INTERESTING FROM EUROPE.

Chevalier Wikoff, the Russian War, the London Times and the New York Herald.

The Condition of the English Army in the Crimea.

THE IRON TRADE, &c., &c., &c.

Our London Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 19, 1855.

The State of the War—The English Ministry—The Peace Negotiations at Vienna—Anomalies—Baron Bruck's Toast—Position of Prussia—The Mechanical Power of England—Submarine Telegraph from Varna to the Crimea—The Sardinian Treaty—Padre Gavazzi and Young Italy—Mr. Wikoff and Lord Palmerston—Spain—New Constitution—Miscellaneous, &c.

Those of your readers who expected by this mail to hear of the storming of Sebastopol are doomed to disappointment. Up to the 10th of January, as telegraphs Prince Menschikoff, nothing important had taken place before Sebastopol. We also learn that there had been a heavy fall of snow, and that frost was setting in. Anything was a relief to the wet and damp. Sickness still prevailed in the English camp, and the number of deaths at the Scutari hospitals was on the increase. Nevertheless, there is no sign of giving up the siege; on the contrary, if you glance at the naval and military intelligence in the London and Paris papers, you will see daily announcements of the departure of additional troops and materials of war. Our troops are at last provided with hats, clothes and medicine.

Some considerable sorties have been made by the Russians on both the English and French lines. Men are killed on both sides and the Russians are always driven back with loss. It is not the courage or even the number of the Russians that beats down the allies—they have been defeated by five miles of swamp and mud.

Parliament meets on Tuesday next, and I believe there will be a terrible onslaught made upon the government. The Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert are looked upon by many as "gone coons." To be sure they can state that they have gained over Sardinia and 15,000 fighting men, but the chief accusation against them is want of management. The special agent of the *Times* for the distribution of the patriotic fund has done more good than all the government agents put together. There have been various attacks made upon Miss Nightingale and her corps of amazons, and quite a newspaper war has ensued. All that can be said is that a kinder or gentler being never lived. Possessed of beauty, position, and a large fortune, she devotes her life to the relief of her suffering fellow creatures with no ambition for earthly reward.

You must not trust various telegraphic announcements in some of the London morning papers that the bombardment of Sebastopol was renewed on the 8th of January. Omer Pasha has been to the camp of the allies to concert measures for a grand movement. He then returned to inspect his forces at Eupatoria, and has now returned to Varna to embark more men. Admiral Lyons, who now commands instead of Dundas, has also had interviews with Lord Raglan and Canrobert. A good deal is expected from his energy. I have no doubt he will attempt to force an entrance into Sebastopol on the sea side. The Duke of Cambridge is at Malta, and Prince Napoleon is decidedly recalled.

It is a curious fact that while we learn from Vienna that the Emperor of Russia had ordered his Ambassador, Prince Gortschakoff, to accept, without reserve, the four points or guarantees demanded by the Western Powers in the note of the 8th August as a basis for negotiations for peace, and whilst we also learn that the English and French governments have sent full powers to their respective ambassadors at the court of Austria to enter into negotiations, it is curious, I say, that such a moment should have been selected by the Czar to recommence hostilities on the Danube. Nevertheless it is an incontestable fact. He has entered the Dobrudscha and defeated a Turkish division there, under the very nose of Coronini, the Austrian General there. Austria, by her treaty with the Porte, binds herself to repel by force any new invasion of the Danubian Principalities. Now as the Dobrudscha is not either Wallachia or Moldavia, Austria was not bound to attack the Russians, and those who accuse her in this instance of a breach of faith, are wrong, not that I ascribe any very hostile sentiments against Russia to the government of Vienna. But anomalies seem to be the order of the day. The *Journal de Constantinople*, of the 9th January, which has just come to hand, publishes the account of a political dinner given by Baron de Bruck, the Austrian Internuncio, to the ministers of the Ottoman Porte. After dinner Baron de Bruck proposed a toast to the Sultan and his valiant army, whose exploits on the Danube, he said, were the admiration of all Europe:—

"There," exclaimed the Internuncio of Austria, "they vanquished the Russians in every encounter, and proved to the Court of St. Petersburg that they were as courageously to defend the rights of Turkey against Muscovite ambition. Like the Western Powers," added M. de Bruck, "Austria is anxious to fight for the defence of the rights of Turkey and justice, and whatever may be the result," said he, with inexpressible energy, "Russia will cease to be an object of terror, for she will have succumbed." These words produced a deep impression on all the guests, and the Grand Vizier warmly thanked the Internuncio.

In my last I mentioned the short address of Louis Napoleon to the Imperial Guard. These little speeches are straws which shew which way the wind blows. Bruck's speech is looked upon as a decided announcement that Austria will shortly take the offensive against Russia. The Ottoman army in the Crimea is to be increased to 40,000 men.

