

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

It appears from the number of votes given at the late election for a deputy for the 5th electoral district of the city of Paris, that more than one-third of the registered electors abstained from voting. The Government paper asserts that they were not the friends of M. Picard, the Opposition candidate, who neglected to avail themselves of their constitutional rights, inasmuch as he polled nearly 2,000 votes more than at the preceding election; and that M. Eck, the Government candidate, polled only 200 votes more than on the previous occasion. It is affirmed positively that in the late revision of the electoral lists not less than 12,000 names were struck out.

It is said that the French Government has reverted to its original intention, and that it will concentrate both its naval squadrons—those of Toulon and Brest—at the review at Cherbourg, believing that this may now be done without creating misgivings in England.

A conflict between Turkey and Montenegro being imminent, the French Government has invoked England to co-operate to prevent it, and both nations have decided to send commissioners to the authorities in the little mountainous Principality, in order to arrange existing differences. These are the wishes of Louis Napoleon as expressed through his own official organ.

A letter received from Cherbourg of the 10th May gives some interesting details relative to the works which are now being constructed in that port. Great exertions are made to finish the inner dock, and a report is current in the town that orders had been received from the Emperor to have everything completed, so that the dock may be filled on his arrival on the 10th of July. The inner dock of Cherbourg is 1,260 feet long and 600 broad. It is capable of receiving an entire fleet, which will be quite safe from an enemy's fire, at the greatest distance at which it has been ever known to take effect.

The execution of this dock cost enormous trouble, being cut out of the solid rock to the depth of 54 feet. The excavation of this dock was effected by a new description of mine, which does not explode like an ordinary mine, but with a dead noise, and raises the soil to the extent of some hundred yards. This dock, which is completely isolated, will communicate with the other docks by a sluice 1,200 feet long, and by another 300 feet long. The plan of this splendid dock was given by Napoleon I., who, not finding the roads of Cherbourg sufficiently protected from certain winds, and observing that the old port was too small, and, though far distant from the sea, still sufficiently near to be reached by a hostile fleet, commenced the new dock in the year 1808. The screw ship of the Ville de Nantes, of 90 guns, is to be launched during the Emperor's visit. This ship was placed on the stocks the 20th June, 1854. She is of the same model as the Ville de Lyons, at present being constructed at Brest, and the Ville de Bordeaux, in construction at l'Orient. There are other ships on the stocks at Cherbourg of which the completion is being effected with the greatest despatch. Amongst them are the Imperial yacht Aigle, the screw corvette Duplex, and the Resolute, a handsome frigate, which is to carry 42 guns. The preparations for the festivities which are to take place on the Emperor's arrival at Cherbourg have given great animation to the town.

The little revolt which took place in March last at Chalons turns out to have been a much more serious affair than it was represented to be at the time. Between thirty and forty individuals are about to be tried for their participation in that rising; and we now learn that the persons who appeared in arms were under an impression that a revolution was breaking out at the same time in Paris, and spreading over the country. Some strange revelations are expected to come out at the trial; but the government have been at some pains to prevent the proceedings from being very fully reported.

SWEDEN.

Mlle. Eva B., deceased at Stockholm, December 27th, 1857, left only two personal representatives, her sisters, Mlle. Emelie B., married to M. K., and Mlle. Sophie B. Some years ago Mlle. Sophie, who belonged, with the rest of her family, to the Lutheran confession, abandoned that confession for grave reasons of conscience, and entered the fold of the Catholic Church. Three days after her abjuration she quitted Stockholm, to escape, by a voluntary exile, the rigor of the Draconian laws, the repeal of which is now humbly solicited in vain. Having been welcomed in France, she is humbly devoting herself to the education of youth in one of the religious houses in the environs of Paris. Madame K. appeals to this abjuration to evict Mlle. Sophie from the succession to their common sister. The plaintiff is brought before the tribunal styled Council of Guardians to the College of Justice. Madame K.'s claim is founded on the law of 1606, which declares every "apostate"—i.e., every person who has renounced official Lutheranism—deprived of all civil rights and of all capacity to inherit.

RUSSIA.

