

The South-Western SUPPLEMENT.

Wednesday Morning, October 31st, 1866.

A MANLY SPEECH.—Hon. C. C. Longdon, of Alabama, recently spoke to large audience at Brooklyn, and said: "I conceal nothing which the people of the north ought to be acquainted with. I tell them the truth in a rough, manly way, that is very refreshing, after reading those heavy and partisan platitudes which run through nearly all the speeches of the northern conventions."

We make from the published report in the Mobile Tribune, the following extract, which will be interesting because it gives the animus of the speaker:

"And now, gentlemen, you will excuse me while I say a few words in regard to myself. I desire that my position be misunderstood. I am no secessionist; nor have I ever been one. All my life I have opposed the views of the extreme men of both sections of the Union. In other words, I have always been a conservative Union man. Of the school of Webster and Clay. As conductor of a political journal, for twenty years I labored with all the energies of my soul to avert the awful catastrophe which has recently befallen our country. But all in vain; the crisis came; and what was I to do? It may have been unnecessarily and unwisely 'precipitated' upon us; but it was too late to discuss that point; the act had been consummated, and my State was in battle array against the general government. In such a crisis, feeling and knowing that the south had been wronged, and grievously wronged—I did not march to go with my State, and from the most solemn and conscientious convictions of my judgment, I espoused the cause of the south; and you may talk of constitutions and laws as you will, I would as soon have raised my hand against the mother who bore me as against the State which cherished and protected me."

Having espoused the cause of the south, I, of course desired her success; to that end, to the extent of my poor abilities, I exerted myself. And I here candidly confess that no one went farther in the advocacy of extreme measures in the prosecution of the war, than I did. In thus acting, I felt, and still feel, that I was right, and never can be made to feel that I committed a crime. The south was defeated and all for which we fought, lost. From that moment, I felt it my duty to unhesitatingly and unconditionally yield up every issue involved in the war, except the "situation," and return in good faith to my first love—the Union. I have kept my faith out, I am not yet in the Union. No one has ever had a deeper or more sincere affection for the Union than I have in the past. I desire to love it still, and feel that I can and will, if you will so administer the government as to make it worthy of my love."

GETTING READY FOR ENGAGEMENT.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times shows how senator Sumner intends to enjoy himself:

"The members of congress (the letter says) have not yet begun to assemble, but some indications of the approaching session are already visible. Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, is about to take a step which may enable him to feel more indulgently and to act with less ferocity than formerly. He is about to be married. He is in thirty now for the purchase of one of the largest and most elegant houses in Washington—a place which is far superior in style even to the splendid mansions occupied by senator Harris and senator Morgan, of New York. It is in the same quarter of the town—fashionable quarter, of course—in the neighborhood of the president's house, the French legation, and Dr. Guiley's church. This house, it is said, will be purchased by the yankee senator, regardless of its high price, and will be fitted up, if reports are true, in a style of oriental splendor. There are people who profess to be peddled on the subject, and they say whatever house is purchased by Mr. Sumner, will be fitted up in a style of grandeur that will throw in the shade anything of the kind in Washington. The carriage and carriage house, and the most elegant can be imported from Europe; the paintings are to be from the senator's gallery at Boston; and the sideboards are to groan beneath the weight of gold and silver plate. There were some splendid entertainments given here last winter, but it is said to be the senator's ambition to surpass them all."

THE PRESIDENT'S FUTURE POLICY.—We extract the following paragraph from the Washington (Oct. 10) letter of the Charleston Courier:

"It has been rumored that the president, in a reply to an invitation to attend a dinner given in compliment to Gen. Wool, had indicated the future policy of his administration. His letter will be regarded with interest. What the president has done so far we all know, and we know that he has taken a firm position upon his own policy of restoration. What he will do in the future, in certain contingencies, is a subject of much speculation. Heretofore he has expected such a change of sentiment on the part of the people as would lead to an adoption by congress of his policy. But, if that expectation is utterly groundless, the question arises whether he will change his position. If congress will not follow him, will he go with congress? Probably not."

