

SOME CLAY MODELLING.

SPECIMENS OF THE WORK OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

Ancient Peruvian Bottles—Discovery of Un-glazed Mugs in Utah—Curious Jugs Made by Negro Slave Pottery—Portrait Vases of Mexico.

During the civil war there was a little pottery in the woods near Bath, South Carolina, where fire bricks were made, that was operated by Col. Thomas J. Davies, a prominent Southern cotton planter. The primitive kilns of this establishment were utilized for the burning of coarse pottery ware for the Southern hospitals, as traffic with the North had been cut off, and the Confederate States were forced to depend upon themselves for the ordinary manufactures which they require. The ware produced by Col. Davies was coarse earthenware glazed, in the crudest manner with a preparation of wood ashes and melted sand, which gave it a black or purplish brown appearance. Clumsy water jugs, jars, and heavy cups and saucers were manufactured in large quantities by the negro slaves who were employed to do the work. Nothing of an ornamental nature was attempted, but the homely ware was sufficient for the requirements of the times, and many a sick and wounded soldier was refreshed by a draught of cooling water or a drink of coffee from the brown pitcher or earthen cup. It is strange that these relics of local manufacture, so abundant during the war, should have so entirely disappeared from sight. I do not know of a single specimen which has been preserved, save a black jug now in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia, though it is reasonable to suppose that some of them still exist as heirlooms in the families of soldiers who once used them. It is said that the demand for these products became so great toward the close of the war that the pottery could not begin to fill the orders. With the closing of the war the need for such ware disappeared and the manufacture was discontinued.

But before this great influx of business came to the pottery the negro workmen had considerable spare time on their hands, which they were accustomed to employ in modelling homely designs in pottery which they could make on the old-fashioned "kick wheel" which they operated. Among these were some weird-looking water jugs, roughly modelled on one side in the form of a grotesque human face, evidently intended to portray the African features. These were generally known as "monkey jugs," not on account of their resemblance to the head of an ape, but because the porous vessels which were made for holding water and cooling it by evaporation were called by that name. I have seen but three of these sculptured jugs, all of which are now in collections. Col. Davies informed me a few years ago that numbers of them were made during the year 1862, but he did not know of a single example. One of them, however, is now on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Museum, the property of Mr. W. W. Watson, Jr., of Philadelphia.

This possesses considerable interest as representing a native art of the Southern negroes, uninfluenced by civilization, and we can readily believe that the modelling reveals a trace of aboriginal art as formerly practised by the ancestors of the makers in Africa. The example referred to, is of smaller size than the other specimens mentioned, being only about six inches in height, but the modelling is almost identical in the three, and was evidently done by the same hand. By the ingenious insertion of a different clay, more porous and whiter than the rest of the jug, the eyeballs and teeth attain a hideous prominence. The purplish glaze has been roughly flung over the surface and presents the appearance of a composition of sand and ashes, as described to me by Col. Davies himself. Taking it all in all, the history of the little pottery at Bath is more closely interwoven with the history of the Confederacy than that of any other industrial enterprise of the time. Many of the powder mills and ordnance furnaces of the South were supplied with fire brick from the Bath kilns and subsequently, most of the Confederate hospitals drew their supplies of earthenware from the same source.

How different from the crude art of the negro slaves, which are at best but the last fading trace of a savage inheritance, was the modelling of some of the early American peoples. The ancient Peruvians, for instance, were far in advance of other contemporary semi-civilized races of the world in this art, and their ceramic remains, which are still being brought to light, continue to astonish the archaeologist. Among the endless variety of forms which their pottery assumed the drinking vessel, in the shape of a human head, with carved handle ending in a spout, was, perhaps, the most characteristic, and to this design the "monkey jugs" of the Bath pottery bore the closest resemblance, in appearance and the purposes for which they were designed.

The same idea has been carried out by modern Mexican potters, as illustrated by an earthenware vase from the Mexican section at the Chicago Fair. It is made of a light, porous clay, modelled in the form of a "Greaser's" head, possibly an ex-

ample of actual portraiture, and is colored after life.

It is interesting to note the effect on aboriginal art in this country caused by contact with Europeans. Among the pottery designs of the Peruvians have been found vessels with modelled figures of men riding on the backs of horses and men with high hats. Such pieces while characteristically Peruvian in conception and workmanship, were doubtless made after the conquest, as shown by the employment of objects of European introduction as decorative details.

In New York State many clay tobacco pipes have been discovered on Indian sites. The Rev. W. M. Beauchamp of Baldwinville came across a curious example of native modelling, which is supposed to represent a saint in a niche or shrine. The Jesuits had penetrated into this section as early as the latter part of the sixteenth century, as shown by the numerous metallic objects of ecclesiastical import, such as crosses and pendants, which have been discovered associated with Indian remains, and the natives became familiar with some of the teachings of these early missionaries. Their influence on the arts of the natives is also revealed in many of the stone carvings from the same sites, such as gorgets and beads.

