should be some such who were unknown to me, I have recently made inquiries into the matter. To Professor Tyndall I put the question whether Comte had exerted any appreciable influence on his own course of thought; and he replied, "So far as I know my own course of thought would have been exactly the same had Comte never existed." I then asked "Do you know any men of science whose views have been affected by Comte's writings?" and his answer was: "His influence on scientific thought in England is absolutely *nil*." To the same questions Prof. Huxley returned in other words the same answers. Professors Huxley and Tyndall, being leaders in their respective departments, and being also men of general culture and philosophic insight, I think that, joining their impressions with my own, I am justified in saying that the scientific world of England is wholly uninfluenced by Comte. Such small influence as he has had here has been on some literary men and historians—men who were attracted by the grand achievements of science, who were charmed by the plausible system of scientific generalizations put forth by Comte, with the usual French regard for symmetry and disregard for fact, and who were, from their want of scientific training, unable to detect the essential fallaciousness of his system. Of these the most notable example was the late Mr. Buckle. Beside him, I can name but seven men who have been in any appreciable degree influenced by Comte; and of these, four, if not five, are scarcely known to the public.

THE GOSPEL IN EGYPT.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DONGOLA, Ill., Jan. 20, 1864.

Not long since I received a call from a popular preacher. During the week he works at wagons. When he prepares his sermons I do not know. He always has large congregations. I have always taken him to be a harmless, inoffensive man. I have felt a little bitter toward him for some time, because, in fitting a couple of wagon-wheels for me, he used such poor timber, which was rails, and made such loose joints that, under a moderate load, one wheel broke down, and the other is likely to give away at any time. However, the ten dollars I paid him must be considered so much in support of the Gospel, though most of it was in coffee.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I saw, at a glance, that it was a particular visit, for the bosom and collar of his shirt had more blueing in them than for every-day wear. It is likely that he called because I went to hear him preach the previous Sunday. On that occasion his text was from 2d Samuel, 22d chap., 34th verse: "He maketh my feet like hind's feet, and setteth me in high places." As he could not read very well, he had mistaken "hinds" for "hens," and, upon this reading, he built his discourse, going on to show that as the feet of hens are made to hold fast to a stick or to the branch of a tree, they sleep securely, while without such feet they would fall off. So it was in Christian life; the feet are faith, the branch is the promises which are taken hold of, and by this means the Christian is, according to the word, "set up in high places;" and though the rain may fall, and the wind blow, he is safe. For more than half an hour he enlarged on the text in this manner, while his hearers wondered at his ability to explain the Scriptures. For some weeks before I had been sick; in fact, had the ague, and had gone to meeting hoping to feel better; but the seats were slabs, with no backs, and one of the legs came up through so very near where I sat, that my back almost gave out, and would have wholly done so had I not been interested in the sermon.

We soon became sociable. In speaking of some deserters, who had gone to Canada, he said there was quite a dispute in some settlements, and he asked me how it was, for he thought I knew, "Is Canada a Slave State, or is it not?" Again, speaking of himself and his preaching, he said he did not compare himself to Saint Paul, because Saint Paul understood English Grammar, and he did not. Some people are likely to think that I make up these and other things I have written about the ignorance here, but I assure them they are true. Let one live here only a short time and he will see they are so.

After a little our preacher said: "I am told you have a power of books; if you're no objections I would like to look at 'em. I think a heap of larning and of them as is tryin' to git edication." There was no objection. I have only about 200 volumes; he probably never saw so many in all his life, but he glanced over them almost as if he had written them. Nothing is more common with such men than attempts at appearing to know everything, and if called upon for an opinion, they will ask questions implying that they are wholly acquainted with the matter; but they will slily wait till they get the answer from you, then they repeat it, and add, "O yes, that's right—I always knew it." I confess I was taken a little aback by the swift, careless, rolling of his eyes, and by his suddenly taking down a book, flirting over the leaves, and then putting it back, but I thought it would be no harm to test him a little. I had among a few similar books, a copy of Finden's Moore, printed in London, on costly paper, elegantly bound, and intended to illustrate the female characters of this poet. On the left hand page is the picture of a beautiful lady, on the opposite page a few lines of verse, in large, clear type, from which the artist drew his design. Of these there are some fifty or sixty, all finely engraved. Seeing that his hands were clean, I reached him the book, telling him it was a very choice one, that it cost so many dollars, and that I did not show it to every one. After he had looked it over a spell, and, as I clearly saw without being at all attracted by the engravings, he said that if he had time to read, this would be the very book he wanted, for he could get many things from it in preparing his sermons. I had no doubt of his sincerity, and that he came to this conclusion because the letters are large and the reading seemed easy.

He soon got through looking at the book, then taking a seat, he arranged his shirt-collar, brushed up his hair, as if a little embarrassed, and said that his business in coming to see me was to get me to become a preacher. Of course I started at this; but he was fully prepared to urge the matter, and he told me how much good I could do with my learning, how souls are perishing, and how the harvest is ripe. All I needed to start with was a little more knowledge of the Scriptures, which I could get by reading them, and from the preachers; in fact, he himself would tell me all he knew; and if I would only try, in a few months I would become one of the first preachers in the country.

I told him I had read of one, who beside being a preacher was also a doctor, and I always thought it would be an honor to any one to imitate him, but I was afraid that if I should try to do so I would get into trouble.

"I guess not," said he; "but if doctrin's a part on't, you've got a heap o' that already. Did he live hur, in Ellinoi, or up to the Northud, whar you come from?"

"No, he lived in the East."

"O yes, a Yankee like you is. What did you say his name was?"

"I have never seen him, I only read of him."

"Was it Wesley?"

"I think not. A good many years ago I first read about him in a book a little hard to understand, it seems. Though he preached both Sundays and week days, he was thought so much of as a doctor that they sent for him a good many miles, and he had a very great practice."

