

For the Deseret News.

LINES.

Ah, who can depict the scenes of strife,
As they pass in the world below;
The tiresome struggle and toil for life
In misery, anguish, and woe?

No hope to cheer in the midnight gloom
Which hangs as a funeral pall;
No arm to avert the terrible doom,
No eye to weep over their fall.

No voice from heaven to cheer the heart,
No prophet or priest e'er to bless,
Though ocean's of scalding tears now fall
From the eyes of deepest distress.

For peace from the earth is fled; in vain
For a resting place she has sought;
To heaven of heaven's fled again;
Her presence can never be bought.

But given to those who yield in love,
In every country and clime,
To the gospel from the Lord above,
In this now the "fulness of time."

Politicians, priests, may scheme in vain—
May plot against the Lord's decrees;
Restitution's at hand!—they have slain
The Prophets—they cannot go free.

May we appreciate, saints far and wide,
Our blessings so bounteous and free,
As we tread vales where peace can abound,
Though we live the "age of a tree?"

And then list to the "Prophet of God,"
And act, energetic and true.
If we've been faithless, let's kiss the rod,
And acknowledge it was our due.

Then peace shall extend and union grow,
And righteousness flow as a stream;
All evil that's past, sin that is now,
Shall be ended, gone, as a dream!

HENRY W. NAISBITT.

Mr. Pepper's Wife: How he shut her up.

BY MARY A. CHAPIN.

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes, with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different, as you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household."

"In the first place, you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the tea kettle, &c. Then you will make a fire in here; that done you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and I do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to house-keeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire—yes I'll do that; then make a fire in the bed room. I'll see to that too; then take the breakfast to his bedside—just see if I do!" And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. Pepper's department, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish, and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He "labored under the impression" that the atmosphere of his apartment did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it; and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it, too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then he sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there, he thus soliloquized:

"That ever I, Phillander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she shan't escape, that's certain, if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone! for haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?"

"A cozy little arrangement, this, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in that chair, madam," he said pointing to the one he had just vacated, "while I have a little conversation with you."

"Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?"

"Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town doing a little shopping. I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them," she said holding them up demurely for his inspection; "I only paid a dollar a piece for

them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she added. Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way, was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said—

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers, until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes."

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say—

"Dear Phillander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betsy Jane, you'd better not!" but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in his face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathful. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said:

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs, this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet, while you are going neither. You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you to know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really Mr. P., it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

"But you must, Mrs. P."

"Then all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk."

Mr. Pepper looked at his wife for a moment in the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself—

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get on in that way; but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her, so here goes," and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locking her in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door-steps, to attend to callers, and also to see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office, and said, never stopping to take breath:

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as ever he can, for that woman what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she is tearing around there, and rattling things, the distressed kind, and if she beant splitting up some thing or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. Pepper seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most dignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible; and applying his eye to the key hole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly rear with rage.

Mrs. Pepper was sitting in front of the fire place, reading his old love letters. The one she was engaged in pursuing at that particular moment was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared, had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair; and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love letters alone that made Mr. Pepper so outrageous. He had been something of a traveler in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P., and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire place was Mr. P.'s best beaver filled up with love letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful flat China dish, filled with bears oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver chattering bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle bow, meanwhile, occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had, with commendable foresight removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. Pepper condescended to peep through the key hole until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door, but it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open it instantly, or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper darted down the stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back."

Procuring a ladder, begun to mount to the bed room; but Mrs. Pepper was not to be taken so easily. She knew he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of the fire, so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. Pepper was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt up right in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

Jezebel, come forth!

No answer.

"Jade, do you think to escape?"

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and

hastily commences to search the room; but has not proceeded far, when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listened a moment and it is repeated. Darting to the door, he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife has just removed the ladder, and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his daguerreotype, which is lying upon the table before him—mechanically taking it up, he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face, all the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely phiz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in the corners of the case. Mr. Pepper fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P.; "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I'm fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in duress vile, deponent saith not, nor as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed, but of this we are, Mr. Pepper might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bed room, and hear him say in a meek manner—

"Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast?"

