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Nov. 28, 1867. JOHN F. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

TIME OF HOLDING COURT.
Second Monday in January.
Last Monday in April.
First Monday in August.
First Monday in November.

THE BUCANERS BRIDAL. A Story of Old Spain. BY B. SYMPH.

If you had been on a certain island
in the Southern Ocean, one tropical
evening, just before the rising of the
moon, you might have seen a tall, pow-
erfully built young Spaniard, clad in a
rich, naval costume, standing upon the
beach, and earnestly pointing out over
the water. You would also have seen
a graceful girl hanging on his arm, and
pleading with him in tones of plaintive
expostulation.

Alonzo Melendez was the son of an
old Spanish grandee, who had served
with distinction as a naval leader in the
army of Napoleon. He had accompan-
ied his father constantly through his
career, and his daring impetuosity had
given him a brilliant reputation in the
fleet. It also totally unfitted him to en-
joy grave and decorous society or to sub-
mit to the restraints of civil life. Hence,
when the wars were over, and the old
hero retired to his palace on the banks
of the Guadalquivir, it was found to be
his dear sorrow, that his son was des-
tined to be his constant companion no
longer.

He had planned for him a marriage
with the lovely Donna Inez, whose father
owned the vast estates adjoining his
own. The two youth were warmly at-
tached to each other, as was observed
with lively satisfaction by the parents
of both. Yet Alonzo would often break
away from the sweet fetters of love, and
with a number of young nobility, over
whom he exercised an indelible fascina-
tion, spend days, and even weeks
hunting in the mountains.

At length reports came to the city
that his expeditions sometimes resulted
in the loss of more valuable lives than
those of the wolf and wild deer. But
Don Melendez turned a deaf ear to these
rumors, believing them the off-
spring of envious scandal. Until infor-
mation from authentic sources reached
the dual palace, that in a secluded
hamlet in the mountains, he with his
dissolute companions, actuated by wan-
ton recklessness, had broken in upon a
band of worshippers, had massacred the
aged priest at the altar, and spent the
night carousing on the hallowed
wine, did he believe that a scion of his
noble house could act unworthily. But
now, he was waited upon by dignitaries
of the church and court, who warned
him of the legal and ecclesiastical pro-
secutions about the descent upon his
house, in consequence of the sacrilege.

He demanded of Alonzo on account
of his conduct. Alonzo haughtily re-
fused the slightest; and after exhaust-
ing persuasion and threats, the exasper-
ated father commanded him to leave
his house forever, and abide the sen-
tence of the law as best he might.

Don Garcia, the father of Inez, had
given earlier credence to these reports,
and forbidden his daughter to hold in-
tercourse with the young renegade, as
he deemed him. But she indulged
her lover with many stolen meetings,
regarding his wild tales of adventure as
chivalrous inspirations. Her father
discovered her transgressions, and con-
fined her in an upper chamber.

Alonzo, expelled from his father's
house, awaited not the tardy movement
of Spanish justice. But collecting his
comrades who had shared his last ex-
ploits, and were liable to the same con-
demnation as himself, took possession of
a small vessel and fled to the islands
where our story opens, and introucing
themselves here, became noted corsairs
increasing in strength, and a terror all
over the seas.

Months passed away, and Inez, tho'
released from confinement, still mourned
her lover. Refusing the offers of the
noblest gallants of Spain, she passed the
weary days in the garden, watching
the gay barges as they skimmed up and
down the river, and wondering if she
should never hear the manly voice of
Alonzo or the sweet tinkle of his fami-
liar guitar.

One evening, walking thus, her list-
less gaze was attracted by a pinnace,
surpassing in splendor anything she had

THE ELK ADVOCATE

RIDGWAY, PENNA. JANUARY 9, 1868.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

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ever seen, and containing a number of
cavaliers, who fairly blazed with jewels.
"Who is that?" she said to Lizelle,
her confidential attendant.

"Oh, my lady, it is a Portuguese no-
bleman, who is visiting the Admiral
Vicenza. He claims to be a descen-
dant of the ancient Vikings. The
king of Spain and his ministers exam-
ined him to test the truth of his claims.
They say a man was never known so
well acquainted with all sea-faring mat-
ters."

