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POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

The Shoemaker.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
The Shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lapstones over his knees,
Where snug in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and sole together—
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew;
He bristled his ends, and kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every dead his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in HEALING
Was perfect and true to the LAST.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand,
He took his proportions with looks of pleasure
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough;
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow was setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending
As high as the king, to the rest.

The Indian's Song.

"Land where the brightest waters flow;
Land where the loveliest forests grow;
Where the warrior drew the bow,
Native land, farewell!"

He who made you stream and tree,
Made the white and red man free,
Gave the Indian's home to be
Mid the forest wilds.

Have the waters ceased to flow?
Have the forests ceased to grow?
Why do our fathers bid us go?
From our native homes!

Here in infancy we played;
Here our happy wigwams made;
Here our brothers' graves are laid,
Must we leave them all!

While men tell us God is nigh,
Pure and just in yonder sky;
Will not then his searching eye
See the Indian's wrong!

A Hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Said yes upon—
Where, oh where, are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago!

Who peopled all the city street,
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt,
Where, oh where, are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hope, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago!

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they, the living wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their lands are till'd;
Their graves are fill'd;
Yet nature then was just as gay;
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago!

LIFE.

The past! what is it but a gleam
Which Memory faintly throws;
The future! 'tis the fairy dream
That hope and fear compose,
The present is the lightning glance
That comes and disappears—
Thou'lt live in but a moment's trance
Of Memories, Hopes and Fears.

A man intending to butter a piece of bread
battered his wife's tongue. He discovered his error
when he found she could not swallow, but that her
words slipped out as smooth as you please.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BARGAIN.

"May I trouble you to show me that dress cap with blue ribbons in the window?" said a lady-like person as she entered a fashionable lace shop.

The proprietor, with a polite bow, handed the lady a chair, and producing the cap alluded to, recommended it in the usual set phrases.

"Pray what is the price?" enquired Mrs. Mowbray with a dissatisfied air, after viewing it in every imaginable position, and scrutinizing its materials and workmanship with the most patient minuteness.

"The price is seven shillings, madam," answered the shop-keeper, rubbing his hand.

"Seven shillings!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray; "why I have seen them marked up a score of places for six, and at the bazaars they are cheaper still."

"Excuse me madam," replied the shop-keeper, "not such a cap as that I think. Observe the fine quality of the materials, and the neatness of the workmanship. It is a first rate article."

"Oh yes, I see," rejoined Mrs. Mowbray; "but the caps to which I allude are quite equal to it in every respect. The fact is, I do not particularly want it; but if six shillings will do, I will take it."

The shop-keeper hesitated. "I suppose you must have it then, madam," with a saddened countenance, "but really I get no profit by it at that price."

"Oh," said Mrs. Mowbray with a bantering air, "you shopkeepers never get any profit, if we are to believe you. You mean to say you do not pocket quite fifty per cent by it."

The shop-keeper, with a faint effort to smile shook his head as he neatly folded and wrapped up the delicate article, and Mrs. Mowbray having counted out the six shillings, he politely thanked her, opened the shop door, and bade her good day.

"There, Jane," said Mrs. Mowbray as she entered the parlour on her arrival at home, "what do you think of my purchase?" holding up her new acquisition. "Is it not a love of a cap? Guess what I gave for it."

Jane examined it minutely, and guessed the price to be seven or eight shillings, the materials and work being, as she remarked, so very good.

"Only six shillings," said Mrs. Mowbray triumphantly; "the shopkeeper asked seven, but I succeeded in getting it for six, and [putting it on, and walking up to the looking glass] I assure you I am not a little pleased with my bargain."

"Well," said Jane, "it is a wonder they can afford to sell such a cap for the money; the materials alone, I should think, would cost as much as that."

"It is a wonder," replied Mrs. Mowbray indifferently, as she turned herself around before the looking glass, and enquired of her sister how it suited her face, and whether the color of the ribbon were adapted to her complexion.

A loud double knock at this moment was heard at the door, and Mrs. Mowbray, taking off the cap in the greatest trepidation, remarked that she would not for all the world that her husband should know of her purchase, as her last month's millinery bill had been very heavy, and Edward would be displeased at what he would term her extravagance.

The cap was safely deposited before Edward had entered the room; who, throwing himself on the sofa, declared he was fatigued, and should be glad of a cup of tea.

"You are late, my dear, this evening, are you not?" inquired Mrs. Mowbray.

"I am later than usual," answered Mr. Mowbray; "I have been attending a committee meeting of our benevolent society, which detained me some time."