There are very few men here who believe in the sincerity of the Emperor of Russia's protestations, but rather think it is a "dodge" to gain time.

As regards Prussia, that State is getting more and more into a mess. She has already, to a certain extent, lost her position as a great power in Europe; she has declined to join the treaty of the 2d December, and if she does not take care she will lose her influence at the German Confederation, which was equal, if not greater than that of Austria. She has refused to mobilize her army in compliance with the wish of Austria, expressed in virtue of the treaty between the two States, and now Prussia demands to participate in the peace conferences at Vienna, on the ground that as the revision of the treaty of 1841 is to be discussed, and she was a party to that treaty, she has a right to attend.

This right will be denied to her. Colonel de Manteuffel has proceeded to Berlin, having failed in his mission to Vienna. The mission of Baron Usedom to London is also a failure—so much so that he does not go on to Paris. A sharp note from M. Drouyn de l'Huys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, pointing out the absurdity of Prussia hoping to form a separate treaty with the Western Powers, settled the question of the mission to Paris.

Whilst peace negotiations are going on at Vienna, the soldiers of the belligerent powers will redouble their efforts to cut each others throats in the Crimea.

England is bringing now all her mechanical forces into the field. You are already aware that Messrs. Peto and Brassy have sent out (Peto has gone with them) a body of navvies to make a Balaklava railroad. The English government have now sent out an electric cable to establish a sub-marine telegraph between Varna and the Crimea. The telegraphic wires between Varna and Bucharest are progressing rapidly; they are already in activity between Bucharest and Vienna, and between Vienna and London, so that we shall shortly be in daily communication with the Crimea. The cable is enclosed in gutta-percha. Portable telegraphs, and wire to join on to the main line is sent out in abundance for the use of the Commanders-in-Chief.

Christmas Day was spent as jollily as every man could on the bleak heights of Sebastopol. Roast beef and plumpudding were not wanting. Invalids continue to arrive in town. Lord Cardigan, who commanded the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, dined with the Queen at Windsor yesterday. A Balaklava medal is loudly claimed by the men who survive that fearful charge.

I subjoin you the main points of the treaty between the Western Powers and Sardinia:—

By the first article the Sardinian States adhere, not to the treaty of the 2d of December, but to the treaty signed on the 10th of April, between England, France and Turkey. 2. 15,000 Sardinian soldiers are to be sent to the theatre of war, under the command of General Della Marmora, who are to form part of the army of Lord Raglan. 3. The expenses attending their embarkation and conveyance to the Crimea, are to be paid by the Western Powers. 4. A loan of 50,000,000f., in three per cent stock, is guaranteed to Piedmont by England. 5. Our troops, once landed in the Crimea, are to be maintained and supplied with ammunition and provisions by their own government. The embarkation of our 15,000 soldiers for the Crimea will shortly take place at Genoa. The Duke of Genoa was at first to assume the chief command of that small army; but, being scarcely convalescent after his recent illness, he has resigned it to the Minister of War, General Della Marmora. The expeditionary corps is to form three divisions of 5,000 men each, including infantry, cavalry, artillery, and bersaglieri, or riflemen, under the orders of Generals Durando, Alexander Della Marmora, who is now at Genoa, and Trotti, who was lately recalled from Chambery. Messrs. Pettiti and Pettimengo, colonels of the staff, will be attached to the expedition as chiefs of the staff. There are four candidates for the vacant Ministry of Finance—Messrs. Ricci, Bolmida, Ceppi, and Lanza, one of the Vice Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies. The chances are in favor of the latter. General Broglia will, in all probability, succeed General della Marmora as Minister of War.

The *Opinione* of Turin, of the 15th inst., states that the departure of the Piedmontese troops for the Crimea will take place on the 28th February. According to that journal the contingent is to consist of 20,000 men, 15,000 of whom will embark on that day, and the 5,000 others are to form the reserve.

The Piedmontese are brave troops, as all know who remember how they fought in 1848 against the Austrians in Lombardy, under the late Charles Albert, whose Queen has just followed him to the grave.

Young Italy is opposed to this treaty because Austria is a party to it. The sequestration of the property of naturalized Lombards of Austria still rankles in their breast, and this is why General Dabormeda has resigned. Count Cavour acts as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as General de la Marmora, the actual Minister of War, will take command of the Sardinian army in the Crimea, Dabormeda will be offered the portfolio of war.

The accession of Sardinia to the treaty may be an inducement to Austria to take the field against Russia, as it relieves her from the fear of a rising against her of Italy, headed by Sardinia.

Padre Gavazzi, in the name of Young Italy, has protested against the treaty.