"Calomel, or steam?"

"That is not known, for his medicine seldom was seen."

"Was it a harsh medicine?"

"Very mild."

"'Twould n't do for this country. The liver's what's the matter with us, and nothin's so good for this as blue mass. 'Pears like he was a smart chap. He din n't preach from no notes, I reckon."

"I cannot say how this was, but in the short reports we have of his sermons they seemed carefully studied, and every word was in its proper place."

"That don't 'mount to shucks," said the preacher. "I remember, it's now onto two year, I had a 'pintment to preach in old Jonseboro, for the fust time, and as there is a power o' lawyers, marchants and sich larned men in that town, thinks I to myself, and says I, I must show 'em what a sarmon is, and I will, and if for nothin' more than to do honor to old Union County, and I picked out my tex, airly Monday morning, not intendin' to do a lick o' work all the week, and I didn't, for every mornin' I went out away off into the woods, and into a big sink hole, and I said, this rock is the cheer, and them trees is the lawyers, and I took my tex, and then I preached, sometimes one way, sometimes 'tother, till I got the fust part as I wanted it, and I said, *you're* all right, I'll preach you, and so I went on till I got 'em all right, then I put 'em together and preached 'em together, and I thought I had 'em as they orter to be. I thought I had the best sarmon as ever was preached, and I don't know but I had; but, you see, when I got into the school-house, which was chock full, and I'd prayed and gin out the himes, and took my tex, and got a little way, jest as I had it, things got kinder tangled, and I made the fifth part come afore the second part, and I told a part of an antidote I'd told afore, and they was a beginnin' to laugh, when, seeing what a scrape I'd got into, I jest threw it all away, and preached as I'd allers preached, when I felt free, and I never was so happy in my life, and when I got through they was so solemn you could a heard a pin drap. But I don't want to interrupt you with no long stories. Go on about the preacher."

"Yes. In doctoring he made out well enough—nobody found any fault with him, but in preaching he got into difficulty. More than this, he was poor and had no influential kin folks to help him, so that only the poorest people cared much about him; and in all his preaching there were only two or three large planters who liked him and these were afraid to have it known. To show you what kind of doctrine he preached I will say that in the first sermon of which the book gives an account, he said: That the Lord's spirit was upon him, that he had been anointed to preach to poor folks, so that he could cure those whose hearts were broken, that he might preach liberty to the captives, to cure sore eyes, and set at liberty anybody that was hurt."

"Just as I expected," interrupted the preacher, "a preachin' liberty to the captives, which means slaves—we had them kind down in Alabam, and every one on 'em was an Abolishioner—a black-hearted Abolishioner—but they soon got enough on it. That's the way they all talk. Only think of a man a calling hisself a preacher, and a sayin' he's aninted to preach sich stuff, when the Bible says, "cussed be Canan"—which is niggers, which God made to be slaves—slaves allers. What did you say his name was? May be I hearn of him down in Alabam."

"I hardly think you ever heard of him. If you did you seem to think little enough of him."

"In course I don't think nothin' of him. But what become of him?"

"Well, he preached this kind of doctrine two or three years, and a good many got to going to hear him, and he kept doctoring, too, and going to see whoever sent for him; but it was the sermons which made disturbance, and so much disturbance that they wouldn't let him preach in the meeting-houses, till at last, as he was camping out one night, they got a hold of him. They had a kind of a trial right away, and, though the law was on his side, they took off his clothes and spit on him, and whipped him, and then fastened him up to a tree till he died."

"Sarved him right, sarved him right," said the preacher. "All sich orter swing. They've done wus nor that down South; they burnt 'em; yes, they burnt 'em. It kinder seems to me I hearn of this very feller afore I come away. Was 't Woods, or Larkins, or Henshaw? One or t'other, I reckon."

"Yes, you must have heard of him. It would be singular if you had not. His name was Jesus Christ."

The preacher started up, red with rage; he seized his hat, and, departing, said:

"I don't want to have *nothin'* to do with you. I don't want to have nothin' to do with *you*. I don't want to have nothin' to *do* with you."

S. C. M.

FROM JAPAN.

Prospects of Peace—Prince Satsuma Negotiating with the English—Rapid Growth of Yokohama—Arrival of a British Regiment—The Country Round Yokohama—A Japanese Riot.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KANAGAWA, Nov. 30, 1863.

Our affairs in Japan again look brighter. We have not felt so assured of continuing peace for a long time. It all grows out of the fact that Prince Satsuma, he with whom the English had the brush at Kagosima, *has sent envoys to this place seeking an arrangement* of all difficulties with the English Chargé d'Affaires. He is the most powerful of all the Japanese princes, and if he is desirous of peace we feel quite sure none of the rest will seek war. As an indication of the value of our opinions, and our real estate, a lot adjoining us, with few improvements on it, size two hundred feet square, was sold yesterday for $21,000! eighteen months ago it was bought by the seller for $6,500.

Yokohama, which is the local appellation, though the port is known generally as Kanagawa, is growing rapidly. Opened to commerce four years ago, it has changed from a "side bench," which its name signifies, to an opulent commercial mart. Mr. Harris, the treaty-king, first came into this bay in March, 1859, and on the present site of the town were to be seen only the cultivated fields of rice, wheat, beans, bringalls and millet, with a few cottages of the contented peasantry among the elms and evergreen oaks. He returned to Simoda, came back three months later, on the 1st of July, when the port was to be opened under the treaty, and as if some new Aladdin had again rubbed his wonderful lamp, in place of gardens and fields stood the spacious Japanese custom-houses, blocks upon blocks of official residences, three long streets built up with shops and filled with curious wares, and besides these a large number of houses built for rental to the expected comers, to say nothing of a multitude of native cottages. Our own rapidly growing country never exhibited a transformation so sudden and complete. And now to-day the building and extension is as rapid as ever.

