

gheny city on the Saturday after the murder; the condition at that time of Houser's feet, and his distracted, distressed demeanor; the difficulty between the two concerning Houser's share of "the money," and Buser's avowal that it would get them into trouble to divide it then; the fact that Buser declared himself possessed of \$500 in cash when he returned from this expedition, whereas he had no money of account when he started away; the fact that when they started on the expedition, they said they were going up the railroad towards the mountain—all these facts, proved by competent witnesses, and taken in connection with that other fact that the prisoners refused to account for or attempt to account for or explain their actions or whereabouts from Monday till Saturday of the week of the murder, formed a complete chain of evidence whose irresistible tendency was to "convince the mind, satisfy the judgment, and fix belief."

HIS HONOR'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.
The taking of the testimony in the case was concluded at noon on Wednesday, 13th December. The balance of that day and the whole of Thursday were consumed by the pleas of counsel. On Friday morning, the Judge delivered his charge to the jury. The document was printed in full in these columns, and will be remembered as a calm, careful, exhaustive review of all the evidence in the case, with an elaborate linking-together as in one chain of the more material facts elicited, and a fair and impartial application of the law thereto. It consumed one hour and twenty-two minutes in the delivering.

THE JURY RETIRE.
Immediately after the conclusion of the Judge's charge, the jury retired to their private room for deliberation. We have it on good authority, that upon reaching the room, the twelve men upon whose decision hung suspended the life or death of two fellow-men, remained in solemn communion each with his own soul for fifteen minutes before the silence was broken by a single word. A vote was then called for; when each juror deposited his ballot, carefully folded to conceal its authorship from his neighbor, in a hat. Upon examination of the vote, it was found that each and every juror had recorded his conviction that the prisoners were "guilty of murder in the first degree."

RETURN WITH A VERDICT.
At 10.45 o'clock, a. m., the jury returned to the Court-room with their verdict.

The Clerk asked the question—"Gentlemen of the jury, in the issue joined between the Commonwealth and Daniel Buser and John B. Houser, how do you find?"

The response, low and mournful, came from the box—"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

The jury was polled, and did severally answer that they found Daniel Buser and John B. Houser guilty of murder in the first degree.

MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.
Mr. Kopelin, of counsel for the prisoners, thereupon moved the Court for a new trial, and filed his reasons in support of the motion. The Court refused to grant the prayer.

THE SENTENCE.
At 3 o'clock, p. m., the prisoners were brought into Court to receive sentence. Before proceeding to pass sentence, his Honor asked—
"Have you, Daniel Buser, anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner replied, in quick, nervous tones—
"It is alleged that I have been in this county, and that I committed this murder; it is not true, as I was never in Cambria county till I was brought here by Sheriff Meyers."

In reply to the same question, Houser said, in broken English, and in an excited manner—
"I am innocent. I never was in the county till brought here by Sheriff Meyers." [Here he was prompted by Buser, and added:] "I was in Beaver county at the time of the murder."

His Honor then proceeded to pass sentence upon them, as follows:
"You have been tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen, and in conformity with that verdict we are under the painful necessity of passing sentence of death upon you. You have had counsel appointed for you by the Court, who, to say the least, have conducted your case with ability and energy. You had the process of the Court and the power of the county to bring witnesses here in your behalf, and when the officer who executed that process returned with the witnesses you had named, you expressed your readiness to be put on trial. The case was deliberately heard by the jury after everything had been done for you that could be done. After a full argument of the case, the jury, without any hesitation, pronounced you guilty of murder in the first degree, and it only remains for us, in the line of our duty, to pass the sentence of the law upon you. We exhort you not to be deceived by any false hopes of mercy or of escaping death, but to prepare yourselves immediately for your appearance before a higher tribunal."

"The sentence of the law is, that you, John B. Houser, and you, Daniel Buser, be taken hence to the place from whence you came, in the Jail of the county of Cambria, and from thence to the place of execution, within the walls of the yard of said Jail, and that you, and each of you, be there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your souls!"

