Elk County Advocate.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1869.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JNO W GEARY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican State Convention.

HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

The cession of the Hudson Bay Territory to the British Government is a fixed fact. As we once before observed, this will open the way for a Pacific Railroad through the country just to the north of our territory—a rival to our proposed Northern Pacific Railroad. We don't, however, believe such a line is seriously contemplated, though the Senate Pacific Railroad Committee's report professes to beliave it probable, and though it is possible that English enterprise would attempt it when it finds that our Pacific Railroad is taking the commerce of the East from the English grip. It is, morever, said that the country along Red River, Kootenai, etc., is as capable of sustaining a dense and thrifty population as Minnesota or Montana, and that it only needs a railroad to develop it. There is no doubt that the Hudson Bay Company, wishing to retain its title to it, and wishing, also, to discourage settlement upon this fur-bearing wilderness, has systematically depreciated its capabilities for the uses of civilization. After all it matters little to us whether this railroad be built or not. If it be not, our own Superior and Puget Sound line will be built some day as soon as it is really needed, and if this British road be built we shall get hold of it, and all the population it develops, in that not distant future, when our country shall be an "Ocean bound Republic."

NEWS ITEMS.

—Gold closed in New York Saturday at 133¼.

—The steamer Rising Star, from Aspinwall, has arrived at New York.

—Colorado advertises for 1,000 unmarried women.

—In Cincinnati, the stage-drivers are uniformed.

—George H. Pendleton is proposed for Governor of Onio.

—A Korfolk, Virginia, girl of twelve years of age, is a mother.

—The Vatican Palace at Rome contains thirteen thousand chambers.

—Gambling has been licensed by the Nevada Legislature.

—A Shanghai rooster killed a small child in Kentucky the other day.

—Jesse R. Grant, father of Ulysses S. Grant, is Postmaster at Covington Ky.

—Pittsburg has a man with a beard eight feet long.

—Dan Rice will scon make his tenth annual farewell tour.

—The Mutal Base Ball Club of New York pays its "catcher" 1000 per annum.

—New Orleans has over three hundred Cuban refugees.

—Portland Maine, has a dog that drags a sled up a hill, gets on it, and then slides down.

—Japan has model dentists who loosen the teeth by blows from a mallet, and then pull them out with the fingers.

—An Irish girl, of Easton, has fallen heir to $50,000. She is believed to be much handsomer than formerly.

—Sheward who murdered his wife in 1851 at Norwich, England, has confessed his guilt and received sentence of death.

—The decrease of specie in the Bank of France for last week was seven millions francs.

—In the Brooklyn Court of Sessions, on April 8, Thomas McCann was sentenced to twenty years at Sing Sing for highway robbery.

—Several companies of the 18th United States infantry arrived in St. Louis, from Omah, Saturday.

—Wm. Scott, a nephew of Sir Walter Scott, died at the St. Andrews House, Montreal, April 8, aged sixty-four years.

—About a million and a half of dollars have been remitted from Cuba to a private banker in New York, the interest on which is to be devoted to the sick and wounded of the patriot army.

—The jury in the case of Kauffman, the barber, on trial in Pittsburg for the murder of the little boy, Edward Miller, on the 6th of February, after deliberating over seventeen hours, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree.

—A Havana dispatch says: The proposed system of confisication was before the Administrative Council yesterday, and having been declared unprecedented and unjust, it was tabled

—The letters sent to the Governor on behalf of Twitchell were from the utmost variety of sources. Some were sentimental, some legal and quite a number gave the history of cases in which innocent men had been hung on circumstantial evidence.

—A dispatch from Gold Hill mine, California, of Saturday, says: Twenty-eight bodies have been recovered. The fire is still burning on the eight hundred foot level at Yellow Jacket. The effects of the cave this morning was removed, and a stream of water was thrown on the flames about four o'clock this afternoon. It is expected that the fire will be entirely subdued before morning. It is now stated that at least forty men perished by the awful calamity. The bodies recovered present a horrible appearance, and indicate desperate efforts to escape the intense suffering before breathing ceased.