"USE A CITIZEN."—The Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette tells the following, illustrating the effects of being made a citizen suddenly:

"The biggest thing in connection with 'freedom' assurance that we have heard of lately is this: A sable son of the Ham-fat man of the days of the flood, was progressing over Lake Street bridge, Saturday, in a gay rig, with his wife, and a girl, when he was stopped by the police tender, with a 'toll, sir.' The gentleman in black, with a sort of consequential shrug of his shoulders and a disdainful glance of the eye, exclaimed, 'No, sir! I'm a citizen, I am!' and filled with the proud consciousness of the thought, he flourished his whip and started off; but he was again stopped, and told that citizen or no citizen, he couldn't go over that bridge without paying toll. The unblest citizen grumblingly consented, after giving vent to his indignant remarks, as 'busing de rights of citizenship because de skin,' and with his saddle-cloth fair one likewise highly incensed at 'de outrageousness of de white trash,' and they jogged along up the plank."

TACTS.—I have finally come to the conclusion that there ain't quite enough truth in the world just now to do business with, and sum kind of compromise can't be had, the devil might as well step in and run the consarn at once. Don't tell this world your sorrows janny more than you would tell them 'yar thair. Felons-ephers are like graveyards—'ta take all things just as they cum, and give them a decent burial and a suitable epitaph. I anybody can tell whar lightning struck last; but it takes a smart man to find out whar it is going to strike next time—this is one of the differences between learning and wisdom. Sailors leave the ked for the purpose of going there—it is not much for the purpose of followin it, iz for the purpose of strengthening their own memory. I have a fast-rate rekolsion, but no memory. I have rekolt; distinctly or losing a ten-dollar bill, and I can't remember whar for mi life. [Josh Billings.]

The Northern Rebellion.

The following remarkable article, from the Louisville Journal, is evidently from the pen of Mr. Prentice himself—a man whose "loyalty," in the northern sense of the term, is unquestionable. It ought to be circulated among the radicals, and, though we probably have but few readers of that persuasion, we may give it a small space. The Journal says:

"In the course of an interview we had with Jeff. Davis in January, 1865, the subject of the terms of peace was introduced. Mr. Davis asked us what was the chief objection of the north to the recognition of southern independence. We answered that the north knew perfectly well, as unquestionably he did, that, if she should lay down her arms and consent to a division of the Union into two confederacies, she herself would very soon be dissolved—that State after State, States singly and States combined, would secede, and the whole north be split up into petty powers or no-powers, all of them contemptible in the eyes of mankind, and not one of them willing or able to contribute to the payment of the national debt. Mr. Davis replied, with his characteristic calmness, that this was certainly true, but that the same thing would happen, and probably happen all the sooner, if the north should continue to prosecute the war. We thought at the time that Mr. Davis was greatly mistaken, and told him so. We still trust that we were correct in our estimate of the character of his opinion, but just now we can indulge no over-confidence that we were. The north continued to prosecute the war, and the south, after the bravest and most desperate resistance known in war's annals, was conquered. But now comes the north's trials. Now we are to see the test of her internal strength. If, out of the dreadful war between the north and the south, a northern civil war arises, if northern armies march against each other, if northern blood is shed, if northern death and desert behind, many northern men will very soon weary and sicken of the horrid work, and will probably adopt secession as the quickest and surest remedy, fully relying upon the mighty troubles and perils of the federal government as a perfect security against coercion. Most likely the northwestern States will go off first, repudiating of course their proportion of the public debt, and thus piling higher the monstrous financial burden upon the shoulders of the remaining States. These will have neither the will nor the ability to pay, and the crushing weight, and all others will succumb, and the whole north shall be divided up into such petty little non-despatching, feeble, mock nationalities as a citizen of one of the Mexican States or of one of the South American republics, or of one of the petty, miserable German principalities, might look upon with contempt and scorn. Jeff. Davis's declaration to us as to the consequences of the war to the north, if prosecuted, will be amply vindicated, and whatever resentments, if any, he cherishes against the north will be abundantly satisfied."