A remarkable discovery of Pueblo Indian earthenware was made by an explorer in southern Utah a few years ago. In one of the dry caverns which abound in that arid country, a large urn of coiled clay was unearthed which has been carefully hidden away by some ancient Indian potter, perhaps centuries ago. The mouth of the vessel had been covered with a flat stone to protect the contents from the ravages of animals and the action of the elements, and in it were found a large number of small mugs about three inches in height, which had been carefully formed of plastic clay and sun dried but unbaked. Each mug was provided with a handle formed of two rolls of clay, placed side by side, but there was no sign of decoration on any of them. They were all ready for the kiln, but for some unaccountable cause had never been finished. Perhaps the maker hid them away on the approach of some marauding band of savages, expecting to bring them forth at a more convenient season. Or, more probably, some sudden impulse to move had overtaken the potter at work, and so the unbaked ware was buried, to be returned for later. Be this as it may, the pieces were never discovered until accidentally found by a relic hunter, how many years after they were fashioned we have no means of determining. One of these curious objects has found its way east.

EDWIN ATLEE BARBER.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

Creatures in the Sea that Do Not Hesitate to Attack a Vessel.

In the year 1638 the mouth of one of the fjords on the coast of Norway, near the Loffoden Island, was blocked up for a month by the body of some huge marine animal that had drifted in from the sea. The stench was tremendous, and the superstitious fishermen of the neighborhood were afraid to make an examination until a great storm had cleared the channel, and then all vestige of the marine monster had disappeared. Not a bone nor a scrap of flesh or hide was left.

Bishop Pontoppidan, a learned Swede, came to the place a month after and made a careful investigation. Questioning all the fishermen who had witnessed this singular occurrence, all agreed that at long intervals there appeared in the northern seas a huge marine animal or fish that most of them had seen, but none could tell anything of its habits. Its presence was always known by the sudden coming of great shoals of fish, especially cod, that could be seen a quarter of a mile away. It was white in color, but showed very little above the surface of the water. It seemed to be from a quarter to a half a mile in circumference, and propelled itself by thrusting out innumerable arms that caught the water like a man swimming. When it sank there was plainly heard a sucking sound, and the water was much agitated, a proof that the body must be very large. So Pontoppidan called this the "kraken," and concluded that it was one of the creatures that had been stranded in the fjord. He also wrote a long Latin treatise on the new monster—and no doubt wished he hadn't, for a furious controversy started up—the Bishop was called a liar in half a dozen languages, and for a century Pontoppidan's "kraken" was made much fun of. Then Linnaeus took it up, and made it clear that the alleged monster was a huge "cuttlefish," as there was abundant evidence that these had formerly visited the north coast, and while many were small, some were of great size and capable of doing much mischief. The smaller ones confined their malignant strength to uprooting the anchors of the fishing boats—and this they do today along the west coast of Florida.

In the light of modern knowledge the old Bishop is vindicated, but for obvious reasons cuttlefish as big as the kraken have not come to market lately; in fact, the capture of a very small one is a serious matter, not likely to be undertaken even by the menagerie people.

In 1859 Mr. John Bowman, now in the Treasury Department, was one of the crew of the sperm whaler Islander, Capt. Folger commanding. In May they were off Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon. There were a number of the natives on catamarans fishing. Suddenly the sailors heard a loud cry and saw to the leeward, not over 200 yards away, a catamaran being turned end over end and a great flock of sea gulls swooping down on something white in the water; then a wild confusion of what looked like strands of manila hawsers: the sea

was breaking white water over the mast, which looked at least 100 yards square. All at once the first mate of the Islander cried out:

"Holy Moses, Capt. Folger, the great white squid. I've been twenty years at sea and never saw it before. They say it's bad luck for a spouter to meet it."

It had caught the catamaran, but the crew may have escaped, and now it was in full vigor, a nest of living serpents, the arms twining and wriggling one over the other, reeling and then shooting up, taut as a spar, and long enough to have caught in the top of a big ship.

Capt. Folger sent the steward for a rifle, and he fired into the mass. There was a hum, and the great body surged and seemed to drift away. The breeze was freshening, and the Islander sent up stern sails and was soon miles away.

It is a current belief that bitter, bad luck attends a ship that meets this great sea spectre, and before the Islander saw New England she had her share, losing both mate and captain by disease and being dismantled off Japan.

In 1833 His Majesty's ship-of-war Amaranthe was coming through the Mozambique channel when one of the crew in the top hailed the deck. "White water on the starboard bow—looks like a sunken wreck." It was watched from the quarter deck, and various opinions given—no wreck for it was almost a quarter of a mile long, and seemed in motion. They were now 100 yards away.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, "we live to learn—in all my forty years service I never saw the 'great squid' before. Clear away second battery; load with grape—ready fire."