Next to the European question, M. Wikoff, of Miss Gamble notoriety, and whose trial and imprisonment at Genoa must be still remembered, has been occupying the attention of the public. He has published a book called "My Courtship and its Consequences." In his preface he states that he was employed by Lord Palmerston, and he publishes letters to prove it from Mr. Addington, to write in the French and United States press articles to show the liberal and pacific character of the English government. The *Times* has an article on the subject simply to defend the London press against the imputation of newspapers being tampered with. The London *Herald* says that Wikoff was a Russian agent employed to write Russian articles in a New York paper, and in fact all sorts of stories are said about him. You will doubtless know more about him than I do; but at the present moment he is the theme of conversation, and a question will doubtless be put in the House by some member on the subject.

The winter has, at last, set in here. We have snow and frost.

The season is a dull one. There will be no Italian Opera. The Queen will live in comparative retirement. Charles Kean has made a hit in Delavigne's "Louis XI," arranged for the English stage by Boucicault. The play is admirably got up.

Chevalier "Nichoff" alias Wikoff, Lord Palmerston and the London Press.

[From the London Times, Jan. 16.]

A strange story has been brought to light in the course of the last week, strikingly illustrative, if true, of the sagacity of the Foreign Office in its dealings with the press. Lord Palmerston, it is said—and strong documentary evidence is produced in support of the assertion—in the course of the year 1850 hired the services of a certain person, who, in return for his pay, "was to make known clearly through the medium of the French and the United States' press the liberal, and especially the pacific, character of the policy of Her Majesty's government." The words quoted form part of a letter said to be addressed by Mr. H. U. Addington, in the name of Lord Palmerston, to the author of a little book named My "Courtship and its Consequences." This author is said to be one Nichoff. We are, for our own part, entirely ignorant of the circumstances of this case, and copy our information as to the facts at second hand, mainly from a weekly, and in a less degree from an evening contemporary. We find it stated upon the authority of the latter journal that this man Nichoff is a Russian agent, employed to write Russian articles in the New York Herald. For some reason or other, this worthy personage ceased to give satisfaction to his employers, or they ceased to have occasion for his services. Due notice was given to him by Mr. Addington that at the end of June, 1852, his engagement with the English Foreign Office was to be considered as terminated; and it was brought to a conclusion accordingly. It may be as well to state that Nichoff, the Russian agent on one authority, is by another stated to be a citizen of the United States. It is added, from his own account, that he was sentenced by a criminal court at Genoa to fifteen months imprisonment or a scandalous outrage upon a lady. The two assertions are far from incompatible. Nichoff, the Russian agent, may well be a Russian by birth, naturalized in America, the agent of the British Foreign Office, the Russian spy, the hero of the criminal outrage at Genoa, the correspondent of Mr. H. U. Addington, and the author of "My Courtship and its Consequences." That valuable work we have not as yet perused, and, until better advised, shall refrain from so doing, for we are not altogether without a shrewd suspicion that—in fact, we have lately glanced over the editing memoirs of P. T. Barnum. The story, however, has been set afloat with many circumstances of assurance, many particularities of time, names and places. It would be well if the gentleman whose name has been so prominently brought forward should give a formal denial to the authenticity of the letter, which at least is produced with his signature attached. A private man may afford to despise a calumny—a public servant must consult the dignity and character of his office.

We should not have thought this occurrence worthy of any serious remark, but that it has been accepted as a kind of text for a discussion upon the relations between the government and the English press. We confess we are sensitive for the dignity of our order and proud of our vocation. We shall no more dream of confounding the limits of public duty and private courtesy in our own case or in our present pursuits than we should if employed in a State office, or charged with the responsibilities of judicial decision. What can it signify to any man who devotes his time and ability to "journalism," as it is called, whether the door of this or that grandee be opened to him or shut against him? The mistake lies in exaggerated notions of individual dignity. We know no reason why the Marquis of Carabbas should give himself any trouble to secure the private friendship of a political writer more than he would in the case of an author who had written a successful comedy, or of an advocate who had made a good appearance at the bar. The best advice we can give [illegible] the more irritable among our brethren is to have a better notion of themselves and their vocation. Let them feel assured that in this country—the home of untiring and well directed energy—there is no more honorable calling followed, no honester bread eaten, than that of the man who, without one thought of the pleasure or displeasure of living men, undeterred by apprehension, and undisturbed by greed or ambition, in all truth and conscience devotes his mind to the daily dissemination of news and affairs in the columns of the leading journals in these islands. We may venture to say that we know as well as most men the advantages and drawbacks of such a career. We can feel as little sympathy with those who are ready to prostitute the dignity of their calling and their own self-respect at the feet of great men as we do with the superciliousness and ignorance of the less enlightened members of the upper classes. In those classes, as in all others, will be found every variety of intellect and character, but we should be much surprised if any public writer who was drawn naturally into their society—who had received the education and conducted himself with the simple and unassuming manners of an English gentleman, neither courting favor nor churlishly repelling well-intended courtesy—did not meet with such a reception as is commonly presumed. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that the very worst specimens of the upper classes in their relations with the press are generally those men from whom a higher degree of intelligence, a greater experience of mankind, and a sounder knowledge of the social position of the country, might have been expected. Among the upper classes of England, as it has appeared to us from many ridiculous stories which have come to our knowledge, men who have borne ministerial office are precisely those who have most mistaken the character of their "agents in the press." We may be permitted to say a word upon this subject, for certainly for one adventurer who knocks at the door of the Foreign Office, or of any other office of State, with an offer of his precious services, ten address themselves—we grant over our recollections—to the office of *The Times*. In point of fact, according to our experience, the general rule (to endeavor, in the first instance, to secure a lucrative engagement here. When that little scheme fails, and some wandering Greek or Russian, or a young Irishman just commencing life, has failed to convince us that he carries the Cabinets of Europe in his coat pocket, the next move is to try his smooth tongue in Downing street.

