The Pittsburgh Gazette.

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1867.

RECONSTRUCTION.

Military chieftains and lawyers contributed, in about equal degrees, to crown the South in Confederacy with temporary renown. Each of these classes resumed from its own stand point, and worked by its peculiar methods. The lawyers gave complicity to the pretended legality of Secession, while the soldiers made no concealment of the fact they were embarked in a revolution. The difference was purely professional. The lawyers resorted to subtleties, quibbles and refinements, to justify a policy that was in defensible under the Constitution and the laws, while the soldiers, with characteristic frankness, did not hesitate to avow they had taken an appeal from legislating assemblies and judicial boards to the night of the strongest.

The same diversity has been exhibited, since the termination of hostilities, in the views taken by these two classes of the political situation. Scarcely had the thunder of the guns ceased when the lawyers took up their pleas anew, and went to arguing that secession was illegal and void; that, consequently, the revolted States had not changed their relations to the government; had incurred no forfeitures, and could not rightfully be subjected to disabilities. The soldiers scorned all this pettiness as unworthy of their reputations. Conscious that they had been engaged in a rebellion; that they had committed treason; and that they had failed of consummating their plans, they made no attempt either to mystify themselves or others. Two letters from the pen of Gen. LONGSTREET have recently been given to the public through the newspapers, in which he states the case with perfect frankness and accuracy. He comprehends that when an appeal is made to arms, and proves unsuccessful, the vanquished is at the mercy of the victors; that legal theories go for nothing; that it is then too late to look after such rights as they previously enjoyed under the Constitution and the laws; and that the only safe method of making reclamations, or of having them conceded, is returning in good faith to allegiance to the government, in the way designated.

If the Southern people had listened, since the surrender of LEE and JOHNSON, to their military leaders, instead of their political ones, they would before this have emerged from their chaotic condition, and been restored, with some exceptions, to the fullness of civil rights which they threw away and forfeited. They will find in the end, that the more completely they follow the suggestions of their lawyers the longer will they delay the period of their restoration. The loyal masses are not vindictive; but they mean to have security for the future. While they do not seek the blood of the rebel leaders, they do not intend those leaders shall come back unscathed to the places they formerly held in the national councils.

Mr. SUMNER and his associates, who have made an appeal to the Supreme Court against the Military Government Act, are laboring under the old delusion of State-Rights. That dogma was slain and buried on the battle fields of the rebellion. All attempts to resurrect it are simply efforts to tomahawk the rebellion fetish. It matters nothing what the Supreme Court may decide on a question of this sort. The nine Judges do not constitute the government; nor are they masters over the coordinate Departments; much less over the people. The government belongs to the masses of loyal men, and they will do with it what they please. Attorney General STANBERY was perfectly right in taking the ground that if the Supreme Court did grant the injunction prayed for he should counsel the President to disregard it. Congress will certainly contemn any action of the Judges in the premises, and will certainly hold the President to the enforcement of the law as it stands. The people, in creating the government, did not establish masters over themselves; but simply provided for servants to do their bidding. The province of the Judges is to see that justice is done between man and man; not to project themselves into the field of politics, and under pretext of interpreting the Constitution to make it what they will. Whatever changes the people want in that instrument they know how to obtain. They are supreme over the Judges and the Constitution alike.

FENIANISM.

The London *Times* takes no pains to conceal that it feels uncomfortable over the sympathy professed by the Executive and Legislative Departments of our Government for the Fenians and their cause. It is particularly indignant at the interview granted by President JOHNSON to persons claiming to be "representatives of the Irish Republic in America," and at the resolution introduced to the House of Representatives by Mr. N. P. BANKS, giving encouragement to insurrectionary movements in Ireland. We are far from confessing to admiration either for President JOHNSON or General BANKS; and have a chronic dislike for demagogueism, whatever form it may take. But we cannot help thinking the *Times* begins to understand experimentally how the loyal men of this country felt when the British government was extending sympathy to the Confederates. True, the Confederates, at the beginning seemed to have a fairer prospect before them, than the most sanguine friend of Irish emancipation will claim for the Fenians; but, then, they had no real grievance to complain of, while Ireland has been notoriously misgoverned for ages. Indeed, within a few months an English statesman, in his place in the House of Commons, did not scruple to admit that Ireland had been oppressed continually and upon system. It is natural, therefore, that the government and loyal people of this nation should look with favor upon any movement giving hope of the redress of those grievances, and at the same time commending to Britain's lips the ingredients of the poisonous chalice she mixed for them. So far the disquietude of the *Times* will not be likely to find condolence on this side of the Atlantic.

Nevertheless, there is another aspect of the case. We believe the Irish in a single-handed contest with the English stand no chance whatever. They have made many attempts, and have invariably pulled down fresh calamities on their own heads. They are no match for the power they have to contend with. Is it manly, either for the purpose of retaliating upon the British, or for personal popularity, or for party advantages, to incite men to persist in an enterprise full of peril, and in which defeat is certain?