We tell the northern fanatics—as a lover of our whole country we solemnly tell them—that, unless madness has seized upon their heads, they will not insist on pushing the disunion between the president and congress to the fighting point. They may rest assured that, if the fight comes, it will be between them, such as one as they have no account of in either history or tradition. They will find it an infinitely different thing from the war of the rebellion, dreadful as that was throughout all its annals. They will find themselves, a divided people, divided almost equally, divided and mutually hostile, whilst the whole population of the south will be a unit, able to strike for their friends or to stand afar in the flash, the crack, and the roar of war, as may seem best to them. The thick cloud now enveloping the south may be partially lifted; but the storm, surcharged with bloody rain, will clear the north. We say to the people of the north that a very large proportion of them have acted and are acting most unwisely, most madly. There is "the very error of the moon." They seem incapable of profiting either by the south's experience or their own. They imitate and follow the south in some of the most unhappy acts she ever committed. The south, in 1861, undertook to break up and destroy the federal constitution. She rebelled against it. She set at naught its provisions, and attempted to maintain her attitude of hostility to it by force of arms. She failed. As graciously as she could she recognized the result. She bowed to the arbitrament of the sword, and has been using whatever power and influence she possesses in support of the constitution she strove so fiercely and desperately to subvert and annihilate. But to! the radical party of the north, claiming to be an overwhelming majority of that great section, are now violating and defying the constitution even as the south violated and defied it. No sooner does the south give up rebellion, than the northern fanatics inaugurate it. It is as true that there is a northern rebellion now, as that there was a southern rebellion five years ago. Rebellion has simply changed its locality. But just as it failed in one section, it will inevitably fail in another. It can have no other future than a future like its past—future of blood, and humiliation, and misery. You may invoke all the patriots of the whole country to put down rebellion in the south—we now invoke them to quell rebellion in the north."

A MAN HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.—The following has been translated from the New Haven Register:

"A European friend of mine related the following story: I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our very old, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Sometime afterwards my wife got a son—so I was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son, he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

A HOSPITAL FOR DOGS.—A correspondent of the London Field gives an account of M. Santouch's canine hospital in the rue de Clichy, in Paris. Large airy kennels are constructed round its yards for the larger dogs, and the toy-dog department is a perfect marvel of ventilation and cleanliness. Its pavement is of white and black marble; its walls are painted white and varnished; and around it twenty-two little kennels, made of oak, with bright copper fastenings, are snugly disposed for the reception of sick pets. At one end of its artistic decorations, in which woods, rivers and mountains are depicted, recalling to the four-footed invalids who roam about the place the scenery of their earlier and healthier days. Over each kennel is affixed a card bearing the name of the proprietor of the dog and of the dog itself, and the nature of its disease; and on these cards one may read from time to time the names of most of the celebrities of Paris. When the correspondent of the Field visited the hospital, he read there the names of Ad. elina Patti, Auber, Prince Solikoff, the countess de Reyaevall, the prince de Wagram, the duke de Montebello, Alexandre Dumas, and of many other men and women of the time. M. Santouch is celebrated for a certain antiseptic soap which is much used by masters of hounds in their kennels; and a sander form oil, made up into a delicate cream and highly perfumed, is indispensable in every stallion in Paris to which pet dogs are admitted.

Discovery of America.

On the 12th day of October, 1492, Columbus with his followers landed on Guanahani, in the San Salvador, one of the Bahama isles, and planted there the cross in token of gratitude to the Divine mercy, which, after guiding him safely through a perilous voyage, had at last, in the discovery of a western world, crowned with success the daring aspiration of his life. Land had already been discovered in the previous evening, but it was not till the ensuing morning that the intrepid admiral beheld the flat and densely wooded shores gleaming beneath the rays of an autumn sun, and by actually setting his foot on them, realised the fulfilment of his hopes.