And Lizelle rattled on for a long time,
telling her mistress the wonderful ex-
ploits of the stranger, and his display
before the council, which she had heard
from some gossip or other.

When the stranger arrived, his mag-
nificent appearance, confirming the fame
which had gone before him, charmed
all in a brilliant assemblage. When,
after being presented to all, he invited
Inez, as the daughter of his host, to
walk in the gardens with him. She
consented gladly, that she might con-
verse with him upon the subject up-
permost in her thoughts. No sooner
were they out of hearing of the gay re-
velers, than her whole soul broke forth
in her question.

"Oh, sir, you have sailed over all
seas, and know all mysteries, have you
ever seen or heard of one Alonzo de
Melendez?"

The stranger suddenly laid aside his
assumed demeanor, and throwing off
his jewelled court robe at the same
time, together with the mask, so cunningly
contrived as to be undistinguish-
able, while it altered his complexion
and the shape of his features, also heavy
curling locks which covered his head
and flowed below his elbows, revealed
Alonzo himself, in the gay cavaliering
suit he had been wont to wear in
her company. She neither shrieked
nor fainted, but like a true daughter of
old Spain, threw her arms about his
neck, and covered his brow and cheeks
with kisses—then brought him to tell
her all his past history.

"No, no," he exclaimed, "another
time. You shall be mine now—forever.
Call your maiden—gather up your jew-
els. All is arranged. Even now my
pinnace comes in sight!" and the pin-
nace which Inez had seen on the pre-
ceding evening, manned by the same
cavaliers, came up to the mossy bank.

Inez placed a silver call to her lips,
and, in a moment, Lizelle stood by her
side.

"Run to my chamber, dear, and make
immediate preparations for flight. We
leave Spain tonight. Or, stay a mo-
ment, I will go with you."

They had scarcely gone before torches
came flashing through the grove, and
Don Garcia burst upon Alonzo, followed
by a train of armed servants.

"Ho! impostor, have I found you?
Seize him, slaves, seize the villain!"

The cavaliers from the pinnace dashed
upon his train, while Alonzo speaking
a few hurried words to each as he came
astore, strode rapidly away, followed by
five of those to whom he had spoken.
Taking a circuitous route he had stood
beneath the chamber window of Inez.
The window was open and Inez anxiously
looked out. He bounded up the
stairs' but was met on the way by weep-
ing Lizelle, who informed him that Don
Garcia had discovered who he was, had
looked up her mistress, and was now
seeking him, swearing to take his life
upon the instant.

Alonzo tried the door; it resisted all
his efforts. He hastened back to the
ground where he had left his own men.
An iron trellis-work, of a small but
strong wire, supporting a fragrant flower
cane, ran up the palace wall, past the
window and over the turret above.—
Alonzo climbed up this and entered the
window. In the meantime two of his
men knelt on the ground; two others
stood upon their shoulders; the fifth
mounted the shoulders of the last two,
and steadied himself by holding the
window sill, which he could just reach.
Alonzo lifted Inez through the window
as if she had been an infant, then low-
ered her until she could set her foot up
on the shoulder of the nearest man and
grasp his collar with one hand. The
men below extended their arms, and
taking firm hold of the trellis, formed
steps, or rounds, from one to the other
of which she swung herself, and reached
the ground in safety. The men then
immediately separated. It was all done
in a moment.

Alonzo descended as he ascended;
then he snatched up Inez in his arms,
followed by his men, one of whom bore
Lizelle in the same manner, and all set
out at full speed for the river, at a point
above the conflict, which they could
plainly hear.

When they reached the water the
sound had ceased, and soon after the pin-
nace came to meet them. Alonzo, when
he left the gardens, had ordered his
men to engage the Don's retinue as long
as safety would allow, then to take the

boat and proceed to this point. His or-
ders had been obeyed to the letter.

All hastened aboard; the two maid-
ens were concealed below; the boat was
stripped of its gay trappings; the gaily
cabin metamorphosed into a common
hatchway. A deck was laid, and a
number of fish, recently taken, scatter-
ed over it. The whole was smeared
with mud and slime, and the two cars-
men, who remained in sight, could not
in the clearest sunshine have been taken
for other than ordinary fisherman,
propelling a fishing craft of the com-
monest description.

