

# WHY SOME SONGS ARE POPULAR

A PHILOSOPHER of the olden time once said that if he could write a nation's songs, he did not care who made the laws. But that was in the time when stirring martial airs were being sung and whistled and hummed and the country over, and the verse that had derivative allusion to the enemy was an inspiration to enthusiastic patriotism. Probably, if the gentleman were alive now, he would reverse his former declaration and long to make laws for the song writers. In the measure, perhaps, there would be terms, "30 days," "for life," or "to be confined in the nearest and safest asylum for the insane for an indefinite period."

For of a certainty the music of today is not the music of yesterday. The Scotch, the English and American ballads of half a century ago and the coon songs and pathetic ballads, written to be illustrated by vaudeville artists when sung, bear small relation to each other. In the days of our mothers, "Nellie Gray" had a charm and deliciousness about it that sent its circulation sky shooting up through figures that seemed marvelous at the time for their immensity. It was a musical story of slavery, the nearest approach to the "coon" song of today. But compared with the latest classics of negro tunes it looks much as Bull Run water does to the muddy, unwholesome drinking fluid of a desert water hole. Imagine if you will a singer 50 years from now warbling the inspiring strains of "Go Way Back and Sit Down," as representative of the music which held us enthralled at this period.

Yet it is the coon song, and weepy ballads of the poor girl, who would have married the man of her choice had not death intervened, that sell in these days. She is a plural sort of girl, for she figures in romance in music of "My Old New Hampshire Home," "Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom," "When the Harvest Days Are Over," and so on, ad infinitum. Where do the songs come from, and incidentally, where do they go? For the life of a ditty is but a scant year unless it possesses unusual merit and survive because it is really music. And the supply seems endless. F. W. Graves, manager of the local music-house of Graves & Co., handles thousands of new songs every year. His business is to keep one hand on the public pulse and the other on the telegraph instrument, that he may determine instantly when a song shows signs of becoming immensely popular, but he says it is impossible to analyze the success of certain songs and the failure of others.

"What the dealer may think is going to make the biggest hit of the season may prove the flattest failure. And the reverse is equally true. There is no positive indication by which one can forecast the popularity of a song. Much depends upon the first presentation here of the selection. Nearly all songs, and particularly those of the popular sort, are introduced

by traveling theatrical companies. If the song is well rendered or an exceptionally pretty girl sings it, then prepare for the rush. The impression created by the introducer is the whole thing. Not exactly the whole thing, though, for the song must itself have some merit. Everybody cannot sing the air of "The Royal Rogue" at De Angelis sang them, and consequently if they did not possess a certain charm of their own in the abstract the people would not buy. But De An-

cess will make up for dozens of failures, but at that the publishers are taking no chances not absolutely necessary. I should say that the public taste runs in all directions. There is no accurate way of gauging what is most in demand because of the variety of songs, which all come under the rather elastic term of "popular music," and embrace classics of the "Ain't Dat a Shame" order of lyrics of comic opera.