A letter in the Frankfort Gazette says the revolts of peasants in Russia, which began about a month ago in the district of Gorgenberg, are numerous, and extend to the territory of Russia; but they do not assume a character menacing to government, and are promptly terminated whenever the authorities interfere. In Lithuania, it is true, neither menaces or arrests produced any effect on the peasants, but corporal punishments were found efficacious. At Gaugen, near the frontier of Eastern Russia, it was necessary to assemble a considerable force to quell the revolt. In Lithuania, where a series of partial risings have taken place, the peasants in a general way get on horseback, and proceeding to the chateau of the Lord, announced that they will perform no more forced labor, and the government finds itself much embarrassed, as the peasants testify great attachment towards the Emperor, and are only hostile to the nobility.

INDIA.

From India we have a telegram communicated by the Times correspondent, and a Foreign office telegram, which arrived on Friday. We wait for further intelligence with respect to the statement of the Times correspondent, that 60 of the rebels had been shot, and 100 transported; by order of a court-martial, at Umballah. The latest news is as follows:—Sir Colin Campbell had an interview with the Governor-General at Allahabad, on the 12th April, and was about to proceed, on the 12th April, from Lucknow to Rohilkund, which is said to be entirely in the hands of the enemy. The bulk of the Oude army continues at Lucknow. Lugard's column, which left on the 28th March, expected to relieve Azimghur about the 20th of April. The Nepalese troops had returned within their own frontier to protect it. Bareilly and Calpee are still in the hands of the rebels, who are also in force along the river, near Futtehpore and near Benares. The Knas rebels are moving about the country, but have lost their guns. General Robert's force has orders not to break at Kotah immediately, as we first proposed. Sir H. Rose has been unable to advance on Calpee, where he was expected by the 10th. Up to the 19th, he continued at Jansi, where large bodies of the enemy were understood to be marching from the eastward, with the view of getting into his rear. A flying force under Major Evans was scouring the Cor rebels and refugees in Kindress. General Whitlock's force remains guarding Saugor. The Punjab and Scind continue quiet, and order was being restored in the northern Maharrata country. Lord Canning was about to leave Allahabad for Calcutta. The hot weather was setting in everywhere, accompanied by the usual squalls and storms.—Weekly Register.

CHINA.

All continued quiet in China. Lord Elgin had reached Ningpo. Admiral Seymour left Hongkong on the 21st of March, it is believed for Shanghai. General Straubensee had returned to Canton.

A GENERAL BURNT TO DEATH.—It is known (says a Canton letter in the Pays) that the imperial army has taken the two important towns of Tchen-Kiang-Pou and Koua-Tcheo. But it appears that it did so by the treason of the general-in-chief of the insurgent army, the mandarin Tchang-Kouo-Leang. When placed at the head of the imperial army that general, who enjoys in China a very great reputation for experience and ability, marched on Nankin, following the course of the Yang-Tse-Kiang, and, in order to avoid weakening his forces, he caused the inhabitants of the towns to be massacred, that he might not be compelled to leave garrisons in them. He arrived before Nankin at the beginning of February, invested it, and commenced entering into relations with the chief of the rebels in that city; but the latter laid a snare for him, and he was taken prisoner and burnt to death in the grand square at Nankin. The execution produced considerable sensation in the imperial army.

A PORTRAIT OF COMMISSIONER YEH.—The Times's special correspondent, having accompanied Yeh on his voyage to Calcutta, describes him in the following terms:—

In his personal appearance Yeh is a very stout and rather tall man, about five feet eleven, with the long thin Chinese moustache and beard, a remarkably receding forehead, a skull in which what the phrenologists call "veneration" is much developed; a certain degree of rotundity behind the ear, and a moderate development of the back head. Shorn nearly to the crown, and very thinly covered with hair in that part where the Chinese mostly cultivate their hair, our Mandarin offers every facility for craniological examination. His tail is very paltry, very short, and very thin. The smallest porker in China has a better tail than her highest Mandarin.

His face is heavy. There is more chin than you usually see in a Chinaman—more jaw and jaw, indicative of will and obstinacy. The nose is long and flat, the nostrils forming one side of a very obtuse angle. Seen in profile the nose is very remarkable and very ugly; in the front face this, the most simial expression of the man's countenance, is mitigated. The eye—that round slit Mongolian eye—is the most expressive feature of the man who is sitting opposite to me, and looking rather suspiciously at me as I am writing. In his ordinary mood there is only a look of shrewdness and quick cunning in this, the mobile feature of his face; but I have seen him in the turning moments of his life, when those eyeballs glared with terror and with fury. He has a large protruding mouth, thick lips, and very black teeth, for, as he remarks, "it never has been the custom of his family to use a tooth-brush." It is, however, a very common custom in some Chinese families, as any one may see who walks the streets of Canton and notices the Coolies and small traders at their abluitions.

