## THE DEERING MURDER.

Execution of Anton Probst at Philadelphia.

History of the Crime and the Criminal --- His Arrest, Trial and Conviction.

His Final Confession -- Letters to His Parents.

Full Particulars of the Execution.

From Our Special Correspondent. CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA,

Friday, June 8, 1866. Probst the murderer is dead.

With comparative ease he shuffled off his mortal and disreputable coil this morning, at 10:45 o'clock, in the presence of the Philadelphia authorities, the few Invited guests and the chroniclers of the press. Half a beast, he has never indicated an appreciation of the magnitude of his crime; wholly devoid of sensitivemees, he at no time manifested a dislike to talk or hear about it. For such a thing it was difficult to feel

pity or sympathy. His confinement wore upon him somewhat, but so it would upon a buzzard or a hungry snake; his death was easy, so that any physical pain was out of the question, and his ugly carcase awang in the morning breeze, a target for the shaft of humanity that wondered at the Divine purpose which Included its creation in the great underlying "plan" which theologians teach us was made before Time commenced its cycles, or chaos even excited the cu-

Opinions differ, we know, as to the intelligence and moral sense of the individual wno coolly slew and chopped and hacked the eight members of the DEERand family, but so far as we are concerned, the opinion formed at the outset has been confirmed, and we have no doubt that PROBST was as destitute of brain as he was of heart.

riosity of the most intelligent cherubim.

On the 11th of April last the people of this City were startled by the newspaper extras that filled the streets, giving the rough outlines of a great crime shat had that morning been discovered. Then the activity of the telegraph sped the fearful word through the length and breadth of the land, and ere twentyfour hours had passed, there was not an intelligent person within reach of the omnipresent Press that had not learned of the bloody Decring murder; of the eight stark and mutilated corpses found in the farmer's barn and premises; of the gray-haired father, the venerable mother, the loving brothers and sisters, the little infant pet of all; of the ruthless vio-Icace done to these, who, with their faithful servant, lay weltering in their crusted blood.

Investigation showed that by some person or persons a most terrible and fiendish murder had been committed, but there were few traces by which to discover the perpetrators.

The cunning of the detectives and the stupidity of the criminal soon conjointly lodged a man named Anton Probst in the county jail, about which the enraged populace beat like foaming waves, boiling with arger, and hissing threats of summary vengeance against the life of this singular destroyer of their species.

The operation of the law was speedy. The prisoner had no friends; his trial was delayed

by no sophistry; no phant Justice ignered duty in his behalf, and in a very few days he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

The result of the trial seemed to produce but little effect upon the man. His appetite and sleep were as good as usual; his leering eye and pouting lip were maltered; his manner was as quiet and undemonptrative as ever. A good Catholic clergyman, Rev. Father Gunther, was constant in his attendance upon him, and spent many weary days of prayer and labor in the vain endeavor to bring the convict to a realization of his position, but for a long time in vain. On Sunday, the 6th of May, however, Probst indicated to Father GUNTHER his desire to tell the truth about the murders. His prior sectements had been regarded as untruthful, and no reliance was placed upon them. He had admitted killing one of the fimily, but laid the greater blame upon the soul of a mythical companion, who was to turn up in the course of time and confess his share. Finding deception of no avail, he consented to tell all, and on Tuesday, in the presence of Father Gunther, Mr. Perkins and Dr. Clapp, he confessed that he alone was responsible for the entire diabolism. His counsel and the Press were notified of the fact, and Chief-Detective Franklin, accompanied by a few members of the Ficss, went to his cell, for the purpose of ob-

