

Veto of the Arkansas Bill.

The following is the message of the President, transmitted to the House of Representatives, returning without his signature the bill to admit Arkansas to representation in Congress:

To the House of Representatives:

I return without my signature a bill entitled "An act to admit the State of Arkansas to representation in Congress."

The approval of this bill would be an admission on the part of the Executive that the "Act for the more efficient government of the rebel States," passed March 2, 1867, and the acts supplementary thereto, were proper and constitutional. My opinion, however, in reference to those measures has undergone no change, but, on the contrary, has been strengthened by the results which have attended their execution.

Even were this not the case, I could not consent to a bill which is based upon the assumption either that by an act of rebellion of a portion of its people the State of Arkansas seceded from the Union, or that Congress may, at its pleasure, exclude or exclude a State from the Union, or interrupt its relations with the Government by arbitrarily depriving it of representation in the Senate and House of Representatives. If Arkansas is a State not in the Union, this bill does not admit it as a State into the Union. If, on the other hand, Arkansas is a State in the Union, no legislation is necessary to declare it entitled to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union.

The Constitution already declares that "each State shall have at least one Representative;" that the Senate "shall be composed of two Senators from each State;" and "that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." That instrument also makes each House "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members;" and, therefore, all that is now necessary to restore Arkansas in all its constitutional relations to the Government is a decision by each House upon the eligibility of those who, presenting their credentials, claim seats in the respective Houses of Congress.

This is the plain and simple plan of the Constitution; and, believing that had it been pursued when Congress assembled in the month of December, 1865, the restoration of the States would long since have been completed, I once again recommend that it be adopted by each House, in preference to legislation which I respectfully submit is not only of at least doubtful constitutionality, and therefore unwise and dangerous as a precedent, but is unnecessary, not so effective in its operation as the mode prescribed by the Constitution, involves additional delay, and from its terms may be taken rather as applicable to a Territory about to be admitted as one of the United States than to a State which has occupied a place in the Union for upwards of a quarter of a century.

The bill declares the State of Arkansas "entitled and admitted to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union upon the following fundamental condition:

"That the constitution of Arkansas shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State: Provided, That any alteration of said constitution, prospective in its effect, may be made in regard to the time and place of residence of voters."

I have been unable to find in the Constitution of the United States any warrant for the exercise of the authority thus claimed by Congress. In assuming the power to impose a "fundamental condition" upon a State which has been duly "admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever," Congress asserts a right to enter a State as it may a Territory, and to regulate the highest prerogative of a free people—the elective franchise. This question is reserved by the Constitution to the States themselves, and to concede to Congress the power to regulate this subject would be to reverse the fundamental principle of the Republic, and to place in the hands of the Federal Government (which is the creature of the States) the sovereignty which justly belongs to the States or the people, the true source of all political power, by whom our Federal system was created, and to whose will it is subordinate.

The bill fails to provide in what manner the State of Arkansas is to signify its acceptance of the "fundamental condition" which Congress endeavors to make unalterable and irrevocable. Nor does it prescribe the penalty to be imposed should the people of the State amend or change the particular portions of the constitution which it is one of the purposes of the bill to perpetuate, but as to the consequences of such action leaves them in uncertainty and doubt. When the circumstances under which this constitution has been brought to the attention of Congress are considered, it is not unreasonable to suppose that efforts will be made to modify its provisions, and especially those in respect to which this measure prohibits any alteration. It is seriously questioned whether the constitution has been ratified by a majority of the persons who, under the act of March 2, 1867, and the acts supplementary thereto, were entitled to registration and to vote upon that issue. Section ten of the schedule provides that "no person disqualified from voting or registering under this constitution shall vote for candidates for any office, nor shall be permitted to vote for the ratification or rejection of this constitution at the polls herein authorized." Assumed to be in force before its adoption, in disregard of the law of Congress, the constitution undertakes to impose upon the elector other and further conditions. The fifth section of the eighth article provides that "all persons, before registering or voting," must take and subscribe an oath which, among others, contains the following clause:

"That I accept the civil and political equality of all men, and agree not to attempt to deprive any person or persons,

on account of race, color, or previous condition, of any political or civil right, privilege, or immunity enjoyed by any other class of men."