He does not wear long nails. He says he has been too busy all his life to do so. His hands, as in almost universally the case in China, are small and well shaped. The same occupations which have prevented him from growing his nails seem to have kept him from washing his hands. I think I can remember, however, that when first taken his nails were of Chinese growth.

His devotions consist of sitting in the posture of a Chinese idol, his legs crossed, and his face to the east. He remains in an abstracted state for about ten minutes, and the self devotion is completed. When he first came on board he retired into this contemplative state several times a day. He afterwards became much more remiss, and once a-day appeared to suffice him. He uses no idol, and when asked whether he wished for any facilities for performing his devotions privately, replied that he wanted nothing of the sort. I imagined that this was an act of devotion according to the custom of the higher sect of the Buddhists; but one day when he was in special good humor, he condescended to explain why he turned himself to the east, instead of the west, which is the birthplace of Buddha. He said if he were praying he should turn to the west; but he is not praying. He turns to the east, because the east is the "seng chi"—the principle of life, as the west is the principle of death. He says the four cardinal points agree

with the four seasons—the north is the winter, the south is the summer, the east is the spring, and the west is the autumn. We asked him what Taoli this was. "Confucius?" "Yes." "Buddhist?" "Yes." "Taoist?" "Yes. It is more ancient even than Confucius. It is the ancient ceremonial of China." "Are the Taoli of Confucius and Buddha and Lao-tzu all subordinate to the ancient Taoli of China?" "Yes; they are all included in it. From the time there was an east there was this Taoli."

In the practice of that virtue which we Westerners are glad to rank next to godliness Yeh is certainly not conspicuous. A more undesirable messmate for the commander of a ship of war can scarcely be imagined. He spits, he smokes, he exultates, and he blows his nose with his fingers. Captain Brooker has taught him the comfort of a pocket handkerchief, but not to use it for this purpose. His daily ablutions consist of a slight rubbing of the face with a towel moistened in hot water. He has a horror of fresh air, and while in Chinese waters never willingly went on deck. He loved to have the ports closed and the skylights down.

He wears thickly padded stockings, the long, blue sleeved, quilted caps, and blue pantalons tied at the ankle, common to all Chinamen. He boasts that he has worn his outer coat for 10 years, and its appearance justifies his assertion; it is stiff with grease. When we drew near to Singapore, within one degree of the line, the heat became frightful. His practice then was, while steaming from libations of hot tea, to strip off his coat and sit in his long yellow grass cloth shirt, wet and discolored—a most disgusting object.

Once, after six weeks' confinement, he gravely intimated his intention of taking a bath; and he was eagerly reminded of that he had been more than once informed, that there was a most comfortable bathroom on deck, quite at his daily service. That was not at all Yeh's idea of a bath. The cabin was given up to him and his domestics, and a small pan of boiling water. We all hoped that he had cleansed himself, but when we saw him again he was wearing his old greasy, unwashed jacket.

Considerable alarm was at one time entertained as to whether the great man did not encourage a class of parasites not usually tolerated by great men.—Mr. Alabaster saw to his horror an unknown, but most suspicious insect, crawling within the sacred precincts of the captain's cabin. It was not by the Mandarin's agency that the action of Peter Plunder's great epic was re-enacted on board the Inflexible. Yeh's retinue consists of a cook, a barber, two waiting servants, and a military attendant. This last person we with our usual absurd practice of dignifying Chinamen with European titles call an aide-de-camp. He is a military mandarin of the sixth degree. He is also a dirty fellow, doing menial offices about the person of his chief, and messing with the other servants upon the meats that go from his master's table. If he were an Englishman we should call him at best a soldier servant, or an orderly.

After Yeh had manifested his acquaintance with entomology, the "aide-de-camp" and the domestics were compelled to wash, and some strong hints were thrown out to their master. The washing was grumbled at as a tyranny, and the hints were thrown away; so nothing was left but to hope almost against hope that the Mandarin himself is free from vermin, and to continue to scrub the attendants. The southern Chinese are for the most part of cleanly habits; but the northerners are dirty. Yeh is from Hupeh, which is one of the five northern provinces.