"Your benevolent society is always detaining you, I think," said Mrs. Mowbray somewhat reproachfully, "benevolent societies are very good notions no doubt, but I think you have quite sufficient to do, both with your time and your money, without attending to any such things. What can we do for the poor? It is very well for those who have nothing to do, and plenty of money to spare; but I cannot see how persons with so limited an income as ours have any business with benevolent societies."

"Well, my dear," replied Edward, "I have thought on the subject sufficiently to entitle me to a decided opinion, and I am sure if you had been with us to-day, and heard the instances of good we have already effected, you would not hold so lightly the exertions of even such humble individuals as we. I hope I am neither neglecting my business nor my home in these efforts, and I am confident you will rejoice with me when I tell you that we have good reason to hope that we are making some impression, however little, upon the vice and ignorance which have so long made those lanes and alleys at the back of our house a nuisance to the neighborhood."

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Mowbray, "I wish always to sympathize with you in any of your efforts to do good."

"We have some funds in hand," remarked Mr. Mowbray, and I have promised our committee to visit the poor families myself to-morrow, to ascertain their individual circumstances, and the best means of serving them. Let me add, my dear," said he coaxingly, "that I hope you will accompany me and share with me the pleasure of inquiring into their necessities, and endeavoring to alleviate their distress."

Mrs. Mowbray would willingly have conceded to her husband the monopoly of this pleasure; but after making a host of objections and excuses, which were successfully combated by him, was at last

brought to acquiesce in the wish, and promised to be in readiness on the following afternoon to accompany on what she nevertheless deemed a Quixotic expedition.

The next day Mrs. Mowbray was reluctantly ready on her husband's return from business, and roughly attired for the occasion, they started on their exploratory tour.

Leaving the main thoroughfare, with its genteel dwelling houses and glittering shops, they turned down a little bye street, at the end of which they found themselves in the midst of a hugh neat, as it were of courts and alleys, which presented a striking contrast with the gaudy street they had just left. Mrs. Mowbray was so shocked at the sight of such wretchedness, that she hesitated to proceed till reassured by her husband, who well knew the locality, and had often visited the poor families there before.

The appearance of the spot was indeed deplorable, and not a little startling to one whose walks had been confined to the public thoroughfares. It was a lovely afternoon, yet even the sun's piercing beams could scarcely penetrate some of these cheerless gloomy nooks. Here were clusters of pestiferous hovels, some without doors, crowded with human beings, though unfit even for the habitation of the most valueless animal. In many the old window panes were all almost broken, while in other they were so dirty, and patched with paper or stuffed with rags, that they but very partially admitted the light of the day. Ragged and vicious boys were gambling in groups, and barefooted children were playing about the slimy mud, some squalid and puny in consequence of bad air and insufficient food, and others whose chubby features displayed, in spite of dirt and privation, a robustness of health that would have done credit to the nursery of a nobleman. Here were gaunt men, with dull meaningless countenances, sitting on their comfortable thresholds, and bony haggard women screeching for their strayed children, while the scarcely concealed forms of some of the younger females might have served as models for the painter or sculptor. Yet even here were traces of human sympathies of the purest kind. Girls were nursing their baby sisters with the most patient devotedness. The playful innocent faced kitten, a universal favorite, frolicked about in the dirty window sill; the social dog seemed quite at home with the children, as they shared with him their pitance of bread; and from many a superannated sousepan and spoutless tea pot, at the upper windows, grew the fragrant bergamot and the blushing geranium with strange luxuriance.

The appearance in such a neighborhood of two well dressed persons soon caused an unusual excitement, especially as Mr. Mowbray was known among the poor inhabitants; and whenever he appeared there, it might be safely calculated there was something to be given away. Children after a hasty glance at the intruders, left their playfellows and ran to their homes; heads were thrust out at the windows; some shuffled to their own rooms, that they might be ready if called on; others obtruded themselves in the way with an obsequious courtesy some came to the doors with their little ones peeping from behind their aprons; and all around were on the tiptoe of expectation.

As they climbed the creaking stairs, and explored the naked garrets of the various houses, it was singular to mark the dissimilarity in character and circumstance of the various inmates—alike only their poverty. Even in form and feature their contrast was striking. In the countenance of some might be unmistakably read the sensual and the brutish; while in the lineaments of others might be traced, notwithstanding dirt and rags, the predominance of the gentle, and even the refined. Here was the round checked boor, who fattened amid the filth that seemed natural to him; and here the angular featured man of thought and of observation, whom more favorable circumstances might have placed in a different sphere. The student of human character could not have desired a finer field for the prosecution of his studies than such a one as this; and the more so, as the character was here so forcibly developed for good or evil, unawakened by any of the influences which affect civilized life.