taining a formal and PERSONAL CONFESSION. Mr. Franklin introduced the conversation by remarking: "So, Prober, you have concluded, at last, to tell the whole story of the murder?" "Yes," said the prisoner. Q.—You thought over the murder for Borne time, didn't you? A.-Oh, yes. Q.-You had seen Mr. Deering count money? A.—Yes. Q.—You made up your mind to kill him? A.—Yes, at the first chance. Q.—Were you ever in the road, waiting for him? A.—No. Q.—Did you say anything to CAREY about it? A.—No. Q.—Did you say anything to Carry about the money in the house? A.—No. Q.—Did you have any conversation a: all on the subject with CAREY? A.-No. Q.-When did you come to this country? A.—In 1863; I landed at Castle Garden; came on the ship Columbus; I am from Bremen, and am 25 years old; was in New-York two hours before I enlisted; I landed on the 9th of May, and went into the Twelfth New-York Cavalry; stayed in camp five weeks, and then went to Washington; after that I deserted and went to Baltimore, and from there to Philadelphia and to New-York; next I enlisted in the Forty-first New-York Regiment, (Infantry,) and was sent to South Carolina. and served on Folly Island; stayed there nine months, and got orders to come to Washington; there I took my musket and everything and left. [Smiling.] Q.—You deserted again? A.—Yes; I was stopped, but I told them I was not a soldier, and was going to work; was arrested at Baltimore and taken to the Provost-Marshal's office and kept for five days; they asked me what regiment I belonged to, and I told them I was not a soldier; they let me go, and I came to Philadelphia and stopped in Carpenter-street below Broad; stayed there a couple of times and then went to CHRIS. MOORE'S, in Front-street; he took me to West Chester, and I enlisted in the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry; was discharged on the 28th of May, 1865, at Richmond; came to Fortress Monroe, then to Baltimore and to Philadelphia, and went to CHRIS. Moore's and got my bounty; I spent that money in about fourteen days, and then went to New-York; went to Greenwich-street; was there in June, 1865, Q.—Your name is registered there on the 6th of June; what name did you give-your right name? A.-Yes, I suppose so. Q.—Don't you remember writing your name? A.—No. Q.—Where did you go then? A.—I went to Hoboken, to New-street, and got work; after that I came to Philadelphia and went again to CHRIS. Moore, and stopped there two or three days; I looked for work, and got it at a sugar factory in St. John-street. Q.—Did you give your right name then, or that of JACOB GANTER? A.-I gave my right name. Q.—Was it not at Lovering's? A.—I don't know. Q.—Was it near a church? A.— Yes. Q.—The work was too hot for you? A.—Yes: I was there about eight weeks; left there, and for some time had a room with another man at Third and Brown-streets; never went to any other sugar factory; never worked at Gillespie's; I went to an employment office, and they sent me to Maryland to pick peaches, and I stayed there two weeks and got sick with the fever; came back to Philadelphia and went to the Soldiers' Home in Christian-street; stayed there fifteen days, and when I got well I went to CHRIS. Moore's, and then went to West Chester. Q.—Did you work in New-Jersey? A.—No. Q.—When did you come back? A.—In November; went to CHRIS. Moore's, and stayed there eight or ten days, and got sick. Q .- How did you spend all your money -your bounty? A.—(smiling,) Drinking beer. Q.—Any other way—with females? Probst merely emiled in answer to this question, and continued: As my money was out I thought the best thing I could do was go to the almshouse; got a ticket at Third and Brown; left the almshouse about the 1st of December; I worked in the kitchen. Q.—I want you to come to the first time you got to Mr. DEERING's? A.—Oh, I lorgot that; after I got back from Maryland I traveled around the country, and was sick, and came to Chils. Moore's, and looked ground for work, and came across Mr. Deering. O.-Mr. DEERING didn't look for you? A.-No. Q.—What did he say to you? A.—I got there in the morning, about 8 o'clock, and he was not there, and his woman was alone, and I asked her if she wanted a man to work; she told me yes, but her husband was not in, and would be in the evening; I went back to the city, and went down again in the evening, shout 5:30 o'clock, and he (DEERING) was there, and In said yes, he wanted one, and he promised me \$15 a month; I stayed there about three weeks; it was three or tour days before the month was up. Q .- How aid. you come to leave? A .- It rained very hard one day and he sent me out in the field, and I didn't want to go, and I said, "You pay me off

and I'll away," and he said "all right,"

Q .- During all the time you were there you saw him

counting a great deal of money? A .- Yes; when I

left I got on the cart and rode up to the city with

Connectus; then went to Chias. Moone's and stored

there three or tour days, and then went to the coun-

try, into West Chester: came back and went to CHRIS.

