The New Orleans Bee.

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THE DAILY BEE.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 8.

A NOBLE FAIR.

The California papers are freighted with details of a most disgusting controversy now in progress between two distinguished champions of the Democratic party, to wit: Messrs. Gwin and Broderick. These worthies, we regret to say, are members of the United States Senate—if that body which was once graced and dignified by the presence of a Clay, a Webster and a Calhoun. What an awful descent from them to a Broderick and a Gwin!

It seems that these representatives of the sovereign commonwealth of California are engaged in stumping the State with a view of securing the choice of legislators favorable to their re-election. They were once linked together by common interest—the only tie, we presume, which can unite individuals of their particular character—but now they are animated by an intense and implacable hatred towards each other. Gwin makes speeches in which he styles Broderick "a liar, a cowardly hound, a slanderer, and a robber;" Broderick retorts with rather more scemly, but equally disgraceful epithets, accusing Gwin of using his position to enrich himself by swindling the Government, and of being the subornED agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. We must say that the perusal of their several harangues justifies the conclusion that they are both right; and if the people of California are not entirely insensible to their own honor and reputation, they will avoid the humiliation of being represented in the Senate of the United States by either the notorious Dr. Gwin, or his some time faithful friend, Mr. Broderick.

We wonder whether there be any honesty left among the politicians? Is the virtue grown utterly obsolete? Has it become a myth, surviving in tradition alone? Is the Democratic party of California so utterly depraved and demoralized that Messrs. Gwin and Broderick are necessarily its fitting representatives? Cannot the party contrive to find two tolerably decent and respectable gentlemen in the State, without being compelled to resort to men whose solitary claim is the ability and success with which they have demonstrated each other's infamy? The United States Senate, it is true, is not what it was during those palmy days when none but gentlemen, patriots and statesmen occupied seats within its precincts—when not only the three giants of whom we have spoken towered above their colleagues, but a Mangum, a Wright, a Southard, a Badger, a Porter, a Benton, a Bell, a Crittenden, a Hayne, and others of scarcely inferior note, imparted dignity, and power, and intellectual force, and political eminenty to its deliberations. That the Senate has receded from its original splendor is unhappily too true, yet even now, shorn as it is of many of its ornaments and much of its strength, it lacks neither talent, nor standing. It still contains a Douglas, a Thomas, a Benjamin, a Seward, a Mason, a Hunter, a Hammond, a Davis, Alas! that we should be constrained to add that a Gwin and a Broderick sit by their sides and share their prerogatives! The term of one of them, however, will expire in Jeol, and it is to be hoped that the Legislature of California will preserve sufficient self-respect to keep him in private life after that date. The other will unfortunately continue in his vocation for some four years more.

We cannot say which of the two is the most confidential friend of the Administration. Both vaunt their attachment to Democracy, while berating each other as traitors and villains. We have before us some choice samples of their mutual courtesies, but care not to sully our columns by their reproduction. It is well remarked by a contemporary in this connection, that when charges of corruption are made by the Opposition against the Democratic leaders, they raise a loud outcry of denial, but when the leaders themselves get to telling on each other after this manner, what have their supporters and followers to say. It is only necessary to read what Democrats say of each other, these days, to believe, if what they say is to be believed, that there is scarcely an honest man left in high position among them.

We are requested to state that the publication of the *Courier* will be resumed on Sunday next, the 11th inst.

It is officially reported to the Emperor of the French that chloroform was used in thirty thousand surgical operations in the Crimea by skilled assistant surgeons without a single death. A similar success has followed its administration at Solferino and Magenta; but in English hospitals there have been about one hundred deaths in one third of the number of operations in the Crimea. The London deaths from chloroform begin to be so common that coroner's inquests are rarely called for. Every thing depends on the mode of administration.

The population of Rome, at the highest period of its power, has been estimated at 8,500,000. The present population of London is about 2,900,000. The entire population of Paris, including that of all its metropolitan suburbs, is about 1,500,000. That of New York, estimated in the same way, is 1,000,000. That of Philadelphia approximately would amount to 900,000.