Twelve loads of grape cut into the middle of the mass. It was alive in an instant. Hundreds of arms forty feet long were thrust out, and it was evident that the mass was moving toward the frigate. She was put about, and in a few minutes was out of danger. There is one authentic narrative of a vessel being attacked by this creature. In 1758 the Roi Jean, a French brig of 600 tons, bound for Pondicherry, found her way suddenly checked one morning. She was sailing free, and on Madagascar. A sailor looked over the side and saw a peculiar white mass clinging to the bobstay. Long tentacles were waving in the air, and one was wrapped around the davit. He gave the alarm, and by the time all hands were on deck a hideous head rose above the rail. It had a beak like a parrot and two eyes, opaque, like jelly. They thought it an enormous crab.

Half frantic with terror the crew went to work with cutlasses, boat hooks, and arms, while the cook, a giant negro, threw buckets of scalding water from the galley. The beak snapped, the eyes grew red and malignant, arms were thrown around the swifter and shrouds, and it was coming aboard. Cut off, the tough tentacles renewed themselves. Quickly the cook with a broadaxe cut into the head between the eyes. The arms relaxed and a plunge told the crew that their enemy was vanquished, and they saw it floating astern. Pieces of the arms were preserved in liquor, and these were three inches through.

At Dunkirk today in the church, is a model of a ship with something white clinging to the side, and this is the "ex voto" offered 139 years ago by the crew of the Roi Jean "for their deliverance from a sea monster."

Perhaps some day we may know the secret of the lower ocean. Until then there is a fine field for conjecture.—Philadelphia Times.

SOME INGENUOUS SNARES.

Boys Use Them for Fun, but Poachers Try Them for the Profit.

A sight that makes the good sportsman revile the local game warden or constable around the edge of the Adirondacks and in other places where rabbits and half-wild boys abound is the rabbit snare, a contrivance consisting of a bit of copper wire noosed and tied with a string to a bent, trimmed sapling, a little brush pen with an opening over which the wire noose goes, and a couple of trickier sticks baited with an apple. It is deadly to the rabbits, and some ruffed grouse are taken in it.

The rabbit snare is to the backwoods boy what a bean shooter is to a city lad. It is his deadly weapon, and even after he gets a gun he sometimes prefers snaring his game to shooting it. There is a sort of exhilaration in approaching a snare that is not to be had even in drawing down on a sitting cock partridge with a gun. There is the hope against hope that there will be something snared, and when something is found in the snare there is always the fun of resetting the contrivance, readjusting the triggers, getting them to balance just right and seeing to it that the salty string trail is properly straightened out.

Sometimes the snare is found sprung, with the wire twisted and broken; then there is the search to see what had been in it, and why it had got away, and once in a while, as in winter, when there is a good tracking snow, the trapper takes the trail of the escaped game and follows it, stealthily, thinking to find that the rabbit, or what not, had got the broken end tangled in some bit of brush. He finds it sometimes, but more frequently the wire is found after a few rods, the noose having loosened and been thrown off by the snared beast.

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The backwoods boy also finds mischievous delight in the fact that he is violating the game laws; that there is a possibility of the game constable lurking about the snare waiting to catch him red-handed with the blood of a rabbit on his fingers cut of season and unlawfully taken in a contrivance. The boy anticipates a wild dash through the woods with the tender-foot constable racing after, unable positively to identify him.

But there are men who have grown up from such boys who have continued the practice of snaring game, but who no longer do so for fun or because of the excitement of it, but because of the dollars and cents they get for the rabbit carcasses or birds. It is these men that trouble the club owners by their destructive poaching, and so the game wardens are instructed to nip them if they can.

Blackie, the Enthusiast.

John Stuart Blackie's superabundance of energy is evidenced by the eagerness with which he entered into whatever interested those with whom he came in contact. In his biography we find an extract from a characteristic letter which he wrote while in Rome to a sister who had remonstrated with him for being so much addicted to verse writing.

"You see I am verse mad," he wrote. "But you know I am subject to various kinds of madness, and of frequent recurrence. In Aberdeen I got religious mad. Then I got Latin mad. Now I am verse mad and drawing mad, and am fast getting antiquity mad."

"Out of this never ending fermentation may something good arise, that I may not be eternally driven about by every wind of doctrine. But as it is I have no more command over my whims and fancies than a henpecked husband has over his wife."

American Soapstone.

In the ragged mountains in Albermarle county, Va., the scene of one of Poe's weird tales, exists a great deposit of soapstone which is said to be the finest in the world. It was discovered only about 12 years ago, but now a small colony exists at the spot and three quarries have been opened. The stone, which is very hard and fine grained, is cut out in blocks averaging nine tons in weight and afterward is sawed into slabs. It is employed among other things for tanks in chemical laboratories, tubs and sinks in laundries, linings for fireplaces, griddles—which need no greasing when made of soapstone—tables and fittings in hospitals and dissecting rooms. Acid is said to have no effect upon the stone.—Youth's Companion.

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