GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's grave me an odd idea that he was a square stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*also Georgiana wife of the above*," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trowsers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first distinct impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw, damp afternoon toward evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the church yard; and that Tobias Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, George and Robert, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church-porch. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, Sir!"

"Tell us your name!" said the man.—"Quick!"

"Pip, Sir."

"Once more," said the man. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, Sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the people under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips at me, "what fat cheeks you ha' got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Damned if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I ha'nt half a mind to 't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it, partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookie here!" said the man "where's your mother?"

"There, Sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oho!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir!" said I, "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with, supposin' your kindly let to live, which I ha'nt made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and lifted me back as far he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now, lookie here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"Then get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "if you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, and the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and spoke in the following terms:

"You bring me to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your haven't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any particklerer, no matter how small the partickler, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am.—There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel of light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way up to him and tear him open. I am keepin' that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Good good night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were stealing the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he

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THE SUN.

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THE WEEKLY SUN

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

The Hypocrisy of Treason.

The Louisville *Journal* is showing up the false pretences under which the BRECKINRIDGE disunionists obtained the votes of Union men in Kentucky in the last presidential election. It quotes the following extracts from a speech made at Frankfort on the 18th of July, 1860, by Mr. BRECKINRIDGE:

Fellow-citizens, as to the charge that the convention to which I owe my nomination, or that the friends that supported me, or that I myself am tainted with a spirit of disunion, how absurd it must sound to a Kentucky audience, and in this old district too. I, an American citizen, a Kentuckian, who never did an act nor cherished a thought that was not full of devotion to the Constitution and the Union!

We live under the best Government on earth. This is the only country in the world where experiment has demonstrated that free institutions may be established over a great population and a large area of country and be compatible with public order.

That Constitution was framed and transmitted by the wisest generation of men that ever lived in the tide of time. It may be called an inspired instrument. Let us keep it, and keep it pure.

The *Journal* also gives an extract from a speech made by Hon. JOHN M. ELLIOTT, now a furious disunionist. ELLIOTT said:

The man who calls either myself or JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE a disunionist *lies in his teeth and in his throat, and I will stain the earth with his blood.*

The *Journal*, commenting on these declarations, says:

These were the *professions* in the last canvass of the leading Kentucky disunionists. The event has shown that these professions were false, and the original purpose entertained by the disunionists in and out of Kentucky was, at all hazards, to effect a dissolution of the Union. Two things are plain: 1. The disunion party have had a programme on hand for years, and that programme has been carried out to the letter. 2. The disunion leaders in Kentucky have been cognizant of this scheme, and are now opposed to any settlement which looks to a re-establishment of the Union.

Editor of the New York Sun: Sir—As a reader of your journal for the last ten years, I hope you will excuse me troubling you with a few lines on an editorial which appeared in yours of 5th inst. wherein you assert that "England has usurped entire control over the domestic affairs of Scotland." Now I (an unfortunate Scotchman) will not go so far as your correspondent "A. M." in characterizing this assertion as "false"—but nevertheless there appears to me a considerable *economy of truth* in it. I hope I am open to conviction, but I am not aware that England, since the union, has ever attempted to usurp any "control over the domestic affairs of Scotland." It is true, that from time to time measures essentially Scottish are brought before the Imperial Parliament, and are there legislated upon; but you ignore the fact that Parliament is as much an Irish and Scotch as it is an *English* Parliament. True, England has a large majority of members, but her wealth and population are also much greater; and on purely Scottish questions Scotchmen have generally more reason to complain of her own representatives than of those of England. As a clincher, I suppose, to your assertion, and to shut up poor "A. M." you tell him, in your issue of the 6th, that the *English* Parliament has a Scottish Fisheries Bill before it now, and add rather exultingly that "the very catching of fish is made subject to Governmental control." Pray, Mr. Sun, is the "catching of fish" never made a subject of "Governmental control" in this country? Sir, the people of Scotland are as jealous of their liberty today as ever they were; but they are precisely satisfied that their union compact has been observed in good faith by England, and being a *thinking* people, are more on the trap of "English usurpation will not pass current with them. You must look in another direction for that. No country in Europe has prospered more than has Scotland since the union, and with prosperity thus in a manner the honor and the glory of England is looked upon by Scotchmen as *theirs*; and her disasters and misfortunes as theirs also.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN CLARK.