Horrible Case of Self Mutilation.—One of the most horrible cases of self mutilation we have ever heard of or read of occurred at a rolling mill in Centre county, Pa., last week. The particulars of the case, which we do not think has a parallel on record, are as follows:

A young man named Aaron Irely, who had recently been pardoned out of the penitentiary, where he was confined for horse stealing, had been hanging about the rolling mills for several days. Nothing unusual was observed in his demeanor. On Wednesday morning, soon after the works were started, he deliberately walked to the rolling mill shears, and before any one was aware of his design, placed his arms between the blades, both of which were completely severed about midway between the hands and elbows!

The horrible act was performed so coolly and deliberately that no suspicion was entertained of his design. When questioned as to his motive for the self mutilation, he replied that "his hands had been the means of sending him to the penitentiary once, and he was determined they should never get him into trouble again." He was taken to a neighboring house, and a physician sent for, who re-amputated both his arms—an operation which he is said to have borne with a stoicism and indifference that astonished all who witnessed it. He is recovering rapidly, and manifests the utmost unconcern for the loss of his arms.

Exaggerated Reports.—The Vicksburg Herald says:

We learn that the most exaggerated reports have been circulated relative to the existence of a vigilance committee in our city. They are all incorrect. There is no vigilance committee here in the sense in which that term is unusually accepted. We have simply a *volunteer police*, composed of young men who have voluntarily offered their services to *assist the regular police force*. That is all. We have no fears that the good character of the young gentlemen engaged, nor that of our city, will be compromised by an unlawful act, even towards the villains whose depredations have called for their action, but we believe they will be treated in the same manner as if they had been arrested by the regular police.

Selected.

"Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author."—*Longfellow.*

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."—*Bacon.*

"My master was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much, that it had a fault, called Memory, which might be reached through the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."—*Carlyle.*

"He who goes through a land and scatters roses, may be tracked next day by their withering petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it, and scatters rose seeds, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for a monument, and as a heritage for his sons and daughters."—*Theodore Parker.*

"No man is obliged to do as much as he can do."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"It is better not to expect or calculate consequences. Let us try to do right actions, without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others."—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

"The sum of our existence, divided by reason, never gives an integer number, but an surprising fraction is always left behind."—*Goethe.*

Hazlitt somewhere speaks of authors, who, never forgetting their professional character, "carry their reputation about with them as the small dose its pellet and put under its canopy like the lady in the lobster."

Six Patients Roasted Alive.—A fire took place Sunday night in the Steuben county (New Jersey) Poor House, during which six paupers were burned to death. The names of the dead are E. Patterson, 90 years old; Andrew Margeson, John Berto, W. E. Gil, Garret Van Syper, and Betty Weldon, idiot. Most were old men. Berto and Margeson had each been at the Insane Asylum without experiencing any good result therefrom. The first of the six was rescued before the flames reached him, but little attention was bestowed by the strange effort of figure, he madly rushed into the burning shed again, and was consumed.

By Telegraph.

[TRANSMITTED TO THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.]

THE CIVIL WAR IN VENEZUELA.

New York, September 7.—Advices have been received at this port from Venezuela to the 11th of August, which represent the country as still in a deplorable state of anarchy.

All communication was cut off with the interior, where the revolution was progressing with unabated success.

No hides were to be had, and commerce was almost entirely suspended.

The revolutionists had refused an offer of pardon on condition of laying down their arms.

From 800 to 900 Government troops were at San Fernando, daily expecting an attack from the revolutionists.

SAILING OF THE AMERICA.

Boston, September 7.—The Cunard steamship America, Capt. Miller, sailed from this port to-day for Halifax and Liverpool, taking out about $30,000 in specie on freight.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Washington, September 7.—The Government has taken effective measures for the protection of our citizens in Sonora.

MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD LANDS.

Nearly 172,000 acres of public lands, enuring to the Southern Mississippi Railroad Company under the act of Congress of 1856, have been certified and awarded to the State of Mississippi by the Secretary of the Interior.

FIRE AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, September 7.—An extensive flouring mill, belonging to Messrs. Goodwin, Miller & Co., was destroyed by fire to-day. The loss has not yet been ascertained.

HARLEM RAILROAD FAILED.

New York, September 7.—A meeting of the Second Mortgage bondholders of the Harlem Railroad was held in this city to-day for the purpose of determining what course they should pursue in relation to the forfeited bonds of the Company.

