

'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A Peacock came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting in royal pride one day
Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage,
The bird sung on while the peacock stood,
Vaunting his plumes in the neighborhood;
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that looked in his golden light;
But the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

The peacock strutted, — a bird so fair
Never before had ventured there,
While the small bird hung at the cottage door,
And what could a peacock wish for more:
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He wasn't contented, for he tried to sing,
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming soon took to flight:
While the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

Then, withen take warning, — a fable true
And still of the peacock's fate beware;
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,
Though they're attired in plumage gay;
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show:
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else poor beauty is left behind.
While the small birds sing in their own true words,
" 'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

RICHARD COBDEN, THE ENGLISH ORATOR

The following sketch of COBDEN, one of the most influential of English Statesmen, is from a correspondent of the New York Independent. It will be read with interest.

Among some thirty members of Parliament in the Congress, Richard Cobden was, as a matter of course, conspicuous—the lion, indeed, of the occasion—an man eminently practical in his views, the great statesman of common sense, the people's premier, their Champion in the House of Commons, and their acknowledged leader in almost every political reform now in progress or contemplation.

Cobden is remarkably popular. Indeed, it seems as if there were no bounds or possibility of exhaustion to his popularity. The first mention of his name in the Congress was the signal for a spontaneous irresistible outburst of applause; when he arose to make his great speech, he was met with a perfect hurricane of cheers, that seemed as if they would never stop; nor did he once open his mouth, but the people even proud and never weary of their favorite, greeted him with fresh and hearty demonstrations of their regard. I cannot recollect that I ever saw the like of it. He is truly the idol of the people, who still appear quite intelligent and discriminating, in their idolatry. There is probably not a man in all England that has any thing like the amount of Cobden's popularity and influence with the great mass of her population; and if I do not entirely misread the man and the times, he is destined still to act a most important part in a variety of reforms yet to be effected in the British Government.

And who is this Richard Cobden? A plain earnest Englishman, such as John Hampden, or possibly Oliver Cromwell—names so grossly misconceived, and so wickedly maligned for two centuries—might have been had they lived in these times; a successful cotton manufacturer from the north of England, with no advantages of any English or Scotch University, but self-made and self-educated; a man rising by the force of his own genius and enterprise, from the bosom of the people; a man trained in their views, in sympathy with their feelings, and ever ready through sunshine and storm, to make their cause his own. He first emerged into public notice as a shrewd, adroit, effective leader in the anti-corn law agitation, and it was the signal triumph of that movement that put him at the head of popular reforms in Parliament, and made him, from that day to this, the people's champion and favorite.

But where lies the secret of Cobden's power? Just look at him and judge for yourself. There he sits undistinguished on the platform, simple as a child, with a quiet but earnest look, an eye deeply blue, mild yet bright, and somewhat quick and searching in its glance, a fair, clear, slightly florid complexion, a full and finely developed forehead; a sweet and almost child-like play of kindness and gentleness about his mouth, a general expression of countenance so youthful, and suborn looks so entirely free from gray hairs, that though probably forty-five years old or more, you might mistake him for a man of thirty-five. Observe him as he rises to

speak, and you see a form rather slim, yet erect and compact about five feet nine inches high, elastic and graceful in its movements. He is "no orator, as Brutus is," and yet he never fails to secure your respect and gratified attention. You may not discover what or where the charm is, but all the while you feel the magic spell and rejoice in the sweet captivity. His gestures, though not elegant, are always forcible, and his voice though pitched on a key almost feminine, and lacking the deep heavy bass tones which command and captivate the mass of hearers, is nevertheless so clear, so distinct, and so winning in its modulations as to retain a kind of charm upon his audience to the end of whatever he wishes to say. He is always in earnest, always full of his subject, and intent, applause or no applause, on holding his hearers to it until he wins them to his views. He is not very fluent, and often appears hesitating, perhaps from the parliamentary vogue which has of late years made this habit popular, but he stumbles on without an actual tripping in the strong, straightforward course of his argument, with an admirable simplicity of arrangement, cogency of logic, and appropriateness of illustration.

Cobden has some peculiar qualifications for a leader of reform. Cool and cautious, shrewd and conciliatory, he gains much with little show, and often anticipates victory by his adroit arrangements for the conflict. He does not provoke, but conciliates at every point. He indulges in no menace, or defiance, or denunciation; he starts no unnecessary prejudice; he creates no superfluous friction; he makes no essential issues; but by a frank, precise statement of his object, narrows the contest down to the smallest compass possible, half wins his opponents over to his own side by the candor of his concessions or explanations, and thus renders well nigh useless most of the formidable batteries carefully prepared to overwhelm and annihilate him. His management of the peace question in the House of Commons is a full confirmation of these statements.

A GOOD 'UN.