165 Bridge street, Brooklyn, June 7, 1861.

Civil Basis of Sunday Laws.

EXTRACT FROM THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT, FEBRUARY TERM, 1861.—In the case of GUSTAV LINDENMULLER, Plaintiff in Error, vs. THE PEOPLE, Defendants in Error, convicted under the Act of April, 1860, of giving dramatic representations on Sunday. As a civil and political institution, the establishment and regulation of a Sabbath is within the just power of the civil government. Older than our government, the framers of the Constitution did not abolish, alter or weaken its sanction, but recognized, as they might otherwise have established it. It is a law of our nature that one day in seven should be observed as a time of relaxation, and experience proves a day of weekly rest to be "of admirable service to a state, considered merely as a civil institution." (4 Bl. Com. 63) Physical laws accord with the decalogue. All interests require national uniformity in the day observed, and that its observances should be so far compulsory as to protect those who desire and are entitled to the day.

As a civil institution, the sanction of the day is at the option of the legislature; but it is fit that the Christian Sabbath should be observed by a Christian people, and it does not detract from the moral or legal sanction of a statute that it conforms to the law of God, as recognized by the great majority of the people. Existing here by common law, all that the legislature attempts to do is to regulate its observance. The common law recognizes the day; contracts, land redemption, etc., maturing on Sunday, must be performed on Saturday or Monday. Judicial acts on the Sabbath are mostly illegal. Work done on Sunday cannot be recovered for, etc.

As the Sabbath is older than the government, and has been legislated upon by colonial and early state authorities, if there were any doubt about the meaning of the Constitution securing freedom in religion, the cotemporaneous and continued acts of the legislature under it would be very good evidence of the intent of its framers, and of the people who adopted it as their fundamental law. From 1788 downward, various statutes have been in force to prevent Sabbath desecration, and prohibiting acts upon that day which would have been lawful on other days. Early in the history of the state government, the objections made to the act of 1860 were taken before the Council of Revision to an act which undertook to regulate Sabbath observance. The Council overruled the objections and held them not well taken. The act now complained of complies no religious observance, and offences against it are punishable not as sins against God, but as injurious to society. It rests upon the same foundation as a multitude of other statutes—such as those against gambling, lotteries, horse racing, etc.—laws which do restrain the citizens and deprive him of some of his rights; but the legislature have the right to prohibit acts injurious to the public, subversive of the government, and which tend to the destruction of the morals of the people, and to disturb the peace and good order of society. It is exclusively for the legislature to determine what acts should be prohibited as dangerous to the community. Give every one what are claimed as natural rights, and the list of *mala prohibita* of every civilized state would disappear, and civil offences would be confined to those acts which are *mala in se*; and a man may go naked through the streets, establish houses of prostitution, and keep a faro table on every street corner. This would be repugnant to every idea of a civilized government. It is the right of the citizens to be protected from offences against decency and against acts which tend to corrupt the morals and debase the moral sense of the community. It is the right of the citizen that the Sabbath, as a civil institution, should be kept in a way not inconsistent with its purpose, and the necessity out of which it grew as a day of rest, rather than as a day of riot and disorder, which would be to overthrow it and render it a curse rather than a blessing.

But it is urged that it is the right of the citizen to regard the Sabbath as a day of innocent recreation and amusement. Who, then, is to judge and decide what amusements and pastimes are innocent, as having no direct or indirect baneful influence upon the community; as not in any way disturbing the peace and quiet of the public; as not interfering with the equally sacred rights of conscience of others? May not the Legislature, like JAMES I. cited to us as a precedent, declare what recreations are lawful and what are not lawful, as tending to a breach of the peace, or a corruption of the morals of the people? That is not innocent which may operate injuriously upon the morals of old or young, which tends to interrupt the quiet observance of the Sabbath, and which grievously offends the moral sense of the community, and thus tends to a breach of the peace. It may well be that the Legislature thought that a Sunday theatre, with its drinking saloons and its usual adjuncts to licentiousness and other kindred vices, was not consistent with the peace, good order, and morals of the city. They might well be of the opinion that such a place would be "a nursery of vice, a school of preparation to qualify young men for the gallows and young women for the brothel." But whatever the reason may have been, it was a matter within the legislative discretion and power, and their will must stand as the reason of the law.

