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LET US BE HAPPY.

BY W. G. MILLS.

Let us try to be happy—there is
Enough in this world to impart
The feelings of pleasure and bliss
To the saddest and gloomiest heart:
Though the day may be dark, and the wind
Sweep around like a spirit of wrath;
There's the sun and the blue sky designed
Soon to smile and enliven our path.

Let us try to be happy—and shake
Off the half fictitious burden of care;
If we whine till our poor hearts should break,
It will make things but worse than they are.
We must know what is sorrow and pain,
Peace, pleasure and health to enjoy;
Then cheerfully courage maintain—
Though we feel care and ache, do we die?

Let us try to be happy—a smile
Can gladden those hearts full of gloom;
Though the sun may not shine for a while,
A taper can lighten the room.
Whatever may surround our lone path
Has always a charm, if we've power
Like the bee out of garden and heath,
To sip honey from every flower.

Let us try to be happy—not wait
Till all things are just to our will;
It ne'er will be so in this state,
But WITHIN we can feel happy still:
Like the Great Source of being, whose love
Designs all his creatures to bless,
Though they sin, and rebellious oft prove,
It mars not His pure happiness.

Then let us be happy—we may,
If we seek for the spirit aright:
It will drive all our troubles away,
The yoke we MUST bear will makelight:
'Tis the secret of life for us all;
'Tis medicine for young and for old;
'Tis the Alchemist's stone, without fail,
That turns all base metal to gold!

G. S. L. CITY.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

A Panoramic View of Moscow—Its Peculiarities.

Moscow, June 1858.

It was Madame de Stael, I believe, who, on first seeing Moscow, exclaimed: "*Voilà Rome Tartare!*" This may have been true before the destruction of the ancient city, but it would hardly apply at the present day. In its immense extent Moscow may well rival Rome, as in this respect it is surpassed by no modern capital except London; but although its Asiatic character is quite as strongly marked as that of Constantinople, it is by no means Tartar. No other city in the world presents so cosmopolitan an aspect. The gilded domes of Licknow—the pagodas of China—Byzantine churches—Grecian temples—palaces in the style of Versailles, heavy impressive German buildings, wooden country cottages, glaring American signs, boulevards, gardens, silent lanes, roaring streets, open markets, Turkish bazars, French cafes, German beer cellars, and Chinese tea houses—all are found here, not grouped exclusively into separate cantons, but mixed and jumbled together, until Europe and Asia, the past and present, the Old World and the New, are so blended and confounded, that it is impossible to say which predominates. Another city so bizarre and picturesque as Moscow does not exist. To call it Russia would be too narrow a distinction: it suggests the world.

Its position, near the imaginary line where one continent is merged into the other, accounts for this. The waters of the Moskva seek an Asiatic Sea, yet its nearest ports are those of Central Europe. Its fibres of commerce branch eastward across the Tartar steppes to Mongolia and China; southward to Samarcand and Bokhara, to Cashmere and Persia; northward to Archangel and the Polar Ocean; and on the west, to all the rest of Europe. The race who founded it came from the southeast, and brought with them the minaret and the swelling Oriental dome, the love of gilding and glaring colors; its religion came from Constantinople, with the Byzantine pillar and the Greek cross; and the founder of Russian power learned his trade in the west. On every one of its thousand spires and domes glitters the crescent, surmounted by the triumphant cross. At its southern end the Tartar muezzin calls to prayer from the roof of his mosque, while at the northern, the whistle of the locomotive announces the departure of the train for St. Petersburg.

When you overlook the city from an elevated point, it loses nothing of its originality in the broader compass of your vision. On the contrary, many slashing impressions, naturally arising from the incongruity of its features, are forgotten, and the vast, dazzling panorama assumes a grand dramatic character. It is an immense show, gotten up for a temporary effect, and you can scarcely believe that it may

not be taken to pieces and removed as soon as its purpose has been attained. Whence this array of grass-green roofs out of which rise by hundreds spires and towers, stranger and more fantastic than ever were builded in a mad architect's dream? Whence these gilded and silvered domes, which blind your eyes with reflected suns, and seem to dance and totter in their own splendor, as you move? It can be no city of trade and government, of pleasure and scandal, of crime and religion, which you look upon; it was built when the Arabian Nights were true, and the Prince of the Hundred Islands reigns in its central palace.