It is well known that a very large portion of the electors in all the States, it is not a large majority of all of them, do not believe in or accept the political equality of Indians, Mongolians, or negroes with the race to which they belong. If the voters of many of the States of the North and West were required to take such an oath as a test of their qualification, there is reason to believe that a majority of them would remain from the polls rather than comply with its degrading conditions.

How far and to what extent this test oath prevented the registration of those who were qualified under the laws of Congress, it is not possible to know; but that such was its effect, at least sufficient to overcome the small and doubtful majority in favor of this constitution, there can be no reasonable doubt.

Should the people of Arkansas, therefore, desiring to regulate the elective franchise so as to make it conform to the constitutions of a large proportion of the States of the North and West, modify the provisions referred to in the "fundamental condition," what is to be the consequence? Is it intended that a denial of representation shall follow? And if so, may we not dread, at some future day, a recurrence of the troubles which have so long agitated the country? Would it not be the part of wisdom to take for our guide the Federal Constitution, rather than resort to measures which, looking only to the present, may in a few years renew, in an aggravated form, the strife and bitterness caused by legislation which has proved to be so ill-timed and unfortunate?

ANDREW JOHNSON.
WASHINGTON, June 20, 1868.

Beauties of Military Rule.

To the Editor of the Charleston Mercury: DEAR SIR—As you are supposed to know everything, I would like some information on a point of interest which has puzzled us somewhat within the last few days:

A detachment of troops from Columbia was sent to this town during the past week, under command of a Lieutenant Connor, in consequence of the disturbance which had taken place. Within a short time after their arrival, I was ordered to appear at Lieutenant Connor's headquarters. Having obeyed the order, this is what took place: A soldier was called up, and having been solemnly required to hold up his right hand and swear, was interrogated: "Do you know this man" (myself)? Answer—"I do." "Did he ever give you anything to drink?" Answer—"He did." Connor—"That will do." Now, sir, what have you to say? Supposing he meant that I would have a chance of swearing too, I mildly suggested that course. Connor—"No, sir, you can't do that." Having no speech to make, I then innocently asked when I would be tried? Connor—"You are tried already, sir, and fined fifty dollars, which, unless you pay, you will be confined in prison until you do pay." The weather being warm, I paid the fifty dollars, and left a wiser, though a poorer man. Now, here is what I want you to tell me: I understand that the soldier received the one-fourth of that fifty dollars. Where did the balance go to? 2d. Supposing I had given this soldier a drink (which I deny), was there anything criminal in it so as to subject me to this large fine. Connor published no order forbidding either the giving or selling of liquor to soldiers until afterwards. Are civilians expected to know anything of the regulations of the soldier without such express notice? 3d. Is it right or just, or according even to military custom, that a citizen should be mulcted without being allowed a hearing? I could have proved myself that I had not given this fellow one drop; and could have shown by others, that he came to me to beg a drink and I refused him.—This same Connor on the same day fined another citizen fifty dollars for the same thing (one-fourth went to the same soldier, the balance is somewhere), who tendered the money under a written protest, and was ordered off to prison, and only released after much difficulty. The money was kept by Connor, the protest by the citizen.

I am satisfied these doings are not known at headquarters. It is very well they should be. And if it be wrong, I would not mind having this little lieutenant disgorge my fifty dollars. So would the other citizen, I think. Let the Lieutenant pay the soldier out of his own pocket twenty-five dollars, which was a good day's work, and more than his pay for several days. If it be all right, so let it be, only let us be sure of it. I am, respectfully, yours,
C. A. HARLEY.
Orangeburg, S. C., June 19, 1868.

A BRIDE CHANGES HER MIND.—The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman says: A girl living in the family of one of our city officials was wooed and won by a young man every way worthy of her, and last Friday was fixed as the time for tying the knot with the tongue that can't be untied with the teeth. Everything was prepared, the wedding harness purchased, the wedding supper spread, the guests invited, and the groom arrayed gorgeously, awaited on the appearance of the bride, who had retired to take the last look in the mirror. An hour passed, and yet she did not come. Another, and the groom and priest and guests began to get uneasy.—The lady of the house went after her, and found that she had disrobed herself of her bridal attire, and was again arrayed in the habiliments of ordinary life. Being asked the reason, she said she had changed her mind; she didn't want to marry; she liked the would-be husband well enough, but she had concluded to die an old maid.—He begged, implored, entreated, but all in vain. She had made up her mind not to marry, and marry she wouldn't.