Yeh sleeps in a recess in the captain's cabin, which he prefers to a separate sleeping berth. He goes to bed about 8 o'clock, and while we are reading or writing, or playing chess, he sleeps the sleep of infancy—an unbroken slumber, apparently undisturbed by visions of widowed women or wailing orphans.—This man-killer, after slaying his hundred thousand human beings, enjoys sweeter sleep than an innocent London alderman after a turtle dinner. So false are traditions; so false are the remorseful scenes of Greek and Roman and English tragedies.

On Monday, the 23rd of February, the Inflexible steamed out of Hongkong harbour, and Yeh might, if he had pleased, have taken his last look for some time of the shores of his native land. If he felt any of the bitterness of exile he was successful in concealing it, for he was entirely occupied in smoking his pipe and settling himself comfortably. A few minutes after we had rounded the green island, and the steamer danced to the piping of the strong north-west monsoon. I was on deck watching the familiar objects of the harbour as they receded, and thinking regretfully that some friendship which I most valued there had been dimmed by the strong line I had felt it my duty to take upon some public questions, when sounds came through the cabin skylight like the strains and groans of Etan. The pipe and the little cakes, flavoured potently with pork fat, even the frequent thimblefuls of samshu, had been unwilling to fortify the great stomach of the great Mandarin. The "aide-de-camp" was incapable of aid; the servants and the cook had crept into corners to die. Poor Captain Brooker's cabin was in an awful state.

For three days this condition of things continued. Judging from the sounds, the Viceroy might be throwing up his two provinces of Quangs and Quantung. It must be admitted, however, that he struggled manfully with his malady. To use his own expression, his stomach was excruciated and his bowels required nursing; but he manifested all a Chinaman's courage of endurance. On the fourth day he even returned to his pipe, and required his slowly recovering cook to prepare him breakfast. He does not love mutton—it is Tartar food; he does not eat beef, for it is written by Confucius, "Thou shalt not slaughter the labouring ox."

HE SHOWS THE HARDNESS OF HIS HEART BY REJECTING SOME TRACTS.—The Bishop of Victoria, after his visit to Yeh, sent off a Chinese Bible and some tracts wrapped in a newspaper, begging Captain Brooker to present them. The captain did so. Yeh said he had long ago read the Bible; it was a good book—all books of that kind were good—they tend to purify the heart, as do the Buddhist and the Taoist books. He begged of Captain Brooker to put the parcel by him until some convenient season.—This time never came, but on the fifth day of our voyage Mr. Alabaster reproduced the package, and begged to have his opinion upon some of the tracts. Yeh opened one of them with an evident effort of politeness, but soon closed it with a slight grimace. He had apparently been shocked by some solemnism of style. Mr. Alabaster proposed to put the Bible among some Buddhist books which Yeh's father had sent on board for him; but Yeh, affecting to misunderstand this proposition, replied, "Yes, I think it will be convenient that you replace them in the Captain's drawer." Mr. Alabaster continuing to turn them over, Yeh got up from his chair and said, "If you will not put them up in the packet as I received them, I will do so myself." There was no more to be done. The books were returned to their envelope and consigned to the oblivion of one of the lockers, and the Mandarin looked pleased at being relieved from an unpleasant importunity.

HIS PRETENDED APATHY.—One night Captain Brooker beat to night quarters, and we went down to forewarn Yeh, lest he should suffer by being startled from sleep by the sound of heavy guns.—He and his servant were already up and inquiring. They had heard the sudden bustle upon deck.—Having been told that the men were going to exercise with the great guns, he quietly turned in again. He actually affected to be fast asleep while the 68lb. pivot gun was blazing away just over his head, and the broadsides were shaking the ship from stem to stern. He had the impudence to declare next morning that he had slept quite through the firing.