And yet there are few cities in Europe (Berlin excepted) which have not greater advantages of position than Moscow. Accident or whim seems to have suggested the choice of the site to its founders. The little Moskva is not navigable in summer for steamers drawing eighteen inches of water. It is an insignificant tributary, not of the Volga, but of the Oka, which falls into the Volga at Nijni-Novgorod, and here is the spot pointed out by nature for the commercial emporium of Central Russia and Western Asia. But in the days of Vladimir, this point was too near the Tartars, and though Peter the Great at one time seriously designed to make it his capital, his rivalry with Sweden, and his desire to approach Europe rather than Asia, finally prevailed, and St. Petersburg arose from the Finland swamps. Moscow, since then, has lost the rank and advantages of a capital, although it continues to be the Holy City of the Russians, and the favorite residence of many of the ancient noble families. The rapid growth of the manufacturing interest in this part of Russia has recently given it a start, but its growth is slow, and its population (350,000) is probably not much greater than in the days of Ivan or Michael Romanoff.

The Moskva, in passing through the city, divides it into two unequal parts, about three-fourths occupying the northern bank, and one-fourth the southern. The river is so tortuous that it may be said to flow towards all points of the compass before it reaches the Kremlin, whence its course is toward the Oka. In the centre, and rising directly from the water, is the isolated hill of the Kremlin, a natural mound about a mile in circumference, and less than a hundred feet in height. On either side of it the northern bank ascends very gradually for the distance of a mile or more, where it melts into the long undulations of the country. On the southern side of the Moskva, at the south-western extremity of the city, are the Sparrow Hills which, running nearly due east and west, form a chord of the great winding curve of the river, and inclose the whole southern portion of Moscow, which is built on the level bottom between it and their bases. These hills are steep and abrupt on the northern side, and though rising less than two hundred feet above the water, overtop every other elevation far and near. Every stranger who wishes to see the panorama of Moscow should first mount the tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin, and then make an excursion to the Sparrow Hills.

The conflagration in 1812, though, with the exception of the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese City, which wholly escaped, it left scarcely fifty houses standing, contributed very little to modernize the aspect of Moscow. A few of the principal streets were widened, and two concentric circles of boulevards introduced, in the restoration of the city, but most of the old streets and lanes were rebuilt on the same plan, and in much the same character as before. Inside the outer boulevard, which embraces the business portion of the city, the houses are almost exclusively of brick, covered with stucco and painted yellow, light blue, pink or pale red. Outside of it, for many a verst, stretch the rows of private residences, interspersed with garden-plots, while the outskirts are made up of the houses of the poorer classes, one story cottages of boards or logs, gaudily painted, as in the country villages. Many of the better dwellings are also of wood, which material is recommended both by its cheapness and comfort. Stone is scarce and dear, and there does not seem to be sufficient to pave the streets properly. A shallow bed of small cobble-stone, so lightly rolled that it soon becomes uneven, jolts the life out of you, even at this season, but in the spring it is said to be far worse.

The diameter of the city from north to south cannot be less than eight miles, while its circumference will fall short of 25. Its low houses, broad, rambling streets, large interior courts, market places and gardens, account for this extent. It is truly a city of magnificent distances, and its people have their own peculiar ideas of what is near and what is far. I was greatly taken in until I discovered this fact. "Close at hand" proves to be a mile off, and when one man says of another, "We are neighbors," you may depend they live an hour's walk apart. Another difficulty is, there are so few right lines that it is next to impossible to go directly from one given point to another. Your course is either a right angle, a semi-circle, an elliptical curve, or the letter S. I

have had considerable practice in orienting, but have never yet had so much trouble to learn the topography of a town. It is full of those scarcely perceptible curves and deflections, which gradually carry you out of your direction, while you imagine you are going straight ahead. If you have ever tried to trundle a wheelbarrow to a mark blindfolded, you may know how easily one may be baffled in this way.