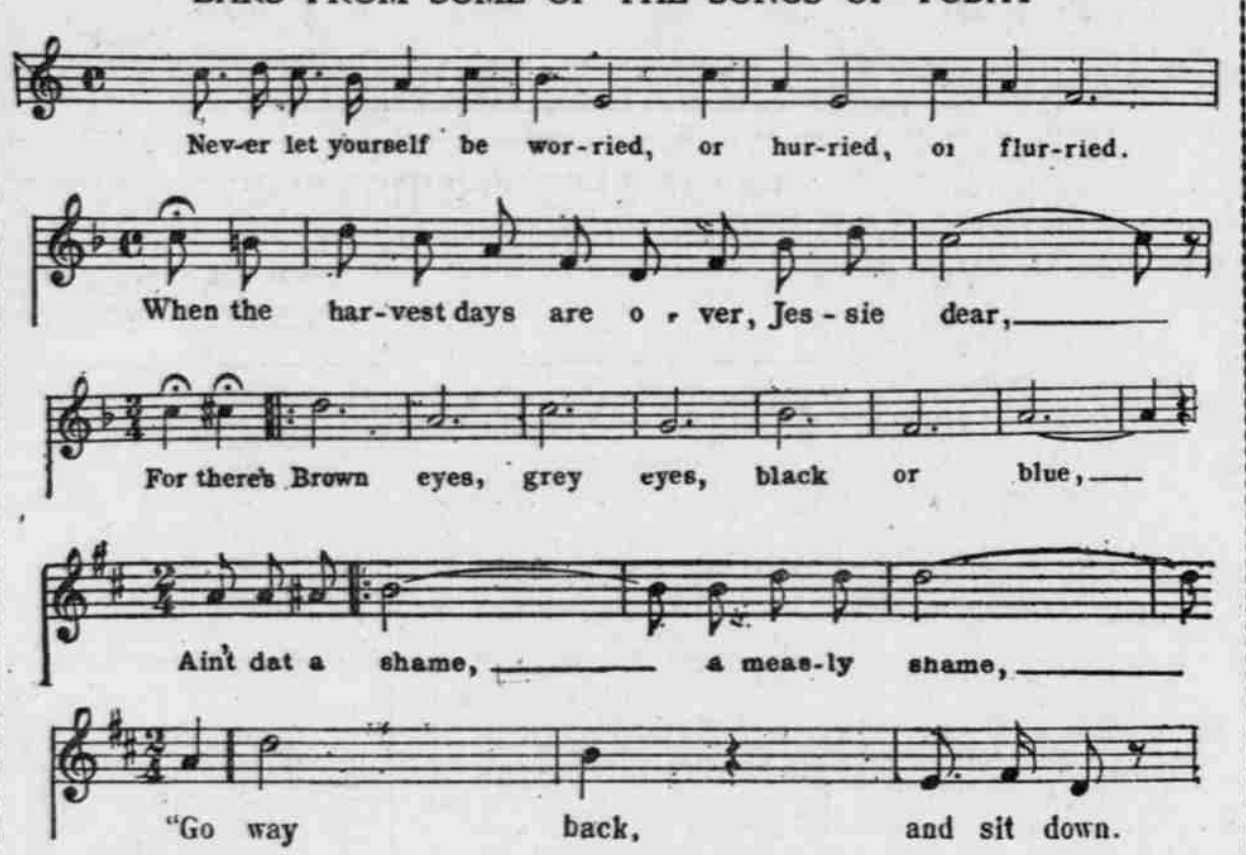
Refrains of songs that are just now occupying the public attention are reproduced herewith. Take the little ballad

NO PUBLISHER  
Is able to estimate  
in advance  
the popular demand

and artistic feeling in the songs, the refrain of which runs:  
"Go a-way ha-a-ck and sit down!"  
For coons in your class are easy found.  
You seldom have money, you never treat,  
Get in your place and take a back seat—  
Go a-way ha-a-ck and sit down!"

The authors of this rag-time reprint have made a fortune out of the happy hit, and the royalties are still rolling in like the breakers on the beach on a stormy day, in huge groups. Speaking of popular airs what percentage of the male population of Portland did not whistle

## BARS FROM SOME OF THE SONGS OF TODAY



gels called attention to them and started whatever sale will result.

"It is the same with coon songs. A good performer will make a song go by singing it in a fashion that will bring out its good points. How many songs are written a year? Goodness, that is an unanswerable question. It would be difficult to comprehend how many songs are actually published, let alone written. Every week the publishers in the big cities issue from 10 to two dozen new ones, ranging from good to indifferent and thence to actually bad. It costs about \$20 to have plates made for a song, and therefore discrimination has to be used in selecting those which give promise of being successful. Of course one big suc-

"When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie, dear," is a pathetic recital of how a girl postponed her wedding day until the crops were in, but unfortunately died in the intervening time. Years have come and gone, but the man, now grown old, has remained true to his former love, and whistles away the evening of his life by singing, as he lolls in an armchair by the grate, these words:

When the harvest days are over, Jessie, dear,  
And the sun-kissed flowers bloom 'neath sky so clear,  
You will keep the word you said,  
That the time we two shall wed—  
When the harvest days are over, Jessie, dear.