One day, after he had been sitting fanning himself for seven hours without saying a word, or even

smoking a pipe, I asked him whether it did not disconcert him to see every one blanching and him engaged in some occupation. He said it did not surprise him. He knew that the Chinese custom was busy; but such was not the Chinese custom. I asked him why he did not smoke? "I do not," he said, "the hot principle is in the ascendant." There is in the day of these blue tropical seas one hour of beauty, when the plain of waters is just heaving to the light breeze, and the only visible object is the red, round sun, falling down the western heavens so rapidly that it seems at last to drop, and quench in the reddened waters. Our captain chooses this cool healthy moment to put the men through their exercise, and Yeh, full of dinner, waddles upon deck and sits in a big bamboo chair, with his two attendants behind him. What a wild turmoil of well regulated confusion immediately takes place on board the Inflexible! Mr. Beavan, the first lieutenant, is dictating an interminable series of manœuvres, more rapidly, I believe, than man ever before talked; 800 men are in perpetual motion moving in every different direction, but with purpose in their heads and speed in their hands and feet. In a few seconds the naked ship is clad in canvass.—Another order, and before the expanded sails can feel the gently opposing zephyr she is again naked to her spars. Then a whistle, and a hoarse boatswain's call, and the bees swarm again. In a moment every gun is manned. Every man in that straining crowd seems to have a special work to do, knows it, and does it. Handspikes are worked with a will, the bluejackets bending to the labour as though a real enemy were at our yardarm. The broadside guns are run in and out like children's go-carts, and the huge pivot-guns are spun round as though they were dummies of cork instead of mountains of cast iron. But the captain's sharp eye is not always satisfied, and ever and anon comes a voice from the paddlebox, awarding extra drill to No. 2 or No. 5 of some designated gun for not being smart enough or for being in his wrong place.

What is Yeh doing all this time? Is he marking this orderly energy, this discipline, this zeal of art, this heartiness of work, this scene of a multitude in motion, with one object, and is he pondering over the lesson? Not at all. Two middies, hidden by the awning from the eye of the captain, are skylarking together, and the bigger one has just forced his smaller comrade breech-foremost into the tub of the log-reel. Yeh is slyly watching those scapegraces through the corner of his thin eyes, and when the young gentleman goes some into the full tub he chuckles, but immediately turns away his head, to bide the undignified enjoyment.—Then in a moment it is night. Twenty minutes after the sun is down nothing can be seen but the tall windmills glancing to and fro like ghosts in the gloaming. Yeh has gone down to drink tea and sleep; remembering, as I believe, nothing of what he saw on deck, except only the whimsical face of the "small boy" who was forced backwards into the tub of water.

On the ninth day of our voyage from Singapore we sighted the two pilot-brigs which lie out of sight of land, but give notice of our approach to the Sandheads. Then, having taken a pilot on board and pursued our course for some hours, a distant streak of red sandy coast-line (such as we may see on some of our own eastern coasts, but still more like the first glimpse of Egypt from the Mediterranean) vouches the land of Ind. Yeh was told this, and he went to bed.

Next morning we steamed up the muddy Hooghly, with its low green banks like Essex, or like the shores of the mouth of the Rhine—if those lands would only grow a few palm trees among their other foliage. I tried to interest Yeh in the customs of the Hindus, and he listened so far as to remark that the drowning of aged parents in this river was "a strange Taoli." He had heard of the Ganges, and thought it might be true that in the Handynasty water might have been brought from this river for the coronation of the Chinese Emperors, but, "in learning the history of China he had not attended to such trivial matters." I answered, "We Westerners have a proverb that whatever is worth doing is worth doing thoroughly." He thought for a moment, and said, "That is not a Chinese Taoli." He had never heard that the Ganges was a sacred river. I talked to him about it with the hope of inducing him to go upon deck and look at it. He sat and fanned himself in the cabin, immovable.

Some of us were not sorry that he would not come on deck. The distant approach to the City of Palaces is not prepossessing. The river contracts almost to the dimensions of our Thames at Montlake. Though the palms are still beautiful, the flat landscape wants relief; occasionally a great, square, brick-built, window-pierced factory—own brother to a dozen I could pick out in Derby—appears horrid in the sun glare. A factory is not a picturesque object even in glens of Glosop; it always suggests hard work and close breathing, and here in scorching India that idea must be abhorrent even to the Chinese unities. The bungalows come in sight higher up, but the stains of mildew upon their white plaster pillars hint of despair. That dead Hindoo floating past with four carrion birds perched upon him, driving their heavy beaks into the corruption, does not suggest security and good order. Yeh would think of the Canton river heavy with dead bodies after one of his great battles up above.