Just as this circumstance, however, prolongs the impression of novelty, which, to an old traveler like myself, is a rare charm. There are reminiscences from all parts of the world which I have already seen but, in addition a stamp and character of picturesque incongruity, entirely popular to Moscow. But two streets—the Twerskaia Oulitza, leading from the Kremlin towards the St. Petersburg gate, and the Kuznetskoi Most, Smith's Bridge—have a busy metropolitan aspect, and the same character throughout their whole extent; the others are full of transformations and surprises. You pass between palaces, with lofty porticoes, and find yourself in a country village; still further you enter a thronged market place; beyond are churches with blue domes, bespangled with golden stars; then rows of shops, displaying fashionable European goods and wares. These cease suddenly, and you are in the midst of gardens, but not a hundred paces from their green seclusion you find yourself in the Oriental bazaar. In Moscow no man, except an old inhabitant, knows what a street may bring forth.

The population, also, exhibits a corresponding diversity. The European gentlemen with cylinder hats and tight kid gloves, do not appear more out of place under those crescent-tipped domes of gold, than the sallow Persians and silk-robed Armenians beside yonder French palace. The Russian peasant, with his thick, brown beard, red shirt, and wide trousers, stuck into his boots, elbows you on the narrow sidewalk. After him comes a lady, with the smallest of bonnets and the largest of crinolines, respectfully followed by a man-servant, whose presence attests her respectability. Alone, she would be subject to suspicion. A fair Circassian, with blue eyes and the build of an Adonis, next meets you; then, perhaps, a Tartar in his round cap of black lamb's wool, or a Chinese, resembling a faulty image of yellow clay, cast aside before the true Adam was made; then, European bagmen, smirking and impertinent; a Russian nurse, with a head-dress like the spread tail of a red peacock; priest, in flowing hair and black cassock; a money-changer, whose beardless face proclaims his neuter gender; a company of istvotchiks (hackmen) in squat black hats and long blue cattans; officers in the imperial uniform; firemen in gilded helmets, saintly old beggars, children in national costume, fallen women, Gypsies, Cossacks—all succeed each other in endless and ever-changing possession.

The best point for a bird's eye view of the city is from the tower of Ivan Veliki, on the Kremlin. This is a belfry, 200 feet high, surmounted by a golden dome. When you have passed the Tzar Kolokol, or King of Bells, which rests on a granite pedestal at its base, and have climbed through some half-dozen bell chambers to the upper gallery, you see nearly the whole of Moscow—for the northern part goes beyond your horizon. On all other sides it stretches far, far away, leaving only a narrow ring of dark green woods between it and the sky. The Moskva twists like a wounded snake at your feet, this little stream almost swallowed up in the immense sea of the pale green roofs. This vast green ring is checkered with the pink and yellow fronts of the buildings which rise above the general level, while all over it, far and near, sing y or in clusters, shoot up the painted, reed like towers, and open to the day the golden and silver blossoms of their domes. How the sun flashes back, angrily or triumphantly, from the dazzling hemispheres, until this northern capital shines in more than tropic fire! What a blaze, and brilliance, and rainbow variegation, under this pale-blue sky!

The view from the Sparrow Hills is still more beautiful. You are inclosed with a belt of pine and birch woods, and under you the river reflects the sky, while beyond it sweep blossoming meadows up to the suburban garden, over which rises the long line of the gilded city, whose nearest domes seem to flash in your very face, and whose farthest towers fade against the sky. Their long array fills one-third of the horizon. I counted between five and six hundred of which one-third were either gilded or silvered. The dome of the new cathedral—as large as that of St. Paul's, London, burned in the center like a globe of flame, like the sun itself, with stars and constellations sparkling around it far and wide. From this point the advanced guard of Napoleon's army first saw Moscow—a vast, silent, glittering city, fired by the sunset, and with the seeds of a more awful splendor in its heart. No wonder the soldiers stood still by a spontaneous impulse, grounded their arms, and exclaimed as one man: "Moscow! Moscow!"