The fishermen's huts, the farmers' cottages, the broad acres of grain, have all given way to structures more or less substantial and elegant of wood, mud and stone. Yet all partake of the characteristics of the country, bungalow houses; warehouses, i. e. "go-downs," of mud and stone, tiled roofs, neat floors, and unpainted fir ceilings, are grafted with curtains of damask, carpets of Brussels, furniture of rosewood and mahogany from beyond the seas. Brown-cheeked boys are servitors in place of handy Biddy, who, I dare say, is more missed than all other home comforts whatever.

A township block, which, were it regular and compact, would represent an area three-quarters of a mile square, is crowded with foreign houses and foreign industry. A hundred lot-owners are now lords of the soil in place of the old swarthy Niponese farmers deposed. Long warehouses and two-story bungalows usurp the place of the brown chalets of the former peasantry.

We are, all told, English, Americans, Dutch, French, Prussians, Swiss, Portuguese, and nondescript, four hundred souls, already stifling for room—I have named them in the order of their numbers. Americans were once large lotholders, but Elderborn (to Japan) Esaus that they were, they have mostly sold, for the pottage mess, to later comers of all kindred and tongues. The rental of the whole area, once not over a hundred dollars of yearly value, must now multiply that sum by a thousand, and double yet the product. A lot 92 feet front by 175 feet deep has its standard market value of eight and ten thousand dollars, according to location, cost $265 two years ago. Here, where the farmer four years since was fain to be content with his Summer rice, and Winter harvest of turnips, commerce reaps ten millions annually of silver dollars. That is the gross of the harvest; the net profit is also a sum of fat cyphers marshaled by a not overlean digit.

Silk is the great staple of Japan trade. Then comes tea (this year raw cotton) and after this a variety of products, copper, camphor, coal, new tobacco, pulse and a variety of edibles for China consumption. For the hard dollars we pay for all these, they give us back a fifth, perhaps, for metals, cotton goods and woolens, camlets chiefly.

Thus, this spot in the remotest part of the globe, only so recently terra terribilis, if not terra incognita, is now a dear foster child of commerce. And commerce comes here full panoplied, as when, centuries ago, she conquered the Mare Mediterraneum, and so passed by to Britain, who now returns to the East. She comes with her sword and cannon, and her resonant fife and drum fill the quiet air of these isles; for to-day, as I write, twelve hundred British soldiers and marines are parading our streets, to give the Japanese an impress of their strength. She comes with her virtues and vices, and it will take the Eternal Accountant at last to decide whether "the opening of Japan" brings civilization to a fearful debit or a glorious credit in the books of the Ages.

If I have been prolix and tedious excuse me, for curious thoughts are sometimes suggested, as I witness this contrast of the civilization of the Nineteenth Century with the semi-barbarism of the Fifteenth. I feel as if I were living somewhere out of my time—as if I had left the railway of your active life and gone back to something more ancient than even the old stage-coach of existence. I should not be surprised any day if some one were to ask me to go and see Cleopatra in her barge, or Titus before Jerusalem. If we are in your world, we are certainly not of it, and I am afraid to go to bed, lest I awake in the morning and find that telegraphs, steamers, and railway cars are only dreams.

DEC. 1.—We have a liberal supply of game, which abounds in our markets. In the Winter-time wild geese cover the harvested rice-fields in numerous bevies; every day large flocks of them are seen in the air, and at night their peculiar scream fills the silence, as they wing on their way. I have often walked in easy pistol-shot distance of them, in my country rambles; and even in Yedo they may be seen by hundreds and thousands resting in the moat that sweeps the Imperial palaces; or, more familiar still, will come down into private or temple gardens, where the fish-ponds attract their eye.

Scattered all through the farming country by which we are surrounded are numerous ponds, formed by damming the little streams at the head of every valley, for the purpose of irrigating the rice-fields. If one could hover over the landscape, he would see these gems of water as thick as the eyes in a peacock's tail, for the whole country hereabout is a succession of billowy ridges, and each interval has its own rivulet, whose waters are husbanded against the possible drouth of Summer. Very many of these lakes, as you may imagine, are in quiet, sequestered spots, fringed with the tall cedars or other tree growths, and so are favorite haunts of the wild duck, muscovy and mandarin, black and teal, and canvass-back for aught I know. I often come across them in my walks. One spot in particular, the "Seven Lakes," so called because of seven of these irrigating ponds in proximity, is their chosen resort.

Then on the undulating hills there is a great deal of undergrowth, pollard oaks, and chestnuts, and alders, and other trees indigenous to Japan, which form capital cover for the pheasants, green, golden, and copper, with more rarely a woodcock or quail. In the open grain-fields adjoining the woods, are the wild pigeons, much like ours, but I never see them in flocks; three or four together are the most that I have seen. As the Japanese never go "for a day's shooting in the country," and seldom take life of beast or bird unnecessarily (they are not so scrupulous about a "togin's" life), until the foreigner came, the birds had a good time of it; and the geese flew down upon the rice-fields, the ducks swam in the quiet pools, and the pigeons picked up a fat living, gleaners in the grain-fields, all unmolested.

But the "togin" came to Japan, and human society, and old custom, and ancient law of man, not only, were broken in upon, but the very birds of the air have had their peace and security invaded. The togin has a tooth for game, the Japanese has a love for money greater than his love for beast and bird, and so woodcock and teal, wild goose and pheasant, must be caught and slain to gratify the depraved (?) tastes of us both.

But the Japanese do not go about banging away with a blunderbuss and beating the woods with trained dogs, thus killing some and frightening for ever away more, but, more craftily going to work, he sacrifices "sport" to ensnaring, and snares the unwilling birds, or fastens them with bird lime. So dozens and scores and hundreds fall victims, in such a noiseless way that the rest do not take flight, and Mrs. Duck, who retires to her sedge coverlid at night, missing her lordly drake, has no idea what has happened to the dear fellow, and only suspects him of faithlessness, little thinking he is at that moment garnishing a lineal Plymouth-Rocker's Thanksgiving Day table in Nipon.

