

most clearly permits and requires; it is difficult to explain, save on the general theory that what a rival commends must be rejected, even at the expense of much circumlocution and absurdity.

But all these attempts to bind the Sampson of the White House have proved unavailing. The green withes of Congressional limitations snap in the strain of a stubborn and uncontrollable Executive. He disdains to be a figure-head on the ship of State. He has rights as President, and he will claim them. He will show Congress that there is an executive branch of government co-ordinate with its own. He therefore, as soon as they make a law, proceeds to take measures for its violation. Did they think they had bound him tight by their military governorships? He makes his attorney prove that these have no power over civil offices. Did they hasten together in the heat of summer and rush through a bill on the tenure of office; thereby hoping to frustrate this plea and purpose, he cunningly nulls himself of one of its permits, and suspends the only Cabinet officer in whom the people had confidence.

Congress acted like a child. It has received the blow it deserves. It should not have adjourned. It should have proceeded in the strength and majesty with which the Constitution has clothed it to calmly investigate the charges against the President, to arraign him, try him, and if found guilty, to remove him. What is there so terrible in this? Who does not exult in the name of Cromwell? Did not our fathers support him in the trial and execution of a King, who was actually less of a traitor than Andrew Johnson? What Englishman of to-day is not proud of the revolution of '88, when a legitimate ruler was removed from his seat? Such timidity always breeds baseness and punishment. The country now is all excited because Stanton is removed, and Seward talks of leaving. Why was it not, when Speed and Harlan and Denison left; when Hamlin,—the bravest and truest man that Maine has ever had in her councils, and whom she should return to-day in Fessenden's place—abandoned his lucrative post and raised his voice for impeachment? Why was it not, when the blood of Horton and Dostle stained the rebellious city, and a Congressional committee proved the complicity of the President with the crime? Nay, when he had himself avowed it and approved the deed?

And now, Congress, having tied up its hands and prevented its own assembling for one hundred days, is compelled to see this traitor defy all its orders, trample down its carefully erected barriers, send panics of financial distrust through the North, raise the crest of secession in the South, give arms to rebels and organize them into battalions for the suppression of loyal voice and vote, while it looks helplessly on. Had it adjourned, subject to the call of its Speaker and Senate President, it would have been convened within thirty days. Now it must loiter around fashionable watering places and summer mountain houses, and behold its well laid schemes gang all aglee. If it is cured, by this punishment of its timidity, and has attained the courage at last to do what it should have done a year ago, its many scourgings may not have been in vain. But it is a sad reflection on human nature that we can never do right save under the lash.

## THE TRAITOROUS PRESIDENT.

It is always best to do right, when the call comes. All waiting for iniquity to grow, only ensures farther pain and punishment. When President Johnson made his 22d of February speech, he arrayed himself against the country; when he vetoed the Freedman's Bureau and Civil Rights bills, he showed his purpose as clearly as he shows it to-day. He had so openly allied himself with traitors that the nation knew that all the resources at his command would be employed for the subjugation of loyalty and re-establishment of treason. He organized governments contrary to the orders of Congress. He filled their offices with men who had been especially forbidden by law from occupying such positions. He ordered these rebels to break up Union and loyal Conventions, and scattered the brains and blood of the nation's best patriots over the pavements of Memphis and New Orleans. He traveled the country denouncing Congress, and in the coarsest blasphemy of abuse, degraded his office and himself to the lowest level of the Bowery hells. A year and more ago, wise men seeing what was his work and purpose, demanded his impeachment. The clearest-eyed of our statesmen, Phillips and Sumner, Boutwell and Butler, Stevens and Kelly, Ashley and Hamlen, saw that the only right, the only safe way was to constitutionally remove the man who had betrayed his country, and would use all his power to accomplish her ruin. But the timid and the time-serving, who follow great duties afar off, and presume to excel in judgment in proportion as they lack in courage, cried out, "rash," "radical," "too fast." The Journals, which too generally ask, not what is right, but what do our readers approve, joined in the cry. So these right-minded and bold-hearted men, our real and only leaders, had to do the next best thing: tie up the hands of this violent ruler; put bars and walls around his official power, and do many acts of constitutional questionability, so that he might be kept in place, and the dread impeachment crisis, be possibly drifted over. How such statesmen as Mr. Fessenden could approve these half-unconstitutional limitations of the President's prerogative, while he refuses to do what the Constitution