What need is there to elaborate on the touching story told with dramatic strength

the "Tale of the Kangaroo" chorus from the "Burgomaster." And for every man and boy who whistles it there was a woman maid who did things to it on the piano or mandolin or banjo. It is a catchy thing, and mention "Burgomaster" if you want to get some one. "Oh, yes, that's where they sang—," and then you will get yards of it. Paul Dresser, who wrote "The Blue and Gray," "Mother Was a Lady," "On the Banks of the Wabash" and kindred soulful things, has accumulated a fortune that runs up into the six figures, and it has all come from his popular songs. Horwitz and Bowers, the two youngsters who evolved "Because" and its sequels, have also been fortunate in piling up wealth, and a dozen more could be named who have prospered exceedingly well at the industry.

## STUDY IN ARCHAEOLOGY BY PROF. A. M. BRUMBACH, OF McMINNVILLE COLLEGE

# INDIAN RELICS IN A YAMHILL MOUND

ABOUT nine miles south of McMinnville are situated several mounds. Two years ago permission was secured from the owner of the farm on which one of these is located to make an investigation. Under the direction of Mr. Raymond, of Portland, who had had the privilege of archaeological training under some of our best Eastern scientists, we learned many interesting facts about the habits of our predecessors in the Valley of the Willamette.

The mound is low, rising above the level of the surrounding country barely enough to arrest one's attention. It was, in fact, not known to be a mound till

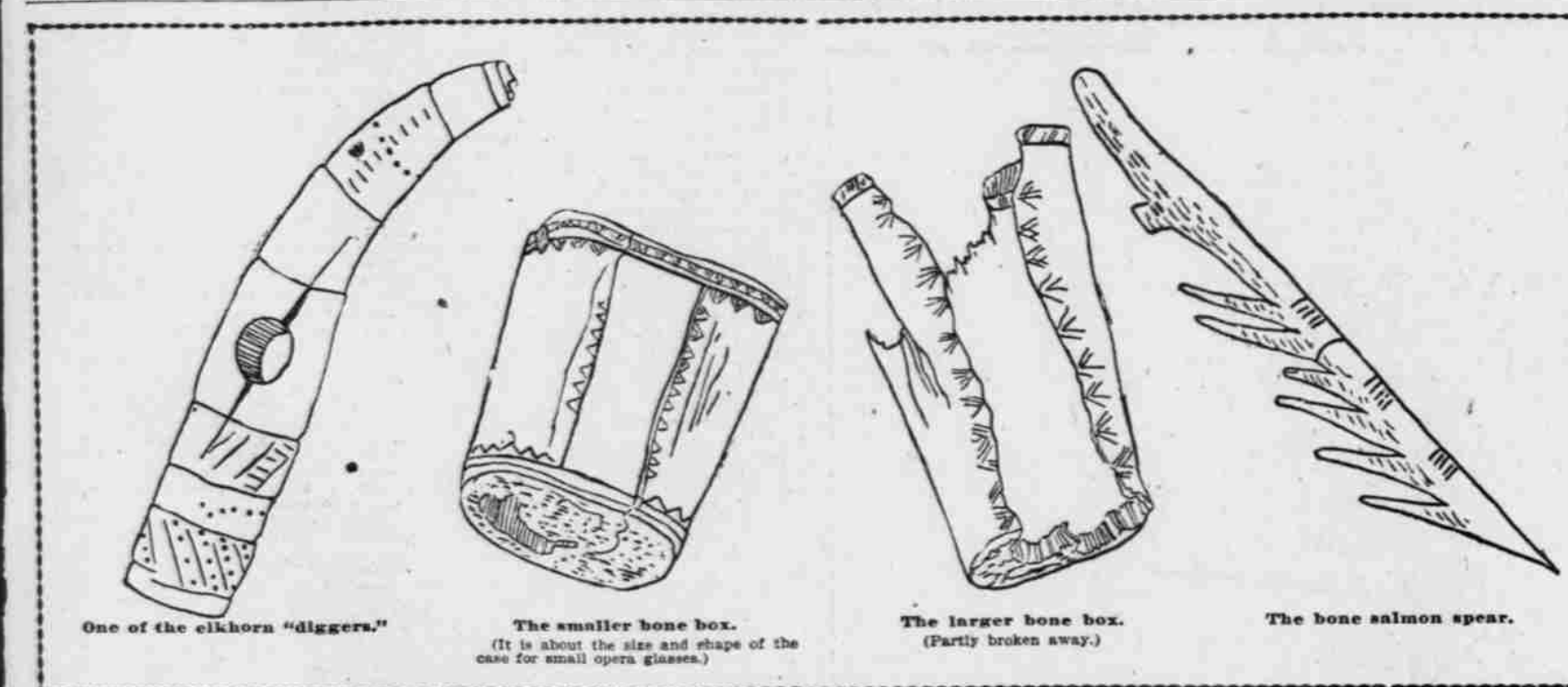
tons. With the human bones were associated a few bones of the lower animals, birds and mammals. Especially numerous were the teeth of some rodent, possibly gophers. There were also many shells of the dentalium, which the Indians had strung like beads into necklaces, etc.