Mrs. Mowbray, as she joined her husband in kind conversation with the various families they visited, soon began to feel a deep interest in them, soothingly advised with him, and relieved some of their most pressing wants.

They had completed their intended round of visits, and were just leaving the court to return homeward, when a young woman carrying in her hand a milliner's basket crossed before them. She was very meanly clad, and her appearance bespoke deep poverty, yet there was an air of respectability about her that could not be mistaken. She evidently shrunk from observation; but as she looked up with a surprised air at the unusual sight of two respectable dressed persons in such a place, her sad countenance beaming with intelligence, so forcibly impressed Mr. Mowbray, that he stopped her, and asked her where she lived, expressed a wish to pay her a visit.

The young woman courtseyed, and led the way to a house superior to most of those they had just left, but scarcely less wretched and ruinous. It was a large building, and had perhaps once been tenanted by the wealthy; but it had long since fallen into decay, and its lofty capacious rooms had been divided into a number of small ones, each of which, now contained a family, large or small as the case might be. Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray followed the young woman up the wide staircase to the top of the house, and then turning into a long gal-

lery, their guide stopped at length at a door, and lifting the latch, with a courtesy and an apology for the untidiness of the room, ushered them into her apartment, and dusting the chair, (there was but one,) invited Mrs. Mowbray to take a seat.

The room was spacious, and appeared the larger in consequence of being so scantily furnished. Some half dozen old books lay on the window, a few articles of crockery were arranged on a box, and these with a little table, a chair, and a box which seemed to serve occasionally as a seat, comprised nearly all the articles visible in the room. Everything, however, was clean and tidy, and there was an air of decency and respectability about the room which was pleasingly contrasted with those they had just left.

"Do you live here alone, pray?" inquired Mr. Mowbray.

"No, Sir," replied the young woman feebly, "my aged mother lives with me; but (pointing to a bed at the further end of the room, and which the gathering shades of evening had prevented them from before observing) she is ill, and has been confined to her bed for the last month."

"Have you no father?" inquired Mr. Mowbray.

"The young woman was silent for a moment, as her tongue struggled to articulate an answer, while a tear trickled down her cheek.

"My father is dead, sir," she replied; "he died about six months ago after a short illness, and was in consequence compelled to leave our former nice home, and take this room."

"And pray do you support yourself and your mother?" asked Mr. Mowbray, glancing at the table, which was strewn with pieces of lace, ribbons, &c.

"I make caps and collars, sir," said the young female, "when I can get work to do; but it is very precarious and so badly paid for, that I have been obliged to pawn nearly all our furniture to keep out of debt. I am unwilling that my poor mother should be chargeable to the parish; but my hardest exertions are insufficient to supply us even with bread."

"Pray, whom do you work for?" inquired Mrs. Mowbray, looking curiously at an unfinished cap which lay on the table.

"I work principally, madam," replied the young woman, "for the large lace shop, in the street close by. That cap, madam, will only bring me 6s which it is finished, and I have already spent nearly a day in making it, and the materials cost me 4s 6d. Even this poor profit is to be reduced, for my employer told me last night he could not afford to give me so much for them, as ladies refuse to give him his price."

"Ladies! indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Mowbray indignantly. "They little think, when they are so mercilessly hunting for bargains how sadly they are diminishing the wages of the poor."

Mrs. Mowbray, turned her head aside and blushed deeply, for she recognized in the cap before her, the counterpart of the one she had bought the preceding day, and in the employer of this poor young woman the lacemaker of whom she had bought it.

Mr. Mowbray made some further inquiries, and leaving the poor cap maker a trifle, promised to send a doctor to visit her mother, and call on her again; and Mrs. Mowbray, before leaving, gave her an order, with an assurance that she would endeavor to interest her friends on her behalf.

Mrs. Mowbray though ashamed and self-convicted, returned home pleased with her novel tour, and henceforward was the frequent companion of her husband on such occasions.—Bargain hunting had been in her case the result rather of thoughtlessness than of an unfeeling disposition, and from this time she was more liberal in her purchases, and never felt disposed to depreciate the value of an article without thinking of the poor cap maker.

She came to the wise conclusion, that an unnecessary or bad article can never be cheap, and that a good article is always worth a fair price. A bargain was ever afterwards associated in her mind with depreciated wages and the miseries of the poor; and the charm which it had once possessed in her eyes was entirely dispelled by the recollection of the sorrow and oppression which were so often involved in its production.

