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THE EAGLE.

The two-headed Eagle is cruel and cold,
Unnatural, savage and fierce;
Like two-headed monster and giants of old,
To his heart human feelings never pierce;
Feroocious, remorseless, it preys on the weak,
Its two necks stretching widely apart;
In fair Italy's body, the Hungarian's beak,
And the other to Hungary's heart.

The one-headed Eagle is valiant and strong,
Young, vigorous, active and stout;
No *lusus infortunatus* but seems to belong
To an order of things long gone out;
But a natural being, that's living and growing
In strength and importance each day;
His two eyes looking onward—thus certainly showing
His head is fixed on the right way.

The two-headed Eagle was seen to-day,
His four eyes looking fiercely about;
His two mouths open, ready to capture his prey;
His two sharp-smelling noses stretched out,
As he hover'd o'er the *Spina*. Then suddenly gleam'd
His four eyes; then a shriek and a yell!
"Hee-hee-to-fum," he exultingly scream'd,
" 'Tis Hungarian blood that I smell."

Then the two-headed Eagle came down with a sweep,
With a rush, with a dash, on his prey;
And he laughed at his cries, and his claws buried deep,
In his flesh, as he bore him away.
And the two-headed Eagle, he shrieked with delight,
As the blood from his victim fell fast—
Real Hungarian blood that should furnish that night,
His horrible loathsome repast.

But the one-headed Eagle who chanced to be by,
Beholding the devilish deed,
In pursuit of the other determines to fly,
And swears that the prey shall be freed.
"Hold! two-headed Eagle," he shouts; "let him go!
'Tis I—'tis America—calls;
That Hungarian is mine—is America's; so
Release him—or look out for squalls."

Then the two-headed Eagle first stontly denies
That he's seen a Hungarian all day,
Then, as this will not answer, next argument tries
To establish his right to the prey.
"The Hungarian is mine," he exclaims! "'tis my right
To prey on him just as I please;
I have captured him—conquered him, settled him quite,
And may now eat him up at my ease."

But the one-headed Eagle replies: "That he blest!
Though I don't want to kick up a row,
That Hungarian has once made his home in my nest,
And I'm hang'd but I'll fight for him now.
He dwelt in my country, he dwelt 'neath my laws;
So secure 'neath my wing shall repose;
Then release him—come, off with your murderous claws!
You want? Well, then—damn it!—here goes!"

And the one-headed Eagle, in power and pride,
Won the day in humanity's cause;
And the two-headed Eagle was smubb'd and defied,
And his victim released from his claws.
So, in spite of the proverb, it must be confessed,
By the deeds the two powers have done,
That when on the shoulders of Eagles they rest,
Two HEADS ARE NOT BETTER THAN ONE!