Yeh, however, seems none of these things; everybody, even the steward, seems to think it a shame that a man should miss the first sight of India, and little stratagems are tried to make him look. Once an exclamation made him turn his eyes upon a bungalow that was visible through the little porthole opposite to him. Mr. Alabaster asked him what he thought of it. "He was not thinking about it at all." There he sat; not now like a statue of Buddha, but a fabby mass of greasy, discoloured night-shirt.

At last, he was quite left alone, and—Oh, Victory!—one of the shipboys comes up and tells us that "the governor" has climbed up and is peering through the stern-ports. Let him peep in peace. If he were not a great lump of mean artifice, he would come on deck like a man and admire the beauties of this great city. He might learn something by looking at Garden Reach, so crowded with great ships that such vessels of war as the Shannon, the Pearl, and the Roebuck have to be sought for. He would see a sight quite new to Chinese eyes in that great park which comes down to the river quay, a park larger than our Hyde Park, and intersected with rides and drives broad as Rotten-row, with monuments to Ochlerlonies and Prinspeps and Benticks, and other names honored in the East, and with its three sides of forts and palaces. In Fort William, which occupies the hither side that strikes the river, so trim in its green embrasures, so white in its lines of barracks, so formidable with its heavy guns and zigzag ditches, he might note the difference between a barbarian and a Chinese fortification. The distant dome of Government-house only suggests the magnitude of the palace that occupies the opposite boundary of the park; but somebody would have told him that the far away and long drawn line of great and lofty edifices, all columns and green verandahs, parallel to the river, are the private residences of merchants and civil servants, and that these last have earned for Calcutta the name of the City of Palaces. Yeh, however, thinks it more to his dignity to peep stealthily out of the stern-ports, hoping that he has cozened his captors into the belief that he has no sentiment but that of sublime indifference both to them and to their creations.

So soon as the Inflexible dropped her anchor Major Herbert, to whose care Yeh had been assigned, came on board with a retinue of red-vested Hindoos,—a glare of scarlet which much impressed the vulgar Chinaman. The old Mandarin, however, was not to be caught. He received the Major in his greasy coat, went on with his diener, replied to his many bows with a carefully modulated courtesy, and decided that it would take three days to make his preparations for disembarking.

This morning, at daybreak, Yeh landed. He is located for the present in Fort William, but his convenient house is being finished for him; some little way out of the city. Before he went he presented Captain Brooker with a written certificate of his presence and good treatment on board the Inflexible. This was done in a grave official manner, and Yeh, no doubt, thinks it a most valuable document. He is now in the best place in the whole world to teach a Mandarin a useful lesson. The Calcutta people seem to have a very general contempt for most things but a special contempt for China. The indifference which Yeh laboriously feigns they honestly feel. Yeh would be a lion in London; he will not attract more notice than a five-legged poodle in India.

Perhaps you may allow me hereafter to say something in the way of generalizing the facts here collected, but here ends this episode to the Chinese expedition,—an expedition which, whatever may be its direct claims to interest, has, by its incidental operations, relieved Lucknow and saved India.

UNITED STATES.

ANOTHER WEEKLY LINE OF STEAMERS TO EUROPE.—The New York Tribune says Mr. Vanderbilt has determined to run a weekly line of steamers between New York and Southampton, Havre and Bremen.—The Vanderbilt, Ariel, North Star, and Northern Light, with the Queen of the Ocean, not yet completed, will form the line. The enterprise is set on foot without regard to Government patronage, and for that reason, if no other, we hope it will be entirely successful.

Anniversaries are becoming nuisances. We speak advisedly.—American Presbyterian.

BROOKLYN—EXCITEMENT AT THE NAVY YARD.—The steamer Arctic was brought on Sunday from her station at Quarantine to be fitted for service of the coast of Cuba. She will carry three guns, two thirty-two pounders and one eighteen pounder swivel on her forecastle. In order to mount these properly, two extra port holes were cut at midships on a line abaft the house on the main deck, the space there offering the only deck room for the working of the guns. The unfitness of the vessel for such services causes it to be regarded at the Navy Yard as the best joke of the season. Her bottom is covered with grass several inches in length, and her usual speed, without such incumbrance, is only four or five knots an hour. With a fair wind and heavy steam she has been known to have made more rapid speed. The locality of the guns is entirely unprotected by bulwarks, and a few sharp shooters could easily pick off every man at the forecastle. Equally exposed is the man at the wheel. In short, the Arctic is totally unfit to cope with a British war vessel. The Water Witch, which came from Boston yesterday, and proceeded to Washington, is also destined to the Gulf. She is superior to the Arctic in point of speed, but is useless for war service. One shell properly directed would shatter her to atoms.

