

THE MENDOCINO INDIAN RESERVATION.

This Reservation is located in Mendocino county, fifty miles south of Cape Mendocino, at the mouth of the river Eloyo, and extends a distance of seventy miles along the coast, covering an area of twenty-five thousand acres of the finest land in the State. The soil is represented to be admirably adapted to the raising of grain and vegetables, and its advantages for grazing unsurpassed, in consequence of the fogs of the coast, which have the effect of keeping the grass green throughout the year. These lands are abundantly supplied with water, from streams running from the mountains to the ocean, upon which are several mill sites, while their water affords an ever ending supply of the greatest variety of fish. The mountains in the vicinity are covered with forests of timber, filled with innumerable quantities of bear, deer, elk, &c. This source, together with the fish and the mussels, which are found in large quantities upon the rocks on the coast, will, it is supposed, give a sufficient supply of provisions, so as to save the expense of providing the Indians with fresh beef, a very important item.

This site was selected last winter, and already presents the appearance of a large settlement. A number of buildings for the accommodation of the Indians have been erected, and a crop of one hundred acres of potatoes, and fifty acres of grain are already in the ground. The Indians in the vicinity are represented to be wild and uncivilized, but friendly, and evincing a disposition to work and be useful. All the necessary labor, it is thought, could be performed by them. About two hundred are now on the Reservation, making provision for the accommodation of their brethren. The number of Indians within seventy-five miles is estimated at ten thousand. This Reservation is now in charge of Captain Ford, who selected the Nome Tackee Reservation, and in the successful arrangement of that demonstrated his peculiar fitness for such duties. The history of the operations of the Indian Department in this State, if correctly written up, would prove one of the most valuable and valuable of public documents, and we trust it may be, to evidence to the world the care taken by our Government for the aborigines. As near as our memory serves us,

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S. F. Globe.

MURKIN BOLD FATHERS.

UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

...I then asked her if she suspected any one. She said she could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked her because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook. I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, light faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance, once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.

Nancy Luther did you know that she was? I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?" I asked.

"No, sir," she answered.

"Then rest easy," I said. "I'll try and save you."

I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney, and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room, and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted the room to the prisoners' care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and I was told by telling how she found it in the prisoners' possession. She would swear it was the identical money she had lost in two bags and one five dollar note.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first lost your money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Did you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

"I don't know," she said.

"In what town?" she asked.

"I belong in Sangers, Mount-ain county."

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Yes, you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about my payments," said Mrs. Naseby.

"Just clear proof is the thing for the court to procure me the receipts."

"She said she would willingly do it if the court said so. The court did say so—she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me some receipts, which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange-looking hand by the witnesses.

"Now, Nancy Luther, did you, turning to the witnesses, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, please tell the court and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Sangers?"

"The witness started, as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question.

"I never sent any," she fairly gasped. "You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I did not," she faintly uttered, grasping the railing by her side for support.

"May I please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a man who has been arrested for robbing the mail and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters, which had been torn open and robbed of money."

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