

MISTAKE.—The article in the *Christian Ad-  
vocate* on the Indians and Reservations in this  
State places the Klamath Reserve on Rogue  
supposed it occurred in that paper uninten-  
tionally, and in copying the article merely  
substituted the name of the proper river—  
Klamath; but we see the same article going  
the rounds of our exchanges just as it origi-  
nally appeared, for which reason we call at-  
tention to it. Rogue river is not in Califor-  
nia, but in Oregon; and the Klamath Reserve  
is on the river of the same name, in this State.

# HUMBOLDT TIMES

## UNION, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

### BOLDT-TIMES.

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side of the Plaza.

TERMS.  
FOR ONE YEAR, \$5.  
FOR THREE MONTHS, \$1.  
FOR SIX MONTHS, \$2.  
FOR THREE MONTHS, \$1.  
FOR SIX MONTHS, \$2.  
FOR ONE YEAR, \$5.

Call Her Mother.

the is over  
I turned aside  
sets from seeing  
only not later  
face in smiles  
little brother  
her's chosen  
not call her mother.

ing creature,  
and gentle sit  
soft and loving  
sunny hair,  
leg give her  
one angel,  
an angel,  
all her mother.

her singing  
on today  
strange were uttered,  
singing  
heart to hear it.

"Welcome, Sir Pilgrim," spoke the knight  
of Calatrava, meeting him to be seated, any  
ions to learn tidings from Saragosa, alon-  
at the same time the page, who making a  
slight obeisance, left the room, seeking im-  
mediately that part of the castle appropriated  
to the Lady Inez.

A hark!—come stripping was the lateral page  
of the fair heiress of Alhambra's lovely line.  
No heed it derived the notice of many that  
a brightly, derisive smile oftentimes curved  
his patrician lips, whenon might he track  
fervid eyes, the same that flashed in his dark,  
glittering eyes, belonging more of resolve and  
high chivalrous daring than any mortal  
his apparent grade in the duke's household—  
evincing a restlessness and impatience of re-  
straint at variance with the subdued man-  
ner of a servant, as was the haughtiness of his bearing  
with the ill-assured familiarity of the page  
with her lord's mail and knightly armor.

The Lady Inez had dismissed her attend-  
ants, and sat musing by her window alone.  
"What could Monterrey's telegraphic glance  
mean? I fear some pending evil—yet would  
I welcome any fate that would free me from  
the sin of incurring this hated bondage, from  
which my soul so shrinks. Strange, that he  
comes not! How I have watched since night-  
fall for his signal—watched for it, night by  
night as my life's sole guiding star! Strange  
that no gleam comes now in this lone night  
of anxiety and dread!—The lights in the cas-  
tle have long been extinguished, one by one,  
and yet his taper glimmers not!—Can he  
have perished—or has he forgotten?—And  
pregnant her small palms to her hovering  
breast, as if to still its wild throbbing, she  
again raved out into the darkness, heaving  
back the heavy tapestry with her hand, as a  
step in the shrubbery arrested her attention,  
A halberd was placed against the stone bal-  
ustrade of her balcony, when she counted  
forward with the joyful cry:

"This he—my Monterrey." "Now welcome  
my love that leads to hate and freedom!  
The next moment a fleet, elastic step had  
scaled the halberd and vaulted lightly into the  
room, when she was caught, to the breast of

the respiration stirred from his clay-cold brow.

"And even Charles of Castile taunt me with  
being unchaste and a wanderer? When last  
we met it will be as equals."  
And now, living his cloak around him,  
he stood, precisely erect, with fiery, flashing  
eye, and firm, compressed lip, as Charles, with  
dark knit brows, drew the folds of his plumed  
insignia of royalty, and without trusting him-  
self with another look on the young and who  
habit across his rich vest, wrought with the  
dignity of a knight, drew as if for protection nearer to the slip-  
per, strode away, pulling his coat over  
his features, with the sullen mien of a baffled,  
imperious spirit, and was soon lost in the  
darkness.

Again it was the hour of deep midnight,  
and Charles of Spain, accompanied by a su-  
perb follower, traversed in silence the gloomy  
aisles of the cathedral of Notre Dame, when  
striking at a square slab of marble, by the  
light of a small lantern, they descended from  
the pavement, and descended into the vault  
below. Looking around on the monuments,  
above a high ledge, the heavy milled-wal-  
nut, traced the records of departed  
monarchs, as he observed:

"Is a gloomy enough place, this sepul-  
chral vault. And so this dark cavernous la-  
byrint, extends, under ground, winding its  
night passage to the citadel, outside the  
city walls?"