WHILE the treaty for the acquisition of Russian America was pending in the Senate, many witnesses, who had never been in the country were brought forward to testify to its salubrity, fertility and desirableness. An old seaman now writes to the *Independent*: "I have been far enough to know all about Mr. SEWARD's Russian swindle. I have sailed up and down the entire length of the country—twice going north to the Arctic, and twice returning; following the trend of the coast, putting into its bays, cobblestoning with its savages, and observing its isolation and desolation generally." Now we should be glad to know on what grounds Senators agreed to give seven millions in gold for such a territory.

EXECUTION OF ALBERT TEUFEL

Albert Teufel was executed at Doylestown, on Friday last, for the murder of Captain James Wiley, a full account of which has already appeared in our columns.

On Wednesday he completed the sketch of his life, or at least additions to that already published, which he claimed to be in correct in some instances. After he had finished the account, he placed the manuscript in an envelop, sealed it, and inscribed upon it the names of Sheriff Corsonan and one of his counsel, saying that he did not wish them to open it, under any circumstances, for two weeks after his death.

Several persons called on him during the day. Among the number were his father, Christian Teufel; Father Deeger, one of his spiritual advisers; and the murderer's sweetheart, Kate Hunter. Sheriff Corsonan told her that she could not enter Teufel's cell if she intended to give him anything. She assured him that she did not, and was then admitted. She remained with the prisoner about an hour, and then left for Philadelphia.

During the afternoon he whiled away the time by singing, talking, and preachinating. On hearing the noise made by the workmen in the jail-yard, who were preparing the scaffold, he said he would like to see what kind of a looking thing it was, as he was anxious to know if it would do its work in a correct manner. His request was not complied with, and he appeared to think that he was treated badly.

During the night there were quite a number of visitors admitted into the prisoner's cell. He expressed a desire to have every one with the exception of Blacks countrymen and spiritual advisers. He appeared to have a lingering love for the Philadelphians and New York reporters, and entered into a lively conversation with them. Relating various crimes and exploits during his life, which he fairly gloated over, and appeared to consider he was the Dick Turpin of the present day. His statements were mainly contradictory, and bore evidence of falsity in almost every particular. He again expressed the sentiment that Christian Teufel was not his father, and that he was an illegitimate child; that before he resided in Philadelphia, where he attended private school, in Twenty-third street, near Filbert, that he also went to a Sunday school at Sixteenth and Market Streets; that he reached his eleventh year in Bell house, and was employed as a driver on the Delaware, Lehigh, and Raritan canals, shifting from one boat to another continually, and going across every few weeks. After he left the canal he connected himself with the Rangers, who infested the neighborhood of the Schuylkill, and was almost daily mixed up in fights and robberies. He was also engaged in various crimes in New York, Trenton, Baltimore and many other places. He claimed he would not relate the particulars, as they would be made known in a short time. After remaining about a fortnight, he said he would tell a few of his exploits. He commenced by saying that in the spring of 1862 he drugged and robbed the third clerk of the steamboat Mary F. Forsythe, on the Mississippi river, of $1,000. He soon spent the money in carousing. After this he went to St. Joseph, Mo., where he engaged in the river business, and managed to appropriate about $1,000 belonging to a fellow portion of the company. He went to Pikes Peak, and on his way back all he had, and came near losing his life. At Atchison he returned to the Kansas, and was implicated in the Adams Express robbery in Ohio, receiving as his share twenty-five boxes, which he after each robbery opened. He also received $2000 in greenbacks. Thirteen of the parties implicated in the robbery were soon after arrested, but he managed to escape detection.

He said that there were many innocent men now in prison suffering for crimes he had committed; that he was arrested in Chicago and once in Baltimore; after which he said that he never went to the latter place, but why they put him in prison he knew not. While thieving, he says, he was operated alone, and never traveled with other thieves and while so doing the utmost he did for any plays they might lay for him. His mother died when he was four years old, and he was then left without any one to care for him. He had been married a number of times, and had several wives now living.

In referring to the murder of Wiley, he said people were wrong in thinking he had shot him, as he was sure it was done by some weak man, calculating that no strong, resolute man, would be guilty of such a mean act. He said, and then stationed himself behind the south foot of Second-last street, and filling his mouth full of Scotch snuff, he would have killed him dead, if he had not been tired in 3 hours. He would have been cleared, that he would have proved an alibi in court, if he had been permitted to do so. The facts which he said he could have showed were as follows: On Thursday, two days before the murder, he went to Trenton to look at some mules. While there he met Wiley, who proposed making a big thing out of them, and asked him to go in with him. This he declined. He afterwards went to New York. On Saturday he reached Philadelphia, and in the evening met Oscar Hartzell, and received a stolen team from him, which he took to one John Cassidy, in Spring Point. After this he went to Quakertown, and on Sunday morning reached Philadelphia.