We could not, if we would, declare that innocent which they have adjudged baneful, and have so prohibited. The act in substance declares a Sunday theatre to be a nuisance, and deals with it as such. The Constitution provides for this case, by declaring that the liberty of conscience secured by it "shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the state." The legislature places Sunday theatres in this category, and they are the sole judges. The act is clearly constitutional as dealing with and having respect to the Sabbath as a civil and political institution, and not affecting to interfere with religious belief or worship, faith or practice.

The conviction was right, and the judgment must be affirmed.

Last Hours of Judge Douglas.

At about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning Bishop DUGAN called at the request of friends to converse with Mr. DOUGLAS, who was then, for the first time, perfectly rational. Mr. DOUGLAS immediately recognized the Bishop, and expressed his gratification at the visit. Bishop DUGAN soon asked:

"Mr. DOUGLAS, have you been baptized according to the rites of any church?" Mr. DOUGLAS replied:—

"Never."

The Bishop continued—"Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the holy Catholic church?" The answer was—

"No, sir; when I do I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then turned to Mr. RHODES and said:

"Do you think he is fully possessed of his mental faculties?" Mr. RHODES replied, "I do not know—perhaps you had better ask him again." The Bishop repeated his question, to which Mr. DOUGLAS answered, in strong, full voice:

"You perhaps did not understand me. When I desire it, I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then remarked to Mr. RHODES, "He is undoubtedly in his right mind, and does not desire my offices." He then withdrew.

During the day (Sunday,) Mr. DOUGLAS seemed to be much better, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; he slept most of the day, and in the evening seemed much refreshed. Mrs. DOUGLAS and Mr. RHODES remained with him during the night. At about four o'clock on Monday morning he seemed to be much worse, and sank rapidly; his friends were sent for, and at the request of Mrs. DOUGLAS, Bishop DUGAN again visited him. Soon after the Bishop entered, he approached the bedside, and addressing the patient said:

"Mr. DOUGLAS, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your approaching dissolution, do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?"

Mr. DOUGLAS replied:

"No, I have no time to discuss these things now."

The Bishop then withdrew. After he had gone Mrs DOUGLAS requested Mr. RHODES to ask her husband if he desired the ministrations of any other clergyman. Mr. RHODES then said to Mr. DOUGLAS:

"Do you know the clergymen of this city?" To which Mr. DOUGLAS replied:

"Nearly every one of them."

Mr. RHODES—"Do you wish to have either or any of them call to see you to converse upon religious subjects?"

Mr. DOUGLAS—"No, I thank you."

Soon, after this, about five o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened and the windows raised. Mr. RHODES lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the open street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadence, with considerable pauses between each accent, he uttered:

"Death!—Death!!—Death!!!"

After this he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. RHODES asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister SARAH, or his boys, "ROBBY" and "STEVIE," to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. DOUGLAS then placed her arms around his neck and said—

"My dear, do you know 'Cousin Dan?'"

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. DOUGLAS continued:

"Your boys, ROBBY and STEVIE and your mother and sister SARAH—have you any message for them?"

"Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

At about five o'clock, Dr. MILLER came into the room, and, noticing the open shutters and windows inquired:

"Why have you all these windows raised, and so much light?"

Mr. DOUGLAS replied:

"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr. DOUGLAS' request, Mr. RHODES changed the dying man's position again in the bed for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. RHODES remarked to Mrs. DOUGLAS—

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable;" in reply to which Mr. DOUGLAS said:

"He is—very comfortable."

These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked, "Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths after nine o'clock; a slight rattling of his throat; a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS had passed from time into eternity.—*Chicago cor. Herald.*

Letter from Gen. Beauregard.

