

From the Correspondence of the London Times.
SIGHTS AT MOSCOW.

Moscow, Sept. 11, 1856.—The sight presented at the theatre this evening was, perhaps, the finest as a spectacle of the many which the Coronation has yet offered to us. It had nothing of the stiffness of a procession, or that ultra-artificial look of which such formal proceedings cannot be divested, and which is indeed their very essence; but it was, at the same time, a great State ceremony, and there was quite enough of gold and glitter to satisfy the eye, and of form and dignity to convey to the mind an impression of solemnity. The Emperor went in state to the Opera, and all the Foreign Embassadors Extraordinary, the Ministers and strangers of distinction, the Officers of the Empire, the members of the Court, the Generals and Admirals, were invited to attend on the occasion. It was called the "Spectacle Gala." No theatre in the world could have afforded such a *coup de œil*, for, although it is not so deep as the Scala, the Moscow *callo* is broader across, and is said to be more spacious; it displays to perfection all the toilet and uniforms of the audience, and there is no doubt but that it would have been difficult to equal in variety, richness, and magnificence, the very distinguished and brilliant crowd who attended this evening by order at the gala. The house (which is decorated in the richest manner in white and gold) contains six rows of boxes, or, more properly speaking, there are six tiers of galleries, open at the front, and without any barriers to the line of seats, but at the back of each gallery there is an inner row of boxes, into which the occupants of the seats in front can retire if they wish. These boxes are draped with red or crimson hangings, and the seats and cushions of the house are of the same color. There are no pillars, columns, or caryatides to support the boxes, and thus all the audience must sit out, as it were, on open benches, and can see and be seen all around, except when they wish to retire to the inner circle of covered boxes. It began to rain in the afternoon, but the only effect that it had was to make the lamps used in illuminating the outside of the theatre and the large square in which it is placed pale their fires, and caused great anxiety to their attendants. At 7 o'clock the whole of this square was filled with carriages, which the Cossacks and gendarmes had difficulty in reducing into order. The lights of the illumination flashed through the drizzle on a sea of tossing plumes, feathers, and waving crests, through which the "eternal Cossack," just as much at home here as on his old look out from Carrobert's Hill, rode like a dolphin. The pillars and facade of the house were covered with the eiphers and honors of the Czar, traced into character of fire. But it was, for the sternest disregard of these things, almost impossible not to give way to a thrill of admiration and surprise on entering the body of the house and taking the first look from the pit. A Roman amphitheatre was probably a grander, but it could not have been a more brilliant sight. A gorgeous and magnificent crowd filled the theatre, but the arrangements were so good that there was neither hustling, confusion, nor noise. There was no ladies in the pit, so that the effect of the many splendid uniforms was homogenous, but the front rows of the first tier of the boxes were occupied by the mistresses of creation in full dress—such diamonds, in coronets, circlets, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, brooches—in all the forms that millinery, and jewelry could combine those precious stones they were present—looking their best, and filling the house with an atmosphere of flashes and sparks in the rays of the waxlights. The grand ladies of the Russian Court—the haughty old *haute noblesse*—were there, rich with the treasures won, in ages past, by their hard pated ancestors from Tartary, Turkey or Georgian. Some of these ladies are very beautiful, but if there could be any portion of womankind which, as a rule, could be said not to be exquisite and of resplendent charms, it might be safely affirmed that they lived in Russia.—The exceptions to such a remark are very conspicuous. There is one little head which always attracts any eyes that may be near it—a baby magnon face, with the most peach-like colour enveloped in a wild riotous setting of flaxen hair, which bursts from all control of band or circlet, and rushes in a flood over the shoulders. It is such as inspired the artists who operated on old Dresden china, and it belongs to a young Russian Princess, who has just burst upon the Moscow world. Another lady near her is Juno herself—a stunner and more perfect beauty could not be seen. A little further on there is a lovely Moldave, married to a Russian Prince, who has just been sent off to the Caucasus—three months after the wedding. There are also—But the catalogue—not *raisonne*, I fear—must cease here for the present, for the crowd in the pit increases, and the Emperor may be expected every moment. In the front rows of the pit are placed Generals and Admirals, Privy Councillors, Officers of State, Chamberlains and personages of the Court. Behind these are similar officers, mingled together with members of the foreign missions, and the strangers who were invited to be present. There was not half a dozen black coats in this assemblage of distinguished people; all the rest were in full uniform.—Lord Granville was already in his box in the grand row on the left hand side of the Emperor's state box. M. de Morny and the French Embassador were in the box on the right of the Czar's. The other Ministers and Embassadors were provided with places in the same row, and the attaches who had no room above were accommodated with seats in the pit. It was