APPLICATION FOR A WRIT OF ERROR.
An application for a writ of error was subsequently made to the Supreme Court by the counsel for the prisoners, and the case was argued before that Bench at Philadelphia on the 15th February. The

result was that the Supreme Court affirmed the rulings of the lower Court in every particular complained of, and refused to grant the writ.

THE DEATH WARRANTS.
The death warrants were signed by the Governor on the 17th March, and a few days after were received by Sheriff Myers and were read to the condemned.

DEPARTMENT OF THE PRISONERS.
The department of the prisoners from the day of trial up to within a short time of the execution was careless and foolhardy. Buser, particularly, was reckless in the extreme. Instead of seeking to make his peace with God, before whose awful throne he knew he must surely appear after the waxing and waning of a very few moons, he devoted his scanty stock of time to cursing the witnesses who testified against him, and to asseverating in violent terms his innocence. He appeared to be possessed of a mania for letter-writing, and his correspondence, which was entirely devoted to matters pertaining to his professed innocence, was most voluminous. For a time, he sent and received more letters, probably, than any other single man at this post office.—These letters were all submitted to the scrutiny of the Sheriff. He also wrote a review of the evidence of certain of the witnesses who testified against him, which was, at his request, published in *The Alleghenian* in January. It will be remembered as a violent attack upon the credibility of the witnesses and upon the material points of their testimony. His object in thus pertinaciously proclaiming his innocence was evidently to the end that he might stagger the fixed judgment and belief of the public. He was a shrewd, sharp man, and he hoped by frequent repetition of a specious tale of persecution and perjury to create a doubt as to his guilt; and the doubt once raised, he well knew that the wedge was entered which would lead to an indefinite prolongation of his life, and possibly to his ultimate restoration to personal freedom. But the public knew and remembered that he had had every available opportunity afforded him to establish his innocence before a tribunal sworn to dispense equal and exact justice to all, and that he had failed to make even the attempt, and they closed their ears against his weak after-defence.

Houser was a mild, inoffensive, weak-minded sort of man, with hardly a will or aspiration of his own. We always thought, up to within a week or two of the execution, that he could scarcely comprehend the terrible situation in which he was placed—and perhaps this will account for the seeming spirit of carelessness and disregard of consequences which he manifested at the first. He was unlike his confederate in every respect. While Buser was nervous, sanguine, and determined, and fought a hopeless fight to the last, he was dull, stolid, and unimpressible, and allowed things to take pretty much whatever course they chose. With a mild, blue eye, and a contented, happy disposition, giving trouble neither to himself nor to others, he seemed the last man in the world who would commit murder. Speaking not trumpet-tongued, like Buser, but in low and measured tones, he contended that he was innocent; and in this he was consistent throughout.

ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.
On the night of Tuesday, 10th April, Buser made a desperate effort to commit suicide. With a bit of tin about three inches long and a half inch wide, ground down to a razor-like sharpness, he opened an artery in his left arm. Fortunately for the ends of justice, he remained on his feet after cutting the artery, until, through loss of blood, he fainted and fell to the floor. The noise of his falling attracted the attention of the vigilant guard, who speedily summoned medical aid and had the flow of blood stanchied in time to save the life of the wretched man.

WAS IT A SHAM?
When Buser had been restored to consciousness, instead of thanking those instrumental in rescuing him from a suicide's grave, he fell into a violent rage because that he had not been permitted to destroy his own life. To the Doctor he said, "When they went after you to come here, why didn't you refuse to come, or pretend that you couldn't find your boots, or trump up some excuse that would have kept you too late?" He raved and stammered after this manner for a time, when he apparently became delirious. While in this condition, the burden of his maledictions fell upon George Blanchard, who, he said, was one of two that committed the murder. "George Blanchard," he said, with profanity unparalleled, "you hard hearted, infamous, infernal fiend, if I had known you would have killed those poor, harmless women, I would never have given you my map; I wouldn't have had anything to do with you." There are those who profess to believe that the attempt to commit suicide was a sham, and the subsequent ravings of Buser not delirium, but part and parcel of a deep-laid plot. Prior to opening the artery, Buser wrote and gave to Rev. Mr. Wilson a letter, wherein he averred, as his dying confession, that Houser was totally innocent of connexion with the murder, and that he himself was only guilty to the extent that he had knowledge that the crime was to be committed on the 7th June. Those who hold to the theory that the attempted suicide was a sham, maintain that Buser's object was to clear Houser, and possibly to induce the authorities to commute his own punishment to imprisonment in the penitentiary; for, they argue, if he was sincere in his attempt to kill himself, why did he not lie down before or immediately after he opened the vein, instead of remaining standing till he fell from weakness, thus attracting the attention of the guard?—Buser had for several days been giving out vague threats of suicide, and it is held