A resolution was finally passed to appoint a Receiver and order an early sale of the road.

Nathaniel Marshall, the Receiver of the Erie Railroad, has appointed Charles Minot General Superintendent of that road.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, September 7.—The Cotton market closed dull, the sales to-day amounting to 600 bales.

The Flour market closed dull at previous quotations.

Lard closed dull and unchanged.

Linseed Oil closed firm, and is in active demand. The sales to-day were 13,000 barrels.

Corn closed quiet. Sales to-day 13,000 bushels.

Eastern Mess Pork closed steady at $14 87½ to $15.

Whisky has advanced ¼c., and closed at 26½ to 27c.

Sugar closed dull. Muscovado 5½ to 6c.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Cincinnati, September 7.—The Flour market closed dull and generally unchanged.

Oats closed dull at 40c.

Whisky closed steady at 23c.

The provision market continued very dull.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT SUNK.

Memphis, September 7.—The steamer Adriatic, from St. Louis, bound for New Orleans, sprung a leak last night, and sunk near Dismal Point.

The Adriatic had a heavy and valuable freight on board, some portion of which may be saved.

The boat and cargo are valued at $65,000.

RIVER INTELLIGENCE.

St. Louis, September 7.—The Mississippi at this point is nearly at a stand, with five and a half feet of water in the channel from here to Cairo.

The Illinois river has two feet of water in the channel.

The Missouri river has four feet in the channel.

Ut. Rescue, September 7.—The steamer H. J. Lackland passed down at 7 o'clock this evening.

The Secret of Blondin's Success.

The wonderful power that Blondin possesses of balancing himself is the point of curiosity and amazement to the crowd. By explaining a little of the philosophy of the feat we may lessen the astonishment of some people, and perhaps remove the chief difficulty to a rational amount of self culture, resulting in an improvement of the human system. The common toy of a man spinning on the point of a wire explains the whole matter. The centre of gravity is lowered in the body, and the nearly perpendicular line The use of the pole answers the same purpose. Blondin's pole is thirty-four feet long, and weighs forty six pounds. Held below the middle of the body, it brings his centre of gravity sufficiently near to the rope to be easily controlled. A very slight elevation of the hand and a corresponding depression of the other restore the balance of the body.

The skill to govern the position, by an ex act movement of the pole to the required extent, and not an inch further, is the result of practice. Those who have seen "the infant phenomenon" of the Ravel troupe on the tight-rope must have observed the imperfect management of the pole in a less experienced hands. Philosophically, Blondin and his pole constitute one body, and the extension laterally of its weight is equivalent to lowering the centre of gravity, and raising the base on which he walks. The most perilous exploit of M. Blondin is that of carrying a man on his back. Here he runs a frightful risk, because the balance of the human nervous system of another person. To this experiment he will fail a victim, if he persists in it. The slightest trepidation of nerve in the carried body will upset his centre of gravity, and put it out of his command, in spite of the skill with which he adjusts the weight to rest as much as possible on his hips, and as little as possible on his shoulders. Travelers over mountains are warned by their guides to sit passively on the mules, without attempting to direct the animal. This is what the man must do who rides on Blondin's back. His own command of nerve must be equal to that of his master, or he endangers both. The fact of dismounting several times proves that it was so, and that he did not avail himself of any trick in shutting his eyes from the abyss below.

This is the whole explanation of M. Blondin's feat—his lowering of the centre of gravity near to the base, and his amazingly skilful government of it. We would not advise any one to try hazardous experiments; but the truth of this explanation may be tested by walking on the edge of a board firmly fixed in the required position on the ground or floor, and by using or dispensing with the balancing pole, or other weight, to control the centre of gravity.

[*New York Century, August 27th.*

A Defunct Elephant—*He Refuses to Become Decomposed—Distress of the Savans.*—A correspondent of the Boston *Bee and Atlas* recently visited the grave of the elephant Columbus, in Berkshire county, Mass. He gives the following account of the death and posthumous adventures of the far-famed animal:

A few years since, while making a professional and pedestrian tour through this section of the State, Columbus, in crossing a grade at North Adams, had the misfortune to fall through, which accident seriously abridged his existence, and it is likely to prove a more weighty matter to the trunk of his tender than did the quadruped to the bridge.