As a general rule, we should strongly recommend Ministers of State and other mightinesses to look with the gravest suspicion upon any gentleman who tells him that for a given sum he can open to him the columns of any newspaper. If in their innocenty they can conceive no higher motive in an untitled gentleman, let them look at the question in a commercial light, and consider if it be worth the while of literary chapmen—regarding the question from its lowest point of view—to spoil their own market, which would be the infallible and speedy result of dishonesty. Men talk about a newspaper being "bought and sold," but they know they are uttering a falsehood even while they say it. No man out of bedlam seriously believes that the leading journals in this country are bought and sold. We will add, of our own knowledge, that any man who brought such an accusation against the magnates of the French press would simply be a blockhead undeserving of serious reply. M. Nichoff would have had as much chance of writing in the *Débats* or the *Constitutionnel* as in the Queen's album.

The Russian War—The London Times and the New York Herald.

[From the London Times, Jan. 16.]

We certainly have no right to identify the great American nation with the sentiments of their press, but yet it is impossible entirely to separate the two. Every leading newspaper in America, as well as in England, must represent and reflect a certain section of public opinion, or else it would cease to maintain its position, and sink into insignificance. We do not pretend exactly to define the precise rank which the NEW YORK HERALD occupies among transatlantic journals. We know that it is published in the first city of the Union, possesses a considerable circulation, and is conducted with as much ability as is required for periodical literature in America. We see, also, that the sentiments of the NEW YORK HERALD with regard to the present war, are echoed from every quarter of the States, and we therefore make no apology for seriously calling the attention of a nation united to us by so many ties to the libels on her character and her honor which every steamer brings to us from America, in the shape of comments and hopes with regard to the present state and future prospects of the war with Russia. The Americans have frequently shown themselves acutely and even morbidly sensitive to European opinion, and can hardly view with indifference the very serious injury which the conductors of their press are daily inflicting upon them.

Our American contemporary is of opinion—first, that Russia has prevailed in the war hitherto; secondly, that she will prevail in it; and, thirdly, for the sake of the American Union, that it is desirable she should prevail, and consequently it desires sincerely the triumph of Russia, and our humiliation. We will not waste time in arguing whether Russia, who finds herself compelled to accept conditions greatly more stringent than those to which a little while ago she would not even deign to return an answer, agrees with her republican apologists, and is either satisfied with the past or confident of the future. These are matters of opinion, and as such, however perverse and distorted, are no objects for censure. But we would gravely put it to the good sense of the American nation whether the success of Russia in the present struggle would really be to them that great material advantage which they are taught to believe. It may be quite true that the Czar, being without a friend in this hemisphere, holds out, as the HERALD phrases it, "the right hand of fellowship" to the other; that Russia is the enemy of England; and England, in an honorable and noble sense, a rival as well as coadjutor to the United States. The Czar may be prepared to tempt America, for aught we know, with commercial advantages. He may represent himself as ready to employ an American engineer to lay down an electric telegraph, to buy iron for railroads whenever he finds money to make them and cannot get iron from England, and to use American steam vessels, if by any means they can reach him through the blockade of the allies. We may grant all these, and these are literally all the considerations which our contemporary can urge in support the monstrous proposition of a community of interests between the United States and Russia. The answer is not difficult.