that by this means he had fully prepared the guard for some untoward event and prompted them to unusual watchfulness.

HOUSER WOULD NOT COMMIT SUICIDE.
A couple of days before the attempted suicide, Buser furnished Houser with a bit of tin similar to the piece used by himself, and advised him to open a vein in his arm. Houser refused to do this, saying that "God gave him his life, and God alone had the right to take that life away."

HOUSER'S CONFESSION.
Following is the letter to Mr. Wilson before referred to. It is highly important as being the only public confession made by Buser:

EBENSBURG, APR. 9th, 1866.
MR. WILSON:—They think they have done this deed, but God forbid. They have not. Those that do this are far away. Now, good sense and reason will tell you that we are not the men, and in particular poor Houser. He don't know anything about it whatever. You will be in mind I have always told you that we had no hand in killing those poor women, and I tell you so again. We had no hand in killing them. I will tell you, though, what I did do; I gave to George Blanchard my draft or map. He lost the one he had. He had one of the same kind as mine, and he told me he lost his in the woods, and if he lost his the time he was up here or not I cannot say. He got out (of the penitentiary) before I did, and he knew of the thing as well as I, and I met him on Troy Hill on Sunday, the 1st day of May, and he wanted to know if I was going to come up here. I told him that I had sworn off going on the cruise and he wanted me to give him my map, but I did not give it to him. Then we set to meet again on the first of June, and again on the 6th, and on the afternoon of the 6th I gave to him my map. Now I will tell you that the men that were seen by James Cooper, they were the ones. They had a carpet-sack, but no box. Now, Mr. Wilson, the time that Mrs. Graham saw us go away was on the 14th of June; then we had started for Oil City. Now, please take notice I made it my business to stay in Allegheny from the second of June till the 9th, because I did know that the robbery was to go on on the 7th of June. Now you see that I was at home at the time, and I done all the behind poor Houser's back. So you see he don't know anything of the matter whatever. He is innocent in deed, and as for him being up here hunting is all a humbug, for I know it the best. He never was up here in all his life till the Sheriff fetched him here. This is the honest truth. And now if Mary Miller can recollect that I told her I had to go to Pittsburgh on the 6th of June, to meet a man, I went on the 6th, 7th and 8th, for I was to meet him (Blanchard) from his return, but I have not seen him since, and I never heard anything of the robbery. I bought the German paper, and I never found anything in it, and I thought he gave it up and had not done anything. DANIEL BOOSER.

The key to the foregoing important disclosures is as follows: After Buser found that all his efforts to stay the hand of justice were unavailing, he changed his tactics and made the admission that he was possessed of certain guilty knowledge connected with the murder. Though denying that either he or Houser did the foul deed, he acknowledged that he knew the murderer was to be committed and knew who the murderers were. George Blanchard was one of two parties whom he eliminated. This Blanchard bore a striking resemblance to Houser, so Buser said, and was the identical man seen in the neighborhood of Miss Paul's the latter part of May. He was an inmate of the penitentiary at the same time with Buser and Houser. The maps referred to were maps of the locality of the murder, and were drawn up in conformity with a rough draft furnished by Philip Fulgart in the penitentiary. This draft was drawn by Fulgart on the dust-covered floor of the cell, and was copied on paper by Buser and Blanchard.

A RESPITE ASKED FOR.
Although Buser's confession, in so far as it related to the vital question involved, was well-nigh universally disbelieved, some few attached credence to that part of it which declared the innocence of Houser. A petition praying for a respite of thirty days for Houser was drawn up and signed by these, and forwarded to the Governor, but that functionary refused to intercede.