To-morrow may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in our title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seat of midnight—behind the veil of glistening constellation.—Chaplin.

Home, Sweet Home.

Night dropped her shadowy veil over London, and the mantle of mists that all day long had enveloped the city grew more dense, and fell in beaded drops of rain. The gas-lights burned brightly at the corners, but it was a dreary night to be out in. Yet crowds filled the streets, for even in night storms the great thoroughfares are never deserted. Guilt and wretchedness are always wakeful and abroad. To realize a desolation of loneliness, one must be a stranger in a crowded city, with a sensitive nature, and a refinement that sinks from rude contacts, and uncongenial companionship.

Alone in the country, with the blue sky above us, and the green grass beneath our feet, there are charms that woo us to forgetfulness. There is music in the running stream, and beauty in the flowers that grow upon its banks. Some German writer—I have forgotten who—has called flowers the stars of earth, and stars the flowers of heaven. Fair and radiant flowers they are and shed their brightness on the smoke-wreathed city, but in their matchless, softened, and mellowed light, seem to linger more pleasantly on green fields and waving corn.

Alone in London! Dreary and desolate reality, that swelled almost to bursting a weary and aching heart. The stranger gathered his thin cloak around his shivering form, and drew his face with a sensitive shrinking from the crowd that rudely jostled past him. He was alone in London, and very poor, not even a shilling to procure a scanty supper.

Somewhere in a dark part of the city, where the gas-lights were few, up many flights of stairs, was the garret in which he slept, but in it there was nothing save the darkness, one broken chair, and a wretched bed with its scanty covering.

When he entered this desolate chamber on nights like this, an unseen company surrounded him, the spirits of the viewless air, and in the wailing of the wind, they told him strange, mysterious tales of wretchedness and dread, until, half wild with dark imaginings, he rushed forth in the night and the pelting storm. Thus through the chilling sleet and rain he walked the streets, looking into the hard faces of the passers-by, and wondering if, in all London there was another man who had no one to care for him, no one to love him. And then he thought how deliciously strange it would seem to him—a stranger and a wanderer for many years—to be loved.

He hoped the blessed light would dawn upon him, but in the darkness of this night it seemed a great way off. The cloud of novelty and gloom that wrapped his heart was too cold and deep he feared, for human sympathy and love to penetrate. He seemed to see before him, Fate, with wield fingers, weaving the mystic web of his lonely destiny, and as he watched the phantom hands with feverish intensity, he wondered that if, at some future day, that a mantle of brightness might fall upon him instead of a pall. A strain of sweet, sad music broke in upon his lonely musings. Over all refined natures, music has an absorbing power, and though it often fills the soul with sadness, it casts upon it the spell of an irresistible fascination; and the stranger paused in his desolate walk to listen to the song. The windows of the princely mansion were but half veiled and he could see the happy group that surrounded the piano, and the fair girl that sang the soft minor air which sank into the listener's heart.

He was a poet, and had written songs of tenderness and love for others to sing. Himself, he could not sing with such a weight upon his heart. The light of genius was in his eye, and the imagery of a fervid imagination gathered around his brain, and the poet's native impulse, loving warm and true, lived within his heart. In the sensitive and gifted, the longing for sympathy and love is far more intense than in ruder natures, and all his life long his heart had yearned with passionate eagerness for the pure delights of home, and the bliss of sympathy and love.

The song was over, but still he lingered, watching the firelight's fitful glow, as it shed its ruddy sheen upon the changing group. Again the fair girl took her seat at the piano, and sang with inimitable grace and beauty, the song, "Home, Sweet Home." It was hissing!

He, the homeless wanderer, had written "Home, Sweet Home." He stood out in darkness and night listening to his song, the child of his own heart and brain, and looking in at the window of "Home, Sweet Home," knew that in all the world there was no home for him.

The song ended. He sat down on the stone steps of the stately mansion, with the rain beating heavily upon him; and burying his face in his hands in the bitterness of his heart. Years passed away, and still he was a homeless wanderer. Often in the streets of London, Berlin and Paris, he heard "Home, Sweet Home," which in all lands and all hearts had become a household word.

