

PREHISTORIC MAN.

WHEN DID MAN MAKE HIS APPEARANCE ON THE PACIFIC COAST?

The following article, by the Hon. B. B. Redding (*Reno Gazette*, Dec. 31st, 1879), deals with a subject which cannot fail to interest all who look beyond their own lives to the life of the human race—all who long to pierce the veil that shrouds the origin of man.

In no part of the world is there so good an opportunity to gather facts as to the extent of time that man has been an inhabitant of the earth, as on the Pacific coast. Prospectors and miners are at work in all directions. Hydraulic miners are washing down hills; drift miners are delving at the bottom of extinct pliocene rivers; prospectors for gold, silver and cinnabar are turning up the surface in all probable and improbable places, over an area of at least 16,000 square miles; and farmers plow up the burial places of prehistoric man, and enrich their gardens from the shell mounds and kitchen refuse of a people who had disappeared from the earth countless ages before Abraham and Lot divided Palestine into sheep ranges. All of these people find frequent evidences of the work of prehistoric man. Instead of being saved and placed in some public institution, where they can be preserved, studied and compared, they are either left where found, or adorn some bar-room collection of quartz crystals, pyrites of iron and silver ores. There is no archaeological society on the Pacific coast; even

"THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS"

Has become extinct. The total collections of the work of prehistoric man of the Pacific coast, in the California Academy of Sciences and in the State University, will number but a few dozen mortars, obsidian knives, scrapers and arrow-heads, while the Smithsonian Institute, the French Ethnological Institute, Harvard University and the British Museum contain collections that may be measured by the ton. If miners and farmers on the Pacific coast who turn up mortars, spear-heads, or other works of man, made from stone, would send them to the Academy of Sciences, or to the University, with a short account of the place where and the circumstances under which they were found, the archaeological student would not be compelled to visit the Smithsonian or Harvard collections to obtain the means of comparison between the works of the people found here by Father Junipero Serra, and the race that lived on this coast before Shasta, Lassen Butte, and other now extinct volcanoes capped the Sierra with sheets of lava, or with those of a still more ancient people, who hunted and fished among the foothills of the Sierra when these hills were washed by the waters of the Pacific ocean—probably long before the Coast range of mountains made its appearance above the sea.

WHEN SHASTA AND OTHER VOLCANOES

Were pouring out lava, filling up the ancient river channels, forming our hydraulic mines, and causing a new system of drainage for the Sierra, the volcanoes of the Cascades in southwestern Oregon were sending out ashes, filling up the lakes, and making fossil the camel-llama, the one-toed horse, the saber-toothed tiger, and other animals that then roamed over that lake country. Vesuvius, in historic times, covered Pompeii and a region about five miles square with ashes. Southeastern Oregon is covered with volcanic ashes over an area of more than 200 square miles.

The evidence is beginning to accumulate that man lived in this, then lake region, of southwestern Oregon, contemporaneous with the fossil horse, the camel-llama and other animals

now extinct. In Big Bone prairie, in the Silver Lake region, in connection with the remains of these animals, Prof. Cope's men lately found arrow-heads, and so-called spear-heads. These differ in form from any now used by California or Oregon Indians. These so-called spear-heads are flakes of obsidian of various lengths, from 5 to 12 inches, chipped into a long, oval form, pointed at both extremities, sharpened at the edges, and varying in thickness at the thickest part—dependent upon the length—the smallest being a half-inch, and the largest an inch. Whatever the size, the form and proportions are always relatively the same. They were probably not spear-heads, as, if used for this purpose, there would be no object in sharpening both extremities. They were probably knives used for some special purpose. The oldest living California and Oregon Indians do not use them, and do not know what they were for. The McCloud Indians