The proprietors of this valuable, and since the casualty, in a double sense, truncated repository of ivory, made a claim upon the town for remuneration for their loss, which was not allowed, whereupon a suit was commenced, and we believe it is still in court.—The animal having injured his fore feet severely by the fall, was obliged to pause, but after a brief interval he again began to rally, and his keeper, thinking that he had sustained no serious injury, continued his journey. On reaching this town it became evident that the noble beast had received some internal detriment, and being anxious to get him into some comfortable place, permission was obtained to use an uncoupled shed adjoining a farm house: into this Columbus was driven, never to go forth alive.

Soon after entering the building he threw himself down as if in despair, and no entreaties or exertions of his keeper could induce him to make any effort to rise; he seemed to act as though his days were numbered; he seemed to suffer much pain, and his groans and cries could be heard at an immense distance; notwithstanding the severity of his anguish, he appeared resigned, and was quite gentle towards his attendant. Hundreds came to visit the dying monarch from miles around; but no human aid could save him or afford him any temporary relief; the king of mirrors only could relieve the king of beasts.

His remains were presented to Williams College, and were duly accepted by the trustees, who intended, after the flesh had been thoroughly decomposed, to have the skeleton properly set up and deposited in the museum of natural history. This yet remains to be done; the process of dissolution seems to progress slowly: the dryness of the climate is unfavorable for accelerating such a climax. We are informed that from time to time semi-official committees have repaired to the mound for the purpose of examining the relics, and, if feasible, of exhuming the bones; but, on displacing the earth until the corpse was reached, the flesh was found to be of the consistency of india rubber, while the effluvium was so offensive that they deemed it inexpedient to proceed with their investigation, and rapidly covering the orifice which had been made, the committees have beat a hasty retreat, reported progress, and have begged for further time before submitting a final report.

The following anecdote of Sidney Smith conveys a hint which a great many young men might take:

Sidney Smith was complaining of a young gentleman who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege which, as Sidney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentleman in question entered the room, and familiarly addressing Smith as "Sidney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury (the then Dr. Horley) has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall drive down and return in the cool of the evening." "Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a word of advice; I know something of the Archbishop; he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him 'William,' he might not like it."

☞ Look out for imitations of Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce. See advertisement of John Duncan & Sons.]

Our New York Correspondence.

Character of a New York Crowd — Public Squares—Free Concerts—A Confiding Affair—Daughters of Malta—Drinking Fountains—Prof. Mapes—Another "two marriages in high life"—Theatres—Aurora Borealis, &c., &c.

A person accustomed to city life and habituated for years to mingle in its crowds is not apt to bestow much thought upon the people he meets. No matter what may be their claim upon his curiosity or respect, he jostles against genius and greatness with a nonchalance and indifference which must be any thing but complimentary to those who have won their title to distinction. Society to him is like an apothecary's prescription, it consists of so many grains of one quality and so many of another, and he swallows the dose *en masse*, as a matter of necessity, without stopping to analyze or assort its ingredients. But while we seldom bow at the shrine with its every-day clothes on, it is nevertheless a fact that New York is surrounded by an atmosphere of greatness. And this fact is patent to no one more than the stranger, for leaning on the arm of a well-informed friend, he can have pointed out to him in an hour's promenade, men whose names are as familiar as household words. He will see some of the gifted and leading intellects of a great nation, and on cannot merely square with the impression the representatives of Science, Art, Literature, Religion, Commerce and Politics. Ex-Presidents, Senators, Representatives, foreign ministers, incognito Lords, expatriated Generals, titled coxcombs, merchants, poets, editors, artists, literati, prize-fighters, leaders of the box too, and those whose principal recommendation is the white hand of a being Broadway pedestrians, will all pass in review before him, and afford a rare field for the study of human nature. On another occasion I may select some of this material for dust to land my letters with, but to-day there is too much else to be said. Even now I chafe at the theme.