Later in life he became consul to Tunis, and died a stranger in a strange land. Never, save in his dreams, had he known the bliss of "Home, Sweet Home."

A General Council of the Catholic Church throughout the world is authoritatively announced to take place at Rome during the next, or the ensuing winter. This council, it is stated, will be deliberative in its character, and will be the first General Council of the Catholic Church that has been held since the famous Council of Trent. The object of this Grand Council are said to be political rather than religious. Cardinal Manning, in England, asserts that the church is to take ground, once for all, against the alleged infidel and revolutionary tendencies of the times, and interpose as a bulwark against anarchy and the dissolution of society.

A Foreigner, who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large watermelons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed:—"What! don't you raise larger apples than those in America?" The quick witted woman immediately replied:—"Anybody might know that you're a foreigner; them's gooseberries!"

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

Strange Romance.

We copy the following from a recent letter of "Evelyn," the New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile Sunday Times: I have before said that romances in real life are more common than people suppose and have remarked that few notice romances and plots unless set out and adorned by the skill of a romantic writer. A plot for a novel, or a study for a story, has recently come under my observation. Something like two years ago young M—, the son of one of the wealthiest men in Louisiana, fell deeply in love with a young lady of a neighboring parish. His love was returned with warmth, and they were engaged. But now an obstacle came in their way. M—'s father opposed the match. For sometime he kept this secret from his fiancee, and meanwhile she was making preparations for her marriage. She was an orphan, but had been left a small property, which, valuable before the war, brought her but little over \$8,000. This she expended upon her trousseau, feeling that, as her intended husband was rich, she had no necessity for saving, and that she should make her appearance worthy of their station.

As the time drew near when they were to be united, M— seemed to change towards her, and grew cool and serious. In vain she tried, with all the arts which love could suggest, to learn the secret of the change, but he did not confide in her, and she could only wait and wonder. At last the time for the ceremony came, and M— was forced to make a confession. He said that his father forbade the match, that he had supposed her an heiress when he engaged himself to her, and now he could not marry her against his father's will. The shock which this gave the young girl can be imagined. Naturally one will say that she should have despised him, and felt herself fortunate in making her escape; but, on the contrary, it was then only that she felt how much she loved him. She had given herself without reserve, and so far as she was concerned, she was his forever. For the next year and a half she was in a convent, entirely excluded from the world; but some two months ago she was persuaded to come to this city, and remained here for some two or three weeks.

One day she received a letter which seemed to disturb her, and on going to her room later, a friend found her on her knees, praying for the man who had deserted her. He was very sick in the country, and begged her to come to him. On that very day M—'s father died, and the funeral notice was handed to her as she stepped into the carriage to go to the cars. For a week nothing was heard from her, but soon we got the finale of the romance. The girl had gone immediately to M—'s bedside, and found him very ill, attended by his two sisters. He told her that he was dying, and now that his father was gone, wished to make her his wife. They were married. A will was made by him, giving her one-half of his large fortune, the other half to his two sisters, and the next day he followed his father from earth. Contrary to the advice of her friends, the young maiden widow announces her intention of retiring to the convent for life.

GEN. FORREST.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal thus describes an interview with the old cavalry chieftain:

"I didn't want to go to the National Democratic Convention," said Forrest. "In fact, it did not cross my mind until it was urged on me by some of the most prominent citizens and politicians in Tennessee. I thought at the start that it would be imprudent to send me; but they argued differently, and when I at last gave my consent, I did not feel at liberty to retire and leave my friends to hold the bag. Two or three times in the State Convention, while they were debating the question, I had had a mind to draw out, and failed to do so because I consider that when a man has put himself in the hands of others, he has no right to be run off by false delicacy."

"You mean to go, of course?" "To be sure I do. It won't be more curious, I reckon, to see me in a Democratic convention than it was to see Joe Brown in a radical convention."