With only two exceptions, the skeletons were not lying prone. Some were plainly buried in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed upon the head. Possibly all two so disposed, with the exception of the two just mentioned. One of these latter was found right on the bottom of the mound, lying face downward, with its head to the southwest and feet to the northeast. Its

Indeed, when grass roots were reached, nothing else was looked for. In only one case was an arrow point found at any depth. In that case it was with a skeleton, and associated with the bones of the thorax. Whether the owner of the bones was brought to his death by the arrow point or not is uncertain. There is no further evidence. With one skeleton were found a number of flat iron pieces of various shapes. I don't know what they were for, but surmise that some of them, at least, were covered with cloth or hide and beads and hung about the breast as an ornament and a protection. This conclusion has some justification in the fact that they were all found just under the breast, and a handful or more of little

this same mound. The skeleton of a child was discovered, about the neck of which had been fastened a piece of copper. In front this was bent up over the chin and inserted in the mouth. There were no large stone implements, only a few small ones of uncertain use.

It has been thought by some that the vicinity of the mound was once the scene of a battle; that after the fight the slain were heaped together and covered with earth. This conclusion is based upon the presence of a few broken skulls, but especially upon the fact that skeletons are frequently found piled upon and about each other, just as if they had been haph-



heads were accidentally discovered upon the surface. The immediate removal of a few spadefuls of earth then revealed its true nature. In shape it is oval, having diameters of about 50 and 75 feet. The total depth at the center is about four feet. There is a theory among some men of the neighborhood that the soil of the mound was brought from some great and unknown distance, since it seems different in character from all that immediately surrounds it. It is certainly of a much looser texture and seemingly not so clayey, but there are found in it many irregular pebbles, just such as abound in the soil around about. I am sure that an analysis would reveal its identity with that which surrounds, except, undoubtedly, for the presence in it of a greater percentage of those substances which result from organic decomposition. The looseness of the soil may be easily accounted for by the fact that the mound was made at no greatly distant time.

This mound was opened by a trench, extending north and south, through the center about 30 feet. It was dug to the hard, undisturbed soil beneath, and revealed the facts that no vaults had been dug in the ground below. From the trench the earth was broken down on either side, chiefly the western, beginning at the bottom. In this way much of the skeleton was avoided as much as possible. Some scattered bones were found, and many complete skele-

tons were crossed upon its breast, and it was so abundantly decorated with copper trinkets that part of the animal disposes were mummified. The other was found near one edge of the mound, close to the bottom, and was lying on its back, extending directly east and west. This last was the only skeleton with which no trinkets of any kind were found. The soil about it seemed to be of an even looser texture than the rest. Skeletons were often found several together, heaped about and upon each other in an inextricable tangle. These skeletons were buried again when the exploration was complete.