[From the Paris correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.]

The Artesian Well, &c., in Paris.

One of the most extraordinary things in Paris, or indeed in the world, is the Artesian Well of Grenelle. It was begun in 1834 and finished after several forced suspensions about the year 1841. It is bored in the centre of the Court of the Abbatoir, goes 1700 feet ($\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile) into the bowels of the earth, and the column of water 9 inches in diameter rises in a copper tube 112 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the ground, and is conducted to the Reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The Temperature of the water is constantly about 80 deg. Fahrenheit. It holds several salts in solution, among the rest iron (which colors glass submitted to its action) and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. Now what is most interesting about this well is that the facts developed by it, it being the deepest yet bored, have served to explode the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land, passing under ground and springing through the outlet up to the height of its head.

The force that drives a column of water up to an elevation of 1800 feet, and with such rapidity as to supply 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours; the force that shows itself to be variable, sometimes comparatively quiet, at others almost terrific in its violence, is thought to be volcanic, and to result from expansion within the inner crust of the earth,—to be in fact a sort of explosive escape from an artificial valve in the immense steam boiler on whose surface we live.

When the well was first opened, and before the water was carried to its present height, vast quantities of mud came over, from which the height of the column now clarifies it. But for awhile the residents in the vicinity were greatly alarmed, thinking that the ground on which they lived was being gradually undermined by the action of the water, and that some day they would be engulfed. This notion has long ceased to alarm them, as it is evident that the auger has pierced through the rocky exterior into the interior, the soft central mass of the earth, whence the detritus that frightened the Parisians proceeded, and not as they ignorantly imagined, from just beneath their houses.

The Paris de l'Industrie, a very beautiful structure, is nearly completed, and will probably be ready for the exhibition in May. I like it much better than the Crystal Palace. It is built of the light stone universally used here, and has a very cheerful aspect. The gigantic statue over the principal entrance, has just been unveiled.

The building is erected around a quadrangular court, and is lighted with two rows of circular arched windows. In the interspaces of the upper row are the arms of the various cities of France, and in those of the lower the conjoined cypher of Napoleon and Eugene.—Along the frieze, as I believe architects call it, are carved the names of men who have benefited the world by their discoveries or performance in the arts. Among them, is that of Benjamin Franklin.

Did you know that Connecticut had been in part transplanted here? I breakfasted this morning at No. 6 Rue Michodiere, attracted by a card in the window which ran thus: "Aux Americains specialite de Pumpkin Pie," and excellent it was too. Paris is a famous place for the arts, and I was glad that they had not neglected the art so little known abroad of making the savory Connecticut delicacy.

We are just now in the midst of a snow storm, and you cannot walk far without seeing a horse slip down. The poor things are smooth shod, and they slide about like a cat in walnut shells. Every horse worth any care has his knees protected with a leather cover; and one without it would be very lightly valued by a Yankee jockey if he judged by knees, for these are terribly scratched and bruised. No horse in Paris except those of the imperial household, are allowed

to wear corked shoes, so that if a free and independent citizen means to bring over his animals he must look to their heels, and not forget that times are changed since he, the said citizen, rode proudly by in his barouche, while Louis Napoleon walked down Broadway with scarcely the price of a cat in his pocket.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—The following is an interesting article, by J. Stenhouse, F. R. S., in the Journal of the Society of Arts, London:—

"My attention was particularly drawn to the importance of charcoal as a disinfecting agent, by my friend, John Turnbull, Esq., of Glasgow, Scotland, the well-known extensive chemical manufacturer. Mr. Turnbull, about nine months ago, placed the bodies of two dogs in a wooden box, on a layer of charcoal powder a few inches in depth, and covered them over with a quantity of the same material. Though the box was quite open, and kept in his laboratory, no effluvia was ever perceptible; and, on examining the bodies of the animals, at the end of six months, scarcely anything remained of them except the bones. Mr. Turnbull sent me a portion of the charcoal powder which had been most closely in contact with the bodies of the dogs; I submitted it for examination to one of my pupils, Mr. Turnbull, who found it contained comparatively little ammonia, not a trace of sulphureted hydrogen, but very appreciable quantities of nitric and sulphuric acids, with acid phosphate of lime.