Moone's and stayed there ten or fourteen days; at-

tended his horse and wagon; then went to the alms-

house and worked in the cook-house until the little of

February; gave my right name there; got a dicket to leave, and didn't go back; stayed two days at CHRIB. Moore's and one day at LECEFELDT's, and left a carpet-bag there, with a couple of shirts, a pair of pants, and a pair of boots and a necktie; stayed at his house one day and then went to Mr. DEEBINGS; it was Friday evening, in February. Q-What did you tell them? A-I told them I had no work and no money, and I wanted some work. Q-Did you tell them anything about your being to Germany? A-Yes, I told them I had been there, and I told them I had walked all the way from New-York. Q-You made up your mind, when you wont back, to get some of DEERING'S money? A-Yes. Q-Did you ever go to the droveyard with Deering? A-Yes. Q-How often? A -Four times. Q.-Did you make any acquaintances there? A.—Oh! I guess so. Q.—Who? A.—Some men who wanted me to go to work. Q.—When you went back you made up your mind to get the money? A.—Yes. Q.—How did you plan this thing? A.—I planned it a good many times—whenever I got a chance. Q.—Did you think of the murder? A.— Never thought of that until the morning before. Q.—Did you try any way to get this money before? A.—No. Mr. PERKINS-You told me something about eight

days before the murder, what was that—you thought of murdering the man? A.—About eight days before I did think of killing the whole family. Q.—What was your first plan? A.—I thought I would kill them, as I could get the money in that way. Q .- You thought of killing them in the morning? A .- Yes, as they came down stairs. Q.-Did you have an ax there at any time? Q .- How was it you did not do it then? A.-My heart failed me, and I could not do it. Q.—Was DEERING always at home in the evening? A.—Yes. Q.—How about this morning? A .- It was dark and raining, and Connectus and me went to the meadow; Mr. DEERING had gone to the city; then I made up my mind to do this. Q.—Had you made up your mind to kill DEERING when he came home? A.—Yes. Q.—Was the money in the house? A.—I didn't know; Connelius and I went to work about eight o'clock; Mr. Deering went away before that, and said he would be back about one o'clock; Carey and me were at work in the meadow, about one hundred yards from the haystack; we took the horse and cart. Q.—What did you take to kill him? A.—The big axe, to cut roots. Q.—Were you down in the ditch or on the bank? A.—Under the big tree; he was sitting down under that tree and I stood behind him, and I got the axe; he was talking about work; I could not do it, and I drew back two or three times before I could do it, and then I struck him on the left side. Q.—Did he halloo? A.—No; atter he fell I gave him two or three more blows, and then I cut his throat. Q.—Did he bleed much? A.—Yes: then I put him in the cart. Q.—Did he have that strap around him then? A.—Yes; he had that all the time. Q.—Was this not in view of Mr. WILD's house? A.—Yes. Q.—Were you not atraid of them seeing it? A .- Oh, I looked over there first; I took the cart and hauled him to the hayrick and covered him up. Q.— Was there blood in the cart? A.—Yes; but I took some hay and wiped it off. Q.—What next? A.—I then went to the house with the horse and cart; this was after 10 o'clock; I put a little wood on the cart when I drove to the house, and I left the cart standing there, and went over to the stable and got the other ax and hammer, and put them in the corner near the door, and then I came over to the house again. Q.— Had you any blood on you then? A.—A little: but I took a little hay and wiped it off; when I got to the house Mrs. DEARING was at the ditch with a bucket getting water; but I told Johnny (the oldest boy) to come to the stable to help me; well, he comes, and I took him inside the door and got the little axe, and, as soon as he got in, I knocked him down, and he fell inside. Q.—Did he halloo? A.—No: after he fell 1 gave him one or two more blows, and cut his throat. Q.—What did you do with him? A.