OTHER LETTERS.
Three other letters were handed to Mr. Wilson by Buser the evening before the attempted suicide. The first asseverates his own and Houser's innocence, and declares his intention to commit suicide.—

EBENSBURG, APR. 9th, 1866.
MR. WILSON:—I must tell you what I feel as though I cannot hold behind what I know, and I will tell you in the second letter. (The one printed above.) But I give you my heart and heart, and my honest word that poor Houser and I never did this deed. I will answer this before Jehovah for to be the truth, and I have the best right to know. But now as it is, they shall not be on me any more. They have lied enough on me already, and they shall not have the pleasure to hang me up like a dog, and then say that Booser was hanged for killing two women. They shall not lie on me after I am dead. Mr. Wilson, I have told you that I have been persecuted of many people in my time, and it is so, but I will put a stop to it, and now I beg you not to think hard of it, for me doing so.—Please do not think I am going to hell. No, I found another place. I found one that said, come, and leave the world behind. I shall find an easy death. I shall not be cursed of God for being hanged on wood. One died on the Cross for us all, yes, this is the One that said, come, and I can scarcely wait. I have overcome all my trouble. I am ready, yes, I saw more last night than I ever did. I cannot describe to you how happy I was, and I feel sure of it, that I shall have more pleasure there ever I had, and I now beg of you to feel satisfied with what I tell you to be the truth. And now, Mr. Wilson, I know that you feel sorry for me, but be sure that I am happy, and I believe that you are not satisfied in regard to our guilt, and you are right.—You can tell by the letters you have seen with me. Yours, most respectfully, DANIEL BOOSER.

The second letter breathes out slaughter and destruction against certain unnamed "rulers"—

MR. WILSON:—What you preached to me to-night was very much, and I have been the prodigal son, but I have found my father and he received me, and I want you to feel sure of the matter. I also seen, to-night, in your eye, that you have a great

doubt of us being guilty, and I must say that you are right. We are not guilty. Neither one of us ever had a finger on them; only I feel sorry that I ever gave my map to George. I am very sorry for it, but I can't help it now. I must also tell you, and I will not keep it hid from you, but you will see that some of these rulers will be slain, by some of my friends, because I could not write to them without my letters being read. But this will learn these folks something, never to read a man's letters when they get a prisoner in jail here. I would have put a stop to it if they wouldn't read every letter that goes out of here. I will give you a few of these names that will take revenge, if they can get it.—Abby Lamson, Charles Roe, Edward Freese, Henry Holmes and David S. Roland, but they go under other names. David L. Walker is a very bad man to set fire to anybody's houses, burns, and the like, if any one offends any of these men, but I have often prevented him from doing so, and now I cannot write to him to stop it. Now, Mr. Wilson, if ever you speak about me to any one that you don't know, don't say anything bad about me, for fear they might hear of it and you would be in danger. This is a form for you to go by to avoid injury. Mr. Wilson, if ever any of these men will come across any of those that swore against me, their cake is dough. Sure this is true what I tell you. But I am now going to rest forever with One that I would sooner have than my liberty, that is this One, Tetragrammaton, Jehovah. DANIEL BOOSER.

The third letter is descriptive of a vision—
MR. WILSON:—I seen a place last night, and it seemed to me I saw a man in a white and blue dress, it looked to me like a robe, and he said to me, come here, and I went to him, and I seen a staff in his hand, one-half of it was like though it was full of beads, red and white ones, and the other half looked like gold, and he pointed to this Court House and said, you to you that has done and has judge over me, and he said, come here, and I went. He said, this is the second he had got to-night, this is the first heaven, come here, and I went into a large room, he said to me, your trouble is over, and your washing is paid for, stay here till I come again, and then I saw a great many that were dressed in blue robes, and they did sing, like I never heard, and then I awoke. DANIEL BOOSER.