past 8 o'clock when the Emperor appeared, and the instant he was seen the whole of the house rose as if thrilled by an electric flash, and cheered most vehemently again and again. The Czar and Czarina bowed, and every salutation was the signal for the repetition of the enthusiastic uproar, through which at last the strains of "God preserve the Czar" forced their way, and the audience resumed their places. On the left of the Czar was the Grand Duke of Saxe-Wetmar; on the right of the Empress, and next to her, the Grand Duchess Constantine and Princess of Leuchtenberg. The Grand Duke Constantine sat in a demi-box on the left of the Emperor. As soon as the greeting and the National Anthem ceased, the orchestra commenced the overture to *l'Elisir d'Amore*, and the opera, which was admirably sung by Bosio, Lablahe and Calzolari, was performed amid a dead silence.

The Russians, with the help of St. Cyril, have raised one great barrier between themselves and the rest of the world which can be never thrown down. They have a separate and distinct alphabet of their own, consisting of perversions of the Greek and Latin characters and inventions of the aforesaid saint to the number of 35, which are written in three or four different styles. Of no use is guide or dictionary till you have mastered this alphabet and can read the letters. Now, one of this Cyrillic inspiration is "chitcha," another is "yerru," another is "ijitsa;" but, as you are barbarous enough not to possess large quantities of Russian type, I shall not trouble you with the outward form of the bearers of these names. But not only is there this difficulty, but one's associations are violated arbitrarily by the old monk, and he obliges us to call an H an N and a P must figure as an R, and X has a sound of "gha," and Y is pronounced like "oo," so that you must not only learn a new but you must forget, an old alphabet in mastering the rudiments of Russian.—To meet the embarrassments of strangers who don't read the characters of Cyril, and those of the Russians who don't read at all, the shopkeepers have resorted to the use of illuminated sign boards, on which is depicted the nature of the traders business. Thus the tailor exhibits outside and above his door and windows the semblances of gorgeous military habits, the bootmaker presents one with the counterfeit of gigantic Wellington, the milliner bonnets, the hair cutter a pair of scissors, the optician a telescope, the confectioner a dazzling array of glass jars filled with confits and clusters of impossible fruits; tobaccoist has his negro instead of his Highlander; and the grocer rejoices at tropical scenes where a considerable portion of the human race are represented as busily engaged in packing up on some distant shore, boxes of spice and hogsheads of sugar, all directed to himself, and so numerous as to excite fears for the safety of the flotilla, who are waiting in the offing to receive it on board. Sometimes one is fairly puzzled. I confess I stood for some moments before one board, whereupon was represented a man bathed in blood, struggling, as it appeared, with his murderer, who was armed with a terrible dagger, and had him down helplessly in a chair. Beside him was a huge vessel of some sort or another, filled apparently with gouts of gore of much variety of form, and just over his head was a pair of scissors. It was only after some steady and analytical observation that I made out the allegory. The struggle in the centre was merely typical of phlebotomy—the gouts of the gore were intended to represent leeches—the scissors meant haircutting—and the whole picture was simply an intimation that the old liason between the barber and surgeon was not yet worn out in Russia.

From the London Daily News.

THE LATE LORD HARDINGE.

In briefly adverting to the death of Lord Hardinge we desire to speak of him rather as a soldier than a military administrator, rather as a man than as a politician. In his individual character there was so much that was frank, generous, and amiable; in his career as a warrior, so much that was brilliant and attractive, that it would require a far firmer stoicism than any to which we can lay claim to recollect at the moment of his departure the points in which we differed from him, or the strictures which we have not shrunk from time to time, to pass on his political career. As a successful soldier, as an amiable and honorable man, as an Englishman of the middle rank, who, without the aid of either family influence or remarkable genius, fought his way up to the Governor-Generalship of British India, and the Command-in-Chief of the British Army, the career of Henry Lord Hardinge is a sufficiently remarkable one.

