

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ENGLISH MEMORANDA.

LONDON, Sept. 6th, 1856.

ANOTHER COUP D'ETAT.

Dear Sir,

There is fashion everywhere. In small matters, a man must have his coat of the proper cut and colour; he must follow the mode. Eugenie adopted inflated petticoats, and lo, maid, wife and widow, from budding 14 to sober—ty, follow the example of the august Empress, till now one lady occupies the pavement. We follow fashion in these things, however absurd, without question; why may not the idea be extended? Why not make *coups d'etat* (that elegant, refined, mystifying name for a bloody slaughter!) fashionable, and accustom men's minds to the expressions, as to a milliner's French fashion, and a tailor's Greek-titled atrocity? We heard of Napoleon's massacre—coughed, and—it was a *coup d'etat*! Spain came next; again we practised French pronunciation. Presto, another comes, close as Macbeth's kings, and as ghastly. Prussia too must follow the fashion.

But, this time, there is a little difference. A man named Tell lived in the country where this was tried, and his countrymen have neither forgotten him nor his love of liberty. In 1848 the Canton of Neuchâtel threw off Russian rules and declared itself a portion of the Helvetic Republic. Prussia "grinned, but abided by it": with revolution but just hushed, she dare not do anything else. But a *coup d'etat*, becoming fashionable, furnished just the thing required. Accordingly, Prussian agents, on the night of Sept. 2, (always the nights, for this fashionable amusement) attacked and took the town and castle of Neuchâtel, hoisting the Prussian standard, issuing proclamations, and following the usual programme. There, however, the similitude stopped. The Republicans re-attacked the castle, and, after an hour's combat, in which thirty Royalists were wounded and fifteen killed, the Prussian Eagle was stamped under foot, and 200 or 300 prisoners taken. Two Councillors of State, leaders in the movement, will take their trial for treason; the Swiss Federal Council has appointed commissioners to preserve tranquility and security in the threatened Canton, and the constitutional functionaries are reinstated. It is unlikely that Prussia will again attempt to subdue the mountaineers, whose spirit was fully aroused by the first attempt, and who poured in at once to the aid of their brethren. We all know what Switzerland has done to preserve her liberty; and despotism, if it forgot the teaching of past history, has had a reminder that will be useful. With Piedmont armed and free, with Switzerland following her example, despotism is still held in check.

Applying political doctrine to social affairs, would a *domestic coup d'etat* rob murder, burglary and felony of their ugly names—would ticket-of-leave men, for such deeds, be termed astute politicians merely, and receive the gratulations of relatives—or, would they hang or transport them? And yet the principle is the same. How true is it, that "the slaying of one man makes a murderer—the slaying of a hundred a hero!"

KARS

Has been evacuated by the Russians, and the Turks took possession on the 6th instant. At that time the Russians had 5,000 men in the neighbourhood. The town was given over with the usual ceremonials. A part of the citadel walls were destroyed, by orders from Petersburg. Counter-orders, however, stopped further demolition. It remains to be seen how Turkey will settle her own affairs, now that war no longer wards off the shock of two great parties, representing the old Mahomedan spirit with its hatred to encroachments on exclusive Islamism, and the spirit of toleration and reform which the Allies did so much to strengthen. Strive as they may, Turkey can never again go back to what she was before, receiving the aid and influence of Western civilization and religion. Let us hope that from late events christianity will receive a mighty impetus in the land of the Koran and followers of the False Prophet.

DEATH OF AN ARCTIC HERO.

Sir J. Ross, Rear Admiral, K.C.B., and one of our most celebrated Arctic explorers, is dead. He entered the navy during the wars in 1796, was in three actions, and thirteen times wounded. In 1818 he went with Sir W. E. Parry to the Arctic regions, for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the

existence of a north-west passage. From May 1829 to October 1833, he undertook another trip in the *Victory*, steamer, and, in 1839, became Consul at Stockholm.

Nearly all Europe had honored him in some way or other. Though author of other works, his most known productions are the "Voyage of Discovery," and "Memoirs of Admiral Saumarez."

Sir John Ross was a knight, and a man of whom England may well be proud; the chapter of Arctic annals is one of the noblest in Anglo-Saxon history. Poor Franklin! and that faithful Penelope his lady! Alas, too, for noble Bellot!

"How little do we think upon
The dangers of the seas,"

especially such seas as those! But the point is now settled; the solution of whose doubt cost these gallant lives. *Scientifically* we are victorious; *practically* we may erect monuments for the lost, and mourn that commerce can never use the passage costing so fearful a sacrifice to find.

THE BRITISH BANK STOPPED.

This Bank was established in 1849, on the Scotch system, with a capital of £300,000, in 3,000 shares of £100 each, £50 only of which had been paid up. Its depositors were chiefly tradesmen, and those to whom the advantages offered, of greater facilities in payment than other Banks, were most acceptable. For some time past doubts were entertained as to its stability, and there appears to have been some great mismanagement in the conduction. This caused a run upon the bank, which closed its doors on Wednesday, September 3.