The trinkets taken out are various. With every skeleton were found some new and characteristic trinkets. Most of the beads were of the white man's manufacture. The most abundant were small oblong white ones of porcelain. There were some large blue ones, made of clay, enameled over, and small round glass ones, red, blue and striped. Of the Indian's own, a few flat clay beads were found, and a number of very interesting bone beads of various sizes, remarkable in some cases for the number of notches or scratches cut in them. There were, also, some small bone beads, which seem to have been made by cutting the sea shells above mentioned into short transverse sections. Many copper "beads" had been made with great care and quite elaborately ornamented. If any one knows to what use they could have been put, I shall be glad to learn more about them. One fine bone salmon spear was found. I have in my possession an old flintlock and gun barrel, said to have been found in

white beads lay upon one of them. With one skeleton was found a piece of brass, which had served civilized man one day. It had been cut and shaped into a wrist-band by an Indian, but there was left upon it a portion of an inscription, the letters of which are perfectly and beautifully formed. The letters are as follows: "W Y L"

Among the most interesting relics are several brass buttons, with an eye on the posterior face, like army buttons. Upon the anterior face of two or three there is no emblem. They are plain. Upon the others there is embossed the figure of a bird with partly extended wings, arising from a mass of flames. Over the bird is the following inscription: "Je renais de mes cendres," while beneath the figure is a number. The inscription reveals the fact that the edify represents the fabled phoenix. These buttons will doubtless reveal to one who has a more minute knowledge of our early history the probable time when these beads, buttons, etc., first came into the possession of the Indian.

Of the Indians' own make, the most interesting are two bone boxes. One of these is just about the size and shape of the case for a small opera-glass. It does not open at the larger end, however, but along one side. The other is larger and proportionately longer. They had both been made with great care and quite elaborately ornamented. If any one knows to what use they could have been put, I shall be glad to learn more about them. One fine bone salmon spear was found. I have in my possession an old flintlock and gun barrel, said to have been found in

tily thrown together and then covered up. I do not agree with the conclusion. A few broken skulls were found, truly enough, but they may have been damaged after burial. Besides, the greater number was intact. Moreover, the presence of the child's skeleton argues against the battle theory. It seems to me that all the facts in the case can be accounted for by the following theory of burial: When the dead were brought to the place they were placed right on top of the ground in a sitting posture. Their heads and bodies were then forced forward and downward, and the legs were crossed above or upon their heads. In this posture they were covered with earth, no vault having been dug. When other deaths occurred, the bodies were likewise placed upon the surface of the ground, to one side, or, perhaps, right above some of the previously buried, and then covered with earth. Thus through a number of years the mound increased in size and extent. As time went on the settling of the soil would bring superimposed skeletons almost in contact.

The use of this spot as a burial place for an extended time would fully account for all the confusion of skeletons once before mentioned. The more modern burials seem to have taken place by the digging of holes in the already constructed mound. Evidence of this is found in the fact that some skeletons are fragmentary, indeed individual bones were sometimes found; but the disturbance seems not to have been for the purpose of securing trinkets.

A. M. BRUMBACH.  
The Sheralist Wine.  
Geographical Journal.  
The vineyards at Sheralist are very extensive, and are regularly irrigated and

manured. The vines are trained on rough trellises at certain distances, and produce both varieties of fruit, white and black. The grapes, which ripen here in August, were hanging in goodly bunches, and it did not seem to me that the people had any reason to complain of the crop, but they grumbled a good deal. Although much of the fruit may be eaten, and a portion made into raisins, there can be no doubt that the bulk of the crop is intended for the manufacture of wine of an inferior kind, which is entirely reserved, I believe, for home consumption. I did not, of course, witness the process, as it was too early in the season, and I had no opportunity of tasting the vintage, but I should imagine it, from the description I heard of the method employed, to be far from satisfactory. After crushing the grapes and mixing with the whole mass of pulp, juice, skins, etc., they leave the liquid for about three weeks to ferment. The wine thus made is considered fit to drink in about three months after the fruit has been plucked. The wine thus made is consumed in the long winter evening by the Sheralist men, whose wine-bibbing propensities are notorious and reproached throughout Oregon. The Arabs of the interior, being a temperate and abstemious race, regard the constant manufacture of wine in their very midst by these Persians as a scandal to their religion, and do not permit the production of spirituous liquor in any other part of the country, so far as I am aware.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

### Municipal Secret Service.

What is the nature of the secret service, for which the new charter makes an appropriation of \$500 yearly to the Mayor, as per article 4, section 73, division B, clause 23?