The younger son of a north-country clergyman, there was nothing in the circumstances of Ensign Hardinge, when he first joined his regiment towards the close of the last century, to announce the splendour of his after successes. But the right stuff was in him, and he soon had an opportunity of showing it. The promptitude and gallantry which he displayed under different circumstances in the evacuation of Corunna first drew upon him the attention of his superior officers, and gave him that start in life which some few never get, which many neglect to improve, and which only the able and energetic improve as it deserves. From that day young Hardinge was a marked man. To trace his subsequent career in the Peninsula is in reality to follow the progress of the British arms throughout those eventful years in which the Great Captain was slowly but surely winning his way from victory to victory. From the Tagus to the Pyrenees, from Roleia to Or-

thez, there was not an engagement of note in which the young Deputy-Quartermaster of the Portuguese army was not present. He was wounded at Vimere; he was severely wounded at Vittoria; at Albuera he mainly contributed to the success of that gallant charge of Cort's brigade, which the most eloquent of military historians has described as amongst the proudest achievements of the most unrivalled of infantry. The peace found young Hardinge decorated with a cross and five clasps for his services at Busaco, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, and Orthez. When the war of a hundred days broke out he was again at his post, and lost an arm at the battle of Ligny. In 1826 the successful soldier entered Parliament, and two years afterwards was appointed Secretary-at-War under the Duke of Wellington. We will not follow here the successive steps of his civil career under various Tory administrations. It was in 1844 that he became Governor-General of India. The story of the four years that intervened is known to every Englishman. The glorious success of Sikh war may be attributed at least as much to the superior skill of our commanders, and perhaps the generous abnegation which the Governor-General showed in declining the chief command, and the wise moderation with which he treated the vanquished, constituted his highest claims to the brilliant honours and substantial rewards with which Parliament and the India Company evinced their gratitude for his achievements.

On the death of the Great Duke in 1852, Lord Hardinge became Commander-in-Chief of the British army. Beyond this point we will not follow the details of his career. The most charitable view of his administration is that suggested by the reflection that his personal amenity of disposition rendered him too little capable of offering the right degree of resistance to unjustifiable pressure, while the habit which, like all the lieutenants of the Great Commander, he had formed of prostrating his own judgment before that of a commanding and original mind, disqualified him from acting with due vigour when suddenly thrown into the crisis of a vast European war. On these things, however, we will not dwell. We are not the historians of an age, but the transitory chroniclers of a day; writing in and for the hour we not unnaturally share in its emotions, and participating in the feeling which at this moment pervades the great majority of our fellow-countrymen, bear our willing testimony to the brilliant soldiery, the endearing social qualities, and the great private worth of the Lord Hardinge.

THE MURAT FAMILY.

The name of Prince Murat has been so frequently mentioned recently in connection with possible events in Naples, that a brief glance at the history of his family will be found highly interesting. It is alleged, in some quarters, that the Muratists constitute a considerable party in the Neapolitan dominions; while in others the existence of any such party is unreservedly denied. It is also alleged that Louis Napoleon clandestinely favors the pretensions of his cousin. But, whatever may be the value of all the statements put forth in the public journals, we have not yet learned that the Prince, who is surrounded by some distinguished enemies of the Bourbons of Naples, is truly indifferent to the progress of events in the Italian peninsula, although his claims to the Crown of the Two Sicilies, are certainly anything but legitimate.

The life of his late father, Joachim Murat, of Naples, is one of the most extraordinary in modern times, presenting a succession of those signal vicissitudes which occur only to the experience of a few men, conspicuously illustrating the danger which ever attends an unscrupulous ambition, as well as the instability of the grandeur and greatness which sometimes invest the path of the successful adventurer. The son of a publican of La Batisde, Joachim Murat in early life assisted in his father's business, which he was destined to follow, having evinced no desire for intellectual study, or for mechanical pursuits. As he grew older, he became so careless as to be utterly incapable of attending to the business, or even grooming his father's horses. His dissipation did great injury to the establishment, and ultimately he parted with his father.

A roving disposition impelled him directly towards Paris, where he earned a livelihood for some time as a *valet du place*, and as a waiter to a *restaurateur*. The employment was irksome to one with a passion for romantic adventure; and, entering the army, he commenced a career in which he ultimately won a crown and the fame of being one of the greatest cavalry generals who ever lived. His fortunes were intimately associated with those of Napoleon from the opening of the campaign in Italy in 1796, until the battle of Leipsic, while the relationship was materially strengthened by a marriage with the sister of the Emperor. In command of the cavalry, he performed bold and glorious feats at Marengo; in pursuit of the Austrians from Ulm; at Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. He accompanied Napoleon in the disastrous expedition to Moscow, conducting the retreat from Smorgoni.