It is now well known that although Columbus was unquestionably the first to proclaim to the world at large the existence of a new and vast region in the direction of the setting sun, he cannot literally be said to have been the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen, so renowned for their maritime enterprise, had, at the commencement of the 11th century, not only settled colonies in Greenland, but explored the whole coast of America as far south as 41 deg. 30 min. N., and there, near New Bedford, in the State of Massachusetts, they planted a colony. An intercourse by way of Greenland and Iceland existed between this settlement and Norway down to the fourteenth century. There is also satisfactory evidence for believing, that in the twelfth century the celebrated Welsh prince, Madoc, having sailed from his native country with a fleet, landed and founded a colony on the coast of Virginia. But to Columbus still belongs the merit of having philosophically recognized the existence of a new world, and by practically ascertaining the truth of his propositions, of inaugurating that connection between the eastern and western hemispheres which has effected so remarkable a revolution in the world's history. It is a little curious, indeed, that the belief which Columbus entertained, at first, as to the land discovered by him being part of India or China, was adhered to by him to the last, and he died in the idea that Cuba formed a portion of the mainland of India. This notion so pertinaciously clung to both by the great Genoese and Europe in general, was dispelled by Balboa's expedition, in 1513, across the isthmus of Darien, and the discovery of the Pacific ocean, whilst a few years later, the real position of these countries with respect to America was demonstrated by the expedition of Fernando Magalhães, whose death in the Philippines, deprived him of the honor of being the first circumnavigator of the globe.

Much obloquy has been thrown on Amerigo Vesputi, the Florentine navigator, for depriving Columbus of the honor of giving his name to the new world. How the denomination of America arose from Vesputi's christian name, has never been satisfactorily explained, but it appears to be sufficiently ascertained that he himself is in nowise responsible for the circumstance. Vesputi, who was a man of considerable attainments, wrote an account of his American voyages, which was translated into German, and obtained an immense popularity, that notion. It has been conjectured that the name of America was first applied in Germany, to the world, and from thence was adopted by the other countries of Europe.

IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.—The following account of the disgraceful mob of radicals, who attacked Gen. Blair on Monday last, is from the Cairo Democrat:

"The people of Cape Girardeau, Mo., invited Gen. Frank Blair to address them on last Monday, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. The general accepted the invitation and took passage on the steamer Belle Memphis, which was due at the Cape early Saturday morning, but unfortunately the boat grounded on a bar, and was detained several hours, and did not reach there until 8 o'clock in the evening. An immense number of people from the country had come into the town early in the day, and had patiently waited until night, in order to hear the views of the distinguished soldier on the topics of the day, but their hopes were doomed to disappointment, and the crowds left for their homes."

The red-mantled rads being largely in the majority at Cape Girardeau, were overjoyed at the disappointment of Gen. Blair's friends, and when the general arrived they determined to take advantage of the absence of his friends and mob and kill him if they could, in case he attempted to speak. What few decent people there are in that town, when they heard the general was in St. Charles hotel, proceeded together in front of the building, and loud calls being made for him, he appeared upon the balcony of the hotel and commenced to speak, when the organised band of murderous cowards commenced to hoot and yell at him, calling him a liar, and, although many ladies were present, among the most obscene language they could by their foul tongues utter. Gen. Blair stood unmoved and undaunted, and looked quietly at the furious rabble. He then told them they were a set of contemptible cowards and ruffians—the stripe that garroted honest men in dark alleys, and that mobbed unarmed men for daring to defend the Union and constitution. He told them that he had seen traitors before—armed traitors, who dared take up arms and fight for cowardly and he would not be intimidated by their cowardly stay-at-home ruffians. When the murderous crew found they could not scare the old soldier, they gathered in a close mob and commenced singing "John Brown" so as to drown the speaker's voice. The general and his friends then retired to a hall near by, and organized a meeting."