Whatever may arise. The idea is to provide a fund upon which the Mayor may draw at once in emergencies. For example, robbery was committed in the City Hall a short time ago. It may have been deemed advisable to employ some special service, other than the police force, for the next day. Another example: The Board of Public Works employed a man to check up the unlighted street lamps, with the result that a saving was effected. It might be necessary to watch a policeman or detective. If the money is not used it will be turned back into the general fund. Several cities create a secret service fund, which is placed at the disposal of the Mayor, who is never required to present vouchers or render an accounting.

### Homesteads for Landowners.

If I own 100 acres of land, or less (which I acquired by purchase and not under homestead laws), can I take up 100 acres of land under the homestead laws besides? Shedd, Or.

Every person otherwise qualified is entitled to a full homestead of 160 acres unless he is the owner of more than 160 acres; he may own 120 acres, yet he is entitled to enter 160 acres under the homestead law. The owner of less than 160 acres, either 80, 90 or 120 acres, is entitled, under the adjoining homestead acts, to enter a sufficient quantity of land adjoining him to make 160 acres, and may obtain title thereto without having to reside upon the land so entered. See pages 12 and 21, circular of General Land Office.

### May Homestead Twice.

1. If a man that has taken up a homestead and filed and proved up in good faith and lost it by bad luck and has no land at all, can he take another homestead or not?  
2. If a married man takes a homestead and lives on it five years and dies, can the widow take another homestead and the widow proves up on the land in good faith?  
W. A. S.  
Camp Creek, Or.

1. Yes, he can.  
2. She can prove up on the homestead of her deceased husband, and then it becomes the property of his heirs, subject to her dower. As a widow she has a homestead right of her own.

### Machinist's Apprentice.

Where can one enter a machine shop as an apprentice. How long does it require the average young man to become a first-class machinist, and what wages are paid apprentices?  
Independence.  
A. O. S.

There are many machine shops in Portland, and applicants for apprentice places put their applications on file. There are many such applications now on file. Apprentices serve four years at 75 cents an hour first year, 10 cents second year, 15 cents third year, 20 cents fourth year.

### The "Endless Chain."

1. Has the system for raising funds for different building purposes, known as "the endless chain" system, been prohibited by law in this state? I have been told that it has, and wish to know.  
2. What was the name of the town in Virginia at which the College of William and Mary was founded in 1697?  
J. R.  
Maryville, Or.

1. No.  
2. Williamsburgh.

### Sectioned Map of Oregon.

Where can I get a sectioned map of the different counties of Oregon, and what will be the cost of one?  
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There is no such map on the market now, but one issued by the General Land Office may be seen at the Walla Walla district land office, and perhaps at the Weston Normal School.

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1. Are civil service examinations for railway postal clerks held in Portland? If so, how often?  
2. Where can I obtain more information on this subject?  
H. H. H.  
1. Yes, generally in April and October.  
2. Write Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and its book will come free.

### To Various Correspondents.

Mrs. J. C. Andrew Carnegie's address is 5 West Fifty-first street, New York.  
H. F. Lewis, Lewis, Or.—To secure a copyright, address Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. The fee is \$1.  
Reader—Miss Jennie Griffith, Macleay, Or., breeds Chinese pheasants in captivity.  
D. J. Trousdale—Joseph H. Choate is our Minister to Great Britain.

### Locating Timber Land.

1. Can a person, under the timber law act, locate on land that has not been set apart for school or agricultural purposes?  
2. Can a person locate a timber claim on land on which there is known to be a bed of valuable lime rock deposit?  
B. F. B.

1. Yes.  
2. No.

### Fare to Manila.

What is the fare from Portland to Manila, P. I., cabin and steerage?  
Cabin, \$35; steerage, \$12.

# FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

## Abraham Lincoln.

(This is the remarkable poem in which, on May 6, 1865, London Punch confessed its error, after having for four years lampooned Lincoln with pen and with jest. In this change of sentiment Punch merely reflected the prevalent British temper, which, fiercely and contemptuously hostile to the National cause and the Union leaders during the earlier and critical part of the death struggle, swung toward the victor North at the end.)

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil even to trace,<  
Broad for the self-complacent British ear,  
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,  
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;  
Reckless, so it could point a paragraph,  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.  
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear aew,  
Between the mourners at his head and foot,  
Say, scurried, in these rooms for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my seat,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rattlepate a true born child of men.  
My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be;  
How in good fortune and in ill the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—each work as few  
Ever had on hand and heart and hand—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command:  
Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work his will,  
It but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's;  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His plow with rule nature's thwarting might—

The unbroken forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark, that turns the laborer's ax,  
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The granite, hiding the mason's wanders' track.

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear—  
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;  
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined way to do,  
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years  
Ill-fate, ill-fortune, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the blisful change to cheer.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A felon hand, behind the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed—  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Uttered one voice of sympathy and shame!  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,  
A dead accord! Strikes have triumphed since before.

By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or of diabolic boldness,  
But the foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,  
Vile hand, that brandet murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;

And with the martyr's crown crowned a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!  
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The Universal Prayer.  
Father of all in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined,  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will;

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation from the land  
On each I judge thy foe;

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still is the right to stand;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride  
And humble discontent;  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent;

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
Thou mercy to others show  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Still quickened by thy breath;  
O lend me whereso'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st it best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, sky,  
One chorus let all beings raise,  
All Nature's incense rise!

—Alexander Pope.

A Wonderful Country Far Away.  
There once was a time when, as old songs  
Told us, the earth was not round, but an endless plain;  
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—  
Just millions of miles, and began again;  
And that was the time—aye, and more's the pity  
It ever should end—when the world could play,  
When sages told tales of a crystal city  
In a wonderful country far away.

But the schools must come, with their scales  
And measures, to limit the visions and weigh the spells;  
They scoffed at the dreams and the rainbow  
Treasures, and dreamed the world in their parallel;  
They charted the vales and the sunny meadows,  
Where a poet might ride for a year and a day;  
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows,  
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopes;  
For knowledge, a cable of fact and doubt;  
Wing-broken and ragged, like a bird from the tropics,  
Romance at the wandering stars looked out;  
Cold reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;  
Go, study its nature, and its area assay;  
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden  
Of that wonderful country far away.

They questioned the stumbling babe's laugh-  
ter, and cautioned its elders to dream by rule;  
All mysteries past and to come hereafter  
Were settled and solved in their common school;  
But sweeter the streams and the wild birds  
stung, the friendships and loves that were true al-  
ways!

The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,  
In that wonderful country far away.

Nay, not in their reason, our dear illusions,  
But true to truths that are measured and weighed,  
Oh, land of the spirit! where no intrusion  
From bookish or doubters shall aye be made!  
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us,  
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;  
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us,  
In that wonderful country far away.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

To a Skeleton.  
The following verses were published anonymously in the London Morning Chronicle nearly 60 years ago, and, notwithstanding the offer of a reward of 50 guineas, the author's name has remained a secret until quite recently, when it was learned that the lines were written by Robert Philip, of Garmyre Cottage, Scotland. Toward the end of the year 1823 he wrote the verses while waiting for body-servers in the parish churchyard of Torphichen, where, during the repairing of the church, the unearthing of a skeleton suggested the subject. The verses were shown to Dr. John Alfred, who procured the copy and, by accident or intention, dropped a copy in the Royal College of Surgeons, where they were found.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of a mortal spirit light;  
This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beautiful visions filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and buoyant eye,  
But now not a gleam of the dimly  
It would have been a joy to employ,  
If with no lawless eye it glanced,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright,  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and useful tongue,  
If fate's honey it disdained,  
And when it could not raise a voice, it chained,  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle counsel never broke,<