The Charleston *Courier* publishes the following letter from Gen. BEAUREGARD to Gen. MARTIN, of that city:—

Charleston, May 27.—MY DEAR GENERAL: I sincerely regret leaving Charleston, where the inhabitants have given me such a welcome that I now consider it as my second home.

I had hoped that when relieved from here, it would have been to go to Virginia, in command of the gallant Carolinians, whose courage, patience and zeal, I had learned to appreciate and admire. But it seems my services are required elsewhere, and thither I shall go, not with joy, but with the firm determination to do more than my duty, if I can, and to leave as strong a mark as possible on the enemies of our beloved country, should they pollute its soil with their dastardly feet.

But rest assured, my dear sir, that whatever happens at first, we are certain to triumph at last, even if we had for arms only pitchforks and flint-lock muskets, for every bush and hay stack will become an ambush, and every barn a fortress. The history of nations proves that a gallant and free people, fighting for their independence and fireides, are invincible against even disciplined mercenaries, at a few dollars per month.

What, then, must be the result when its enemies are little more than an armed rabble, gathered together hastily on a false pretense, and for an unholy purpose, with an octogenarian at its head? None but the demented can doubt the issue.

I remain, dear General, yours sincerely,
P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Notwithstanding Gen. B. intimates that he had been ordered elsewhere than Virginia, we find the following names recorded in the Richmond *Enquirer* of Saturday, as among the arrivals there on Friday last:

The following named gentlemen arrived at the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House yesterday:—ROBERT TYLER, Esq., late of Philadelphia; Gen. BEAUREGARD, C. S. A.; Maj. D. R. JONES, C. S. A.; Capt. CHISOLM, C. S. A.; Capt. HAYWARD, C. S. A.; Gov. MANNING, C. S. A.; Lieutenant J. E. NETTLES, S. C. Volunteers.

Col. A. C. MYERS, Quartermaster-General of the Confederate States Army, and other members of the Government, have also arrived.

The French Fleet—Volunteers from Germany.

The Paris correspondent of the Newark *Daily Advertiser* says:

In a late letter I mentioned that the French Government had determined to increase its squadron in the American waters. The fact is officially confirmed by the *Moniteur* of this morning, which announces that the French naval station of the Antilles has received a reinforcement of four war vessels, under the command of Rear Admiral REYNAUD, and that the Antilles station is hereafter to include North America. "In presence of the events which agitate and divide the states of the American Union," says the French official journal, "the Emperor has resolved to send forces into those waters sufficient to protect French interests and ensure respect to them."

I was yesterday shown a private letter from Frankfort, containing the statement that a regiment of volunteers is being organized in Germany, whose services are to be offered to the Government of the United States. Meantime, several of the French officers who recently applied to the U. S. legation in Paris, and were informed that the Minister had no authority to accept their services, have determined to leave for America, and trust to chance for employment when they arrive at their destination. I conversed yesterday with an officer who followed GARIBALDI throughout the Sicilian and Neapolitan campaigns, and who informed me that he had taken passage for New York in one of the steamers from Liverpool next week.

Our latest journals from Madrid contains accounts of a grand farewell dinner, given by the French Ambassador, in honor of the Hon. WM. PRESTON, of Kentucky, Minister of the United States to the Court of Spain, who was on the point of returning to America. Forty guests were present, including several members of the Spanish Cabinet and the *corps diplomatique*. Mr. PRESTON is universally liked at Madrid, and much regret is expressed at his departure.

What a German Editor thinks of American Affairs.

In the issue of May 9th, of the Hamburg *Der Freischutz*, appears an editorial of fearful length, on the present condition of affairs in the United States, chiefly noticeable for its *outre* theories in regard to the ultimate abolition of slavery, and its amusing ignorance of the relative power of the South and North.—The writer believes that the sympathies of the North are too entirely with their brethren in the South, and their interests are too closely united, to allow them to engage in a war urged on by a handful of extremists on each side, for the sake of some three or four millions of a black, inferior race, for this race is alone the apple of discord between them.—The North is not willing to shed white blood, as may be seen by the inactivity of the fleet at Fort Sumter, and the tardy conservative policy of the Government. But the South has been hot-blooded, and has recklessly placed herself in a position from which she must either come forth victorious, or submit to the horrors of a San Domingo. The wide-spread excitement, consequent on the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is attributed to the abolition propagandists, who preceded the Republican party, the odium of whose actions was cast on him, as the representative of that party.

