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### THE APPROACHING END.

The extraordinary rulings of the Senate on Saturday, by which they completely reversed the principle of their own previous decisions, and substantially announced a determination to exclude every form of testimony which would disprove the allegations of the impeachers and justify the President's action, produced much sensation, without, however, exciting great surprise; for the managers, upon quitting the Senate on Friday evening, when the question was still pending, did not hesitate to make known their confidence of victory the next day. It was evident that the majority had caucused and counted noses, so as to be sure of their work, and had resolved among themselves not to allow a fair hearing, or any proof which would reveal the double dealing of Stanton in this transaction. Under these circumstances, the counsel for the President had no other course to pursue than that which was adopted, in announcing that no further witnesses would probably be called, for it would be a bootless task to call them only to have their lips sealed by the power of numbers.

This partisan decision has justly provoked much feeling and indignation among all upright and reflecting men, for it exhibits a foregone conclusion on the part of those who constitute a Radical majority, and a purpose to convict the President by the most unworthy means. The articles of impeachment charge the President with having "intentionally violated the Constitution and laws," and the managers have been allowed to put in the most irrelevant testimony, with a view of giving color to that unfounded accusation. Under the accepted rules of evidence that sort of proof was inadmissible, but the managers contended that inasmuch as the Senate were judges of the law and the facts in a trial of impeachment, they were not bound by rules of courts, but were a "law unto themselves." Hence this testimony was received, and mainly upon the ground assumed by the prosecution, that the trial was in the nature of an "inquest of office," where the whole truth should be brought out.

When, however, this principle came to be applied to the President, and it was seen that it would inevitably expose the falsity and injustice of the charges, then the Senators who had thus favored the prosecution turned round and opposed the defence. This is the sort of justice which they are prepared to administer under oath, and it was for this reason that such violent opposition was made to the evidence of General Sherman.

How is the President to defend himself against his accusers of an intention to violate the law and the Constitution, unless he be allowed to show what his action was upon the acts charged, and what purpose he avowed at the time? He produces General Sherman, to whom he offered the War Department *ad interim*, to prove his intention at that time. The majority resist that testimony because it damages their case. He produces his Cabinet to show what advice he received upon the constitutionality of the tenure of office act, and that the draft of the veto message was confided to Mr. Seward and Stanton, and also what steps were taken to test the question before the Supreme Court. They refuse that proof, because it would free the President from all blame, and convict Stanton of the baseness of claiming to hold office under a law for which he himself had prepared a veto. The prosecution claims that the alleged unlawful intention is presumed, merely because the President sought by judicial process to test the law, and that presumption is accepted by the majority, while positive proof to contradict it is rejected.

The Chief Justice, in presenting the question to the Senate, was as impartial as a judge could possibly be. He gave a deliberate opinion, with unanswerable reasons, on two occasions, that the testimony ought to be admitted, because the other side had been allowed full scope to sustain their charge of "intent." But this opinion had no weight with those who from the first moment were organized to convict, and who

have never cared for testimony of any kind, as was abundantly illustrated by the letter to Mr. Cameron concerning a place in Mr. Wade's Cabinet, while he pretends to be sitting as a member of the court of impeachment. He is a fair specimen of the judges who constitute the majority, but, we are glad to say, does not represent either the character or the integrity of a portion of the Republican Senators who still preserve their own self-respect, and are not prepared to outrage all the accepted proprieties of public life.

The country cannot fail to see in this reversal of the decision of the Chief Justice, and in the exclusion of all testimony on behalf of the President, a fixed resolution to deny him the opportunity of vindication, and any chance to let the whole truth appear, which has thus far been carefully prohibited. But one conclusion can be drawn from this arbitrary and offensive conduct. The impeachers know perfectly well that if all the facts should go before the country, they themselves would be convicted and condemned by the great jury of public opinion. Hence no effort has been spared to prejudice the mind of the nation by false assertions, and to prevent any such investigation as would reveal the real truth.

According to the doctrine laid down by the prosecution in this case, and dogmatically supported in the questions propounded by Mr. Howard and Mr. Williams on Saturday, the President is nothing else than an instrument to execute the edicts of Congress, whether good or bad, valid or invalid. He is to exercise no discretion, to have no conscience, and to hold no respect for his oath to "protect, preserve, and defend the Constitution." If he regards a law as unconstitutional, he must sign and execute it in defiance of all scruples. This sort of doctrine would completely extinguish the Executive as a coordinate branch of the Government, and make him the slave of Congress. How is the constitutionality of any law to be tested unless the President, who doubts the fact, initiates a proceeding, as was done in the case of Stanton, following out the advice which Stanton had himself given in regard to the law? And if an "unlawful intention" is to be presumed merely because such steps have been taken, what President would be safe from impeachment and removal for an honest endeavor to resolve his own doubts?

But these revolutionists, for such they are, and nothing else, go still further. They claim not only to be the makers of the law, but the judges of the law, and thus set aside the Judiciary as well as the President. They deny the Executive the right to have an opinion on an act of Congress, and in the same breath arrogate that authority to themselves, by assuming to give it a judicial construction, and propose to punish him with the severest penalties for not accepting it. What is this but an attempt to establish an oligarchy of the most odious kind, and to supersede the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land?