—Hid him there with hay, and took a little hay and wiped the blood up; I then took the axe and put it in its place in the corner, and then came out and told Mrs. DEARING there was something the matter with the little horse—that he was loose, and I could not tie him myself; she came in two or three minutes. Q.—What did she say? A.-Nothing; she came inside the stable; I was inside, and I hit her on the head, and she fell into the stable. Q.—Did she cry out? A.—No. Q.— What did you do with her? A.—Pulled her in the little barn; I got in first, and pulled her by the shoulders: then I went to get the other boy (Thomas.) Q. -What did you tell him? A.-I told him his mother wanted to see him; he came right along; I walked ahead of him, and when he got in I knocked him on the head. Q.—Did he cry out? A.—No. Q.— How many times did you hit him? A.—Well, I hit him one, and after that I hit him again; then I left the ax in the same place, and went to the house and took Annie, and told her her mother wanted to see her; at the same time I took the baby on my arm, and ANNIE walked alongside of me to the stable: I put the baby on the floor, on the hay, and took Annie inside; Annie looked around for her mother. Q.—Did she ask for her mother? A.— (Smiling.) I was too much in a hurry. (Meaning, no doubt, that he did not give her time to ask.) Q.-Well, what did you do? A .- I knocked her down and cut her throat, and then I took the baby and cut it: then I took the ax and put it on the bench under the porch, where it was always kept; then I went to the house and took the horse from the cart and put him in the stable, and then went back to the house and stayed there waiting for Mr. Dearing. Q.— You did not search the house then? A.—No; Mr. DEARING came about half-past one o'clock; I saw him coming from the window down stairs, and saw Miss DOLAN with him. Q.—Then you were worried? A.— Yes; I went outside and waited until they came; when he stepped out of the wagon I told him that the steer was sick in the stable and I wanted him to come and look at it, Q.—What became of Miss Dollan? A.— She went into the house; then I went into the stable and he came, and I took the ax right behind him and hit him in the middle of the stable and knocked him down on his tace; used the small axe; when he was down I turned him over and gave him one or two more hits, and then cut his throat. Q.—Did he make any noise: A.—No; he said nothing except when I first stoke to him he said the steer did not look so bad in the morning. Q.—What next? A.—I put a little hay over him, and I came out and left him in the same place behind the door; Miss Dolan called me and said that the horse could not stand, and she said: "ANTON, take the horse out;" I told her that Mr. DEARING wanted to see her over in the stable; she came and she asked me where Mrs. Dearing and the children were; I told her they were in the stable; she walked into the stable, and I took the hammer in my lett hand, about five or six feet inside the door, and I hit her once on the head, and she fell right on his (Draring's) face; then I took the little ax and chopped her neck; then I shut the stable-door, and took the watch and big pocket-book from Dearing, and I took the little purse from Miss DOLAN; then I took Mr. DEARING and put him where you found him, and then Miss Dolan, and I covered them with hay; I then came out and shut the door and brought the horse over to the stable and gave him plenty of hay, and I gave the same to all the horses, as much as I could, and then I shut the door and went to the house and shul the door and fastened it, and I looked all around; I took out the pocket-book to see what money I had; the big book you found in the house had \$10 in greenbacks and two \$2 notes, counterfeits, and one \$3; that was all the money; then I looked at Miss Dolan's purse, and saw nothing but the postage stamps. Q.—Are you certain of that? A.—Yes; I would not lie now; I left the watch and pocket-book on the table and went up stairs, and I round a pocket-book in the bed where he slept, a \$3 note and 65 cents in change; found the revolvers; the small one was loaded; took the revolvers down and put them under the other things; then I went up stairs again and looked all through, and could not find anything; so I took the shirt, pants and vest of Mr. DEARING down stairs; then shaved myself with Mr. DEARING's razor, washed