"Then stopping before a black marble tomb,  
with the simple inscription, 'Carlos, Inez,'  
the king stood a moment in deep meditation.  
"This, then, is the tomb we seek, and the  
place where Segovia and his adherents are to  
meet. To-night, too, the Electoral College  
is to meet for their final ballot."  
The cavalier bowed assent in silence.  
"Here comes Segovia, and his following."  
Quick—the key. And applying it to the  
rusty lock, the ponderous door swung open,  
when he entered the tomb, the dark, mortal  
air, returning on its worn hinges, closed  
upon him—the damp, chill vapors of the in-  
terior faintly rising up around him, as he stood  
on the slaty stone steps, curdling his very  
blood with terror. His limbs shook, and  
the respiration stirred from his clay-cold brow.

free flambeau, flashing on the tortuous wind-  
ings, her swarthy face gleamed with a cold smile.

"Arrest for treason!" blaring forth the con-  
spirators before me—see that none escape.  
Gonzalez, hand me the list of the traitors  
names." And as the conspirators were brought  
forward he read from the roll:—Monterrey,  
Duke of Segovia, Savoy's Duke of Gonthor,  
Marquis Inez, the Duke of Calatrava. "This  
well. Being forth the warden to the block-  
the common herald I value not. Forward!  
At that moment fitted through the dark-  
ness, as a sunbeam from out a cloud, the light  
form of Inez, Countess of Alhambra, who,  
kneeling on the platform, clung to the dark-  
ness with the impassioned energy of despair.  
"When my father received his death wound  
on the plain of Manganas, you promised to  
protect his child, and now she kneels to claim  
the fulfillment of that knightly promise given  
then. If I shrink not, from death on that  
battle-field, I shrink not, I will need  
no tutor to teach me how to meet it, if you  
condemn Monterrey to the block!"

Passing his hand across his brow, to screen  
the paler gleaming there, Charles, Quint  
raised the prostitute girl tenderly, as with  
tones calm and controlled by a mighty effort  
of his strong will, he said: "My blighted  
word, Lady Inez, shall be sacred. Charles  
of Spain never yet pledged his language for  
or unredeemed."

Then stepping promptly forward, in whom  
she had knelt and adored as the young knight  
of Monterrey, without bending his knee to his  
sovereign, saluting him, without further re-  
verence than he might bestow on a knight of  
his own degree, lying aside the folds of his  
cloak, discovering the insignia of royalty bla-  
zoned on his breast, as cross and order gleam-  
ed in the torchlight. Proud and defiant was  
his tone, as he said:

"If Charles of Castile seeks only to doom  
the nobles, among the conspirators, to the  
block, John of Aragon must surely pilot the  
key for Spain's granadas, by their rank what  
it may. When you doomed my father to the  
block, and myself to exile, you could not find  
me of my rank, and here, even here, do my  
way to the scaffold. I renounce it, claiming pre-

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Pio BRINDLE.—In these like many years  
ago, there resided a gentleman of great be-  
havior, a fine intellect, and, though unemploy-  
ed, possessed of a fair kind sense. Col. W.  
however, erin  
memory serves,  
also been judge of the county court. His cele-  
bration, however, had made him somewhat  
pompous, and he became very fond of using  
big words. On his farm he had a large mis-  
chance, or, called the Brindle, which fre-  
quently broke down his neighbors' fences, and  
the Colonel's annoyance,  
and committed other deprecations, much to  
the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning after breakfast, in the pre-  
sence of some gentlemen who had staid with  
him over night, and who were now of their  
way to town, he called his overseer and said  
to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impose on Big  
Brindle, in order that I may hear no more  
of his eternal deprecations. Meet after a  
week, and walk off, sorely pained,  
to know what the Col. meant."

So, after Col. W. left for the town, he went  
to his wife and asked her what Col. W. meant  
by telling him to impose on the ox.

"Why," said she, "the Col. means to tell  
you to put him in a pen."  
Allen left to perform the feat, for it was  
no considerable one, as the animal was very  
wild and vicious, and after a great deal of  
trouble and vexation, he succeeded.

"Well," said he, "sipping the persuasion  
from his brow, and softening, this is in-  
deed a fine feat. Now, I'll deal with the old  
Colonel will ask me if I have imposed on Big  
Brindle, and I'll let it please him, as best as  
I can."

"The next day the Col. gave a dinner party  
and, as he was not aristocratic. After the  
overseer sat down with the company. After  
the second of third glass was discussed, the  
Col. turned to the overseer and said:

"Oh, Mr. Allen, did you impose on Big  
Brindle, sir?"

"Allen, straightened himself, and, looking  
around at the company, said:

"I yes, I did, big old Brindle transcribed is not in  
the impetus of the imposture, and results  
blatantly all over the equanimity of the  
having, etc.

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