Der Freischutz next enters on an elaborate ethnographical and semi-historical disquisition, showing first, that civilized or cultivated races have always triumphed over barbarous ones; second, that the black or Ethiopian race is far inferior to the Caucasian in intelligence and industry; third, that civilization has made necessities of many things, really in themselves luxuries, which are only to be procured from hot climates, where the employment of Caucasian labor is impracticable, and the negro is adapted by nature; lastly, that the negro never under any circumstances will work if he can avoid it. From these premises the conclusion is drawn that both nature and the requirements of civilization demand the enslavement of the black race. Only one prospect for the ultimate abolition of slavery is offered. This is the gradual intermixture of the white and black races, and the only fault found with the slaveholders in the South is, that they do not recognize this cultivation, by amalgamation, of the black race, and treat the mulatto, terceron and quadroon as more nearly their equals than the negro. The sudden liberation of the negroes of the South at the present time would, the writer believes, drive them either to starvation or robbery and murder, while its effect on the commerce and manufactures of the world outside would be most disastrous.

In conclusion he says:—The South will certainly come forth victor from this combat; if not, a slave insurrection will break out by which the North will lose not less materially than the South, and this fear existing in the North of a servile insurrection, is one of the most powerful allies of the South. Even if the North would, she cannot abolish slavery, as she is too weak to keep three or four millions of negroes in obedience and subjection to the law. This the statesmen of the North all know well enough, with exception of the hypocrites of Boston. The South cannot bring 150,000 men in the field but she can put three men where ABRAHAM LINCOLN can one. The people of of the North will think twice of it before they enter on a bloody civil war which can only result in the good of a race whose liberty the whole North has to fear. We do not wish to defend the principle of slavery, let us find machines which will dispense with human labor, and laws which will change the nature of the Ethiopean race, and we too will greet the negro as a brother, but at a distance, as his odor is far from pleasing to us."

The Gorilla.

"*Du Chaillu's Adventures in Africa*," a work recently published in England, and attracting considerable attention for its novel and racy descriptions of African adventures, relates the following interesting particulars of the Gorilla:

FIRST SIGHT OF A GORILLA.

Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glance of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, I did not fire. We ran until we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more, we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us. I protest I felt almost like a murderer, when I saw the gorillas the first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives.

A GORILLA OFFERING DEFIANCE.

The underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, (he proved four inches shorter,) with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision—thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face.

DEATH OF A MONSTER.

Having heard how M. DU CHAILLU killed gorillas, let us see now how a gorilla killed one of the traveler's men. The white traveler and his guides come upon one of his party wounded on the ground: We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn with my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly, and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was, he said, in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breast, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen yards. He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, re-loaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods.

An Episcopal Battering Ram.

Yesterday quite a crowd collected in the vicinity of the Church of St. Paul. (JAMES COOK RICHMOND'S Church,) on Jackson street, expecting to witness a collision between parties connected with the church. The circumstances are these:

A difficulty of a pecuniary nature exists. Mr. E. IRONS, the Secretary of the Gas Company, has advanced between two and three thousand dollars towards the erection and furnishing of the church, and claims to have some lien or power over the church on that account. Acting under advice of counsel, the church doors were locked, and Mr. JAMES COOK RICHMOND refused admittance,

In a few moments after the service of the injunction, JAMES COOK RICHMOND, in an excited tone, demanded the keys of the institution, but as the demand was made of a crowd of about a dozen persons promiscuously assembled, neither of whom had, in all probability, any other than the key of their trunk with them, and neither of whom had any connection with the difficulty, the keys were not forthcoming, whereupon Mr. RICHMOND walked up to the vestry door, and in a loud voice called out, "In the name of the Father," he then kicked the door, recoiling from the resistance, "and of the Son," another kick and another recoil from the stubborn and unyielding door, "and of the Holy Ghost;" a third and violent kick followed, but the door, however, remained unopened. A piece of thick plank was then procured, and being used as a battering ram, the door was broken in and the "conqueror" entered. The vestry being entered a pause took place, and some person was dispatched for keys wherewith to open the inner door. About half an hour elapsed, when an entrance was made, the front door unlocked, and service commenced in the church. The crowd dispersed and peace appeared to prevail.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

Crop Prospects at the West.

