The Fayetteville News.

VOL 2.] FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1867. [NO.-64.

THE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

:o:

H. L. & J. H. MYROVER,

Editors and Proprietors,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TERMS:

Weekly,	One year,	$3 00
Do.	Six months,	2 00

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, [1 inch or less] first insertion,	$1 00
" " each subsequent insertion....	60
For one year, one square.....	15 00
For six months, "	9 00
For three months, "	6 00
For Quarter Column, 5 squares, 3 months,	$25
" " " 6 "	
" " " 9 "	60
" " " 12 "	75
For Half Column, 10 squares 3 "	40
" " " 6 "	75
" " " 9 "	100
" " " 12 "	125
For One Column, 20 squares, 3 months,	75
" " " 6 "	125
" " " 9 "	150
" " " 12 "	200

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, was retained for a time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Province. and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company, assembled in his saloon, heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees as Napoleon assumed the power and the authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchial habitudes were revived one by one. Among the other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored, and Bonaparte himself was punctual in his appearauce at the chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions.—nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the choirists, and great crowds of busy, talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen with their suite and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the face and form of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, the brilliant eye, the graceful figure of this personage, caused mere uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent no less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day, at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just down at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was. though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and who was probably desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family.

With such guesses as this the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of the same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out accompanied by his wife, his brother Joseph, Generals Duroc and Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Lewis Bonaparte.

The king of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the reins.—Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party returned quickly to the Consul and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand in his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder Josephine read these words: "Do not ride out in your carriage to day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte, "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of the coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the First Consul aside.

"Citizen Consul," said he, had you not struck the stone, and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!"

"How?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a massive bomb, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled. Things had been so arranged that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees in the Park of St. Cloud. There must be some treachery close at hand. Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word, then," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres, tell none of them; and let the Government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time. At length he said: "Duroc, you come to-morrow to mass in the Chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery by the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed—and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself. I would not have the police interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?"

"I have, Citizen, Consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte.

The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfill his own duties.

On the morrow the eye of more than one person was turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confidant, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the services that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. She was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison; the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuilleries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartment of the last of these palaces. It was the 3d of the month, which the Republicans well called *nivoss*, and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper, crying:

"Citizen, Consul! read, read!"

Bonaparte, with that smile, which Burrienne describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive.

"A petition, madame?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall present it, and see justice done!"

"Citizen Consul!" cried the woman imploringly, joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses and off they sprung with the speed of lightning. Napoleon, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions:

"I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along; it was just issuing from the Street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard mingling with and followed by a crash of broken windows. The infernal machine had exploded!

Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises on such occasions.

All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte alone was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Hayden, which was executed on that evening.

Suddenly he remembered the paper put in his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:—

"In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to night; if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas."

The warning came, in some respects, too late.

On reading these words, the First Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box in the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of St. Cloud, and with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chesnut hair and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly, to Lannes, "go to the box directly opposite to us on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a dark mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries. I must see her;" and without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was all in vain. The boxkeeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois; but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the Empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hours of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot on the bank which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last were standing by him to give him a final adieu. He waived his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lips which had recently given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of womanhood; not a girl, but yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at any time have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest to her appearance even at that moment. "Sire!" said she, presenting a paper at that moment, "read! read!" The Emperor took the epistle presented to him, but kept his eye on the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze of St. Cloud, to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc and all his friends came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of short duration. Napoleon shook his head and held the paper up to his eye. After perusing its contents he took the paper between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire," said the woman, "follow the advice! Be warned! It is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, held it out to the woman. She took it kneeling, and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head the Emperor then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus of the three warnings, two were useless because neglected uniil the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated Napoleon's fate if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholos, died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that round her neck was suspended by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

DID HE HIT THE OWL?—Sydney Smith said that a Scotchman needed a surgical operation before he could get a joke through his head. The following story illustrates the dullness of some people, and yet it has a suggestive moral; that is, make your point plain—hit something:

One day a man went into a store and began telling about a fire. There never had been such a fire in Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl and the wadding somehow or other getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country, etc. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" said one. "Why the deacon will nigh break down under it," said another. And so they went on speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up and asked, "Did he hit the owl?"

