

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[The following poem was a great favorite with the late President Lincoln, and he often recited it. The author is said to be Mr. Knox, of Scotland, who has also published other poems.]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor—like a fast-flying cloud—like a flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—like a passing of life from its rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, The flowers of the meadow and the grass shall be laid, As the young and the old, the low and the high, Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved— The mother, that infant's affection who proved: The father, that mother and infant who blest: Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by, And alike from the minds of the living erased, And the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The Lord of the king, that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn, The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap; The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep; The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread; Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed, That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen; We drink the same stream, we see the same sun, And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think; From the death we are shrinking, our fathers did shrink; To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling; But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold; They secured—but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come; They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we things that are now, That walk on the turf that lies over their brow, And make in their dwelling a transient abode; Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, and the song and the sigh, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death; From the glittered saloon to the Bier and the shroud; Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

FRENCH CHINEURS AND WATERFALLS.

The opening of spring is the signal for a peculiar class of peddlers to set out on their peregrinations through certain districts of France. They are called chineurs and their traffic is carried on wholly with the women whose tresses they seek to gain in exchange for gauzy calicoes and knick-knacks of various sorts. Their life, as described in a Paris newspaper, (and translated by the New Orleans Picayune,) presents some curious features. In the first place, it is a hard one, (though that is not curious). They travel thirty to forty-five miles a day, eating as little as possible, avoiding inns if they can, and sleeping by the wayside except in stormy weather. When they enter a village, if they are assured of a peaceable reception, they go through the streets crying, "Piau! piau!" Women who wish to sell their hair make a sign to the chineur, and in a twinkling he spreads his gaw-gaws before them. The bargain is not concluded without much chaffing, but the chineur commonly gets the head of hair for a cotton handkerchief or a calico petticoat and a few sons. In some villages the young men regard the chineur as a mortal enemy, and the moment he appears sally out with clubs and baste him unmercifully, unless he is lucky enough to escape by flight, which he attempts the moment he espies danger.

Each chineur has his own beat, and every other chineur keeps off it, except at market fairs, or the intruder feels confident he can thrash the present possessor of the beat; for his appearance would unquestionably lead to a severe fight. These beats are hereditary; the son goes over the beat his father trod, who follows in his father's footsteps. At the market fairs, some twenty or thirty of these chineurs sometimes assemble, and each bawls over his goods: "Hey! women! Who wants her hair cut? Come this way! come this way! Here are the handsome handkerchiefs and the beautiful dresses! Hey! women! This way!" In old times, the hair was cut in public view, to the great merriment of the bystanders, and to the confusion of the sheared women. At present each chineur has a booth where the operation takes place, for the police have interdicted it in public. The bystanders jeer the women as they come out of the booth and they look exceedingly foolish.

Almost all chineurs are connected with a hair broker, who fits them out with money and goods and buys the hair they collect. It is only in the poorest and most ignorant parts of France that the chineur is able to drive his trade. A railway destroys his business whenever it enters any country. Brittany supplies the greatest quantity of hair purchased in France, and everybody knows the poverty, ignorance and filthiness of that portion of France. It sells annually twenty thousand pounds of hair; Lower Normandy and Le Maine supply sixteen thousand pounds; Le Bourbonnais, Le Marche, Le Limousin and Le Perigord, twenty thousand pounds; Auvergne and Upper Languedoc supply eight thousand pounds. Then Belgium exports to France sixteen thousand pounds annually; Italy eight thousand and Germany four thousand pounds. The chineurs in Italy tramp only in Venetia, Lombardy and Piedmont. Of all the chineurs known, fifteen hundred are to be found in France and five hundred drive their trade out of France. It is notorious that out of the districts indicated, the chineurs cannot carry on their business. In the more prosperous sections of Europe the small sum of money the chineur can afford is no temptation for a woman to part with her hair, while their education leads them to revolt at the idea of degrading. Each species of hair is distinguished by its own peculiarities: for instance, the coarsest hair comes from Auvergne, the finest and blondest from Belgium, the blackest and longest from Italy, and the most beautiful and—most filthy—from Brittany.