* * * *

We regard ourselves as safe in the town limits, and, with due precaution, a little beyond them. I frequently go out for a long walk from six, eight, ten, or twelve miles, measuring both ways, but not alone. Sometimes with one friend, sometimes with two, and in my longer walks we make up a company of four, five, or six, as we can find them. In these long walks, we go each with his trusty revolver; in the shorter ones, we sometimes go armed, and sometimes do not, as convenience serves. But there are many who do not venture outside of the smoke of our chimneys, and more still who limit themselves to "the walk on the bluffs" of two or three miles circuit. "*Our* walking party" venture the furthest, owing perhaps more to our excess of leg strength and vitality than to a preponderance of courage. Having been here now a long time, and always fond of rambling and being full of "woodcraft" as to the innumerable little paths that thread the country everywhere, it falls often to my lot to be leader and guide.

We, that is, our walking club, are waiting for a day of sun which shall also be a day of leisure to make a yet longer foot excursion, boating down the shores of Yedo bay ten or twelve miles, for the pleasure of walking back. This will take us to the scene of a recent rencounter, in which three Englishmen were somewhat astonished as well as frightened, and a Japanese samowrai, or "two-sworder," as we call them, had a shoulder perforated by a pistol ball. Two weeks ago, a couple of Yankee friends recreating at an inn twelve miles in another direction, took alarm at some movements real or fancied, and without waiting for their horses to be resaddled did some tall walking on the back track. These folks were horseback, but our walking club feel more safe on foot—we know then what legs we trust, and for fight, flight, or the fence, in a broken country, there are no legs like one's own. Besides, we rely greatly upon our diplomacy to keep out of any quarrels, and if neither legs nor our diplomacy save, we still have in reserve something better than a horse—our little "Colts," frisky enough, I dare say, if properly put on their metal. Then we are actuated by principle—we have a right by treaty to go into the country ("shear the wolf"), and we will go into the country, will shear the wolf.

Yesterday I was walking in the streets of the town, when, at the turn of a corner, I came upon a mob of 200 or 300 low Japanese armed with clubs, matchlocks, fire-hooks and other weapons from the mob's arsenal, the street. With faces white and livid with rage, they swayed by me, not over me, fortunately, in pursuit of several Prussian sailors, who, like all Jacks ashore, had first got drunk, gone to a disreputable quarter, got into a row with the natives, nearly killed one, and now were flying for their lives; for, assuredly, if this mad mob had caught them there would have been lives lost. Luckily for the Jacks, the English barracks were not far, into which they fled, and the crossed bayonets before the gate held back the surging crowd, which had now increased to many hundreds. Thus you see we have our little excitements and variations of life—variations in the animal, not variations in the esthetical, like opera, lecture-room and that ilk with you. This applies to north of Chambersburgh only, for south there are some pretty extensive variations in the animal.

The London (C. W.) *Prototype* says that Alderman McPherson, who lately died there, was awakened two nights before his death by his wife loudly sobbing and crying in her sleep. Being awakened, she said that she had dreamed that two gentlemen had called to inform her of her husband's death. Next day but one she besought him on his leaving home to be careful of himself as she had a presentiment that he would not return alive. In the evening the two persons of whom she had dreamed came with the news of her husband's death—not waiting for them to speak she held up her hands exclaiming that he was dead and fell on the floor insensible.

Robert Grignon, the warrior who captured Black Hawk, perished lately in a snow-drift near Oshkosh, Wis. He was 80 years old.

Thirty Illinois regiments, mustering 400 men each, have reënlisted, so far, as veterans.

FROM PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Jan. 22, 1864.

Frenchmen still continue to interest themselves in their own affairs. The debates on the address this week, though less sensational than the week before, command public attention hardly less. The spirit of independence among members not of the Opposition is ever growing. Thus one amendment, made in a liberal sense, to the address, obtained *sixty-three* votes, that is, double the number of the pure Opposition. There seems to be forming in the Corps Legislatif something like a Center between pure Right and Left. The vote on a liberal amendment just noted is but one of its many genethliac signs. President de Morny himself may be counted in the Right Center rather than the Extreme Right. If the story be true that those more immediately about the Emperor are divided into two parties—obstinate plantigrades, not to say retrogrades, and concessionists—there is little doubt that de Morny is on the side of concession. Of concession in some administrative and politico-economic directions at least; and even of concession to the spirit of political reform if only security can be had against the spirit of political revolution.

It is good to see and very noteworthy, in the debates this week, which turned on administrative, politico-economic, and politico-social domestic questions, the general calmness and fairness of speakers on all sides. The Legislative Body had really the manners of a deliberative, parliamentary assembly. Orators for and orators against amendments listened respectfully to each other, and on many points met half way. And men of unquestioned imperial orthodoxy not only dared, but what is more important without holding themselves or being held audacious, speak for and even vote for amendments. The contrast between this and the sessions of previous legislatures is most striking. It is so easy to exaggerate and so difficult to calculate its importance, that I will rather commend it to your attention with an illustration. American Journals tell us that among the throng of pure white citizens who presented their clean hands for a shake to President Lincoln last New-Year's day, were four colored men and brothers. Not much of a show of colored hands in itself, but in contrast with all preceding White House records, a most notable sign manual of new historic departures; steam navigation began with one boat.