LONG JOHN WESTWORTH.—At the reception of the "southern loyalists" Monday, at Chicago, that leading radical, John Westworth, made an exhibition of himself. The Post (radical) says:

"The only disgraceful circumstance that occurred was the appearance of the Hon. John Westworth in a highly incriminated condition, in the reception-room of the hotel, which was at the time filled with ladies and gentlemen. The honorable gentleman was unmistakably intoxicated. Being so, he was, perhaps, not wholly responsible for his language and conduct to the present. He was singularly belligerent in his address, and obstinately in his manner. He excited much astonishment and even horror. Ladies blushed with shame. Gentlemen got red in the face with indignation. At last the honorable gentleman received a polite hint that he was in imminent danger of being kicked in a most ignominious manner out of doors. He became meek, blundered forth an apology, and went, in a cork-screw fashion, out of the room. When he had made his exit he saw the crowd before him. He concluded that they must want to hear him. He stood up and told them that he had been 'so good' for 'crowd'." "John, and I will interpose," said the non-combustion, the g-g-g-g-g's conclusion, "and I want you to understand that (hic, hic-cups) the consist-sib-sist-sion is the constitution and I defy anybody to contradict me." (A hic.) There was a tremendous laughter for a time, but at last the insulted multitude ordered him to be taken away, and with a teetle attempt at a benign smile, the honorable gentleman suffered himself to be led off."

THE USE OF BORAX IN WASHINGTON.—In Belgium and Holland linen is prepared beautifully, because the washerwomen use refined borax, instead of soda, as a washing powder. One large handful of borax is used to every ten gallons of boiling water, and the saving in soap is said to be one-half. For faces and combs an extra quantity is used. Borax does not injure the linen, and it softens the hardest water. A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary sized kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

A Double Execution.—New York, Oct. 12.

Gonzales and Pellicier, the murderers of the Cuban, Ortero, suffered death by hanging, in the yard of the Kings county jail, at twenty-five minutes past 10 o'clock this morning. The two prisoners were taken to the gallies and the executioners in crime were again brought into requisition, and the two murderers were launched into eternity at the same moment.—Both men walked calmly underneath the dangling noose and handed the ends of the ropes to the executioner with the utmost nonchalance. At a given signal, the cords sustaining the weights within the side enclosure were cut, and Gonzales and Pellicier leaped into the air. For eleven minutes their pulses beat, and a few muscular contractions were observed. The prisoners, it is feared, died by strangulation. After hanging for nearly half an hour, the bodies were cut down and placed in plain coffins, which were subsequently removed to Flushing, Long Island, where the remains of the two murderers were interred by some of the priests, who also assisted at their last moments.

After the execution had taken place, representatives of the press were handed written confessions which had been made by the deceased, and by them confided to their spiritual advisers with strict instructions that the facts should only be made public after the last scene of the drama had been enacted. Gonzales stated in his confession that he was born in Forgi, Spain, in 1842, his father living there. The only thing that was kept back in his former confession, made on the 9th inst., was the fact of a conversation had between Gonzales and Vile, now in prison, on the day last November, in Brooklyn, in which they stated that they intended to kill Ortero that night.—This omission was not intentional, it escaped his mind. Pellicier, or Francis Gene Salvador, also made a written confession, covering several pages of foolscap. He said he never met Ortero until the day of the murder. It was made up in Gonzales's room that he should have a large sum of money in gold upon his person. He also claimed that Vile was the prime mover in the tragic affair, and gave the details of the whole transaction, and the arrangement was that Gonzales was to have a razor, Vile a razor, and Pellicier a dagger, and they were to kill him in the room and conceal his body under the floor. But this was subsequently abandoned. Gonzales rifled Ortero's body. Some were passing in the park while he was doing so. The confession is too lengthy to give it in full.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—Gen. Manfredo has been instructed to apply to the court of Vienna for the restoration of the iron crown of Lombardy, which the Austrians removed from the sanctuary of the cathedral of Monza, at the time of their retreat from Lombardy, after the battle of Magenta, in 1859. The Italians, it is well known, when they crossed the Ticino, under Charles Albert, eleven years before, and drove Radetzky from Milan, had Monza and the crown at their discretion; but that iron crown of Alboino—that circlet hammered out of the nails of the crucifixion, agreeable to tradition, and, at all events, that undeniable relic of so many centuries—a diadem which successively on so many heroic brows, from Charlemagne to the first Napoleon, was looked upon by the Italians as something too sacred to be touched by profane hands, and was left by them on the spot where it was first laid by queen Theodolinda, full thirteen hundred years ago, not to be removed from its shrine till it was wanted for the consecration of the man, whoever he might be, who should have the good fortune to restore the old kingdom of the Longobards. The Austrians could not, of course, be actuated by such scruples.