As the transformed pinnace slowly
glided down the stream, a number of
barges met them, bearing Don Garcia
and his retinue, who, unable to capture
Alonzo by land, had taken up the pur-
suit upon water.

"Tell me knaves," shouted the Don,
"have ye seen the impostor's pinnace
above?"

"What impostor, my lord!"

"What impostor, forsooth!" yelled
the Don; "by St. Jago, if thou answerest
not I will cleave thee from crown to
sole!"

"Nay, my lord," replied the carsman,
in feigned tremulous accents, "we have
seen no pinnace."

"S' death! then he has escaped us!
Row, row on!"

So the seeming fishing boat passed
by, and reaching a small vessel anchor-
ed in the harbor, was, with its occu-
pants, quickly hoisted into it, and that
night weeping and wailing rang through
the dual mansion, for the lovely Donna
Inez had bidden an eternal adieu to the
shores of Spain.

Arriving at the island rendezvous,
Alonzo, caused a throne to be prepared
in which he conducted Inez, and calling
around him his enthusiastic followers,
announced to them their queen. They
received her with shouts of welcome,
and each man solemnly devoted the last
drop of his blood to her honor and
safety.

The island was one of a group so sit-
uated that the pirate vessel could be in
its harbor, totally concealed from any
passing ship, yet everything that tra-
versed the waters within sight of the
group, could be discerned from her
mast-head, as well as from the nook in
the hills, where the chieftain had con-
structed his dwelling. This last was a
rural bower, shining within with silks
and gems, and its rear opened into a
cavern, extending many hundred feet
into the rocks, where were gathered the
richest spoil. The cottage, the habita-
tions of the men, the openings from the
cavern to the water, even the paths
which led to them, were entirely con-
cealed by the luxuriant tropical growths
and all the implements of their calling,
were, on their return from a cruise, so
carefully hidden away, that one un-
familiar with the place, might land
upon the island, without finding any
trace of human life.

Inez reigned here in perfect happi-
ness for a few days. But Alonzo's fiery
soul panted for action. His men had
discovered a strange sail in the offing,
and he burned to share in its capture.
Our story opens during the preparations
for this cruise.

The little vessel lay at the mouth of
the harbor, her slender masts and flimsy
rigging delicately traced against the
starlight sky. Alonzo had been point-
ing out her beauties to his queen, and
endeavoring to make her share in the
delight of his wild anticipations. But
for the first time in his life, he failed in
this. She sought to stay him with all
her powers of persuasion. Tenderly he
remonstrated with her, bidding her dis-
miss her fears. And now the full moon
leaped above the horizon; there was
hurry and tramp on the deck of the
schooner. She began to spread her
white wings, and as they rounded out
before the breeze, a boat put off to
shore for the chieftain. He clasped the
betrothed in his arms, pressed one long,
kiss upon her lips, then stepping into
the boat was soon lost to the view of
Donna Inez.

Months passed and yet he came not.
His band sailed on every sea, and visit-
ed every port in search of him, in vain.
When the sickness of hope deferred
had settled down upon her heart, as she
was one afternoon sweeping the horizon
with her glass, she saw a strange sail
bearing directly down upon the island.
Nearer, nearer it came, and with joy she
recognized Alonzo's pennon. In less
than two hours the fresh breeze brought
the stranger into the harbor. He met
Inez on the beach, and snatching her in
his arms exclaimed:

"We are betrayed, pursued; our on-
ly safety is in flight."

It was too late, however. The pur-
suer, an armed Spanish vessel, was just
entering the harbor. Alonzo dashed
against his antagonist in full career, and
the two vessels were at once grappled
together. The Spaniards outnumbered
the corsairs four to one, and though the

latter surrendered only to death, they
were borne down, beaten back, and sur-
rounded on their own deck by their foes.
Their vessel was soon on fire; volumes
of smoke and flame, mingled with
shouts, oaths, shrieks and groans, arose,
and canopied that sweet and peaceful
harbor with an infernal pall.