The moderately warm weather of the past week has been highly favorable to the wheat crop, which is reported as looking well throughout the northwest. The corn crop is backward, and, indeed, in some sections the farmers are still planting; but they, nevertheless, express themselves hopeful of a fair crop. With good warm weather in the latter part of June and August, there is no danger.

According to advices received from various portions of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, it is highly probable that the breadth of wheat and corn sown and planted will exceed two-thirds the operations of last year. The unfavorable weather during the spring months tended very much to limit the work of the farmer, and the war excitement also drew from the country a large amount of valuable labor at a time when it was much wanted.

The winter wheat crop, however, will probably be the heaviest known for some years back, and will, in a measure, atone for the deficit in the spring crops.

Ohio and Kentucky reports are different; the army worm has done sad damage to wheat, while the sultry weather has proved highly useful to corn. Altogether it appears that the breadth of wheat sown in the state is about one-fourth more; of corn nearly one-fifth more, and of pork for market there will be at least one-third more than in 1860. And of the crop of corn of 1860, there appears to be over one-third, and of wheat over one-fourth on hand. All the cereal crops indicate an excellent yield. Active preparations are making for a greater breadth of Sorghum and Imphee than in any previous year, and much of the land has been seeded with clover and timothy, probably double that of any previous year.

The Feast of Dough-nuts.

The ladies of Augusta, Me., one day last week distributed over fifty bushels of doughnuts to the Third Volunteer regiment of Maine. A procession of ladies, headed by music, passing between double lines of troops, who presented arms, and were afterwards drawn up in hollow square to receive the welcome *doughnations.*

Never before was seen such an aggregation of dough-nuts since the world began. The circumambient air was redolent of dough-nuts. Every breeze sighed dough-nuts—everybody talked of dough nuts. The display of doughnuts beggared description. There was the molasses dough-nut and the sugar dough-nut—the long dough-nut and the short dough-nut—the round dough-nut and the square dough-nut—the rectangular dough-nut and the triangular dough-nut—the single twisted dough-nut and the double twisted dough-nut—the "light riz" dough-nut and the hard-kneaded dough-nut—the straight solid dough-nut, and the circular dough-nut, with a hole in the centre. There were dough-nuts of all imaginable kinds, qualities, shapes and dimensions. It was emphatically a feast of dough nuts, if not a flow of soul.

Kansas—Train Stopped at Topeka.

A train of about fifteen freight wagons, purporting to be loaded with arms and ammunition for the Sioux Indians, was detained at Topeka, a few days since, by order of the Governor, as there were some auspicious circumstances connected with its movements. A dispatch was immediately sent to Col. BRANCH, Indian Superintendent at St. Joseph, inquiring whether the train was moving under his orders; and if so, expressing a fear that it would be dangerous to arm the Indians on our western border at the present time. It was also suggested that the property should be stored at Topeka, until the Department could be notified of the facts in the case. Col. BRANCH, in response to the communication of the Governor, authorized the detention of the arms and ammunition, until the receipt of further orders from Washington. The goods removed consist of 83 kegs powder, 819 rounds; 44 kegs bullets, 1,250 pounds; 24 cases (244) guns. The other supplies were not disturbed, and the train was suffered to pass on.—*Leavenworth Times, May 29th*

The French Squadron.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* says, with regard to the rumor that a formidable French squadron has been dispatched to the United States, that there has been no special fleet directed to the United States, but the French regular station of the Antilles had received orders to attend to, and watch the North American coast; and as the force is not large enough for these purposes, it is to be reinforced by two frigates—a steam frigate and a man-of-war. Only one frigate has been designated as yet, "La Foudre," which is now fitting out at Toulon, and may be taken to Martinique, by Contre Admiral REYNAUD, who has been appointed to supersede Contre Admiral PENAUD as commander of the squadron.