Since the time of old Wouter Van Twiller, I doubt if so many municipal improvements have been made at any one period, as are in process now. At an immense expense the crooked old cow paths wherein our fathers trod, and have since become our best business streets, are being straightened and widened, old buildings are being torn down, and new and elegant edifices are springing up in their places. On almost every square huge blocks of marble and iron may be seen swinging in the air, and gangs of masons and carpenters are briskly at work. The facility with which these immense fronts are erected is remarkable. You go down town in the morning, and the side walk, which was unobstructed when you passed the night before, occupied by the departing glory of the old house. A few days—not more than two or three weeks, apparently—glide by during which you make a circuitous outlet to Broadway to avoid the brick and mortar, and then with almost the same suddenness which marked its coming, it disappears. The debris is removed, the walk is cleared, and a handsome building reflecting the morning's sun upon you, and seems to say as plainly as if the words really issued through its front doors—"Well, here I am—what do you think of me?"

The public squares, too, are receiving attention. Among the most noticeable of these is Tompkins Park, which you may recollect was much defaced by the ravages of time and the hoard riots, a year or two ago. The iron fence then torn down has been replaced by one more elegant, the grounds have been beautified, the walks graded, and the Park made an ornament to that part of the city. These public pleasure grounds are the only breathing spots to which many of the poor and weary ones with which the city abounds can resort.

Just opposite the Park, by the way, is where is manufactured one of the most effectual "sporifics" I ever possessed by a business man. I refer to Stearns & Marvin's salamander Safes. I do not mean to insinuate that the article is to be found in the Materia Medica, but if an institution which for eighteen years has protected the property of men from the ravages of the robber, and been successfully tested by fire more than two hundred and fifty times without the loss of one dollar's worth of its contents, is not entitled to a place in Therapeutics, as one of the "curatives of humanity," I should like to know what is. I understand that these gentlemen are also proprietors of a safe, door and bank lock, one of the peculiarities of which is, that while it is burglar and fire proof, it is susceptible of a million or more changes, which are controlled by a little instrument that one may attach to his watch-guard.

Speaking of Parks calls to mind the public concerts given in some of them. No such popular movement has been introduced for many a day as these free open air concerts in the public grounds. Originally the idea was put in operation in Central Park, the music being furnished by Dodsworth's Band, and the expense paid by voluntary contributions from the property holders in that vicinity, but the taste is spreading elsewhere. Brooklyn has followed suit, and it is proposed to occupy some of the more easily accessible squares in a similar manner. The concerts in the Central Park take place every Saturday afternoon, in a romantic spot called "The Ramble," and are attended by audiences of from five to ten thousand people.

Quite a scene occurred the other day in a certain lawyer's office down town, which was not intended for the public eye, but which I am enabled to give you without the fear of being charged with violating a confidence. Two of the most delicate terms, he notice set forth briefly that for a number of years she had had the charge of the education of several young ladies, but owing to the departure of their family for Europe, she had been deprived of the situation, and desired a similar engagement elsewhere. Now, there is a class of scamps here, who, members of professions, with nothing to do, who make it their business to reply to all advertisements susceptible of more than one interpretation, as many are, and tracing up their authors, to seek adventure. From one of these idlers she received a reply. He was a widower—had three children—wanted their education looked after, and his household affairs superintended generally, and invited her to call at his office for an interview. Suspecting the trick, she found a company, relatively young, man, say not more than thirty, who frankly told her that he had responded to her advertisement, supposing her to be a much younger woman, and that so far from wanting a governess to take care of his children, he wanted one to take care of him. Almost heart-broken at the insult, she returned home, and but doubt whether she should reveal the incident, kept it a secret for two or three days, and then told a lady friend. The latter had a spirited husband, and no sooner had she recounted the matter to him, than, taking a friend as a witness, and a—cowhide as a "persuader," he made his way to said office. A few interrogatories satisfied him that the legal gentleman and correspondent were one and the same, when he drew from his sleeve the aforesaid animal instrument of torture and proceeded to make a vigorous application. Legal gentleman tried to explain, begged, implored, swore and tore around considerably, but it was no use. It was predetermined that he was to be whipped, and most thoroughly was his destiny fulfilled. The operation completed, satisfaction acknowledged, and receipt taken in full of all demands, the gentleman left their cards for his future use if he should think necessary, and retired.