FISH CULTURE.—It appears that experiments in the culture of fish have been attended with success in other countries as well as our own. As an instance, we see it stated that, eight years ago, on that portion of the little river Ribble, in England, which lies between the borough of Preston and the sea, only 96 salmon were taken. Last year the number caught in the same part of the river was 16,000. This is the result of stocking the stream anew, of preventing the throwing of noxious substances into its waters, and of otherwise attending to the habits of this finny species. The report of the English Commissioners tells the same story about several other British streams. In many of them the value of the fish taken in one season is estimated at ten times the cost of stocking.

A SPLENDID DESCRIPTION.

On a certain occasion, one Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor." "There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his long bony finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet, "there is the liquid that God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, doth our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up in the mountain tops where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and far out on the wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves sound the chorus sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, the beverage of life—health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in summer rain, shining in the ice gems, till they seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly around the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the earth, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life-water, no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows weep not burning tears in its depths! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered "No!"

THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.—We are indebted to Mr. G. L. Bidgood for a photograph of General R. E. Lee, taken from the famous life sized portrait painted by Mr. E. C. Bruce in this city, during the autumn and winter of 1864-'65, and which received the enthusiastic praises of all acquainted with the subject.

The Enquirer of February 2d, 1865, pronounced "the head unquestionably a splendid triumph," and the staff and family of the General concurred in the opinion that it was the best likeness ever taken of him. A majority of the Virginia House of Delegates voted to purchase the picture for the State, but the close of the war prevented the completion of the purchase.

The picture represents the old hero standing upon a battle-field after a victory. His conquering troops pressing on in pursuit of the flying foe, have left him standing almost alone, leaning upon the carriage of a captured gun. The attitude is natural and easy; his head is bare; in one hand is the felt hat so familiar to every Southron, in the other is his field glass. In the background a courier restrains the ardor of two spirited horses, while the surroundings are eminently suggestive of a hardly foughten field. Shot and shell and broken muskets strew the ground, and the lurid smoke of the conflict shrouds the scene and rolls away in the distance.

The picture is eight by twelve, and is sold by agents only, and can be had at the book-store of Mr. Bidgood. Price $1.

Richmond Enquirer

The London Zoological Gardens

surpass everything of the kind that is to be found elsewhere in the world. They are not a mere show of wild beasts, but a true zoological collection, with a scientific grouping and arrangement. The number of animals, all living, was, on December thirty-first, 2,013. Of these 535 are quadrupeds, 1,305 birds, and 171 reptiles. The list makes no effort to number the swarming occupants of the aquaria. Nearly four hundred thousand pounds have been spent in the last two years in procuring new animals. For warming, lodging, and tending these animals, building new houses, and tending the garden, etc., the outlay, last year, was £5,928. The number of visitors during the year was 527,349. There is one point in which these gardens are unrivalled. The great wealth of the English scientific societies enables them easily to outbid all other menageries for new and rare animals. If in any sea or zone a curious animal is found, it is sure to gravitate to London, just as all the new *tenori* and *soprani* are sure to go there, where they get a pound for each franc they get on the Continent. Last year there were exhibited between sixty and seventy species that had not been exhibited before. The most remarkable of these was a splendid sea bear, (*Otario,*) of which no specimen had before been brought alive to Europe. This animal was a curious combination of the common seal and terrestrial carnivora, and was caught in the Antarctic.

Important Speech by Senator Wade.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, June 10.—Senator Wade, President of the U. S. Senate, delivered a significant impromptu speech, to-day, in reply to calls from a crowd of citizens, in front of the hotel where the excursionist dined. He declared unequivocally in favor of female suffrage reiterating views expressed in the Senate last spring; declared that neither Johnson nor the devil could tempt Congress to desert the people; said the Southerners now had the mildest terms offered them they ever would get, and that if they rejected them, the screw would be given another turn, and they would be compelled to yield. The Senator added that another struggle was over us; that Congress, which has done so much for the slave, cannot quietly regard the great distinction that exists between laborer and employer; property is not fairly divided, and a more equal distribution must be wrought out. If you dull heads, he said, cannot understand this, the women will, and canvassers, upon the eve of an election, will have to tell the laborers what they will do for them. Men should not be compelled to labor until life has worn out and being is a curse, nor can this always be the case here, where every man is a capitalist to a certain extent. These inequalities are not felt as they are in the East; every man there who was subject to a capitalist ought to leave him and get two hours nearer sundown forthwith. He (Wade) pledged himself to advocate boldly and persistently the natural rights of man, and predicted the most important commercial results from the completion of the Pacific Road. He was frequently applauded.

