to take from the Governor that patronage which the new Constitution considered as dangerous when lodged in the hands of one man. David R. Porter has ever pretended that he was an advocate and supporter of that Constitution. Yet, now, when a bill is passed to take from his hands the appointment of the Mayor of Lancaster, and to place the selection in the hands of the sovereign people, he interposes his veto power, and proclaims himself a better judge of what they need, than the people themselves; and this is all done under the guise and name of Democracy. We are convinced that our suggestion of last week should be carried out. We shall wait patiently to see whether the honest laboring classes of the community will say, amen, to his arbitrary conduct.

The News from Florida is favorable to the termination of this disgraceful war.

News.

We take the first opportunity of stating to the friends of "our own David R." that we learn that the "Advocate and Sentinel" is about to pass into new hands, and that there is now a probability that they can see the news, as often as once in two weeks, and probably every week. This, certainly, will be news to them, and we hope they will return the compliment to the new Editor by giving him that kind of encouragement which all Printers need, but a Porter paper in this county in particular.

To the new Editor we shall extend the hand of courtesy and kindness; and in a friendly manner, say, that he will find himself in a county where the people know his friend and patron—the Governor—better than he does himself; and in the most gentlemanly manner we say "don't be rash." Huntingdon County people have a way of thinking for themselves—independent of owners and drivers &c.

The Legislature.

Notwithstanding, a resolution had been passed by both Houses, to adjourn on the 27th; still, we believe, that they are to remain there, doing nothing, for a week or two longer. Why, in the name of justice, do they not come home? Why stay there and act as if they were bound to pass no laws except such as pleases the Grand Sultan of Mobocracy?

The impression generally is, that they purpose staying ten days in session after the Relief Bill has been presented to the Governor, so as to make it obligatory on him, either to veto it or let it become a law. Many others, however, think, that a portion of the most independent Locos will vote for it; and, that another portion who desire it to become a law but have not "nerve enough to stand up against the party," will step out, and, by so doing, pass the law by two thirds. Our notions of the matter are, that they should pass such laws as the condition of our State demands; and that they come home; and let Mr. Porter have the censure of crushing the hopes of the poor man.

Political Judges.

More than ordinary horror has been expressed by some of the Loco Foco papers, at the anti-Republican acts of our party, in selecting a candidate for Governor from the Judicial Bench. Almost every paper teems with denunciations of political judges, and every article prefaced by some strictures on the nomination of Judge Banks.

The disgraceful conduct of these reckless presses, it seems, has called out an expression of an opinion from the members of the Bar at the Court in Northampton. Ashamed of the disreputable course of Mr. Porter's papers, they have, as a body, with one single exception (Porter's brother James M.) addressed a letter to the Honorable John Banks, requesting him not to lay aside the ermine, until the election contest is over. They know and appreciate his talents, and integrity, and they feel in duty bound to preserve the services of such a man to the community. Jim Porter alone, will not sign it. He, we presume, is desirous to obtain for his brother a chance to fill Judge Banks' place; and he refuses to sign this tribute of his worth; or, perhaps, he thinks that if Mr. Banks resigns his seat on the Bench that he, the said James, may be enabled to step into his shoes, and try some other important causes, either for David or some of his friends, who would make the largest sufficient inducement as was perhaps the case in the memorable suits in Harrisburg. But, be this as it may, Jim Porter's eminence is any thing but enviable. Like Tom Benton's Ball, he is "solitary and alone," while his fellow members of the Bar openly pronounce John Banks' ability and worth.

Annexed we extract the letter from the Easton Whig and Journal, which in giving place to the letter says:

"We are requested by the gentleman who handed us the communication, to say that the publication is made upon his authority without consultation with Judge Banks.

EASTON, April 13th, 1841,

HON. SIR:

The members of the Bar in Northampton County have observed numerous calls upon you in the public journals to retire from your Judicial office, in consequence of your nomination as a candidate for the gubernatorial Chair. In the absence of any intimation from yourself of what your intention in the premises may