The emperor Francis Joseph continued, after Villafranca and Zurich, to style himself king of Lombardy-Venetia, and Alboino's sacred circlet was removed to Vienna, with a feeling skin to that of the Moor of Africa, who treasures up the door-key of the house which was his forefathers' home at Grenada 400 years ago. The hard lessons of experience and the difficulties of her present position must have greatly softened the heart of Austria, and inspired her with more generous feelings. Victor Emmanuel is no longer designated by the Vienna cabinet as "King of Sardinia," nor are the army and fleet so lately confronting the imperial forces with honor, if not with success, called the "Piedmontese" in Austrian bulletins. That crown which was withheld in 1859, when Lombardy was ceded, with Venetia, to France, and which, as a question, may well be given up now, when the flag of Italy is looked upon as an actual gain to her late masters. As a mere museum of curiosity it would be of no great value to Austria; as a national emblem it is a jewel of the greatest price to Italy.

What we have said of the iron crown applies equally to the treasure of art and antiquity of which the Austrians were lately despoiled as stripping the archives, churches, museums, and arsenals of Venice. The coats of arms of the old doges, the ambassadors' reports, and other documents of a purely local importance, would be mere trash to the Austrian, but would be of great value to the Italian. Her books and pictures, very poor in merit, are the inalienable property, the household gods of the pride of that wise conservative government which formed in the middle ages the connecting link between ancient Rome and modern England; and they may serve one day to vindicate the memory of St. Mark's Republic. [London Times.]

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A Phase of Life in New Zealand.

If any reader should be under the impression that heinous crimes were the incidents of an artificial society, and would be unknown in regions characterized by the simplicity and abundance of primitive life, he will find occasion to dispel such a notion in the information just received from New Zealand. The scene is laid near Nelson, our thriving settlement on the north coast of the middle island. On Tuesday, the 12th of last June, four men, named Mathieu, Kempthorne, Dudley and Pontius, started for Nelson from a place called Deep Creek, carrying with them, as was known, a considerable amount of gold. Their road lay through a wild, half cleared country, not by any means impassable, or except from human enemies, dangerous; but still beset with natural difficulties and impediments. At one point this track was carried by a cutting up the side of a steep mountain thickly wooded. A long this track the four travelers found for Nelson had to proceed, and when they did not make their appearance at the settlement, where they were expected, the alarm was immediately taken, and an expedition organized in colonial fashion for the discovery of the truth. The first step was a public meeting to invite subscriptions, and enlist volunteers, nor were either men or money long wanting. In a few hours forty volunteers were prepared to start in search of the missing travelers, and the aid of some native spears having been obtained, the party set out. They soon came upon traces of a fearful deed. The horse belonging to the travelers was found shot through the head and tumbled into a gully by the side of the road; their bags and packs were found open and rifled, nor could they be much about the fate of the victims. In the meantime, however, a expedition organized in colonial fashion for the discovery of the truth. 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