Further from Mexico.

New York, June 10.—A special to the Herald, dated Queretaro, 26th ultimo, says Escobedo issued an order that all officers hiding, who did not surrender in twenty-four hours, would be summarily shot when captured. Mendez did not give himself up, and was captured on Saturday night and was shot early on Sunday morning in the public park. He met his fate like a brave man.

Col. Campas, commander of Maximilian's body guard, was also shot. No other executions are known to have taken place, though many are suspended.

All the French officers are missing.

The principal prisoners are confined together, in a church, in different quarters.

Maximilian continues ill of dysentery.

The wife of the Prince Salm Salm, who is an American lady, and closely related to President Johnson, made her way alone to President Juarez at San Luis to intercede for her husband's life and that of the Emperor. This lady has sped so far on her brave mission that yesterday on her arrival here from San Luis, she, the Emperor and Prince Salm Salm had a long interview with Escobedo, and there is reason to believe terms were arranged by which the lives of most of the foreigners will be spared.

Ritualism in England.

The Pall Mall Gazette professes to have found the key of the ritualistic controversy. Here it is:

"It is a question of power, and the question is, Who is to be the master in the Church of England—the clergy or the congregation? We can hardly doubt what the answer will be when the issue is once made throughly clear to the common understanding. The average Briton can put up with a great deal. So long as the clergyman confines himself to sermons he will only growl in a hardly articulate manner, and will, for the most part, solace himself by sitting still and thinking of other things. But when he fully understands that the clergyman is not content with being a sort of authorized official squire or lecturer, but claims in addition, to be the master of his parishioners, divinely, with all manner of mysterious authority over them, and when he perceives that ritualism is only one way of asserting and exercising his authority, he will feel called upon to make his clerical friends know their places, as his forefathers did three hundred years ago. He will give them to understand that he utterly disbelieves their divine commission, their power to forgive sins, to extort confessions, to work invisible miracles, and the like; he will make them feel that the Church is not the property of the clergy, but the property of the nation; that it is for the public, as represented by Parliament, to decide how it shall be used and for what purposes, and not to the clergy, either individually or collectively. When launched upon these reflections the laity will probably take into consideration some other topics which have been left untouched for a long time. They will be a little apt to ask who appoint and remove the clergy? and whether the congregation have not a certain degree of interest in the subject which ought to be recognized by the law as well as the interests of the clergy themslves and those of their patrons? Such questions will, most assuredly, be asked before long, and will press for an answer in a most urgent manner."

THE GRAPE.—The three best and chief varieties of American grapes—the Isabella, the Catawba and the Scuppernong—may be said to be natives of North Carolina.

The first received its designation in honor of Mrs. Isabella Gibbs, of North Carolina, whose husband carried a vine from the garden of Governor Smith, in Brunswick, to New York, and planted it on Long Island. For table use it is now, perhaps, more universally cultivated than any other grape.

We are not prepared with the evidences as to the indigenousness to this State of the Catawba, but such is the reputation of its nativity. We know the fact, only, that it abounds in various localities, and that all the physical indications are in favor of its luxuriant and profitable culture.

The delicious Scuppernong, (or as we find it written in the earliest records, "*es sco-pernon*") is undoubtedly native, and exists in our midst in almost incredible abundance. The first explorers of the State, Raleigh and others, found the vines stretching in all directions in the primeval woods, covered with their heavy clusters of fruit, as Lawson mentions with an enthusiasm rather foreign to the style of his quaint historical narrative.

Raleigh Sentinel.