"Bring the priest on deck!" shouted
Alonzo. Then to Inez: "I vowed long
years ago to make you my bride; I will
now fulfil that vow, though our bridal
tour be made beyond the dark river."

Two resolute men cut their way thro'
the combatants, and returned bringing
the priest with them.

When Alonzo went on this expedition
he had been captured by the authorities
of Spain, and confined in prison until he
should be tried for his former sacrilege;
for the abduction of Don Garcia's
daughter and for the crime of piracy;
but, making his escape, he had taken
another vessel, raised another crew, and
compelled this priest to accompany him,
for the express purpose of fulfilling his
promise to Inez, in the performance of
the marriage ceremony. Much as the
holy man detested strife and bloodshed,
he advanced with unflinching step into
the tumult, where Alonzo, with Inez by
his side, was combatting for life. A
ring of stalwart fellows encircled the
three, and beat back the combatants
crowding upon them. Clear and firm,
above the savage din, arose the voice of
the venerable man, as he pronounced
the words which made them one—as
clearly and firmly arose their responses.

A crash—the fire had reached the
magazine, and corsair and Spaniard,
bridegroom and bride, the priest, the
fighting and the dying, pluck, spurs,
and rigging, were hurled into the upper
air together. The waves, beaten into
foam by the shower of ruin falling upon
them, dashed high upon the shores, and
ran, surging and roaring, through the
channels and inlets, then subsided peace-
fully, and all was still.

One solitary survivor remained, and
he was mangled beyond all hope of re-
covery. Walking along the desolate
shores, he discovered the forms of Inez
and Alonzo, locked in a close embrace.
They, between whom adverse fate had
so often interposed in life, were united
in death. With incredible exertions
he dug a shallow grave, wherein he
laid the forms of his chieftain and queen.
Then gathering into the cottage the
accumulated spoils of years, he applied
the torch, and flung himself into the
flames.

Simplicity in Language.

Don't part with your common sense
when you write. You need not make
an idiot of yourself because you have a
pen in your hand. Be simple, be honest,
be unaffected in your speaking and
writing. Never use a long word where
a short one will do. Call things by
their right names; never smother your
thoughts with a cloud of phrases; let a
spade be a spade, not a well known ob-
liging instrument of manual labor; let
home be home, not a residence; a place
not a locality. Write much as you
would speak; speak as you think.
With your inferiors, speak no coarser
than usual; with your superiors, no
finer. Be what you say, and say what
you are. Avoid all oddity of expression.
The wise man will so speak that no one
may observe how he speaks. Above all,
do not bore your company with an affec-
tation of precision and accuracy. One of
the worst nuisances is the talker who is
always setting you right. If some one
says that 10,000 men were killed in our
battle, do not tell them it was only 9,
970. Allow for a little latitude of state-
ment in the freedom of easy talk, and
be not shocked with a certain degree of
harmless embellishment, when no false
impression is given or intended. Talk
to please, not yourself, but your neigh-
bor; give him the refreshment of sit-
ting by a cheerful, modest, sensible talk-
er; one who is equally ready to give or
take, and who leaves his facts and his
opinions on your memory; not the
words in which they were uttered. Be a
gentleman in openness of demeanor, in
simplicity of manner, in freedom from
singularity, if not so by birth. Show
your good taste and good breeding in
your speech and style, if not in the fash-
ion of your dress and your knowledge of
etiquette.

—The oldest living Odd Fellow in
the United States is Past Grand Broth-
er Benjamin Cowning, of Newport
Rhode Island. He is 83 years of age,
and joined the order at Harwich, Eng-
land, in 1807.

—In the great wheat growing coun-
ties of Central Illinois a very large
breadth of land was sown to wheat last
fall, and the show is said to be magnificent
and promising. If nothing untoward
happens, a good yield may be expected.

—Two negroes and one white man is
the proportion in which Florida juries
are mixed.

Why a Woman Cannot Be- come a Mason.