But to those who take interest in French politics—and most Americans might as well, seeing how much of their own political capital (in these days of international joint stockedness, of universal, national solidarity) is invested in them—this other will be a not less striking novelty. The very Address itself, as first reported, has been modified by the reporting Committee. Hitherto, the Address has been but a slavish variation on the theme of the throne speech. It was already more than that this year. It already, as it first came from Committee, had several variations, muted, as fiddlers would say, but aspiring in a liberal sense on and above the tone of the throne speech. That fact, and the fact that one paragraph of the reported Address has been modified at all, are—if folks only *would* keep in mind that the current of history, running "before and after," is better than a mere local transient eddy, or accidentally segregate, lateral puddle—the facts to be kept in mind. But the nature of the modification in question has its momentary, incidental worth.

The paragraph of the Address referring to the Polo-Russo question, as first phrased by the official reporters, expressed a sharpish regret at the "coolness sprung up in the good relations between Russia and France." Seeing the nature of those relations as adumbrated in the diplomatic correspondence of last year, closed by the famous final response of Prince Gortchakoff, addressed to the three would be intervening Powers, but aimed specially at France, this seemed mild enough. Now this paragraph has been so modified, that regret at the coolness has come to be cheerful "confidence in the sentiments of justice entertained by both friendly sovereigns"—to wit, Russian Czar and French Emperor.

To point out how this "varies the aspect of the scene," would be like nailing a guide-board to the back of a blind beggar.

As matters stand to-day—to-morrow may change them all—Napoleon means to be the moral ally of Alexander and is; as against the Polish insurrection as much so as the generous New-Yorkers who roared applause to the Russian Naval officers, forgetful of their youthful symphonic shrieks with English poet Campbell when Kosciusko fell; and as against England as much so so.

Against Russia his Majesty will not fight—as your correspondent for the past twelve months has always said; still less against England though, mind that, as your unworthy reporter has always said, giving causes in proof, for the last twelve years. But will play England against Russia as he best can. Is now playing a little, but in the main watching a diversion in the game; the Schleswig-Holstein diversion, and possibly watching with a malicious smile England's embarrassment in that complex game. How far German-English Queen and English King that is to be, with his pretty Danish wife and little seven-months semi-Danish heir, intercomplicate the difficulties of the tangled game, is, luckily for your Paris correspondent, a special question to be treated of by your London correspondent.

The flat rejection by the King of Denmark of the last Prusso-Austrian ultimatum would seem to leave none but a warlike issue open. And certainly war seems more imminent than ever since the last ten days, but not more *inevitable*, thanks to the queer complexities of the case. No one supposes that Danish King on one side, and German King and Kaiser on the other, want to fight. The three monarchs are really partners, with a common interest, in the general throne business, as Prussian King and Danish King were in 1849-'50. But the Dane is not monarchically strong enough to yield to the German Confederation, with safety to his crown, what his people maintain as national right. German King and Kaiser are not strong enough over their own people to openly support him in his territorial sovereignty over the duchies where German nationality claims its sovereignty. The little seven-by-nine German kings and kinglets—let go nationally mad by joking Jupiter, who laughingly looks down on their race to individual ruin—are enthusiastically playing their little crowns into the hands of the popular, fatedly democratic, national German party. If it was not so terribly solemn, it would be very funny, this game of the kings and queens and castles and knights. As funny as the queer moves and finessing of our statesmen, generals, politicians, politicasters, journalists and the rest, in our great American Fate's play of Rouge et Noir—blood and Slavery. What one man or party has controlled it thus far? Beyond two nose lengths, we are all "going it blind." Happily. For had the "intelligent classes" and "respectable" slangwhangers and "long-sighted" politicasters foreseen in 1860 that the war, already fated, was to come even so far as it has, they all, North and South, would have put their fear-stricken shoulders against the wheel of time and possibly rolled it a few years back, or kept it still sloughing deeper and deeper, and crushing more and more black and white Southern and Northern slaves.

There have been three renewed elections in the provinces this week. They were held to choose occupants of three seats in the Palais Bourbon, declared vacant by the Corps Legislatif at the time of the *certification des pouvoirs*. Of the three successful candidates, two had to struggle against Government influence—one of these sincerely accepts the Empire, was in the last Corps Legislatif a Government patronized member—he has carried the election by a trifling majority. Safe to guess that he will be an addition to the independent, reformatory, non-revolutionary growing center. It will be his Majesty's business to see to it that he do not become Centre-gauche rather than Centre-droit. During the canvass, his Majesty made the mistake—if one can be permitted—to let his subordinate officials represent M. Claparède, the successful candidate, as his Majesty's opponent. Another of the successful candidates is a liberal of a pronounced democratic shade. He has been chosen by a majority of more than 3,000 votes. The third successful candidate is that enterprising gentleman, Monsieur Bravay. His first election was invalidated on the ground that his abundant moneys, easily gained by unctuous contracts in the jolly time of the late Said-Pacha's barbarously brilliant rule in Egypt, cropped out too clearly from the ballot-boxes. He was never a chosen Government candidate; only suffered. In the renewed trial Government honestly stood aside; he triumphs over all opposents by more than ten thousand majority.

Two still deferred elections remain—and are like to. Jules Favre and M. Havin were candidates, and successful ones, last May June in two Parisian and in two provincial districts. They have elected to sit for the provincial districts. This leaves two Parisian electoral districts without a representative. Some time within the six months next following the first election, Government is bound by a self-ordained law to appoint the day of renewed election. Government now, just does not hurry in respect of these two renewable Parisian elections. For why? Not simply because Laboulaye, Dufaure, Martin, or any other liberally nominated two would be sure to carry the day over Government candidates, but because they would at present be sure to carry it by an overwhelmingly large and deprecatedly significant majority. There is next to no doubt that if Jones and Brown were set up as Opposition candidates they would be chosen by enormous majorities in these vacant Parisian districts, not for their own little personal sakes but as signs and symbols. And so Government avoids and defers the risk of trial, hoping that the legislative session will rise before the six months be past, or that the elections may move quieter after the debates on the address are over, or that luck, accident, what not will turn up to its advantage against the steadily, fatedly growing spirit of freedom and independence.