About ten o'clock the reporters left the prison, shortly after Teufel's father and uncle, accompanied by Father George, of Doylestown, and Father Karpenseer, of Hatfield Township, visited the prisoner. The priests remained about an hour, and then left. His father and uncle remained with him until about two o'clock this morning, when they bade him farewell. At five o'clock Teufel laid down on the bed and slept or rather tried to sleep. About four o'clock Sheriff Corsonan went to the prisoner's cell. On opening through the barred door he discovered the wretched man was in convulsions. The sheriff unlocked the door and on entering found that Teufel was unconscious, and was suffering from poison or nervous prostration. Medical aid was immediately summoned, and in a short time two physicians made their appearance, and upon examination were satisfied that the condemned was laboring under the effect of either strychnine or arsenic. Powerful emetics were administered, and his stomach was freed of the poison, and he soon after recovered. Inquiry was made as to what he had taken to destroy his life. He declined to reply, but afterwards said, when engaged in a rambling conversation, that they did not make it right, if he had fixed it, the thing would have done its work. His spiritual advisers again visited the condemned about 7 o'clock. Teufel said he did not wish to see them.

Between eight and nine o'clock, one of the culprit's attendants advised him to meet his fate like a man, and make his peace with God. Teufel then replied that he would like to see the priests. They were sent for, and a few minutes past nine they an entered the prison. On entering the cell they were well received by the murderer. They at once engaged in conversation with him, but they spoke, and he responded in such a low tone of voice that only a chance word could be heard. What he said is not known. It is supposed that he requested them not to divulge anything. It is doubtful whether he told them one word of truth. His spiritual advisers remained in the cell during the entire morning.

About half past eleven o'clock the jurymen and deputies were requested to look into the corridor and peep through the iron grating. At 12 M. the jurymen were assigned quarters in the hallway of the lower corridor. At 12 M. Teufel was freed of his shackles. At 12 o'clock the door leading from the lower corridor to the scaffold was thrown open, exposing the gallows, with the rope and noose dangling in the fresh air. A slight murmur of anxiety now prevailed among the crowd in the jail yard, and upon the walls. A faint cheer was heard, made by those perched on the wall to those who were congregated on the outside. A death like stillness prevailed until fifteen minutes past 12 P. M., when the two priests were seen coming slowly down the narrow crooked stairs from the corridor above. They were fully robed, each of them carried a cross and Bible; following immediately in their wake was Teufel, the condemned, with his arms closely pinioned behind his back. He was in weak condition and seemed to walk almost in a stupor. He was followed by Sheriff Murray to the scaffold, by Sergeant Murray and Jailer E. Wilkinson. They were followed by Sheriff Corsonan and two of his deputies. They proceeded to the gallows. Teufel was evidently too weak to stand alone, and had to be held up. At the junction Jailer Wilkinson fainted and fell upon the scaffold as the feet of the condemned. He was immediately carried into the jail, where restoratives were applied, and he soon recovered. During this time the priests were standing immediately behind Teufel engaged in prayer. Sheriff Corsonan stood at the left of the murderer. A wave of his hand gave notice to those on the gallows that he was about to adjust the rope. The priests and deputies then retreat to the corridor. The rope was adjusted. Teufel told the sheriff in a loud tone that he had the knot too high up. The sheriff knew that he had properly adjusted it made no alteration. He then descended to the jail yard. The spring was arranged, and at precisely eighteen minutes past twelve o'clock he pulled the rope, and Teufel was launched into eternity. His neck was not broken by the fall; he merely twitched violently for nearly a minute, and then hung without any perceptible motion for at least ten minutes, when a slight twitching of the shoulders was perceptible.

In thirty minutes Drs. James and Schwarzlander, of Doylestown, the last named employed as the jail physician, and Dr. Linderman, of Quakertown, examined the murderer's pulse, and pronounced him dead. At 12:51 p. m. the body was cut down, having hung just thirty five minutes. The remains were then removed to a cell in the eastern end of the lower corridor, where an examination was made by a number of physicians; after which the body was placed in a plain pine coffin, and removed to the poor house burying ground, about a mile distant from Doylestown, where it was properly interred.—*Special to Philadelphia Press.*

AN English paper says that the best cashmere shawls, the long shawls with ground, crimson, purple, blue, chain green or yellow—green are best—never cost less than $125 a piece, and are never sold singly. The next kind, or square shawls, much more frequently imported into Europe are either loom-worked or needle-worked, needle-worked being the more original, and they cost from $30 to $70 in the Punjaub, without freight, or interest or profit to the importer, little facts which we commend to the attention of women who think they can buy the best cashmere at $15 or $20 a shawl. What they do buy is either an imitation which was never in India at all, or a Delhi shawl, very good in its way, but no more approaches a cashmere shawl in beauty than in durability. A man might lie on leather in a black cashmere for twenty years, and it would be as perfect as on the first day, while every imitation whatsoever will die out.

Mr. GEORGE MUIR, of Armstrong's Coal Works, Penn township, Allegheny county, speaks as follows of the

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