GO TERRY.—A horse, with saddle and bridle was recently found without a rider, wandering near a country tavern in Ohio. Search having been made, the gentleman owner, very essentially drunk was found mounted astride a wall, kicking and spurring most furiously, cursing his supposed poney for not moving forward. Having become a little sobered, he discovered his mistake, and dismounted to the no small amusement of the by-standers.

A Negro's idea of love, as given by Pelham, one of the Ethiopian serenaders:—Ah, nigger! I felt as if I was up in the clouds between two hot buck-wheat cakes, and all de leetle angels were pourin' down lasses upon me.

There is a man on Long Island, so short sighted that he can't see to sleep without specs.

"I find you a very profitable concern," as the spirit-merchant said to the water-but.

Can a man who has passed through the Thames Tunnel be said to have crossed the river? If not, how is he to prove that he has got to the other side?

Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general meeting? Because there is a gathering there.—Yes, and often times a *WAZZLE*.

Are you fond of tongue, Sir? "I was always fond of tongue, Madam, and I like it still!"

Just the Thing.

Our old friend Dennis Corcoran, of the Picayune (and the 'broff' of a boy' he is too,)—tells the following story:

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.—Byron Maguire and Phil Mahony were yesterday charged before the Recorder with fighting and disturbing the peace on Monday night. Their appearance told that they belonged to neither the peace nor temperance societies.

"Mahony and Maguire, you have been fighting," said the Recorder. "Have you any thing to say to the charge?"

Mahony looked at Maguire, and Maguire scratched his head with his dexter hand, and looked at the ground.

"I see that neither of you have any defence to make," said the Recorder.

"O yis, yer honor," said Byron, "Phil has; he'll till ye all about it, for he's got the larnin'; he brags himself on sakin' a schoolmaster, and of bein' as far as 'The Rule of Three in Fractions.' Speak to him, Phil."

And acting on the hint, Phil spoke:—"May it please this honorable court: myself and Byron here was last night taken 'two juleps, as happy and as comfortable as if we'd found a leprechaun's gold or was in possession of a four laded shamroque, and could git what we wanted jist for askin' it. And how cud we be otherwise! for, as I sfore, there was our juleps afore us, wid the ice shinin' in the tumblers all lumps of diamonds, and the mint clustered all over the top o' them, remindin' a body of the green fields of ould Ireland. 'Now I think,' sis Phil to me—"

"I think," said the Recorder, "that I evince great patience in listening to all this. Why do you not at once reply to the charge?"

"That's what I'm comin' to," said Byron—"so as I was sayin', sis Phil to me—sis he, 'I believe, Byron,' said he, 'there was a time in Ireland when it 'ud be thrason to drink one of them juleps there,' sis he. 'I suppose ye mane sence Father Mathew thim all strict temperance min?' sis I. 'No,' sis he, but in '88.' 'Why in '88?' sis I. 'Jist because they're green,' sis he; 'ye know any one that showed a preference in thim days for the national color in any way, they wor either hung or sent to Botany Bay. Don't ye know,' sis he, what the ould song sis I—"

"It's a poor distriessed country
As yer vet was seen;
They're hangin' min and womans
For the wearin' of the green."

"O, I know all that," sis I; 'yis, and it 'ud be so still july for O'Connell—"

"O, Dan was the boy
That in spite of King and Queen,
Pulled down the Orange
And ran up the green!"

And, after singin' this varse, he tuck up his tumbler and said: "Here's his health!" "I'll not drink it," sis I. "Thin ye're no Irishman," sis he.

"As good as you are," sis I; "but I'll drink no man's health who sis a word against the American Aigle, that floats above and watches over the nist where liberty hatches her young." "O, I knew ye had the Saxon drop in ye," sis he. "It's a lie," sis I. "Take that thin," sis he. "And that," sis I; and to it we went, and at it we kept till the watchman aristed us. But we talked the thing over in the watch-house last night, and made it all up—"

Phil sis he'll suffer to be cursed by the priest rather than propose O'Connell's health, if he knew that he said a word against the American Aigle, so if yer honor lites us off this time, we'll neither brake the pax nor one another's head for a month of Sundays."

The Recorder took them at their words and ordered their immediate discharge.

An unexpectedly touching scene was presented to the French Academy of Sciences very lately. The new invention of Van Peterson was to be exhibited—an artificial arm, by which, if the wearer has but a third of the shoulder remaining, he can pick up a pin, lift a glass of water to his lips, hold a newspaper, &c. A committee had been appointed by the Academy to decide on its merits, and an old soldier from the Hospital of Invalids was the subject of experiment. He had been for many years deprived of both arms at the shoulder, and when the substitutes were attached, he performed all that was set down by the inventor with ease—taking a glass of wine, &c. But half an hour of these restored functions had moved the heart of the old militia. As the arms were detached, his breast heaved with emotion difficult to be suppressed:—

"Harder to bear, he murmured than the first loss, when he did not know their value!"