Try to think, ungentle reader, if so be the thinking faculty has been vouchsafed you, that all this detail of French politics bears with the most definite directness on your American politics.

It is high time that we should confess to ourselves, what is open secret to any one who has observed us for the past three years (to go no further back) that we not only deeply are, but recognize that we are deeply interested in European politics. Nothing but a childish ignorance can excuse the folly of supposing that any civilized State is independent of all other civilized States. Washington to-day is as near London and Paris as either London or Paris were to the other some centuries ago, nearer to either than either was to Constantinople a century ago. As a nation we are already entered into, I don't say the European system, but into the system of the world's civilized nations.

It is not our little doing, or their little doing: statesmanship, Heaven help the mark, has almost less than next to nothing to do with it. It is a fact. The four signers of "the French Letter," not because they are all exceptionally eminent for intelligence, but because they are representative men quite apart from their will, represent an incalculably greater power than any possible next four diplomatic signers to no matter what next diplomatic notes do or can represent.

When will Americans, who pretend to believe in ideas and not in forms; in principles and not in men; in realities and not in shams; in peoplelsm (to coin a word) and not in officialism—when will they learn to respect, I will not say their convictions, but themselves and their pretended convictions? If we must, by ingrained nature, profoundly snob to the superiority of European official, imperial and royal formalities and solemn impostures, over our poor republican, popular, individual principles and convictions, then at least let our snobbery have the courage of its convictions. May your correspondent, purely in his quality as reporter, be suffered to say, that his own countrymen immeasurably surpass Europeans in the unhappy faculty of snobbery?

To change the subject. The sum of theatrical receipts at the twenty-four box-offices of Paris for the past year, 1863, is 18,761,000 francs, which is 1,360,000 more francs than the receipts of 1862. In a word, never was material theatrical property more profitable than in these last past twelve months. How little pecuniary profit has to do with literary and histrionic merit, becomes sadly patent to one who will run through the letter-press and titles, and "runs" of the prosperous pieces. So far as anything like literary or any sort of primary artistic merit goes, no one of the last twelve years of the French stage has been so barren. And the great successes, that is the great pecuniary successes, with only three or four exceptions at most, have been the successes of short skirts and of a gross wit that certainly did not shine by its brevity.

Auber's last! La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe is, so competent appreciators tell me, in no way inferior to the best productions of that favorite composer, and proves again what the vivacity of his other compositions has convinced me of, that if his primal birth-day really once was in 1781, he must have been repeatedly since born again. Certainly, judged by the ear, septuagenarian Auber is a younger—I wont say man—but nature than composer Gounod, who is about to cap his Faust with a new candidate for musical connoisseur's applause.

By the way, the Emperor, quite out of his own head, has ordered the issue of a decree of liberty to the theaters lyric and literary. Subordinates, who would not have dared to call their souls their own if they had been blessed with possession of so noble organs, had their substitutes for brains all flabbergasted by his Majesty's first order to liberalize the stupidly cramped regime of the French stage. Whimming that they were obedient to orders but hampered by long-wonted administrative habits, they drew up a decree on theaters in numberless paragraphs that the devil himself would have been bothered to find clear way through. Bosh! quoth his Majesty. I want theatrical folks to have as much freedom of action as other folks have. Say so in three paragraphs. No good of stretching it out to twenty. And so the super flabbergasted subordinates did really apply their little minds to the briefer editing of Napoleon's simple common sense idea. And they got themselves delivered of a quite tolerably liberal decree assuring the semi-liberty of the French theaters in France.

This seemingly trifling concession to modern liberalism and to modern individualism may seem trifling in importance. Be sure that Napoleon does not make you laugh, respected reader. Butchers' liberty, bakers' liberty, playwrights' liberty—these all in their little kind are liberty. Seemingly non-political as they are, they really are entering political wedges. Butcher and baker and playwright and theater manager being made free under the Empire, as they were not under the Monarchy of July, nor under the Republic of 1848, why should not they be rather Imperialists than any of the old parties else?

Change again the subject. I note that our Congressmen are looking, among other directions, tobaccoward for means of tax-gathering profit, and so this fact, in French National income, becomes exemplary. A pamphlet lately furnished to all the members of the Corps Legislatif gives the annual account of the profit to the French national treasury of the tobacco business.

And this is the very brief, very preceptive teaching of that document. The French Government, which monopolizes the manufacture and sale and controls the production on French soil of tobacco, announces that the total product of its tobacco business in 1861 amounted to 216,000,000 and odd francs of which 163,000,000 and odd were clear profit to the national treasury.

Shall we learn? Shall we, the independentest, tobacco-chewingest, and smokingest, and spittingest people on the disgusted face of the earth, be beneath the French in skill of extracting treasury virtues from our disgusting national vice?

"Heaton's Defensive Armor."

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I propose, with your permission, to ask and answer a few questions; and should any one be disposed to criticise me, I have only to say, I am ready and shall be most happy to reply to any honest argument at any time.

In the first place—

Is the present system of applying armor an established principle?

What is the object of defensive armor?

What is a cannon ball? or, rather—

What effect does it produce?

What is a shell?

Can "fracturing force" be communicated through a soft substance to a hard one?

Can "fracturing force" be conveyed through a hard substance to a soft one?

I. Is the present system of applying armor an established principle?

In all science there are certain fixed or established laws. These laws have been tried and proved, and have passed into the "statute books of science," and every true man of science looks up to them and is guided by them as a mariner is by the compass. No really scientific man will contradict or disregard them. But has the present system of defensive armor been put upon the "statute books?"

I think not, and with all due respect for the opinions of those who disagree with me, I venture to say it never will be. It is not only wrong, as I will presently show, but it is impracticable.