Mr. Perkins—Before you left you gave the chickens feed? A.—Yes. Mr. Franklin-What about the water for the horses; you forgot that? A.—Yes. Q.—Well, go on. A.— When I left one of the dogs went with me. Q.—Did he follow you of his own accord, or did you coax him? A.—No. Q.—Did any of the dogs follow you around the barn when you were doing all this? A .-No. Q.—How did you get up to town? A.—I came up in a Third-street car, and that is the way I got rid of the dog; I got out of the car at Callowhill-street and went to Leckfeldt's; I had the valise with me and an umbrella. PROBST then gave his wanderings around Front-

and dressed myself, and put Mr. Dearing's clothes

on: then I ate some bread and butter, and went up

stairs and looked all around again, but could find

nothing; then I put everything in the carpet-bag and

made ready to go away; when Miss Dolan went in-

side she took off her furs and put them on the bed.

Q.—How late did you stay? A.—Until about half-past

six o'clock. Q.—Did anybody come then? A.—No, I

didn't see any one. Q.-What had you in the house

in case anybody came? A.—Nothing. Q.—When you

left, which way did you go? A.—By the Point House

road; I left the door of the barn open, so that the

cattle could get away.

street, exactly as the witnesses detailed on the stand during the trial. He then continued: On Thursday night I went out Market-street. Q.—What for? A.— To go to the country. Q.—What for? A.—I was going through the whole country. Q.—Why—did you reel bad? A.—Yes. Q.—Had you seen the news in the papers? A.—Yes. Q.—Did you look at the paper every day to see? A.—Yes. Q.—When did you see it first? A.—On Thursday morning, in the German papers. Q.—Did you expect to be arrested? A.—Yes; when I passed the three officers at Twenty-third and Market, I heard them say, "That is the man," [smiling] but I walked pretty sharp. I didn't care whether they got me or not; I had no money and I didn't feel right. Q.—Felt sorry for what you had done? A.—

Mr. Perkins-Anton, you said that after you killed the first boy you would have gone through with it if there had been a hundred men there. A.—Yes; that is so. Q.—They always treated you well? A.—I can't gay that. Q.—Before you came to this country did you ever do anything wrong? 'A.—No; I have a father and mother and brother and sister living. My father is a carpenter; I used to work for him. Q.—What brought you to this country? Did you have any trouble there? A.—No, sir. Mr. PERKINS—He says he thought this was the best

PROBST—Yes, that is so. Q. Why did you say there was another man in this?

A.—I was afraid. Mr. Perkins-He says he was afraid the mob would be too strong for the Police.

PROBST—That is it.

O.—You are satisfied that you had a fair trial? A.— Yes. Q.—What did you do with the silver watch? A.—I told you that I sold it at Second and Poplar. Q.—We went there, but couldn't find it. A.—I can't help that; I sold it there and got two dollars for it. O. What else beside what was found with you did you get? A.—Nothing. Q.—When did you take the boots off of Mr. Dearing? A.—Before I pulled him up to the crib. Q.—Beiore you killed Miss Dolan? A.-Yes, and hid them in the hay. Q.-Why did you take them off? A .- I thought there was something in them. Q.-Money? A.-Yes. Q.-None of these People hallooed? A .- None. Q .- Didn't the little hoy throw up his arm to save himself? A.—No: Mies Dolan threw up her hands. Q.—Didn't she say something-didn't she say "Ohl"? A.-No. Q.-Did the baby cry? A.—No. Q.—Why did you kill the baby? A.-Because I was atraid it would cry and make a noise. Q.—But the baby was cut more than the others. A.—Well, I was in a hurry, and I didnot look where I cut her. Q .- All the time you were in the army were you ever in a light? A.-Yes, on

musket? A.—Yes. I was dozing on picket and fell and my thumb was over the muzzle when the gun

During this prolongued conversation, PROBST'S DEMEANOR

was quiet, undemonstrative, cool and unembarrassed. The presence of his fellow-beings in no way disconcerted him, nor was he in any way abashed. He was a cheerful-minded youth when not sanguinary, and quite frequently, during the foregoing recital, varied the expression of his ugly countenance by a grin which he doubtless intended for a smile, which served the purpose of indicating his utter senselessness and brutality. He reclined uncouthly but easily upon his bed, and twirled a rosary about his stubby fingers with careless and graceless freedom. To do the man justice, I must say that he had no apparent desire to conceal or cover any part of his crime. He cared nothing tor the bloody reminiscence—for the crying baby, the shricking maiden, the horrified woman or the stricken man—it was all the same to him; the eight were dead, he was en route for the bourne, and all he had to do until the hour of ten on the 8th of June was to tend with jealous care his brutal body. Clergymen visited him in numbers, they talked at him, prayed at him, and argued at him; they could do nothing with him, and all assertions to the contrary are the normal offspring of the sickly sentimentality that of late years seeks to envelop the mental, moral and physical deformities of all humanbrutes with a shroud of religious palaver, as senseless and hypocritical as it is weak and transparent. About the time when his "deep religious convictions" became first apparent to the tender-hearted gentlemen who carefully guarded and fattened him, PROBST wrote the following

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS.

PHILADELPHIA, 18th of April, 1866. DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTER: I write to you now for the last time, and desire to inform you of the terrible fate which has befallen me. I have now got so far in America, that, with a companion from the Canton Schaffhausen, I deprived of life an entire family, consisting of eight persons. Although I was taken on the third day after the fearful occurrence, and now do not know on what day I must die, they have not as yet caught the one who was with me. At first I did not wish to write to you any more, but I could not bring it over my heart; I felt that I must let you know of the awful murder. No doubt, it will be a matter of surprise to you to know how i could have fallen so low. I will tell you.