The chineurs will not, as a general rule, buy the hair of dead or sick persons, which they can detect instantly, as it is brittle and worthless. A great deal of hair has of late years been furnished by the convents, where it is the custom

for the nuns to cut off their locks. The demand for this singular article of commerce, however, exceeds the supply, and every source likely to furnish the commodity has been explored. Even the streets are searched and thousands of pounds are gathered by the rag pickers. There is no woman who does not every day bring several hairs from her head by the use of the comb, and they are thrown into the dust basket or the street. The rag picker collects and sells them to the lower class of hairdressers. These people clean them of all the filth they have caught in the street, and sort them one by one. It is a labor as fatiguing as it is nauseating. The odor is horrible; they must be taken hair by hair, their color ascertained, the root discovered, (which is done by having them thrust through the eye of a needle), and then they must be washed in several chemical preparations. This hair is not esteemed; if it was not diseased or dead, the comb would not uproot it. The loss during these various manipulations is enormous; it is rarely more than one-fifth or one-sixth of the whole quantity that is merchantable. It is reckoned twenty-eight thousand pounds of hair are obtained from this source. As only one-fifth or one-sixth of the rag picker's collection is good, the rag pickers must annually collect 140,000 or 168,000 pounds of hair in the streets.

The hair gathered by chineurs is sold by the brokers to the wholesale dealers, whose warehouses reek with the stench arising from it. The merchant can tell whence the various lots come by their separate and peculiar odors. In these warehouses the hair is prepared for sale by being carefully assorted according to color, length, etc., sprinkled with flour to remove the grease, and carded two or three times.

Lastly, tresses are formed by mixing together in given proportions hair of various lengths. Each tress contains on an average hair from thirty different heads. These tresses are the fashionable "water-falls." Hair of doubtful or disagreeable color is dyed blue-black. Hair too short to be used in tresses or "water-fall" is used in other ways. These various manipulations increase the price of hair in a wonderful proportion. Hair which, purchased as "raw material" at \$5 or \$30 the pound, (prices range in this great scale) costs, manufactured, \$100 and \$150 the pound. The loss during these manipulations is never less than 18 per cent., and may exceed 30 per cent. Prices have advanced enormously of late years. When a tress has been manufactured and received the "last touches" from a hair-dresser, it has really no market price. A blonde tress has been sold for as much as \$1,200. Blonde tresses are higher than black or chestnut or red tresses, because they cannot be colored by artificial means. Beautiful black hair and curly hair of all colors are the next most expensive. One-half of all the hair manufactured in France is exported to England and America.—Boston Journal.

THE NORTH POLE.—Two French gentlemen recently explored the Island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products; the geological composition, etc., of the island. They found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two; by the increasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulty being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition, and kind of those floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic Seas.

In spite of the ravages of the privateer Shenandoah, the whaling fleet of New England has thoroughly recovered its original strength. There are three hundred and four vessels, averaging three hundred and fifty tons burden each now on whaling expeditions from various New England ports, and the fleet is the largest sent to the whaling ground by any country in the world. Yet in the past fifteen years the business has decreased greatly, and petroleum has lately taken high rank as a successful competitor to whale oil. The chief portion of the New England whaling fleet comes from New Bedford, which has one hundred and fourteen sail.

A MATHEMATICAL correspondent sends the following formula, which may prove useful to those entering into society: To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances: First Class.—If she is married, but not a mother, praise her husband. If she is married and a mother, praise her children. Second Class.—If she is unmarried, and engaged, praise her lover. If she is unmarried, and disengaged, praise herself.

CITY CREEK MINES.—Friday, Saturday and Sunday a large number of persons went out to them, and yesterday over a hundred left for the same point. Several have returned, and the facts as we learn from them are substantially as follows: No one has reached the bed-rock yet, but on the surface and six feet down the dirt pays from three to ten cents to the pan, and they will have to dig down fifteen or twenty feet yet before striking the bed-rock. The men who are at the mines are nearly all experienced, energetic miners, and we can rely on a full development of the mines at any rate, and a few days more will tell what they amount to.—Salt Lake Vedette.

The rainy weather has thrown back the hay making season, but the meadows and the fields, notwithstanding, will yield good crops. The citizens of Fountain Green have built an admirable fort, sufficiently large to protect all the inhabitants, and laid out so as to command a corral large enough to take care of their stock.—Salt Lake Vedette.

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