As to the employment of American citizens in Russia, the vast American continent itself offers so wide a field for enterprise and exertion that the wish of a patriot should rather be that the genius and intelligence of its inhabitants should continue to be employed in subduing it to the purposes of man than that such valuable qualities should be attracted to foreign lands. Let Scotland or Switzerland send out her sons in search of foreign gold. America has room upon her ample breast for all her children. As for supplying the Czar with American-built ships of war, as long as we remain masters of the sea it will be impossible, and when we have lost that mastery it will be superfluous. Railways and telegraphs are not the works of a nation unable to raise money by loan, possessing double the population and half the revenue of the united kingdoms, at war with all the world, and driven to the utmost extremity to find supplies for every day as it passes by. The HERALD talks of commerce, but commerce is between countries whose natural products are different, and not between those which, possessing so many natural features in common, are rather made by nature for competition than interchange. Russia is to take American iron. When? During war, when the blockade will keep it out, or after peace, when the English iron will undersell it? There remains nothing, then, but the "kindly feelings" of the Czar to his republican friends, and the "right hand of fellowship" which he proffers to their grasp, hot with the life-blood of republican Poland and democratic Hungary.

But, further, if Russia wins, England loses in a much greater proportion, for it is far easier to destroy than to transfer commercial prosperity, and London might cease to be the mercantile capital of the world without transferring that honor either to St. Petersburg or to New York. The commerce of Russia would not be pure gain, but would be obtained at the expense of the commerce of England; that is to say, America would exchange customers of boundless wealth for customers without capital, obliged to borrow the very funds required to cultivate the ground—customers whose laws are equally mismanagement of the war, would be almost as bad as the trade of the wretches who prowl over the battlefield, or the beach, for the spoils of the slain or the wrecked. We might, indeed, without much indecorum, take an honor that has been forced on us—fastened on us, by our rivals and opponents. For weeks and weeks were we exposed to a storm of abuse from all sides for what was called our interested or spiteful misrepresentations of the state of things at the seat of war. Some writers coolly assured the public the whole was an invention, and that the hideous complication of fatal neglects described in our columns was of home manufacture, the truth being that all was going on very smoothly and comfortably under the paternal rule of Lord Raglan, his veteran companions, and youthful aides-de-camp. When this could no longer be maintained, one or two journals admitted the facts, but threw the blame wholly and solely on the administration at home. For our part, we have done our best to describe the state of things just as it is, leaving all the parties concerned to settle the responsibility among themselves as well as they can, only fixing a culprit here and there, when the matter seemed to be brought home; and this, after all, is what all our contemporaries seem to have come round to. Here they all are, and not only they, but provincial newspapers of all kinds—English, Irish, Scotch—saying what we have said all along, "taking the bread out of our mouths," if indeed it is a question of political capital, and not only confirming, but actually going beyond everything we have said.

But who any longer denies the sufferings and losses of our army, or can deny them? They are confessed, with we knew not what excuses, by the Commander-in-Chief. They are confessed by the generals of his staff. From the very men in command of the army—the men whose alleged inertness, incapacity and blindness have been the theme of many a complaint, come letters to their friends describing the state of things much as it is described by the corporal or the private soldier, the mere unit in the military system. Somehow or other, everybody views the war from without, and seems the helpless spectator of a frightful catastrophe. Everybody complains. It is "I complain, you complain," and so on through all the numbers and persons. The universality of the complaint is its worst feature, for while everybody admits the terrible state of things, and there is no argument upon it, the expedition seems to flounder in a Serbonian bog of despair, under that dull Cimmerian sky which the ancients ascribed to the scene of this calamity. The army, and its managers at home and abroad, dream rather than live, in any waking or active sense of the word. They feel, and see, and hear; they even speak and intend, but do nothing. It is so from the lowest to the highest. A great authority writing from the Crimea says of the fresh troops, "they absolutely despair, become reckless, cease to prepare their food, go into hospital, and die." Here is a picture of the Crimean disease in its simplest form—in the person of the poor soldier just come from England. Next follows, in the same letter, a picture of it in another stage—in the commissariat and authorities charged with the transport. The writer says, that hitherto the good clothing and comforts accumulating at Balaklava might as well be in London, so nearly impossible is it to transport them to the camp. That it is so everybody knows by this time. There is everything in the world at Balaklava. The arrivals there during December were incessant—ship loads upon ship loads; and in them great numbers of the very things most wanted. Nobody can say what there is not at Balaklava, for there, we believe, are still to be found all the thousands of packages sent from this country, and never heard of again. But the army, like a man in a dream, has not the waking will and energy to stretch out its hand and effectually grasp the wealth within its reach. It complains, it moans inarticulately and helplessly, like a patient under chloroform. If it does more, then comes another stage of the Crimean disorder. It consists in "plans" that somehow are always on the point of being put into execution, but something, somebody, some official, some accident, indefinitely postpones them. The great authority we have quoted has drawn up a plan for the transport of goods from Balaklava to camp. It has received the approval of the Quartermaster-General, but at the beginning of the new year it was still only a plan. Of course, nothing can be done without a plan; but it does occur to us that at the date mentioned a considerable number of the "navvies" had landed with the materials for their railway. Has that solid assistance, too, dwindled into a "plan," to be passed from office to office, and to be decided on when young officers have become old, and old officers young? Why has there been no transport all this time? Why did we land in the Crimea without wagons, or any regular system for the conveyance of baggage? The apology is, that in this country of Ransom and Crosskill a committee of old generals have been sitting for months to decide on the best form of carts, and that nothing can be done to save the remnant of the army from destruction till they have made their report.