The Academy sat a few moments in breathless silence, all present evidently affected.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Arago at last, has no one anything to propose? Are we to let this brave old man go back mutilated when we can relieve him? How much do they cost?"

"Five hundred francs each."

"Ah! it would be costly to furnish all the mained soldiers of the Hospital, but the others have not been reminded of their loss. We will subscribe the thousand francs for the one."

The proposition was received with acclamation and the veteran walked away gesticulating with new arms.

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee," as the horse said when he kicked off his traces and ran away from the plow.

Catching an Heiress in Kentucky.

About two months since, a novel circumstance took place a few miles back of Covington, in the State of Kentucky, the parties having numerous wealthy acquaintances in this city, to whom the story has been told by our friend Lucy of the Newport Chandler, (which paper will soon be forthcoming,) he having learned it while on a tour in the practice of law at the late sitting of the courts in that state.

It appears that a very rich old widow lady by the name of M——, had an only daughter, who was a most beautiful creature, and could command the hand of the proudest of Kentucky's sons, but she strange to say, loved a little gentleman tailor by the name of P——, who had been so fortunate as to win her without her mother's knowledge. At length the fact came to the parent's ears, and she forbade young P——, her horse. A few weeks after the old lady had occasion to be absent till a late hour: of course the lovers did not let such an opportunity pass, of spending the evening together, and when they heard Mrs. M—— returning, the lover, not being able to escape, was put safely into a large closet. On the entrance of Mrs. M——, she, having had a hint from a faithful servant, made bold to question her daughter about her lover, and declared that he had just gone out of the house. This the damsel stoutly denied, but her mamma would not believe her and as a terrible punishment, ordered her to be locked up in the dark closet, there to remain till broad day light. On her opening the closet door, next morning, Mrs. M—— was thunderstruck at beholding her daughter asleep in the young tailor's arms!—It is needless to add that the mother no longer opposed their union; and on that very day the blushing girl was united to her honorable lover, and they are now enjoying all the blisses and kisses of their romantic honeymoon.

The World in a bad way.—The last Nauvoo Nighbor 'gives up' the world; with the following diagnosis of its present condition:

Disease incurable! chills and fever in America; palsy and debauchery in Europe; consumption and gott in Asia; and plague and leprosy in Africa. As with Israel, so with the world—the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint, and die it must!

And Mormonism, eternal Mormonism, will witness the dying struggle—the last gasp, when the earth quakes and triumphs over death, hell and the grave. So let the old world die.

Working for a living.—The following article is extracted from the "Offering," edited by the Factory Girls of Lowell:

Whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon the female character to labor, and who was the first to say, sneeringly, 'Oh she works for a living!' Surely such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil! The time has been when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the linen of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attention to the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself weaving until her husband returned from Ithica.

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make; was made by one who was tumbled out of a second story window, and when picking himself up, "he rather guessed he was'n't wanted there."

"I don't say as how missus drinks, but I do know that the bottle in the dark closet don't keep full all the time."

It was a proverb of Anarcarsis, a Scythian philosopher, that the vine bore three branches; first pleasure; secondly, drunkenness; thirdly, disgust.

When are soldiers stronger than elephants!—When they carry a trouble.

What a deal of trouble the gunsmith saves the gallow-maker.

A man, intending to refuse a challenge to a duel accepted it in a state of absence of mind. The consequence was, that he discovered his mistake when the challenger ran off, and has not been heard from since.

A JUVENILE SOCRATES.—"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking eggshells?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask?" "Cause I dropt the basket jist now and see what a mess I'm in with the yolks!"

Time, patience, industry are the three grand masters of the world—they bring a man the end of his desires, whereas, an imprudent and turbulent murmur oftentimes turns him out of the way to his proposed ends.

Sallies of wit too bright, a'e like flashes of lightning; they dazzle rather than illuminate.

If a man was always to be known by the company he kept, alas! for the poor constables!

The Imitator.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN OF MCHULEN.

An arrow from a bow just shot,
Fled upward to Heaven's canopy,
And cried with pompous self-conceit
To the King Eagle, scornfully:
'Look here—I can as high as thou,
And, towards the sun, even higher still!'
The eagle smiled, and said: 'O fool,
What do thy borrowed plumes avail?
By other's strength thou dost descend,
But by thyself dost downward tend.'