HOUSER BECOMES A CATHOLIC.
Buser was brought up a Protestant, but was a member of no church. At his request, Rev. Mr. Wilson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Ebensburg, attended him in his cell as spiritual counsellor for several weeks prior to the 9th instant. On the evening of the 9th, at the conclusion of devotional exercises, Buser handed Mr. Wilson the letters we have published, telling him not to open the same till the next day. A conversation followed, of such a nature on the part of Buser that Mr. Wilson became convinced that the prisoner meditated suicide. Entertaining this conviction, Mr. Wilson did not hesitate to open the letters the same evening, when he discovered that his suspicions were well founded. He immediately apprized the Sheriff of the fact, who directed the guard to be sleepless and vigilant. Buser was saved from the awful fate of a suicide; but so far from being grateful for this, he took the view that Mr. Wilson had betrayed the confidence reposed in him by opening the letters, and refused to see him more. On the 17th, he sent for Rev. Christy, of the Catholic Church, and was baptized in that faith. Mr. Christy continued to wait on Buser till the last, the latter showing toward the end a penitent, contrite spirit.—Houser was born, as he died, a Catholic.

THE LAST NIGHT.
Rev. R. C. Christy, of Ebensburg, and Rev. Giles Christoph, of Carrolltown, the spiritual advisers of the two men, were in constant attendance at the jail on Thursday. The whole of that day and the major part of the night were devoted to religious exercises. Both men were calm and resigned to their fate. Houser retired to bed at 10 o'clock, and slept soundly till morning. Buser also retired at that hour, but became restless and feverish.—At about one o'clock, he arose from bed and requested Rev. Christy to join with him in prayer. Devotional exercises were continued for about an hour and a half, when the condemned man again went to bed and slept till morning.

FRIDAY.
The morning of the fatal day broke in cloudless splendor. From the east, the glorious sun came forth in a glow of liquid fire, as though by the very fervor of his glad beams he would diffuse universal happiness. But into the dark, dank dungeons of the condemned men the blessed beams might not come, or, coming, could not remove the dead weight which lay heavy upon their souls. What to them could be the sweet sunshine of heaven, when there, just beyond the prison-bars, its beams glistened and danced athwart the timbers of the hideous instrument which in a few short hours would crush out in disgrace their lives! No; earthly happiness was not for them—beyond the grave was their only hope of rest and peace. In the evening, two or three hours after the execution, black clouds gathered in the west and the flood-gates of heaven were opened. Was it distressed nature weeping over the sad scene, and endeavoring to obliterate recollection in a torrent of tears?

CURIOSITY-SEEKERS.
Early in the morning, strangers and those living in the adjacent rural districts commenced flocking to town, singly and in squads. At 10 o'clock, the Branch train came in, loaded down with passengers. Of the many hundreds who came, actuated by that indefinable curiosity conveniently styled morbid, only a comparatively small number were admitted inside the jail-yard. Those refused ingress ranged themselves outside the walls, as near thereto as possible, and though they could see nor hear aught of what was transpiring within, retained their position, beneath a broiling sun, for several weary hours.

THE GUARD.
At 7 o'clock, a. m., a guard of thirty armed men was stationed around the jail, to preserve order. Their presence served to keep within bounds the excitement

natural to an occasion of the kind, and not the smallest disturbance occurred.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.
We entered the jail at 11 o'clock.—Less than fifty persons, all told, were admitted inside the walls. Of this number, five or six were of the jury which convicted the two men, eight were representatives of the press, two clergymen, two medical gentlemen, &c. The press was represented by Messrs. Cooley and Penniman of the *Pittsburg Gazette*, Locke of the *Pittsburg Chronicle*, Houston of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, Irvin of the *Pittsburg Commercial*, Woodruff of the *Johnstown Democrat*, Kittell for the *Ebensburg Dem. & Sent.*, and the reporter for *The Alleghenian*.—Mr. Martin Munday, father of one of the murdered victims, applied for admission but was denied.