L. M. Sargent, Esq., tells the following capital anecdote:

An old tavern keeper, in Western New York, resolved to annoy a Temperance lecturer, who had arrived in the village. The tavern keeper attended the Temperance meeting, and placed himself in a conspicuous seat, in one of the broad aisle pews, taking with him one of his customers, who was hired for the occasion, and carried his fee in his stomach, being filled with the spirit. The lecturer was a man of quiet nerves; so, after a few ineffectual attempts to disturb him, by occasional grunts and offensive exclamations, the tavern keeper's assistant, the poor drunkard, fell into a profound slumber. When the lecture was ended, the tavern keeper, highly irritated by the remarks of the lecturer, and scarcely less by the behaviour of his drunken companion, rose to reply.

"What," he exclaimed, scarcely able to articulate, "what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples? That's what I want to know, what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples!" His loud voice partially awakened the sleeping genius at his side, who in some measure, caught the spirit of the inquiry, but still retained the impression, that it came from the lecturer. At length when the question recurred with increasing vehemence of voice, and a back handed gesture, which accidentally struck him on the nose, "what shall we do with our barley, and our rye, and our apples?" the drunkard sprang up, and doubling his fist at the pulpit, exclaimed, as loud as he could bawl—
"fat your hogs with 'em you d——d old fool!"

The Ancient Egyptians.—There exists on Mount Zeharah, in an Island of the Red Sea, an emerald mine, which the Pacha of Egypt has for a long time wished to work, and which had been abandoned in the latter end of Mehemet Ali's reign. A British company lately solicited and obtained permission to re-commence the works. In executing some operations, lately, Mr. Allen, the company's engineer, discovered at a great depth a gallery of the most remote antiquity. He succeeded in finding ancient tools and utensils, and a stone on which were engraved hieroglyphic characters in a great measure erased. The nature and form of the tools, utensils, and gallery prove that the ancient Egyptians had made great progress in engineering. It would appear, on studying the stone, that the date of the mine goes back as far as about 1,650 years B. C.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ALBATROSS.

The interesting particulars contained in the extracts below relative to the Albatross, were recently furnished by Lieutenant Freble to the Society of Natural History at Portland:

"These birds are found in great numbers about Cape of Good Hope, and at certain seasons of the year along the Pacific coast as far North as Behring's Straits. But a favorite resort seems to be about the gloomy regions of Cape Horn, where they are seen hourly, and according to Dr. Arnott, sometimes for days together constantly on the wing, following in the track of the tempest tossed home of the mariner, eagerly snatching at every edible thing that may be thrown overboard.

"Some of these birds are of enormous size—individuals not infrequently measuring from sixteen to twenty feet from tip of their wings. They are extremely voracious, and wherever they find abundant food, will often so gorge themselves as to be unable to fly or swim.

"Fish spawn, gelatinous molusca, and various marine animals constitute their ordinary food—but nothing of has nutritive qualities seems to come amiss to them. They search food a great distance and will gather around the whale which has been harpooned a thousand miles from land.

For their breeding places they select a spot of ground two or three acres in extent, opening on the sea. In this they remove all the stones and pebbles, piling them up on each side so as to form a miniature stone fence. This space is then ploughed off in to small squares by intervening paths intersecting each other at right angles. In each corner of the squares a penguin scoops out a nest, while the albatross takes, by common consent, the centre, and constructs a small mound of grass or mosses eight or ten inches high, on which they make their nests, which in diameter exceed fourteen inches. Their eggs, which are larger than those of a goose, are white, sprinkled with dark spots at the larger end. These are never exposed to the air after incubation commences, but when the female wishes to leave the nest to seek food, the male gently crow's her off, and in this manner, yields possession of the nest to her when she returns.

"Around the whole encampment is a wide path, which the albatross and penguins perform patrol day and night, but always under the command of the albatross. A favorite resort for breeding is the Falkland Islands."

The albatross may be called the buzzard of the ocean. They are easily taken in moderate weather by trailing hook and line, the latter end of which is kept near the surface of the water by any kind of a float, the bait being baited with a piece of fat pork. A single line willers very well for a float. They not only extend to the North into the Pacific, but are found on the Southern borders of the Indian Ocean, and occasionally pretty far to the Eastward. Notwithstanding the immense size of the bird, there is little flesh on the carcass and the bones are very light and thin. Sailors are not so voracious but they will make a fresh meal of them for want of something better. Having captured and examined a good many of them, I was always struck with the large quantity of remarkably fine and soft down upon their bodies, nearly an inch in thickness. Prepared skins would be very valuable, and in connection with a sealing voyage, might perhaps be well worth attention.

A Strange Case.—Three years ago, a young man named Greensmith, residing in Halifax, (Eng.) swallowed a full sized needle. Attempts were made at the time by a medical gentleman, but without success, to force it in a downward direction. The young man experienced a painful sensation in the throat for a few days after, but as time wore on, it gradually disappeared and he recovered and enjoyed his usual health. At an early hour one morning he suffered a painful headache, attended with a peculiar sensation on the top of the head. On putting his hand to the part affected he felt the needle protruding, and gradually drew it out.

Making a Fat Man "Lean."—A man, passing porter, said it was an excellent beverage; it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."—"When, I should like to know?" said the exclaimant. "Why no longer than last night against a wall."