Throughout this trial there has been a manifest design to save Stanton and Grant from an exposure, which, if made, would inevitably react upon the Radicals, and exhibit the shameful injustice of their proceedings against the President. For that reason a majority has stood ready at all times and upon all questions to vote down any testimony bearing upon either of these two points. They have been so consistent in this practice that every name could be predicted before the call of the roll.

Whatever may be the final judgment of the Senate, it must be reviewed by a tribunal from which there is no appeal in a free country. This case has been tried from first to last by the prosecution in a partisan spirit, and with low appeals to partisan passions that disgrace the very name of justice. If conviction be obtained by such appliances as these, and by the exclusion of testimony which would have completely justified the President, then every actor concerned in the crime of his deposition will go down to posterity blackened and blasted with enduring infamy. A reaction will surely follow the perpetration of that des-

perate deed, if perpetrated it should be, as God's eternal retribution will overtake guilt, however hidden or disguised it may be from human eyes. That consummation is alone needed to fill the measure of outrage and tyranny which has marked the last three years of radical rule, and provoke such an uprising of the people as will make these Destructives tremble before the wrath of a betrayed, despoiled, and distracted country. Every man who lends himself to this crime will be branded on the brow with lasting scorn and detestation, and will find among his indignant and outraged countrymen such a welcome as Benedict Arnold would have received had he dared to confront their patriotic resentment. We do not believe that a class of statesmen and jurists in the Senate, who may fairly look to a future in public life, and who seek an honorable place in the history of these eventful times, can sacrifice their convictions of right to the demands of a selfish faction, which only seeks its own elevation and profit, or stain their good names with a surrender of principle which would consign them to even a worse doom than the ignorant and reckless partisans who have never cared to conceal their prejudices or their purpose in regard to this impeachment. Tranquil as the public mind now seems, it is a solemn calmness, full of the gravest danger, and announces the coming of a sweeping tempest.

### BROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought now I will have some fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal up so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring water on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle to get up, and I said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me. "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged, one day, just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along, and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel. God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He said, 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind God don't allow us to kill His pretty little creatures for fun.'

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now, you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and He never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think, when the blessed Jesus was a little boy, He would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as

much like Jesus as he can. The Bible says "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."

### WOULDN'T OWN UP.

Joe Stetson was a wild rollicking fellow who spent most of his time in drinking and sponging, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion, Joe left home to be back, as he said, that night. Night came, but Joe did not. The next day passed, but about sunset Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable, his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw meat than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed:

"Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?"

"Polly," said Joe, "do you know Jim Andrews? Well him and me had a fight?"

"Who whipped, Joe?" asked Polly.

"Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had anything since yesterday morning."

"But tell me who whipped, Joe," continued Polly.

"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you you never did see such a fight as me and him had. When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin him three or four of the most sufficient licks you ever hear of. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm nearly starved."

"Joe, do tell me who whipped," continued Polly.

"Polly," replied Joe, "you don't know nothing about fighting. I tell you we fought like tigers, we rolled and tumbled—first him on top then me on the shoulder and holler. Oh, my! Polly Stetson. We goug-ed and bit, and tore up the dirt in Seth Runnell's grocery yard woser nor two wild bulls. Polly, ain't supper most ready, I'm monstrous hungry."

Joe Stetson!" exclaimed Polly in a tone bristling with anger, "will you tell me who whipped?"

"Polly," said Joe, drawing a long sigh, "I hollered!"

### WHAT A PINT OF BRANDY DID.

A short time ago there was a dreadful murder in the streets of one of the New England cities. The young man who did the terrible deed had always been considered as good-hearted, a little wild, perhaps, but generous, industrious, and full of good impulses. But he woke up the next morning to learn that he was a murderer. I say to learn this, for he knew nothing about it. This is his story, witnessed to by others:

He and the murdered man were passing up the street arm in arm, to an evening lecture. Opposite a saloon they stopped to speak to a friend. The proprietor of the saloon, standing in his door, called the three young men to "come in, he had something to show them."

Once within, a game of cards was proposed; then one of the young men called for a pint of brandy—that's what he had to show them. "Some prime old cognac—new lot, just in."

So they played and drank, and there was a quarrel, and that was all the poor wretched, ruined young man knew about it. The poor fellow would wring his hands and walk up and down the prison cell, exclaiming:

"It was the pint of brandy that did it! He was my friend, and I loved him; I would never have harmed a hair of his head. Oh, it was the brandy!"

Now that was very true. And yet people say, speaking of him, "O, he ought to be hung! hanging is too good for him!"

But who was the most guilty? Ought the man who sold the brandy to go unpunished? And in the sight of heaven, isn't the rum-seller worse than this murderer? Is hanging "too good" for him, I wonder?

The Pacific Railroad is completed to within four miles of the highest summit on the entire route.