"But he's recanted all his sins, and you haven't in other words, he goes with the ruling power, and you don't." "There is a good deal of mistake about that," he answered. "The radicals like Joe Brown because he is a radical. I suppose the same rule would apply to me with the Democrats. Why, sir, the warmest reception I've had since the war was from Gen. Sherman. I'm not afraid of the Democratic soldiers or the Republican soldiers. I like Gen. Hancock, and I don't believe there is a brave or reasonable Union soldier who dislikes or doubts me as a man. I went into the war because my vote had been unable to preserve the peace. I took a through ticket, of course, and I fought and lost as much as any one else; certainly as much as I could. Now the war's over, and I'm under oath to keep my parole. Suppose I consider myself an outlaw, and refuse to take part in what's going on, does that help me keep my oath? Won't folks that are disposed to be ill-natured say I'm sullen and dangerous, and only waiting a chance to break out in a fresh place? That's what they have said. Now I give the country a sort of hostage in addition to my parole when I join an active, organized body of Union men in the North, and I proclaim when I go to New York that I am at least as well reconstructed as Joe Brown, who was an original secessionist."

"Are you committed to any candidate?" "None whatever, except as the Nashville Convention committed me. I guess the delegation will have no trouble deciding who it will go for. We don't want to dictate to the party. What we do want is the best man. It isn't because we hate Grant that we are anxious to beat his ticket. It's because the radicals won't give us a chance if they keep in power. Look at Tennessee. That's radicalism, and that's why I'm a Democrat."

Among the obituary notices of a country paper, recently appeared the following: "Mr. —, of Malvern, age eighty-three, passed peacefully away on Tuesday evening last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack, by Mrs. —, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

THE CHARLESTON HOUSE, KING STREET, 289. STOLL, WEBB & CO., DRY GOODS DEALERS. DOMESTIC STORE. LACE STORE. PLANTER'S GOODS. Wholesale Department, Up Stairs, 237 and 239 King Street.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c., &c. J. J. Baker, DEALER IN PURE DRUGS. AT the sign of the Golden Mortar, No. 3 Brick Range, Anderson, C. H., S. C.

OILS, VARNISHES, &c. JUST in store, a large lot of Varnishes, including Coach, from \$1 to \$8 per gallon. Pure Train Oil, including refined, Linseed, Pure Train Oil, from \$1 to \$1.50 per gallon.

Keese & McCully, DEALERS IN HEAVY DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BAYON, LARD, &c., &c. NO. 10 GRANITE ROW, Anderson, C. H., S. C.

SHARPE & FANT, BROKERS, No. 7 Granite Row, ANDERSON, C. H., S. C. STOCKS, Bonds, Gold and Exchange on New York and Charleston, and uncurrent Bank Bills bought and sold.

BENSON HOUSE, ANDERSON, S. C. THE undersigned has taken charge of the above well-known Hotel, and is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in the very best style.

LAURENS RAILROAD. New Schedule. OFFICE LAURENS RAILROAD, Laurens C. H., S. C., April 29, 1868.

EVERGREEN MILLS. ARE in first rate order, having been recently improved by the introduction of a NEW SMUT MACHINE and NEW BOLTING CLOTHS.

WHITNER & WHITNER, COUNSELLORS AT LAW. WILL practice in the Courts of Law and Equity in the Western Circuit, the United States Courts for South Carolina, and pay particular attention to Bankruptcy.

PENDLETON FACTORY. THE WOOL CARDS. AT this place are now in complete running order. All the Wool offered will be carded into balls of the best quality at short notice.

Change of Schedule on the C. & C. Railroad. ON and after FRIDAY, the 6th instant, Passenger Trains will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows:

Charleston Hotel, CHARLESTON, S. C. THE undersigned, respectfully informs his friends and the traveling public, that the above named Hotel, and refurnished and refitted, in all its departments.

TO PLANTERS, MERCHANTS, AND SPECULATORS. ON and after this day we will be prepared to make advances on cotton and all other produce, shipped to Geo. W. Williams & Co., Charleston, or Williams, Taylor & Co., New York.

J. B. MCGEE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, ANDERSON, C. H., S. C. Offers his services to the public generally in this and surrounding Districts, and will charge moderate commissions.

GREGG & CO., Importers and Dealers in GROCERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c. Corner Richardson and Taylor Streets COLUMBIA, S. C.

PAVILION HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C. BOARD, PER DAY, - - - - \$5.00. Mrs. H. L. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietress.

NICKERSON'S HOTEL, COLUMBIA, S. C. Passengers conveyed to and from the Depots, free of charge. T. S. NICKERSON, Proprietor.

Coffee and Sugar. FOR sale at the lowest market price for cash, or for exchange for country produce, by CATER & WALTERS.