

GRAVE QUESTIONS!

Hon. William McDougal

(Or, what was found in a Tomb of our ancestors, in a Scandinavian Forest, in 1873. Professor Worsaae, the learned Antiquarian, directed the excavations for two days. On the third, during his absence, the gentleman, who owned the Forest, called in Denmark *Godseier*; a Doctor, who could distinguish bones; and the Stranger, for whose gratification (!) chiefly, the Barrow or Tomb was opened, found the blade of a *Knife*, and an ornamented *Pin*, of *Bronze*, — both beautiful in form, and highly finished. Whence came they? Did our savage forefathers, whose rude implements of Flint — hammers, axes, chisels, and knives, with some Amber beads and broken vessels of burnt clay, — were mingled with their dust, fabricate them? Professor Worsaae in the next edition of his "Nordiske Oldsager", will tell us.

This Tomb, covered with five massive granite boulders, had, evidently, never been disturbed, and was supposed to be at least 2000 years old.)

Stay, Digger! hold thy hand:
 Something, not *bone*, nor *flint*,
 Is there, amid the sand, —
 It had a greenish glint.

Where's Worsaae? we have found,
 At last, the proof he wants,
 That those who built this Mound
 Lived in an age of *Bronze*.

Nay more, -- here's proof of skill,
 And taste — a shapely *knife*:
 Not made to stab or kill,
 But for domestic life.