Yet, while the attempt to shield the generals by attacking the ministers is simply ridiculous, and is, in fact, already abandoned, in truth and honesty it must be admitted that the authorities at home seem to suffer equally from this Crimean helplessness. They, too, see, and hear, and feel, and complain, but do not address themselves point blank to the remedy. Their measures are aimless and ineffective, falling short, like the old man's javelin, and making only a noisy show of energy. Look to the letter in Tuesday's paper from Major General Angerstein. Immediately on the intelligence of the miseries suffered by the sick and wounded after the battle of the Alma, upon the field, on the passage, and in the hospitals, official assurance was given that such horrors should not occur again. The miseries of the middle passage were as bad as ever after three months of public warning and official resolution. The sick and wounded do not, indeed, lie wholly uncared for on the gory battlefield, but they do lie in the mud, the only bed they find in the hospital marquees at the camp; while at Scutari, though many evils are redressed, the crowding and the infectious character of the atmosphere engendered by it, have been lately aggravated to an alarming extent. Again, some months ago the tea dealers of the metropolis, with that generous feeling which so well becomes the commercial class, offered to supply the hospitals with tea and sugar gratis. Their offer was declined, on the ground that there was tea and sugar enough in the hospital stores at the cost of the government. In fact, there was none, and from that time to this there has been none, except what we have supplied from the fund, or the poor sufferers could buy at an extravagant price from the ship stewards and suttlers. Very possibly orders have been given; very possibly supplies have been sent, and the receipt thereof duly notified by the regular authorities. Yet the weapon has not reached the mark, and will not reach it. There is nowhere to be found that penetrating glance, that searching scrutiny, that strength of will, that determination that the thing shall be done by which alone things are done. We confess that we put great faith in the human will. We believe that "Where there is a will there is a way." But then the will must be a very resolute one, and must override all sorts of conflicting wishes. We really cannot believe that if either the Minister of War or the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea had thoroughly resolved last October that the sick and wounded should have beds to lie on, proper transports to convey them to hospital, weather-tight tents in the camp, tea and other comforts, these poor creatures would still be without these things. Nor can we believe that, if nearly three months ago, when the communication between Balaklava and the camp was interrupted or rendered difficult, Lord Raglan and his staff had resolved to restore it by a road that would stand the wear and tear of an army's traffic in all weathers, that army would have been reduced to its present melancholy state, which is about as bad as if it had been separated a hundred miles from its supplies or shut up in a besieged town. Human will may not be supreme, but it is very apt to prevail; and the comparative strength of human will goes far to determine the issue of war. Fortune is not the jade that some would represent her. She is to be wooed and won, but by no feeble or irresolute hand. If we wish for success we must first resolve to let no thing we can help stand in its way—no favor, no fear, no sinister motive—above all, no friends; and then, when we have sacrificed all we have, we at least deserve to succeed.

The French Loan.

PARIS, Jan. 18—8:30 A. M.

The *Moniteur* announces that the sum total of the subscriptions to the National Loan amounts to 2,175,000,000f. 177,000 persons took part in the loan. Algeria, Corsica, and the offers to subscribe of some of the departments during the last few days are not comprised in this amount.

The departments furnished 126,000 subscribers, the subscriptions of whom give a capital of 177,000,000f. At Paris there were 51,000 subscribers, with a capital of 1,398,000,000f.

The foreign subscriptions are comprised. England provided a capital of 150,000,000f., and Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, &c., a similar amount.

The Iron Trade of Great Britain.

[From the Circular of Naylor, Vickars & Co.]

During the past year there have been considerable fluctuations in the prices of manufactured iron, and the position and prospects of the iron trade have undergone a decided change. The year began with an advance of 20s. per ton, warranted by a previous advance on all the raw materials employed in the manufacture, and an immense influx of orders from all quarters, which considerably exceeded the capabilities of production. The advance was well responded to in America, and the trade continued in so prosperous a condition, and the demand so largely in excess of the make until about July, that in that month a further advance of 20s. per ton was declared. The makers were, so to say, compelled to take this step to keep pace with the ever rising price of the raw material; but those adverse influences which then threatened the prosperity of the trade, and made the advance a decision of questionable policy, soon developed the gravity and the magnitude of their character. In America, the financial pressure, which, instead of passing away as was hoped from month to month, soon took the nature of a commercial crisis, and caused a growing stagnation of trade. In this country, the war, with its prospective great demands upon the resources of the community, and its effect of diverting capital from the usual necessities of trade into other channels, co-operated to cause a retrograde movement in the iron trade. In the United States the advance of last July was never responded to, and already in August and September, some of the inferior brands of iron, and particularly sheets and plates, receded in consequence; and although no alteration was declared at the October quarter, prices were not sustained, and the want of orders was seriously felt.