What is the object of defensive armor? Is it intended or supposed that by its use a ship can go through an action and come out uninjured—needing no repairs? If it is, it is simply an impossibility, and will never be done. Even if a ship could be plated twenty feet thick, with iron as now used, it would be damaged every time it was struck by shot, and would have to be repaired. Yet the armor must not be unnecessarily heavy, because of the unalterable weight of water, and because every ounce of iron on a ship, which is not actually required to insure its impregnability, diminishes its seaworthiness, its speed, its ability to remain at sea for want of coal, and most important of all, its power of offense, i.e., guns. The true object of defensive armor, in my opinion, is to enable the crew of the ship to work their guns in comparative, not certain, safety; and to enable the ship to resist or stand a given amount, not an unlimited amount, of pounding; and also to carry guns enough to destroy or to disable her antagonist within a given time; and also to save her from being blown up by the comparatively recent system of "horizontal shell firing." But before we say any more of armor let us inquire—

II. What is a cannon ball? or rather,

What effect does it produce?

Because a cannon-ball is used for war purposes, and to accomplish ruin and desolation, it is commonly enough regarded as wonderful and tremendous, whereas there is really nothing tremendous or wonderful about it. It is simply weight and impetus, or a body in motion, a means of conveying power or force from one given point to another, a messenger sent with a given amount of force a given distance, with a given amount of weight the sudden stopping of which produces an accumulation of force or weight momentarily applied. It is a shock, neither more nor less. The more suddenly you stop it, the greater will be the shock, and the harder the substance you oppose to it, the greater will be the concussion and damage. It is a momentary application of force—not a continued application of it. Now we will inquire:

What is the object of a war vessel? A war vessel is the representation of a nation's power on the water, and is intended, and was originally designed to carry the artillery and men of one nation to carry on not only a defensive but an aggressive warfare against another, either by meeting and contending with like force on the high seas, or by entering her private waters, and bombarding and destroying her towns and commerce. Now, in order to accomplish this, a war vessel should certainly have powers of offense i.e., guns (and the more, or greater power, of guns the better), as well as powers of defense—i. e., armor and speed. Her armor should be of such a character as to be easily repaired when injured, and should offer the greatest amount of resistance to penetration attainable with a given amount of weight, and should be so arranged as to receive the least amount of permanent injury in arresting shot, and should be of such a soft nature as to deaden the shock, instead of, as now applied, increasing it; and last of all, it should be within the bounds of practicability, as well as of possibility.

Perhaps a monitor is about as strong a structure merely to resist shot as is likely to result from the present system of defensive armor. But a monitor carries an insignificant battery, insignificant in the face of an enemy, on land, at all events, and cannot be rendered any stronger or more shot proof without being rendered wholly inoffensive, and also without losing that property which now only allows it to float by sufferance. Let us then look seriously into the matter, and see if this "iron-clad" system is the best means to use, with the end for which it is designed in view. I have shown that the result of stopping a cannon ball is a shock; now why should iron be the best material to resist or withstand it? On the contrary, why is it not about the worst, when opposed, as it now is, to the direct action and to the full force of the shot? To illustrate the matter: Let any one take an iron bar, and place one end against a piece of wood, and strike the other end with a hammer.

The blow of the hammer, which is precisely similar to that of a shot, differing only in its degree, will be communicated directly to the wood, and will damage it just as much as if struck by the hammer, less the difference or amount of shock to be deducted for overcoming the inertia, of the iron bar (which will be a very small deduction compared to the blow of the hammer, the weight of which will be its own actual weight multiplied by the square of its speed or motion). Now let the thing be reversed, and let one end of the bar be covered from contact with the hammer by a piece of wood or some other softer substance than the bar, and strike this substance with the hammer. Can you deface or injure the end of the bar? Not until you have rendered the wood as hard as the bar of iron. Or take a still plainer illustration, to show the impossibility of communicating "fracturing force" through a soft substance to a hard one.

A blacksmith makes one end of a bar of iron hot, and, therefore, soft; he sets this hot or soft end on the anvil, and strikes the hard or cold end with his hammer; the result is that the force of the blow is transmitted through the bar, and the soft end is "upset"—enlarged, and a head made on it; while the cold end, which is brought in direct contact with the hammer, is not even misshapen or injured. Now let him reverse the operation, and set the cold or hard end on the anvil, and strike the hot or soft end with the hammer—will he make a head or an enlargement on the cold end? Most assuredly, no. Why not? Because he cannot transmit "fracturing force" through a soft substance to a harder one.

Now, how does all this apply to an iron-clad ship? We will see. A ball on coming in contact with the side of a monitor's turret, for instance—which is composed of a number of separate plates, joined together with bolts—either goes through, or, as is more likely, is so suddenly stopped as to produce a very much greater shock than is necessary, and is broken to pieces. The turret also is injured, and, though not, like the ball, broken to pieces, it is broken, but in one place only.

How is it broken? The first plate which was brought in direct contact with the shot at its full force, and which is as hard as the shot, is probably penetrated, and the second plate is most likely penetrated, too. Here the shot has stopped, but the damage does not end here, for the third plate, which was forced inward by the shot, has communicated force to the fourth plate, and bent that inward too; and so on. Every succeeding plate has been forced inward until the inside plates, being extended beyond endurance, are cracked and burst open; the bolts are torn asunder; and the whole structure is literally smashed. Why was this? Simply because the plates, being of equal hardness, were conductors of fracturing force, just like the bar in the hands of the blacksmith before alluded to. Now this, in order to keep the ship shot-proof, must be repaired, and it is a serious job to repair it, and a great amount of damage to result from one shot. All of the bent and twisted bolts must be "backed out," the old or damaged plates must be removed, and new ones substituted—so that, I believe, if the turret is damaged in, say, six places, it would be cheaper to build a new one than to repair it; and, worse than all, it must come home to get help or to be repaired.