Immediately upon my arrival in this country I became a soldier, in which position I heard nothing but cursing and swearing, and soon became a sharer in every wickedness. When, then, I was freed from the army, I gave myself up to evil companionship, and to every sort of licentiousness, and thus I soon reached such a pitch that I no longer believed in God nor in anything. Now, I humbly ask you all to forgive me, and do not take the matter too much at heart. It has happ ned, and we can now no longer change it; therefore, I only ask your forgiveness once again. I beg of you, pray, pray for me, for I greatly need it. When I only think how good and kind you always were to me, and how happy and comfortable I always was while I was with you; and now I have sunk so low that here, in the years of my youth, I must die on the gallows, I would desire but one more hour to spend with you, then I would willingly die. When I think of you at home; father, mother, brothers, and little sister Many, my senses almost leave me. But it has once happened, and now I can no longer remedy it. Once again I ask your pardon. Do not let this trouble crush you. I only beg of you, help me by your prayers, help me as much as you can. I will now close my letter with many thousand greetings. I have been

ANTON PROBST. P. S.—Once more I ask you all, forgive me! I wish you much happiness, and many blessings, and pray for me.

Your ungrateful son and brother,

I hardly know which to admire the most—the childlike simplicity with which he chronicles his "depriving" this family of life, the accuracy with which he details the number, or the lie by which he seeks to lay the blame, or a part of it, on his mythical friend. From this time down to the last, Proper maintained to the world an unchanged front. His confessors think that he was affected by his approaching fate, and others say that he became mentally nervous; my own impression is, that if he had been uninfluenced by the continuous hammering of his spiritual advisers he would have been more than human, and that what they have mistaken for repentance, religious fervor and a desire for holiness, was but the very natural demonstration of an exceedingly weak mind after weeks of unaccustomed pressure. The STATEMENT OF HIS CONFESSOR,

the Rev. Father GAUTHER, a clergyman universally respected here, will be read with interest in this con-

"He is very cheerful, and realizes his last hour in a truly Christian spirit. He never said he was sorry he murdered everybody but Mr. Deering. If he could undo it, he would do so. He is truly penitent. He trusts in the mercy of Jesus Christ his Saviour. He told me to-day, 'If God will only accept what little sacrifice I can make,' meaning his life, the hardships of prison, and the anxiety, 'as an atonement for my awful crime, this would make me exceedingly happy.' "Of course I officially assured him of that; the infinite mercy of God. He reads religious books all the day allowed to himself.

"He is a splendid reader in German. He has had a first-rate education, such as could be received in the ordinary villages of Germany by one whose trade was a carpenter.

"He says he never did anything wrong at home. and that is borne out by his triends who knew him from childhood. He is naturally kind. In regard to the murder he got the one idea in his mind, and it preyed on him. The eight murders were all one act to him. "He experiences the power of prayer. He says he

can pray now three or four hours without the least distraction. The officers of the prison could not refuse their respect to him. On account of his behavior in the prison they respect him. "He reads German religious works; one book in

particular, peculiarly appropriate to men in circumstances like his, a book of religious instruction and a couple of prayer-books. The Book of Books indicates to us all that such

judgments as are desirable will be passed elsewhere and by a Supreme Power, so I will defer any expression of opinion. If Prober was sincerely penitent, I am heartily glad; he certainly ought to be. If he was really a religious man, I am likewise glad; but I henestly trust such "evidences of piety" as he exhibited may be few and far between.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1866.

The day before he died he wrote a LAST LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, as follows:

DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTER: I do not know whether or not you received my last letter, in which I sent you the sad intelligence of my fate. I desire to write to you once again, to inform you how I have spent my time here in prison. I have now spent eight weeks in this cell, and have endeavored to prepare for my death as well as I possibly could. The clergyman has visited me every day, and has instructed me well. I have several times confessed and received holy communion. Besides this, many prayers are offered up for me throughout the entire city. and therefore I am now so cheerful and consoled that I can gladly offer up my life as an atonement for my fearful crime. I trust that you also will be consoled and cheerful as I am. The clergymen will send you all the particulars of my death. I only entreat you all, pray for me. Have the holy sacrifice of Mass offered up frequently for the repose of my poor soul. Joseph Wæchter has also visited me several times during my imprisonment. He will send you my picture and a lock of my hair. The eighth of June has been appointed as the day of my death, and to-morrow will be the eighth of June; on which I am ready to offer up my life with greatest joy for my sins. I trust to meet you all in eternity, in a happier and better place, and this hope makes me rejoice with my whole heart. I will now close my letter with many thousand greetings to all of you. I send a most heartfelt farewell! May we meet again, in a better ANTON PROBST." world.