The year has closed gloomily. A vast amount of capital has been expended throughout the iron districts in putting up new furnaces and new works, with a view to adapt the powers of production to the great demand in the early part of last year; and now that most of these works have begun their operations, or are ready to do so, the demand has entirely passed away, and is not even sufficient to keep the old works well employed. This refers particularly to those manufacturers who have principally depended for their sales upon the American market—those engaged in the home and continental trades being still moderately employed.

At the quarterly meetings of the iron makers, held last week, a reduction of £2 per ton was agreed upon, in the hope that this decline would call forth orders.

We subjoin a statement of the total exports of iron, &c., from this port to the United States and Canada; as also their distribution among the various ports of destination, for the years 1854 and 1853; also a table of Scotch manufactured iron from Glasgow to the United States and British North America, during 1854.

Comparative View of the Exports of Manufactured Iron, &c., from Liverpool during the years 1853-54.

	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.	Decrease. Tons.	Inc. Tons.
Exports from Liverpool to the U. S.	301,675	232,420	69,255	—
Exports from Liverpool to Brit. N. America	25,999	30,728	—	4,729
Total exports	327,674	263,148		

Thus showing a decrease of 59,250 tons in the exports to the United States, and an increase of 4,729 tons to British North America, during the year 1854, against 1853.

Exports from Liverpool to the United States, 1853-4.

	New York.		Boston.	
Description.	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.
Rods, bars & bolts	46,821	56,456	13,794	22,924
Hoops and bands	6,538	7,325	1,381	1,429
Sheets and plates	13,786	10,718	2,277	3,413
Rails	51,785	25,500	130	1,543
Pig iron	38,023	27,522	5,422	6,709
Tin and terne plates	22,682	17,235	1,370	2,359
Total	189,635	143,756	30,374	38,517

	Philadelphia.		Total to United States.	
Description.	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.
Rods, bars & bolts	12,609	9,940	97,390	99,235
Hoops and bands	1,247	1,022	10,229	10,877
Sheets and plates	1,875	1,221	19,104	16,096
Rails	—	279	86,497	34,652
Pig iron	10,704	9,681	61,752	49,136
Tin and terne plates	1,020	819	26,795	21,924
Total	27,464	22,662	301,675	232,420

Exports of Scotch Manufactured Iron from Glasgow to the United States during 1854.

	Tons.
Boston	976
New York	546
San Francisco	77
Philadelphia	57
Total	1,656

Scotch pig iron, after ranging from 75s. to 85s. per ton during the first nine months of the year, receded about 15s. per ton in November, and closes to-day at 69s. 6d. per ton for No. 1 American brands, and 66s. 6d. per ton for mixed Nos. other good brands in Glasgow.

The stocks in Glasgow were estimated—

	Tons.
31st December, 1852	450,000
31st December, 1853	245,000
31st December, 1854	150,000

Showing a decrease of 115,000 tons during the past year, or 350,000 tons during the past two years.

The exports of Scotch pig iron to the United States were, during—

	1853. Tons.	1854. Tons.
New York	84,878	50,186
Boston	38,342	32,638
Philadelphia	15,675	14,993
Baltimore	2,631	2,382
Providence	3,759	6,242
New Orleans	9,807	4,844
San Francisco	50	40
Sundry ports	1,800	2,548
Total	155,847	113,873

Showing a decrease of 41,974 tons during 1854, as compared with 1853.

There has been little fluctuation during the year in tin plates. The manufacture was not remunerative, and the make has been considerably decreased. In our first comparative table we have given the estimated weight of the exports of tin and terne plates during 1853-54. We here subjoin a statement showing the total number of boxes exported to the United States and Canada during the period, with the increase and decrease to the ports specified:—

	1853. Boxes.	1854. Boxes.	Decrease. Boxes.	Increase Boxes.
To New York	439,940	349,583	90,356	—
To Philadelphia	26,715	11,019	15,696	—
To New Orleans	35,451	30,234	5,217	—
To B'mere & Ch'ston	2,553	3,777	—	1,224
To Boston	31,192	47,267	—	16,075
To Canada	17,280	30,460	—	13,180
Total boxes	553,140	472,340	111,279	30,479

Showing a decrease in the year 1854, of 80,800 boxes, compared with the preceding year.