Mr. Turnbull subsequently, about three months ago, buried two rats in about two inches of charcoal powder, and a few days afterwards, the body of a full-grown cat was similarly treated. Though the bodies of these animals are now in a highly putrid state, not the slightest odor is perceptible in the laboratory.

From this short statement of facts, the utility of charcoal powder as a means of preventing noxious effluvia from church-yards, and from dead bodies in other situations, such as on board a ship, is sufficiently evident. Covering a church-yard to the depth of from two to three inches, with coarsely powdered charcoal, would prevent any putrid exhalations ever finding their way into the atmosphere. Charcoal powder, also, greatly favors the rapid decomposition of the dead bodies with which it is in contact, so that, in the course of six or eight months, little is left except the bones.

In all the modern systems of chemistry, such, for instance, as the last edition of Turner's Elements, charcoal is described as possessing antiseptic properties, while the very reverse is the fact. Common salt, nitre, corrosive sublimate, arsenious acid, alcohol, camphor, creosote, and most essential oils, are certainly antiseptic substances, and, therefore, retard the decay of animal and vegetable matters. Charcoal, on the contrary, as we have just seen, greatly facilitates the oxydation, and, consequently, the decomposition, of any organic substances with which it is in contact. It is, therefore, the very opposite of an antiseptic."

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—Dick Tinto, the Florence correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writes that the inducements for American sculptors to remain in Italy—Powers, Hart, Crawford, and others—are that they have constantly on hand more orders than they can execute, and employ numerous workmen at cheap wages. He quotes:

"These workmen, who actually perform the whole or nine tenths of the chiselling, cutting in marble what their employer sets before them in plaster, receive Italian wages—a small daily pittance. If taken to New York, they would at once triple and quadruple their Italian earnings, and would probably set up for themselves as carvers in a small way or as decorators and ornamentors of churches and public buildings. The chisel is no longer the tool of the master sculptor; his instrument is an odd bit of stick, with which he scoops away at the figure in clay, or "at the mud," as he will tell you himself.

When finished, as nearly as nearly as such a material can be, a mould is taken, and from that mould a cast in plaster. If necessary this coat is still further finished and sand-papered, and is then handed over to the cutter, whose duty it is to make an exact fac simile in marble. The sculptor properly may never touch this marble, and when he is told it is done, he is ready to deliver it to its owner.

The workmen in Mr. Power's studio have executed not far from 40 Proserpines from the one plaster original composed by the master, and the Greek Slave has in the same way been reproduced three or four times. The best bust maker in Italy never touches the marble. He may suggest or order hair strokes here and there, but he does not handle the scraper himself. In all this the workman, though he may execute unassistedly, the statue, the head, or the group, is no more the author of his work than is the clerk who copies the prime minister's rough draft, or the calligraphist who engrosses a set of resolutions. You can see how impossible it would be for sculptors occupying and requiring in this way the work of many men, to transport their studios to America.

MURDERS IN ROME.—CALIFORNIA OUTDONE. Official records show that during the last century the average of murders in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousands souls, was five or six a day, and on one occasion fourteen. While occupied by the French troops, there were in a single day one hundred and twenty assassinations; and as late as 1823 they averaged one daily. A chapel of the Madonna, in the church of the Argustins, is hung about with knives, dirks, and other murderous instruments, suspended there by their owners, at the order of their confessors, as a condition of absolution and evidence of pardon of their crimes.

Hell is to "want to and can't."