STILL MAKE STONE KNIVES

Scrapers and arrow-heads, but nothing of this form. None of this kind have been found in the shell mounds or burial places of Pacific coast Indians, and some of the "kitchen middens" of the coast of California, must have been thousands of years in accumulating. They have never been found in California, except, below the boulders in hydraulic mines, at the bottom of extinct pliocene rivers, or below the auriferous earth and gravel of placer mines, and, as stated lately by Prof. Cope in Oregon, in connection with the fossil bones of extinct animals. There are two of these spear heads in the Smithsonian collection, one from the hydraulic mines of Calaveras county, and the other, numbered 7,342, from Folsom, Sacramento county. This spear head was found, with a disk of slate, having a hole in the center, on a ledge of granite, at the bottom of the gold mines, 23 feet below the present surface of the streets of the town of Folsom. About 30 feet below the streets of Folsom, the miners find a bed of hard, salt-water mud, filled with fossil oyster shells, and shells of the extinct crustaceans of what Clarence King calls the miocene ocean. This ledge of granite is a point from the foothills of the Sierra that jutted out into this ancient sea. Who were the people that hunted and fished along the foothills when the base of the Sierra was washed by the ocean? Was the top of Diablo then an island? Or was the

SACRAMENTO VALLEY AN ISLAND SEA

Like Puget sound or the Black sea? It is not singular that more of the spear-heads of these primeval people are not found, or that when discovered they should be found beneath the drift and boulders of our gold mines. If any were left on or near the present surface, and had been discovered by the ancestors of our present Indians, they would have been split into knives and arrow-heads, for obsidian in any form was of the first necessity, and the most valuable material in use until white men brought iron to the coast. So far as I can learn, there are five of these peculiar spear-heads in public institutions, two at the Smithsonian, two in the possession of Prof. Cope, and one at Harvard. There are probably dozens in miners' cabins, or ornamenting bar-rooms in the mountains, or used as paper weights in village grocery stores in California and Oregon, which, if they could be gathered in some public institution, with the facts and history of their discovery, would go far to prove that man made his appearance on earth, and lived on this coast when the mastodon, elephant, cave bear and saber-toothed tiger wandered among the foothills of the Sierra, or, perhaps earlier still, when the earth had so far evolved from hot chaos as to develop a climate that would give him food and provide him with shelter.

LEGACY TO A MINER.—Thomas J. Cooper, a miner, residing at Virginia City, Nevada, has just sailed for England to get the handsome sum of \$200,000; left him by his first cousin, Chas. Barker, late a merchant in Calcutta.

A STRANGE STORY.

Not long ago a well known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank notes of all countries and of all values, became the possessor of a Bank of England five pound note, to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it, which on closer examination proved to be semi-effaced words scrawled in blood between the printed lines and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long Hill, near Carlisle, he will know hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange misadventure first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting-house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually, his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey, and brought him home to England, where, however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations, and forced labor in the Dey's galleys. —LONDON TELEGRAPH.

SWALLOWS AND BEES.—The following letter appears in the columns of a Schleswick-Holstein agricultural journal: The question whether swallows are enemies to bees is generally met by a decided negative. But my experiences of the present year have convinced me of the contrary, at all events under certain circumstances. In former years I encouraged swallows to build under my roof, where they were held as sacred as the stork. One day, when the nests were full of good-sized young ones, whose never-ceasing hunger the parent birds were doing their best to satisfy, the idea struck me to examine the contents of one of their stomachs. It contained nothing but bees! That my friendship for my long-honored guests somewhat cooled after this is hardly to be wondered at, as I am an enthusiastic bee-master. On another occasion, then last summer, I saw the swallows waging war against the bees with a ferocity almost incredible. In the dull cold weather just prevailing there were scarcely any insects in the air, and I noticed how the swallows hovered about by dozens close to the hives, and dashed upon the bees as they returned home. So eager were they in the pursuit, that stone throwing, shooting, etc., did not deter them in the least. Suddenly, however a change came over the scene, for at the first glimpse of sunshine the bees in their turn became the aggressors, and attacked the swallows so savagely that the latter flew away uttering cries of pain, and not unfrequently fell to the ground with six or eight bees clinging fast to them, after turning endless summersaults in the air, in the endeavor to shake off their tormentors.

NERVOUS FAILURE.—When men do not die of some direct accident of disease they die, in nine cases out of ten, from nervous failure. And this is the peculiarity of nervous failure—that it may be fatal from one point of the nervous organism, the rest being sound. A man may, therefore, wear himself out by one mental exercise too exclusively followed, while he may live through many exercises extended over far greater intervals of time and involving more real labor if they be distributed over many seats of mental activity.