THE GALLOWES.
The gallows had been erected in a temporary enclosure adjoining the jail on the east. This enclosure was about 50 feet long by 20 wide. The gallows was composed of two uprights 15 feet high, with cross-bar of 7 feet; the platform was about four feet from the ground, and was 10 feet long by 9 feet wide; the trap was cut in the centre of the platform, and was 4 feet long, by 3½ feet wide. The trap was supported by an upright post, connected by a rope with a weight in the opposite end of the enclosure. When the trigger was touched, this weight fell forward, drawing the upright post with it, thus removing the support of the trap.—The drop was thirty inches. The entire machinery was constructed under the immediate supervision of the Sheriff. The rope was manufactured in Reserve township, Allegheny county. It was of hemp, a half inch in thickness, and cost twenty-five dollars.

LOOKING TO GOD FOR MERCY.
The last hours of the condemned men were spent with their spiritual advisers in prayer. The public was not admitted to their cells, but we are informed that each professed to have made his peace with God.

HOUSER DESIRES TO MAKE A STATEMENT.
There is good authority for saying that Buser expressed a desire to say a few words on the scaffold in vindication of Houser's innocence, but was dissuaded from so doing on the ground that his last moments could be more profitably employed in prayer.

THE HOUR ARRIVED.
A few minutes before 12 o'clock, Sheriff Meyers proceeded to the cells of the condemned men, whom he found on bended knees engaged in prayer. They instinctively divined the object of his errand, and rose to their feet. The Sheriff said that he regretted more than words could express the disagreeable duty imposed on him by the law, but it was a duty, and must be performed. Buser made answer by clasping his arms around the Sheriff's neck and kissing him. Houser likewise embraced and kissed him, thanking him for the uniform kindness extended him during his long confinement. The arms of the two were then securely pinned, and the sad procession to the gallows was formed. Father Christy supported Buser, and Father Giles performed the like office for Houser.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.
At precisely 12 o'clock, the procession reached the gallows. Buser and Houser both ascended the three or four steps leading to the platform with buoyant, elastic tread. Not the tremor of a muscle—not the slightest approach to fear, was visible in the main or carriage of either. They walked up to the grim instrument of death as brave men walk up to the cannon's mouth in battle.

Buser was deathly pale, but this was owing wholly to loss of blood experienced in his attempt to commit suicide. Houser retained his natural color. On reaching the platform, Buser cast one swift glance upward at the gallows, and another at the little knot of silent beholders in front. Houser apparently looked into space.

The prisoners knelt on the platform, while the men of God recited the impressive prayer for the dead. During the continuance of the prayer, Houser once or twice looked forward upon those there assembled.

All this time, the lips of both moved unceasingly in silent prayer. At the expiration of ten minutes, the clergymen arose and presented a crucifix to the lips of each prisoner, shook hands with them and kissed them, and then retired from the scaffold.

At this juncture, Houser called forward Dr. Bunn, the prison physician, and Mr. E. R. Dunagan, one of the County Commissioners, and bade each an eternal adieu, asking them to pray for him.

Buser spoke to nobody. The Sheriff then stepped forward and adjusted the ropes to the necks of the two men, first pinning their legs. Not a tremor of fear in either!

The white caps were then drawn down upon their faces. In that dread moment, with the portals of heaven or the jaws of hell yawning to receive them, what were the thoughts of the two men, who both denied the justice of the punishment they were about suffering? Let us not seek to draw asunder the veil.

At precisely TWELVE MINUTES AFTER TWELVE, the Sheriff touched the fatal trigger.—There was a quick, jarring sound, as the trap fell to the ground; there was a sudden shooting downward into space of two bodies, each containing an immortal soul; there was—nothing more!

It was a terrible scene, never to be effaced from the recollection. We pitied and prayed for the two wretches dangling at the ropes' end, while at the same time we thought of the two poor females so cruelly sent to their long account without

a moment's warning to make their peace with God.

Houser's neck was broken by the fall, he died without a struggle.

Buser suffered more; he died of exhaustion. He gasped twice for breath, and struggled for several seconds for strength and consciousness forsook him about 15 minutes.

The bodies were allowed to hang 15 minutes, when they were taken down and placed in their coffins, which had been prepared by Robert Evans, undertaker. Houser's face in death appeared calm and placid; Buser's was violently distorted.

At 1.30 o'clock, seventy-eight minutes after the drop fell, the bodies were conveyed to the Catholic cemetery and buried.