During fifteen years no similar stoppage had caused such wide-spread and general dismay. The bank had branches at Lambeth, Islington, Pimlico, Southwark, Strand, and Regent-street, and at each, some distressing scenes were witnessed. One poor woman had, but an hour before, invested £300 left by her husband, for her life maintenance, and stood in the streets penniless. An excited crowd surrounded the doors, but all admission was denied. The depositors then held a meeting, at which the aspect of affairs began to improve. A deputation had investigated the affairs, and the directors had offered to pay 5s. in the pound within one month, 5s. more in three months, 5s. more in six months, and the balance in nine months. Subsequently, however, these terms were disputed; and there now appears but little hope, except through the wearisome, delayed, and expensive process of the Court of Chancery. The depositors have elected a committee to guard their interests, and the matter is in debate. Even as it is, many tradesmen are almost ruined, from the failure of customary capital to carry on business.

THE CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

Amid the roar of artillery, the representatives of one-sixteenth of the human race, and pomp in which the old barbaric splendor of the East united with the more refined riches of the West, Alexander Nicolaivitch has been anointed Czar, and the House of Romanoff sees another of its line upon that eminence which is, in some sense, the most lofty of any; for the Czar has life, death, riches and poverty, in the words of his mouth, and servitors may well crouch before the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Russia has two capitals.—Petersburg and Moscow,—and each represents one main division of its amalgamated peoples. The former represents the Western, modern, civilized and European element; the latter that old Russian, Slavonic and Asiatic type, of which the Grand Duke Constantine is supposed to be pre-eminently the leader. At Moscow, in accordance with ancient custom, the coronation took place.

"There is nothing in the world like Moscow, but itself," standing as the frontier of two worlds—the old, or Eastern, and the new, or Western, it combines some points of each. Looking at it "You cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor sympathetic preference for a rival, can wean the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race." The population is 300,000. Most striking, amid many buildings, stands the Kremlin, the ancient fortress of the Czars, situated on a hill, and appearing at a distance like a princely city built in the midst of an ordinary one, with towers above the common dwellings of men, high rocks, bellfries, and walls 40 feet high and 14 feet thick. There, in the Uspenski Sobor, the coronation was performed by the Metropolitan of Moscow, in the presence of the royal family—special ambassadors from European courts—the grand dignitaries of the empire, and representatives from all the tribes and peoples under Russian sway.

The Emperor and Empress left Petersburg on Thursday, the 6th inst., and reached Petrovsky (a royal country-seat four miles from Moscow,) the same day—having travelled 440 miles in 16 hours, which in Russian travelling is quite a feat. The procession from Petrovsky to the Kremlin constituted the grand show. From daylight till 3 p. m., on the following day, the people waited patiently in the streets. When the procession started, 400 churches rang out their merry chimes, cannon roared, trumpets blared, and the expectant masses settled down into breathless expectation. After various troops of soldiery, came a band mounted on splendid horses with rich antique trappings of silver and gold. They were dressed in chain armour, over doublets of yellow silk. Their saddles were crusted with silver, and their arms similarly enriched. Circassians, Mingrelians, or Georgians, they recalled, by their appearance, those Crusaders or Knights of Saladin whose magnificence and powers became world-renowned.

Next came a body of the *haute noblesse*, in military uniforms, or tunics glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with aigrettes of brilliants. Thus, carrying whole fortunes about with them, in their attire passed these stars before the coming sun.

Next followed deputies of the various Asiatic races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two and two—Tartars, Armenians, Bashkirs, Circassians, Tcherkess, Abassians, Mingrelians, Karapapkas, Daghistenshis, Georgians, Caspians, Kurds, Astrakhaus, Chinese, Mongols, and "strange beings like Caliban, in court dress." Some had their hair curiously plaited with gold coins; others wore a small flat plate of precious metal just over the forehead; others, sheepskin head-dresses covered with jewels. Some rode without stirrups, graceful as Greek warriors; others sat in a legless arm-chair, their knees drawn up. The horse furniture, and arms, comprised every imaginable style ancient, mediæval, and modern, Asiatic and European. One youth in particular had clustering hair flowing down in curls from beneath a small patch of jewels and gold fixed on the top of the head, and was dressed in blue velvet *cramoisi*, flashing with precious stones.

Next came 60 valets of the court; six laqueys; six court runners; and, in gorgeous attire, 8 negroes, grinning as only negroes can. Then, the 21 Royal Huntsmen, and 2 masters of the ceremonies, in carriages, gilt from stem to stern, lined with crimson velvet, drawn by six horses, a footman to each horse, holding it by an embossed rein. Twelve mounted chamberlains; more carriages, with the Imperial Council, and "those esteemed most highly in Russia," for worth, service, and distinction.