Joachim, like his master, did not enjoy a lengthened tenure of sovereign authority. He was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies in 1808, on Napoleon's transferring his brother Joseph to Madrid. Joachim was not endowed with many noble qualities, but by great display and apparent frankness of manners, he for some time enjoyed the good feeling of the people. He, however, subsequently betrayed the weak-

ness of his character; while the fortunes of Napoleon were on the wane. Joachim, looking to the safety of his throne, volunteered to join the alliance against him; negotiations were opened with Austria and England, and conducted with treachery on all sides; and it is needless to say that they did not result to the advantage of the wavering monarch. The news of Waterloo reduced him to temporary despair; but, in an evil moment, he resolved upon one more attempt to recover his kingdom. The fate of the ill-starred expedition from Corsica is memorable. A gale of wind scattered the vessels, containing 200 men, and Murat found himself at Pizzo, with only 30 followers. He was captured, and shot on the 13th of October, 1815, exclaiming to his executioners, as he threw away the white handkerchief offered to bandage his eyes, "Avoid the face, aim at the heart."

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

TERMS.—New Subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old Subscribers 12s. 6d. in advance, or 17s. 6d. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it. To Clubs of five and upwards, to one address, Ten Shillings a year in advance.

CENTRAL BANK AGENCY, CHATHAM.

Discount days TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, Hours for business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Notes for Discount to be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock, on the day immediately preceding the discount day.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Moon Last Qr. 20th 4/44m P.M.—HIGH WATER.

19	Su	22nd Sunday after Trinity	9 44 10 13
20	M		10 39 11 15
21	Tu	Battle of Trafalgar 1854	11 51 0 33
22	W	Debating Club—Chatham	— 1 13
23	Th		1 49 2 24
24	F	Battle of Balaklava 1854	2 55 3 24
25	S	Michaelmas Term ends	3 47 4 9

The above Tides having been calculated with regard to the moon's horizontal parallax and angular distance from the sun, will be found to be correct, due allowance being made at times for high winds and freshets. For Richibucto, subtract, 2h30m—Bathurst, 2h45m—Dalhousie, 2h50m from the above.

THE Editor of the Temperance Telegraph has again thought fit to devote a column and a half to, not argument with us, but abuse against us. He charges us with personalities, this charge we deny, such we had not the slightest idea of, for we consider abuse the sign of a weak cause. We declare our statement of Temperance reformation in the county of Bonaventure, Canada East, to be a positive fact, and brought about by the praiseworthy influence of Pastoral example and exhortation, notwithstanding the sneers and doubts of the Editor of the Telegraph. We say it fearless of contradiction and of proof to the contrary, that the introduction of the late Prohibitory Law was premature, and the public mind unprepared for so great a change to be suddenly effected. We have never uttered a word against the benefits of such a Law, could it be carried into effect, our remarks were solely confined to its inexpediency, arising from its present impracticability which we consider based upon the stubbornness of human nature, and the averseness of the majority to be coerced by the few. We have no doubt the day will come, and we sincerely pray it may not be far distant when the demon of intemperance will be banished from the land.

In conclusion, we would refer our contemporary to a portion of Holy Writ, which, if we are to judge from the language he employs in his controversies with those with whom he differs in opinion with respect to the Prohibitory Law, has entirely escaped his notice. It is the Thirteenth Chapter of Corinthians, we insert the first verse and recommend the remainder for his perusal:

"Though I speak with the tongues of Men and of angels and have not Charity, I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

And verily he who would stand forward from amid the mass of his fellow men, as the leader or champion of a great Moral Reformation, must, if he wishes the cause in which he is embarked to prosper, be possessed, and that to a very great extent with the Christian spirit of Charity; and if we refer to History as an exponent of facts, we find that all great Moral Reformations have been brought about, not by coercion or persecution, but by moral suasion, and it is by it and by it alone, that Christianity has, and is advancing throughout the length and breadth of the world.

We are sure the public must be tired of the subject, and now take leave of the topic, so the Editor of the Telegraph may have for the future the controversy all to himself; for he will never by angry tirades cause us to alter or retract our opinion, nor do we ever expect any