Among the local items of general interest I find the following:

The Daughters of Malta are about to establish a lodge of their order in Brooklyn, charity being one of the fundamental principles they design to carry out. The lodge will be under the direct supervision of the officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Twenty-five public drinking fountains have been ordered to be set about the city for the benefit of the thirsty. Twenty-two are in operation. I wonder if it will ever be larger?

The thirty-first annual fair of the American Institute is to open on the 21st September. A locality has been set apart in the square for the trial of steam plows and other agricultural implements.

A large agricultural warehouse has recently been established in this city by Mr. Chas. V. Mapes, a brother of the well known Professor and Editor, where every thing is dispensed, from garden seeds to grain reapers, and potato diggers. It is also the depot of the Nitrogenized Superphosphate of Lime, a species of manure invented by Prof. Mapes, and known to agriculturists as one of the most valuable articles used in the cultivation of crops. Not long ago, I mingled in a crowd of farmers, who were in the ware-rooms, listening to a disquisition by the Professor on the art of churning butter; and although not much of a farmer, I felt, as I remarked my peregrinations, that I had drank deep at the Pierian Spring, and had profited by my morning's work in learning "something new." The Professor continues to excel with a vigorous, well-pointed pen, one of the best agricultural papers in the country.

We did that accident marriage in high life has just been consummated—the parties being a daughter of an up-town merchant, who "eloped for liberty," and a handsome "Carpetbagger." Cupid, the blind god, shot his arrow, the bridegroom was engaged in repairing the premises. The parents were so spliced as not to attend the wedding ceremony, but after it was all over, sent the bride's clothes to her on a trunk, and dumped them out in front of her humble but temporary home.

Hon. Beverly Johnson, who lost the sight of one of his eyes some years ago while witnessing a duel, by one of the bullets glancing from a tree and coming in close proximity with his head, is going to Paris to have his blade eye removed.

Captain Rynders, the redoubtable, is at work upon a book of personal political reminiscences. It is expected to be a "bomb-shell."

The play-going season is about commencing in earnest. Hible's is so popular, that it pays to keep open the year round. The Bowery are now there, and have filled the house to overflowing ever since their summer season commenced. Laura Keene's opens this week with a first-rate company. Stuart and Boucicault are hard at work on the Metropolitan, and will make a splendid debut soon. The new American tragedy of Geraldine, by Mrs. Hamblin, has been favorably received at Wallack's, and will probably have a run for some time to come. Mazeppa Hoxton continues the principal part.

Weather magnificent, cool, clear, and invigorating. Bank of our citizens are in the habit of loafing upward, were rewarded on Sunday night with one of the most beautiful displays of Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights ever exhibited in this vicinity. For more than an hour the heavens were alive with its brightness, and the unusually long and lasting streamers of blood-red and green the most delicate tints of white, gave to the "venetian vault" an appearance almost fearful in its beauty. In fact, the phenomenon is by no means rare, such as it is represented in the annual publications, was distinctly visible, from the extended plains of which radiated the most magnificent rays of light.

But I am at the end of my sheet.

FONTAINE.

Singular and Interesting Discovery.

We learn from Mr. Tyler, a farmer in Bar Mazee county, that last Monday morning, as one of his men was ploughing, the plough share turned up a long leather pouch, shaped something like a cylindrical bottle, bolted it, but thought nothing of the affair until the next day, at dinner time, when casually mentioning the circumstance to Mr. Tyler, the latter suggested that there might be something in it. They at once started for the neighborhood where it had been turned up, and were about giving up at two hours search in despair, when the man discovered it. He carried it into the house, where, upon its being untied, they found the vessel to be composed of a species of potter's clay, and its surface thickly covered with alternative figures of Digger Indian, who, upon a closer examination, proved to be engaged in conflict—one with the other. In fact, it gave a pretty faithful picture of a battle.

The figures were quite perfect in form and feature. This battle scene covered the whole of the longitudinal circumference. At one end of the vessel was the figure of a Digger Indian, (one knee bent) holding in one hand a bent bow, and in the other an arrow-bolt and the bow string, evidently looking down upon the prostrate form of him on whom he is half satisfied he seeks. On the other hand is a bunch of scalps! After handling it for some time, and hearing something rattle inside, they at last cut out