THE MORMONS.—The news of the submission of the Mormons appears to receive an emphatic contradiction by intelligence one day later than previous accounts received at Leavenworth on the 14th instant, and published in the St. Louis Democrat of the 18th. According to this statement, the Mormons are as determined as ever to resist the troops, while the report that the Mormons were leaving the Territory is explained by the announcement that the women and children were being sent to the southward, to be out of harm's way. But this latter intelligence is contradicted in its turn by a dispatch from St. Louis, reiterating the news before received, of the peaceful disposition of the Mormons. Advice had been received from Leavenworth to the 17th inst., announcing the arrival there of Colonel Kane and Abbe Gilbert, on the Sunday previous. Gilbert stated that Brigham Young had abdicated, and that Governor Cumming, at last advice, was out thirty miles from Salt Lake City, accompanied by a deputation of fifty Mormons, who had come out to meet him. In the midst of these contradictory reports, the exact truth, which can probably arrive at only through official sources, will be anxiously expected.—New York Times, Friday.

SOMETHING WORTH WORKING FOR.—A Philadelphia paper announces that newspapers are now used for ladies skirts, and that they are found to answer better than hoops. We don't know how that Philadelphia editor obtained his knowledge. If true, it is important. Heretofore the highest destiny of an old newspaper was the lining of a trunk. Even that is traditional, and for the last twenty years the future of newspapers has been vague and unsatisfactory.—Editors have written and presses run without any apparent purpose beyond the immediate and the present. But now, if this statement of our Philadelphia contemporary be true, the tribe of scribblers have before them a destiny as thrilling as the events of a Ledger romance. Let the race take "Exercises" for their motto, and live in the hope which it will inspire.

PROTESTANT PROGRESS.—The alarming progress which Free Love doctrines are making in Ohio is indicated by the fact that at a recent election in Berlin Heights, the Free Love party elected its entire ticket in face of the most strenuous opposition of the same men left in that locality. In view of this and other facts, the Cleveland Herald says:—

The case of Berlin is a sad one, and the respectable portion of its inhabitants are entitled to the sympathy of all good citizens. It is one of the most charming towns in Ohio, has an intelligent, upright, and virtuous population who are grieved beyond endurance by the existence among them of a sect which propagate doctrines the most revolting, and practice what they preach. The good people of that town will be forced to sacrifice their property, rupture the ties which bind them to their chosen home, and find elsewhere the comforts they had hoped there to enjoy, or a public sentiment must be brought to bear upon those who would turn that beautiful place into a brothel, and force them to leave the spot their presence pollutes.

People other than those daily in contact with this moral Free Love leprosy at Berlin, little dream of the foot-hold gained in Erie county. Four acres on the heights—as lovely a spot as nature boasts—is now devoted to the purpose of the association. When the "Water Cure" was consumed, the fraternity gathered in the barn, which was temporarily fitted up. Since then, various shanties have been erected, and building is progressing with such rapidity that five houses have been erected within four weeks. Active measures are in progress to re-build upon the site of the "Water Cure" an institution to be known as "Love Cure." Here persons of both sexes can come, and finding their affinities, pair with each other. This is the treatment, and we proclaim it, disgusting as it is, that the good people of Northern Ohio may know the full extent of this moral pestilence.

The association numbers about 30, and an accession is to be made of about 40 within the next six months. This association has a paper and not only sent to such an order, but it is slipped straight under the doors of villagers, and left on their door sills, and the decent portion of that community are sadly grieved that such midnight prowlers attempt to undermine the virtue of their sons and daughters. From the copy of the Age before us we select one entire paragraph, so that there can be no charge of perverting its meaning by severing it from the context. It reads thus:—

"Marriage is the slavery of woman: Free Love is the freedom and equity of woman and man: Polygamy is marriage multiplied: Free love is marriage abolished."

No wonder the woman of Berlin, indignant beyond self-control, met the monster who was transporting his vile edition to the post office, and seizing his papers, burnt them in the public street. What woman who has a daughter will rebuke these mothers?