I saw the wonderful picture on a still, sultry

afternoon. The woods and meadows, the thousand towers of the city, were bathed in bright sunshine; but beyond the latter lowered, black as ink, a pile of thunder-clouds. The threatening back-ground rose, letting fall a shifting curtain of dark gray, from the feet of which whirled clouds of tawny dust, veiling the splendor of the distant domes. As the storm advanced, columns of dust arose, here and there, all over the city; a shadow, as of night, crept across it, leaving only the nearer spring to blaze with double splendor against the black chaos. Presently the more distant portions of the city were blotted out. The brighter towers remained for a time visible, shining spectrally through the falling cloud, and seeming to be removed far back into the depths of the atmosphere. The sound of hail and rain, crashing on the metal roofs, reached our ears; the last golden dome stood yet a moment in the sunshine, and then everything swam in the chaos of dust and storm. So vainly by rail fell over the magical scene, and as the whirlwind reached us, a void, black and impenetrable, hid it from our eyes. We had again witnessed the destruction of Moscow.

B. T.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS AGAINST CELIBACY.—An extraordinary memorial has been addressed by 507 Austrian priests to the author of the Concordat, the Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna. In this document, the lower Catholic clergy put forth their grievances in language the like of which has not been heard since the days of the Reformation.

The memorial begins with a rough onslaught on the absolutist prerogatives of the episcopacy. "This concordat," it says, "has conferred upon the bishops many new privileges and a large increase of power; but the priest has to bear the whole odium of the indignation and of the moral resistance which the hated Convention has created among the people." "There is no doubt," the document continues in a subsequent paragraph, "but that our religion has become the object of universal derision. The Concordat has aroused the wrath of the most moderate men with respect to the antiquated, mediæval ordinances of the Church; and the indignation against the executors of those ordinances becomes louder and more universal from day to day. This sentiment is the more dangerous as it spreads among the main body of the people." The memorial complains of the wretched pay (sometimes less than that of a cab-driver) of the lower clergy, in consequence of which they are driven to the collection of fees and taxes which are the source of the most disgraceful and disgusting conflicts with the people. Religion is thus made to appear in the light of an insufferable burden, and agitators increase the ill-feeling by directing attention, not to the penury of the lower clergy, but to the luxury and abundance in which the bishops are revelling. In the next place the petitioners lay bare the laziness of monkhood, and demand the abolition of these begging orders and the appropriation of their revenues to the maintenance of the really working priests.

A more important demand follows. It is for the abolition of celibacy, on the ground that the impossibility of entering into the married state renders the priest a victim of suspicions, of sneering and contempt, and produces laxity amongst the clergy, thus rendering them contributors to the moral dissolution which is invading even the popular classes. In conclusion the petitioners demand that "such reforms should be introduced as to make the lower clergy no longer appear in the odious light of oppressors of the poorer classes; and that the priests, by the abolition of the law of celibacy, should be restored to the common ties of family and humanity. If this is not done," they assert, "all our influence will entirely disappear; the Catholic religion will be despised, hierarchy be totally overthrown, and the state become the football of ceaseless attacks and complications." They express, too, the significant hope that they may not be driven to expect their safety from the revolutionary party.

[N. Y. Post, Sep. 23.]

Religion is mixed up with politics finely in Cincinnati. Mr. Grosebeck is a Presbyterian, and Mr. Gurley a Universalist, and appeals are made to the two sects on this account. The former believes in predestined defeat probably and the latter in certain salvation.

The Cincinnati Enquirer objects to Mr. Gurley as a candidate for Congress because he is a Universalist. If Mr. Gurley has been so rash as to say that all men will be saved, he may probably, as an act of justice to the editors of the Enquirer, make an exception of them.—[Louisville Journal.]

There is perhaps no set of men that so resemble the ape and monkey tribe as politicians.—First in their propensity for imitating—secondly in the necessity of having an organ to accompany their tricks!

MAN's riches are to be estimated rather by the fewness of his wants than the greatness of his possessions.