And thus passed away from the face of the earth, ignominiously and unwept by so much as a single tear, Daniel Buser and John B. Houser. They were solemnly adjudged by their fellow-men to have been a disgrace to the world and an honor to society, and fit only to die.

They have died, and the murderer Polly Paulaud Cassie Munday is awaiting his trial.

NO CONFESSION.
Neither Buser nor Houser made a formal statement for the public. It is understood, however, that they both stood upon the scaffold protesting their innocence, Houser declaring he knew nothing whatever of the murder up to the moment he was taken into custody by the officers of the law, and Buser admitting his guilt only to the extent of acknowledging that he knew in advance that the murder was to be committed.

THE DRESS OF DEATH.
Buser was dressed in a black cloth coat, gray pants, white shirt, and well-polished shoes; he was cleanly shaven. Houser was similarly attired, with the exception that he had on a pair of soldier puttees. He wore a moustache.

NO FRIENDS!
Not a single relative or friend of either of the men was present at the execution, to shed a tear over their sad fate, or to close their eyes in death. They were buried by public charity.

THE GALLOWES TAKEN DOWN.
A couple of hours after the execution the gallows was taken down and the temporary wall enclosing it removed.

DYING BEQUESTS.
Shortly before the execution, Houser bequeathed a set of beads and a crucifix to Mr. John M'Mullen, watchman of the jail. He also gave a crucifix to Mrs. Beckie Hadse, a young lady living in the jail.

JOHN BAPTISTE HOUSER.
Houser was a German by extraction, and was about 38 years of age. He was born in Illinois, but his parents removed to New Jersey while he was yet an infant. He learned the trade of glass flattener in New Jersey. In 1850, he removed to Pittsburg, which place he called his home up to the time of his arrest. In 1851, he married—"married into a bad family," he himself said. Through the persuasion of his father-in-law, he was induced to commit a robbery shortly after he had married; he was caught by the police in the act, and was sent to the penitentiary.—During this his first term of imprisonment, he became acquainted with Buser, who was also an inmate of the penitentiary at the time. Shortly after he had served out his term and had been discharged, he fell in with Buser, who had got out first.—While taking a walk in company, the two were arrested by the police of Pittsburg on a charge of burglary, and again sent to the penitentiary. Houser assured us that he had no hand in this crime. Emerging from the penitentiary in May last, entirely penniless, he went with Buser to Mrs. Miller's, in Allegheny city, where he stayed a week or two. He then borrowed \$50.00, and started on a cupping and leeching expedition to Beaver county. He was in that county the day of the murder, he stoutly asserted. He returned to Allegheny a couple of days after the murder, and was shortly after arrested by Hogue and McKelvey. He said he had no knowledge whatever of the murder until after it was committed.

SHARP PRACTICE.
The *Pittsburg Dispatch* makes the following mention of a bit of sharp practice on the part of Houser:—"He had been raised a Catholic, but had fallen out of the pale of the church through his misdeeds. One day he met the pastor of the St. Michael's Church, in Birmingham, which structure was then being built, and after narrating a pitiful story of how he had fallen from grace, expressed a willingness to reform. But he desired to do good, and if the good priest would accept a charitable donation towards the Church, he would make one. The priest signified his readiness to accept the proposed aid, whereupon Houser handed him a hundred dollar bill, requesting the clergyman to take half of it. The priest did so, giving him fifty dollars in gold as change. Imagining the astonishment of the unsuspecting priest when he found that he had been victimized. He had but recently landed from Germany, and was blissfully ignorant of the currency of the country. Houser had given him a note out from one of the old-fashioned, yellow-plated bank note reporters."

DANIEL BUSER.
Buser was also a German by extraction. He was born in Berks county, and was about 40 years of age. He was a butcher by trade. We are not much acquainted with his history, but know he resided in Pittsburg for a number of years prior to his arrest for murder. At one time he was Constable of Duquesne borough, a position which he filled to the entire satisfaction of the citizens. He was a bold, bad man—you could see it in his glittering, snake-like eyes—and competent for any