Copper and yellow metal have been quite stationary during the whole of 1854.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT—A TRAIN OF CARS COMPLETELY WRECKED—SEVERAL PASSENGERS INJURED—NONE KILLED.—A dreadful railroad accident took place yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, near North Bend. We learn that the down express train, leaving this city at 11 o'clock, Frank Fay conductor, and going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, was thrown from the track by the breaking of a switch bar. The locomotive passed over and became disconnected from the train, but the baggage car and two passenger cars were thrown from the track and completely wrecked. The baggage car was turned across the track, with the first truck turned upon end, with the wheel through the floor of the car; the second truck was sent a distance of two hundred yards down an embankment on the left of the road. The breakman on this car, named E. Mitchel, was thrown to the ground, and was picked up insensible two hundred yards from where the car stopped. He was brought up to the city last evening, and taken to his family residence near the foot of Sixth street. The passengers made up a purse of $50, and sent it to his family. The first passenger car was thrown to the right of the track, and ran into a gravel train standing on the side track. In this car were about thirty passengers, male and female. The car was smashed to pieces, and seats and human beings, with a red hot stove, were all piled up promiscuously in one heap. A number of the passengers were badly burned, while the remainder were cut and bruised. The cars of the gravel train were also smashed up. The second or rear passenger car was thrown to the left of the track, and ran through the corner of the engine house a few yards from the track, and into a locomotive standing in the house. This car contained about twenty passengers, the majority of whom were more or less bruised.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 31.*

Our Richmond Correspondence.

RICHMOND, Jan. 27, 1855.

The Progress of the Canvass—The Advocacy of Henry A. Wise on the Stump—The Struggle—Advice to the Northern Know Nothings.

It is an up hill track that our friend of Accomac is travelling. Jordan grows rougher and rougher as he proceeds. Every step that he takes involves him in new troubles. Not content with having declared war against the Know Nothings, and then turned and gave a back handed blow to Pius IX., who stood behind him, patting him on the shoulder, confidentially and encouragingly whispering, "Go it"—not content with hitting his pious backer a lick in the chops, which has caused all the Pope's friends to cry out—"Call you this backing your friends?"—not content with raising up enemies by the thousand in his own party, among the old Jackson men, the mixed basis men, and the disaffected Letcher men, this political Guy Fawkes has just started a new mine, full of all sorts of explosive materials, in the very vaults of the democratic strongholds of Virginia. This is a new and magnificent project of a grand State free school system, to which he has volunteered to pledge himself before the people, mind, heart, soul and body, brains and wits. If there is one thing under the face of heaven which the planters of Eastern Virginia abominate more than any other, it is this mammoth free school system, which is to tax them for the benefit of what they consider one of the greatest humbugs on the face of the earth. This demonstration of Guy Fawkes has caused the very pillars of the democracy here to quake and stagger like the legs of a drunken man. I have heard one of the most ardent and intelligent democrats in the State declare that, after this free school business, he could not and would not support Henry A. Wise, whom, under other circumstances, he would have supported. And this sentiment, I have no doubt, is that of many others. The best use that can be made of Henry A. Wise is to send him, carefully secured, to the allied armies in the Crimea. If he could not blow up Sebastopol they might as well give it up as a bad job.

The friends of Wise, and Wise himself, make great complaints that his opponents don't nominate some man to go out and canvass the State with Wise, and meet him before the people. Well, what's the use of that? The strongest adversary that Wise can possibly have is with him, and that adversary is himself. Wise has never been able to answer Wise since he first took the stump in this campaign. Wise and Wise are continually putting licks into each other's breadbasket, pulling each other's nose, kicking each other's posteriors, and grappling each other's umbilical cord in a manner that would disgrace such scientific bruisers as Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan. Wise has several times swallowed Wise whole in the course of this canvass, and at one time nothing but the heels of one Wise can be seen sticking out of the mouth of the other, and so *vice versa*. What's the use, then, of introducing another adversary of Wise? Let the two Wises fight it out with each other, and when they have settled each other's hash, a fresh bruiser can be put in the ring.

This beating the air and fighting the ghost of Know Nothingism isn't exactly the sort of entertainment Wise expected when he took the field. But his opponents are not obliged to consult his tastes in this matter. If he finds it an uncomfortable thing to be fighting a ghost, to be haunted everywhere by a ghost, to be constantly invited to Phillippi by a ghost, he has no one to blame for it but himself. He first evoked the ghost from its comfortable place in Hades; he called it all manner of hard names, and now that the pale shadow has "struck more terror" to his soul than a hundred candidates with flesh and blood, he ought to submit to his fate without complaining.

Let the Roman Catholics everywhere bear in mind this declaration of Henry A. Wise—"I hate the Pope, every inch of him; no man hates the Pope worse than I do." That declaration sits uncomfortably upon the stomach of the Roman Catholics of this region. They do not know what Henry A. Wise has to do with the Pope, nor what reason he has for any such declaration. The Know Nothings even do not say they hate the Pope. They only ask his Holiness to mind his own business