On Thursday his faithful priest continued with him until a late hour, received his final confession. granted him absolution, and comforted him as only such can comfort. Probst slept like a top all night. That was his way. He probably slept as well and as peacefully the night after the octagonal murder as he did when he was a little boy across the water, and the mere fact of the near approach of death would not be apt to annoy a man who had introduced the grim monster on so many occasions to others in a moment of surprise. However, the fact was that he slept well, and woke early this morning as bright as possible and as undemonstrative as usual. He fasted until the arrival of his religious advisers, when he partook of the Holy Communion and listened attentively to long and earnest petitions in his behalf before the Throne of Grace, after which, in a calm and philosophical, or stolid, according to belief, mood, he ate a hearty breakfast. THE EXECUTION

was conducted in the most decorous style of Philadelphian propriety by Sheriff Henry C. Howell, to whom the Press are under great obligation for courteous treatment and exhaustive professional facilities. The gallows, which was the same that was used in the execution of Langfeldt, the Skupinski brothers, ARTHUR SPRING, PETER MATTOCKS and THOS. J. Armstrong, was a very simple, but a most effective contrivance, the entire floor giving way in an instant upon the removal of a supporting prop. It was erected in the extreme northwestern part of the yard of the prison, at the end of the north corridor, on the convict side of the prison. Sheriff Howell chose this location in order to prevent the prisoners in the cells from witnessing the execution, and also to shut it out from a view from surrounding elevations. It was put up on Thursday afterneon, and the blows struck by the workmen could be distinctly heard by the prigoner in his call. James Luind. Q.—You lost your thumb by your and the

spectators reached the prison and notified the prisoner and his attendants that he was prepared to exeoute the sentence of the law and awaited their pleasure. Shortly after this the Sheriff was called and,

having entered the cell, said, substantially: "ANTON, I am here for the purpose of performing the unpleasant duty of executing the punishment which the law has imposed for the offence of which you have been convicted. Your excellent religious advisers inform me that you are quite ready." To this PROBST replied briefly: "That is so."

The condemned was plainly dressed in a coarse shirt, a pair of gray prison trowsers and heavy brogans. Being ready and entirely careless as to time, Probst indicated his desire to proceed. The Sheriff then formed the procession, and in decorous solemnity the little cortege moved along the corridor to the

yard, thence to the foot of the scaffold's stair. PROBST and his Holy Father stepped upon the fatal

plank.

Nothing was said aloud; no word distinctly caught the ear of the most acute, but only the sweet, low murmuring of the priestly prayer, that begged the way to Heaven, in behalf of the miserable murderer who, manacled, waited for his doom.

For once PROBST seemed cognizant of the gravity of his position, but that he at all appreciated the magnitude of his crime, or the horror of his fate, I shall never believe. He didn't laugh, nor giggle, nor act unseemly: but, on the other hand, he didn't indicate in eye or manner a sober, solid dread of physical death or hope of spiritual life. He was not a man, he Was sui generis a-Probst.

The praying was done, and the law began to act. Having shaken hands with the victim, Sheriff How-ELL pulled a white cap over his eyes, and stepped from the plank.

At a signal from the priest, while the face of the condemned was turned toward the sky, the Sheriff pulled the cord, the drop fell, and with a thud the heavy mass bounded toward the sod. A fall of three feet broke the bull-like neck, and in

a few moments, while the senseless flesh swayed to

and fro, life passed away, and naught remained except an unclaimed corpse, for whose dissection the surgeons' knives were sharp and waiting. Over the final scene—the necessary disrespect shown by the anatomical speculators of the medical

staff, we gladly drop the curtain. To the sheriff and his courteous deputies we are under many obligations for assistance rendered us in a duty by no means pleasant, but a duty none the less imperative—that of depicting the crime, habit and death of one of the great criminals of the world—the greatest of the nineteenth century, that this continent DIABOLUS. has yet to blush for.