At the late anniversary celebration of
the Masons of Austin, Nevada, the orator
of the day thus discoursed upon the
question "Why cannot a woman be
made a Mason?" It has the merit of
novelty at least, and is a capital bur-
lesque on those over zealous Masons
who trace the institution of Masonry
back to the foundations of the world.
The speaker said:

"Woman sometimes complains that
she is not permitted to enter our lodges
and work with the craft in their labors,
and learn all there is to be learned in
the institution. We will explain the
reason. We learn that, before the Ad-
miralty had finished his work, he was
in some doubt about creating Eve. The
creation of every living and creeping
thing had been accomplished, and the
Almighty had made Adam, (who was
the first Mason) and created for him
the first Lodge in the world, and called
it Paragon No. 1. He then cursed
all the beasts of the field and fowls of
the air to pass before Adam for him to
name them, which was a piece of the
work he had to do alone, so that no con-
fusion might thereafter arise from Eve,
when he knew would make trouble if
she was allowed to participate in it, if
he created her beforehand.

"Adam being very much fatigued
with the labors of the task fell asleep,
and when he awoke he found Eve in
the Lodge with him. Adam, being
Senior Warden, placed Eve as the pillar
of beauty in the south, and they received
their instructions from the Grand
Master in the east, which when finished,
immediately called the Craft from labor
to refreshment. Instead of attending
to the duties of her office, as she ought,
she left the station, violated her obliga-
tions, and let in an expelled Mason, who
had no business there, and went around
with him, leaving Adam to look after
the jewels. The fellow had been ex-
pelled from the grand Lodge, with sev-
eral others sometime before. But hearing
of the footsteps of the Grand Master,
he suddenly took his leave, telling Eve to
make upons, as she and Adam were not
in proper regular. She went and told
Adam, and when the Grand Master re-
turned to the Lodge he found his grav-
el had been stolen.

"He called for the Senior and Junior
Wardens, who had neglected to guard
the door, and found them absent. Af-
ter searching some time he came to
where they were hid, and demanded of
Adam what he was doing there, instead
of occupying his official station. Adam
replied that he was waiting for Eve to
call the Craft from refreshment to labor
again, and that the Craft was not prop-
erly clothed, which they were making
provisions for. Turning to Eve, he
asked her what she had to offer in ex-
cess for her unofficial and unasonic
conduct. She replied that a fellow
passing himself off as a Grand Lec-
turer had been giving her instructions,
and she thought it was no harm to
learn them. The Grand Master then
asked her what had become of his gar-
et; she said she didn't know, unless
the fellow had taken it away.

"Finding that Eve was no longer
trustworthy, and that she had caused
Adam to neglect his duty, and had let
in one whom he had expelled, the
Grand Master had the Lodge closed,
and turning them out, set a faithful
Tyler to guard the door with a flaming
sword. Adam, repenting of his folly,
went to work like a man and a good
Mason, in order to get reinstated again.
Not so with Eve; she got angry about
it, and commenced raising Cain. Adam,
on account of his reformation, was per-
mitted to establish Lodges and work in
the lower degrees; and, while Eve was
allowed to join him in the works of char-
ity outside, she was never again to be
admitted to assist in the regular work
of the Craft. Hence the reason why wo-
men cannot become an inside Mason."

—Three thousand seven hundred and
eighty miles of railroad in Ohio with
\$38,999,000 capital, and \$92,000,000
debt.

—Edgman Young has assumed the
role of Joseph. He has concealed his
people to by seven years' supplies of
wheat, as he prophesies a great famine.

—On Saturday, of last week, a host
of Tarrytown people skated on the Hud-
son, opposite the village, which have
nearly across the river, a circumstance
which had not occurred for many years.

—Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, Rad-
ical, has addressed a letter to President
Johnson, asking a pardon for General
John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-Pres-
dent, who is now in Paris in very re-
duced circumstances.

—The New Foundland papers are
ringing with the praises of the young
heroic Captain William Jackson, who
saved by his own exertions twenty-sev-
en men from the wreck of a vessel off
Lalador during a hurricane.

—Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of
the Sewing Machine, has left an estate
of \$610,000, according to an inventory
just filed in the Probate Court of Fair-
field, Connecticut.

—A British transport went ashore at
Castine, Maine, in 1789, and a batch
of shingles was taken from the wreck
recently, and found to be as sound as
when shipped from England.

—A Brahmin rooster at Amesbury,
Mass., was found to have thirteen nick-
cents and two two-cent pieces in his
crop.