Now let us see if this cannot be avoided, and if some other kind of armor cannot be proved to be better. I venture to suggest a change. England, America and France have spent tens of millions in constructing "iron-clad" or "main-force" ships which have been going to do wonders, and which have had the most stupendous names given to them, yet what do they all come to? Neither more nor less than an utter failure. Neither country, with all their expenditures and resources, has produced a ship that would be comparatively safe in a storm at sea, or that could lie to for ten minutes under the guns of Sumter, at short range, without the moral certainty of being sunk.

I trust I may not be considered presumptuous then, when I say that I would strike at the root of the disease in a monitor. I would reduce the actual weight of its armor one-third, and render it no less shot proof than it now is, and I would guarantee that the armor as I should arrange it should be less damaged by the action of shot than it is now, and that the repairs, which must be contingent on anything which is shot at by cannon balls, should be made at sea, without coming home; and for a sum so far below what it now costs as to admit of no comparison; and that the ship should be more seaworthy, able to remain longer at sea, and able to carry more guns. All of these important matters are regulated by the weight of armor, which is, as now used, the great source of trouble, and the one great cause or fault from which all the others spring.

I have shown that a cannon ball causes a shock, and I need hardly say that if the outside of a ship were covered with timber, over the iron armor, this shock would to a great extent be destroyed, and that the iron cannon ball, being prevented from coming in direct contact with the iron armor by the timber which I would interpose, would not inflict that damage on the iron armor which it now does. Of course this timber would have to be practicably applied to the ship's side, and I would if I had the chance soon show how to practically apply it. Some will suggest that it would be torn off by glancing shot. To prevent that, I should cover the timber outside with a thin sheathing of iron, which would effectually turn all shot striking at a very acute angle, and those which were not glancing, and which would not be turned by a thin plating, would come into the timber, and from the very fact of their coming into the timber, would not, or could not, tear it much.

Others again will say, that my timber would be blown off by shell. I have thought of that too—and have concluded that it would not be blown off by shell. A shell—that is an ordinary explosive shell—has no diabolical disposition of its own. It is simply a body containing powder, which powder being ignited, generates a gas, which, to get vent, bursts the shell. If it were fired against timber it would do no great damage. The gas from a shell, like any other gas, will escape where there is the greatest opening, and the force will be exerted where there is the least resistance, so that the shell, even if buried in the timber, would nearly all blow back by the hole it entered at. A shell with a mischievous disposition of its own, which would seek to find its way behind the timber, and between the iron plating and the said timber, so as to do the most mischief, while there was the hole it came in at to get out by, has yet to be invented.

The Whitworth shell, which is flat pointed and generally cylindrical, is charged with powder, which is ignited by the heat caused by the friction of iron shot passing through iron plating; but in my system the shell would not pass through the iron plating, unless it could make the wood burst the iron, or else force the wood which would precede it into literally nothing. Neither of these, I think, would be done, so the shell would not burst at all. Now, as to percussion shell, which is arranged to burst on coming in contact with anything, I am inclined to think it would take a very nice adjustment to make the shell discriminate between wood and iron; and this being impossible, the shell would be very apt to burst at the first contact, and outside the timber instead of inside of it. In a word, after having looked into the matter, and tested it as much as is possible for any civilian to do without Government assistance, I am led to think that no great or serious injury would result from the action of shell. But it might very easily be tested so as to resolve it into a certainty—which, by-the-by, is the only way by which anything like a perfect understanding can be arrived at. Of course, a ship so protected would be more or less full of holes, after a fight; but that is the very reason I put it on the ship.

The notion that a ship may go under fire, and, to use an expression I have heard, "shed shot" without injury, and without needing any repairs, is about exploded. A cannon ball cannot be stopped by anything, without damaging that thing. If it is damaged, it must be repaired, and the damaged timber could be much more readily repaired than the damaged iron could be. The timber outside, sustained by the iron armor behind it, cannot yield with one simultaneous crush to the action of the shot, as the present system does, and owing to its iron backing, its resistance is infinitely increased, at the same time that it receives the first force of the shock, and being a softer material than iron, does not and cannot communicate the force to the iron behind it, in the way that iron plates in a turret do, as before shown.

Trusting that my armor, which is on the Onondaga, will soon be understood and thoroughly and practically tested, and that it may prove to be all I claim for it,

I am very respectfully,

CHAS. W. S. HEATON, C. E.

Confederate Movements in Mississippi.

From The Natchez Courier, Jan. 26

We learn that on Saturday last Gen. Wirt Adams, with his Confederate force of about 1,500 men, passed through Washington, six miles from this city on his way toward Vicksburg or Jackson.

The advance of his men—some 400—came unexpectedly upon a small cotton train of drays, under an escort of 30 Union cavalry from Fayette, near Selsertown, "gobbling up" several of the soldiers, all the horses in the train, and burning the drays.

Before this was done, we learn, however, some damage was done to the Confederates.

Another squad of Union cavalry was sent forward in pursuit of the Confederates, but with what results we have not learned.

The Courier of the 29th says: Since our last issue we believe nothing has been heard of Wirt Adams and his forces outside. His late tour through Washington, in this county, was probably one of his periodical pilgrimages, to make report to Gen. Polk, said to be near Jackson, Miss. We have often heard of Wirt Adams's threatened dashes upon the river cities, but presume they are mere threats for the time and the occasion. There have been many "dashes" into the river places within the last six months, but they are generally composed of the Confed. rank and file; and somehow or other the participants in these "dashes" never return to their commanders again. Another six months of such "dashing" along the whole Union line, and the Confederate commanders will be the only ones left to "make a dash." Such is the record—let it speak for itself.

A soldier at Duquoine, Ill., last week became involved in a dispute with a Copperhead, the latter ultimately being beaten by the soldier's companions. He started to run, but being pursued by another soldier turned and shot him—fatally it is feared. He was taken prisoner and put in jail, and next day was placed under a guard for removal to Springfield. The instant that he appeared at the door three shots were fired at him, and he was killed.