The Marquis de MONTHOLON, French Consul General at New York, who has been absent in Europe about a year, has returned to the United States.

War Items.

A BALTIMORE SHOEMAKER has gone to New Orleans, to establish a paper mill. The papers there are strongly recommending him.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FAMILY OF JACKSON, who butchered Col. ELLSWORTH, are being raised in the South.

OVER ELLSWORTH'S PEACEFUL GRAVE a splendid American flag now floats; it was purchased by the ladies of Mechanicsville.

THE INCREASE OF SICK SOLDIERS in hospital at Albany, has induced the Sisters of Mercy to render their services as nurses, which have been accepted.

QUININE IS CONTRABAND OF WAR; nevertheless, a Memphis druggist bought $1500 worth at Cincinnati, on Tuesday, and got clear of with it.

AFTER ALL THE BOASTING of the rebels, the "Confederate Loan" has not been taken; they have re-opened their books, with the cry, "Come one, come all, and invest."

A WOMAN at Newburyport, Mass., lately committed suicide on hearing that one of her sons was in the Federal army and the other in the rebel ranks.

JEFF. DAVIS has been afflicted with atrophy of the heart for several years, and his sudden death at any time would not surprise his family or his friends.

A NEW ORLEANS PAPER asserts that the people there go away with blank faces daily, on hearing that there has been no battle fought. They will look blanker when there has.

THE REBELS ARE CASTING GUNS EXTENSIVELY at New Orleans. At LEECH'S foundry they are making Columbiads field pieces, and a gun in imitation of the Whitworth one of England.

THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE AMERICAN character was never better illustrated than in the Zouave feature of the war; we have, in an incredibly short space of time, nationalized it, and organized numerous regiments.

SAVAGES AND JEFF. DAVIS' REBELS are the only tribes who adopt the sneaking warfare of crawling, at night, and shooting down the sentinels, as was done by the Fairfax trooper at Alexandria the other day.

MAYOR TAYLOR, OF ST. LOUIS, in the face of continued opposition of a majority of the Common Council by embarrassing his action, as Chief Executive, has tendered his resignation which has been accepted.

VERY POLITE—Gen. BUTLER is not an eminently handsome man, but Virginia has been obliged to let him "come in." The General is polite, and will be sure to reciprocate the giving of balls, and to be present at all engagements.

A SECESSION FLAG, flying at the main of the barque Hoyt, came into port at Bath, Me., on Monday, from Savannah, as the Captain remarked "to show the people what a mean thing they could get up at the South." It was ignominiously hauled down, and tore to shreds.

THE UTTER DISHONESTY OF THE REBELS was proved on the 15th ult. The ship Ariel, of Bath, Me., cleared at New Orleans, paid all her dues, nearly $3,000, sailed in ballast, was then pursued, seized, and taken back to the city, a prize.

FIFTY WOMEN, and children innumerable, ran away from St. Francis county, Arkansas, to Memphis, on hearing that Gen. LANE had crossed the western border of their state. When the news was contradicted they ran back again.

A PATRIOTIC LADY, MRS. LUCRETIA B. HURBELL, Clyde, O., restrained by the conventionalities of society from going to the war herself, has presented, through Gov. DENNISON, a drum to the 9th Regiment, with the hope that it might inspire their brave hearts in the defense of their country.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—There is a man now serving in the Massachusetts volunteer regiment whose great-grandfather served in the revolutionary war—his grand father in the war of 1812, in which war his father served as drummer. Father and son both serve in this dreadful war of 1861.

THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS went to the seat of war so scandalously clothed, as to become within six weeks an army of ragamuffins—their blankets mere gossamer, their uniforms just thrown together, and their shoes supplied with soles of pine shavings.

NEAT FOR ABRAHAM.—"It is reported," said Secretary CAMERON to President LINCOLN, the other day, "that JEFF. DAVIS says he will, before the Fourth of July, place the Confederacy's Coat of Arms over the White House door."