From the Baltimore Sun.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The following are copies of the original telegrams of Generals Grant and Sheridan relative to the threatened removal of Governors Throckmorton and Wells. These communication were made over two months ago, but, although frequently referred to in the newspapers, have never yet been published:

NEW ORLEANS, P. M., April, 1867.—Gen. U. S. Grant: I transmit by mail, to day, a communications from Gen. Griffin, in which he asks for the removal of Gov. Throckmorton, of Texas. I feel like Griffin on the subject, that he ought to be removed, and I fear I will be obliged to remove the Governor of Louisiana. He is impeding me as much as he can. I will commence the registration of Louisiana as soon as the supplemental bill reaches me officially. I feel myself fully equal to the new task; and hope to get through with it creditably to the military. I send Griffin's application and this telegram, asking the benefit of your judgment. It is my intention to make but few removals.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen'l.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Maj. General P. H. Sheridan, New Orleans, Louisiana: I would advise that no removal of Governors of States be made at present. It is a question now under consideration whether the power exists under the law to remove, except by special act of Congress, or by trial under the sixth section of the act promulgated in orders 33.

U. S. GRANT, General."

Attorney General Stanbery's opinion, as recently published, was so imperfectly transmitted or printed that he has determined that the forthcoming opinion on the powers of the military commanders shall not be given to the public until printed copies of it can be prepared for transmission by mail to the leading journals of the country. The main points of this opinion were submitted to and approved by the Cabinet to-day

The Cabinet also has under consideration the matter of the Indian troubles and Sheridan's removal of Governor Wells.

Upon the former subject, the sentiment of the administration is generally in accordance with the views expressed by General Sherman, and steps will be taken immediately to correct the abuses practiced by Indian agents, contractors, quartermasters, &c.

The action of General Sheridan in the removal of Gov. Wells does not meet the approval of the administration. The reconstruction acts are regarded by the Cabinet as exceedingly oppressive and harsh in themselves, and they think that such a construction of the law should not be permitted, where by greater hardships can be worked.

The opinion of the Cabinet is that there is no warrant of law for the removal of State officers. All statesment about socalled "rings" having urged the President to remove Gen. Sheridan have but slight foundation. But one person a Louisianian, a politician and a radical, has suggested Gen, Sheridan's removal, and Mr. Johnson has not encouraged any one to believe that he entertained the idea of such a removal. The stories about the President's intention on this subject are manufactured by persons totally unadvised of the purposes or intentions of the administration.

Telegrams that the President is very ill are untrue. Mr. Johnson was scarcely ever in better health than he was yesterday and today, and except a slight cold on Sunday last, he has not been ill for about the last two or three weeks.

DATA

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The public debt statement for June 1 shows an unexpected reduction during May of $5,170,156 in the net obligations of the government, funded and unfunded. In the details, the principal changes as compared with the May exhibit are shown to be an increase of over $61,000,000 in the five-twenty six per cent. coin-bearing bonds, doubtless all in the form of the new issue of 1865. This increase is more than off-set by the retirement of about $37,500,000 of seven-thirties, over four millions of compound interest notes, and half a million of fractional currency, together with the addition of nearly thirty nine millions to the currency reserve in the treasury, during the month of May. The coin reserve in the treasury stood at $98,758,418, June 18, against $114,250,444 May 1, the decrease being mainly accounted for by the heavy coin-interest disbursements of the month, which through the sub-treasury in this city alone exceeded sixteen millions. The matured debt was reduced over two millions in May.

THE PETITION FOR THE PARDON OF JEFF. DAVIS.—Paul Bagley, the famous pardon manager, is responsible for the genuineness of the following letter of Gov. Worth, of North Carolina:—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
RALEIGH, JUNE 1, 1867.

It is represented to me by the Rev. Paul Bagley, that Governor Sharkey, S. J. Walker, and many other distinguished gentlemen, have joined in a petition to Jefferson Davis and the President of the United States, requesting the former to petition the latter for a pardon for participation in the late rebellion or civil war, and also praying the President to grant the pardon. I do not know the reasons that influence Mr. Davis in refusing to ask for the pardon, and therefore decline to ask him to prefer the petition; but I have no hesitation in saying that I think humanity and public policy would justify and require the granting of the pardon upon a proper application.

JONATHAN WORTH,
Governor of North Carolina.

The heavy rains of last week caused much damage to the growing crops of cotton and corn in the counties of Anson, Richmond and Montgomery. The wheat, just maturing, was also materially injured. The Wadesboro' Argus says that the cotton on many plantations between that place and Charlotte was so badly injured last week by the cool weather, that many farmers had it plowed up and corn planted instead.

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY.—A Wisconsin man says: "I came to this State twenty years ago without a red cent; and by hard work and honest dealing I have held my own up to this day."