Next came a picked body of gigantic *Chevaliers Gardes*, each on a charger and each a lord in appearance. They were 200 strong, and form the most splendid corps, perhaps, in the world. Then another squadron; and, last of all, the tremendous cheering of the people, the measured hurrahs of the soldiery—the doffed hats and reverences, the clash of arms, and waving of handkerchiefs, proclaim "The Czar of all the Russias, of the kingdom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from them." His Majesty is tall and well formed, bearing a resemblance in feature to his late father. He was dressed simply, compared with others, in the uniform of a general officer, and rode his charger with easy grace. The mad congratulations of the people seemed deeply to effect him, and it is said that his eyes ran over with emotion. The crowd seemed almost to consider, a God was before them; and a God, the Czar is, to the lower classes.

Behind, and, in the excitement, that respectful distance meant to have been preserved, followed a staff of especial magnates, including the Grand Dukes and foreign Princes. Plumes, costumes, arms, horses, jewels, orders, all burst upon the eye in one astounding tableau. Next came the Staff of the Staff. Here were Luders, Menschikoff, Osten Sacken, Gortschakoff, &c., brilliant in attire as those they followed.

The Empress mother, Alexandrowna Feodorona, was attired in "a cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shine like stars"; and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage was gold and velvet, and drawn by 8 gold-trapped horses.

The Empress, Marie Alexandrowna succeeded, in a similar carriage, with the little Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrowitch, in full military uniform. The boy seemed to take it all as a matter of course, "and probably the arch-ducal

mind was occupied by distracting thoughts of dinner."

Another galaxy of gilded coaches, with Grand Duchesses and Imperial Highnesses—another military spectacle—the people last-closed the procession.

At the moment the Emperor entered the city from Petrovsky, 71 guns saluted him, and all sorts of functionaries got ready to do the same. Thence he went to "a gilded and azure coloured box, called the Chapel of our Lady of Iberia. It is just within the Kremlin gates, and almost small enough to be a toy; covered outside, with stars of gold, and the doors are richly gilt." Here were scattered French and English visitors, ecclesiastics, and other "ticket" people who knew how to get there. The Royal family alighted, "*pour saluer l'image de Notre Dame d'Iberia*"; and afterward, rejoining the *cortège* within the gates, passed to the Sacred Gate of the Saviour, in passing which every man must uncover. The clergy of the Kremlin Churches held at their porches the sacred images and crosses, and the Senat Dirigeant were ranged at the Cathedral.

Here the royal family alighted, and, with welcome of cross and holy water—amid solemn chants and the prayers of the people, and the thunder of 85 guns—the Emperor and Empress walked to the cathedrals of St. Michael and the Annunciation, kissing relics and kneeling at the tombs of their ancestors. Thence to the Kremlin palace, where, in addition, bread and salt, the sign of plenty, were presented. Entering the palace itself, 101 guns more boomed, the vast mass of spectators uncovered, and besought the blessing of Heaven on their sovereign. The spectacle was over. Three hours had passed since the procession began, and a million had been expended upon it. Alexander was in the abode of his ancestors, to await, in fasting and prayer, for the last act, placing the crown upon his brow. 500,000 people, of all races and nations, filled Moscow; and, as the shades of evening fell, an undulating expanse of twinkling fires, extending, like some new firmament, for many miles around—burst forth. Every house was provided for some display of colored lamps; and the palaces, churches and public buildings had ambitious screens and devices.

Forty-four years ago Moscow sent up to the sky another illumination; but then there was rout, retreat, despair, savagery and death. Then, as now, vast masses looked on the scene. Alexander Nicolaivitch, from thy fasting closet, look over the prospect and recall that dream of ambition, its result and ending, up to the present time. Continue thy musings, and issue forth to govern thy sixty millions, "a sadder and a wiser man."

Such were the scenes of the grand entrance of the Czar into Moscow. He afterward reviewed the troops; and telegraph despatches since state that on Sunday, September 7, at 12 o'clock, the coronation took place, the whole proceeding being of a par with that already described. Fuller details will be published afterward; but whether the *Times* correspondent will furnish another such graphic account as that to which my sketch is indebted for many particulars, I know not yet. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, in my next, the subject may be continued, with some morsels concerning the monarch, his people and country.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

For the Christian Messenger.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS.

The late Rev. J. E. Cogswell.

MR. EDITOR,

I have seen but a very short notice of the death of the Rev. J. E. Cogswell. The most that can be said of his death has been already told. It appears to have been instantaneous. This dispensation seems to be a mysterious one indeed. A needy district of country, where his efforts of late have been owned of God, has lost a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. A family, dependant upon him for support, has not only lost its protector, but provider; and we do most earnestly and sincerely solicit the Christian sympathy of all who would enjoy the luxury of administering to the comfort of a Baptist Minister's widow and his orphan children. We feel especially emboldened to ask real evidences of sympathy on their behalf since our departed brother has labored long for the promotion of the pure gospel of Christ, and in destitute regions where but little pecuniary reward for his labors could be expected or were obtained. For my own part I see no reason why there should be provision made for bereft relatives of those who have labored among the perishing heathen in a foreign land,