Fernando Po.

The island of Fernando Po is situated on the western coast in Africa, in the Bight of Biaira, which is the extreme end of the Gulf of Guinea. Its southern extremity is situated at three degrees twenty-five minutes north of the equator, and its longitude is eight degrees thirty-five minutes east of Greenwich. Its nearest point to the mainland is about forty-five miles. The highest point of the island is a little more than 11,000 feet, while its rival, the Cameroon Mountains, situated four degrees north, is more than 13,000 feet. The Cameroon Mountains were ascended by Captain Burton, the distinguished discoverer of Lake Tanganica, a few years ago.

The Cameroon and Fernando are decidedly of volcanic origin, and so are two islands of Princess and St. Thomas, which are not far distant.

The Island of Fernando Po was discovered by the Portuguese in the year 1471, who ceded it to Spain in the year 1778. No European settlement was ever made on the island till the year 1782, and this was made by the English, who at that time knew not that that the Spaniards had the right of possession.

In the year 1827 the English established on the island a coaling station so that their war steamers, which were engaged in prosecution of the prevention of the slave trade in the Bight of Biafra might cool there and get provisions. The settlement was called Clarance, and the bay was called by the same name. Part of the liberated slaves captured from slavers, and other liberated slaves from Sierra Leone, were brought there, and when I visited the island the first time the population of Clarence might have been a thousand. There was a good deal of sickness among the negroes. A few traders made the headquarters of the establishment there, for Clarence is an excellent port for shipping palm oil, the water being deep and well sheltered from tornadoes. Vessels can almost touch the shore, Clarence was at that time considered a kind of entreport, to store palm oil till it was shipped home. One of the traders was named Governor of the colony by the English.

The freed slaves began to plant orange and lemon trees and other fruit trees, which were brought from the West Indies, and they made a living by selling them to the numerous men-of-war which came to coal at the island; and bananas, pine-apples, sweet potatoes, ground, nuts and yams were also products which met a steady sale. The colony went on; the blacks were somewhat prosperous, at any rate far more so than the natives living on the continent.

The Spaniards, some ten years ago thinking that the English were doing well, claimed the island, took possession of it, signalizing their appearance by bringing a large number of monks and sisters of different orders, who began to die very shortly after their arrival. Soldiers were also sent and a Spanish Governor; then a penal settlement was formed. The liberated Africans, who had been somewhat Christianized by Protestant missionaries, began to perceive that they could not worship God according to their own consciences. Their meetings in their churches were forbidden, though they were allowed to retain their Bibles and meet in their houses.

The convicts are employed to make roads, cut trees, work hard in the hot sun, and of course the climate makes short work of them. Nothing can be more picturesque and beautiful than the island of Fernando Po. Hills after hills are covered to the very summit with magnificent trees, which come down to the sea, and the little streams of most delightful water pour down from the mountains, and Fernado Po would be a most charming island to live in if it was not on account of the deadly climate. The natives of the island number about five thousand, and are called Boobees. The malaria causes fever, and many die of it The rains are heavy and continuous, the heat is very great, dysentery and liver complaints are also common, and the negroes will be able to live on the island for a long time to come. The great number of graves testify to the great mortality among the whites, and the transportation of these political prisoners to Fernando Po is an outrage against humanity and a disgrace to civilization.

NICKNAMES OF CITIES.—The following is a list of nicknames of a number of cities of the Union:

New York—Gotham.
Boston—The Modern Athens.
Philadelphia—The Quaker City.
Baltimore—The Monumental City.
Cincinnati—The Queen City.
New Orleans—The Cresent City.
Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances.
Chicago—The Garden City.
Galena—The City of Hills.
Detroit—The City of Straits.
Portland—The Forrest City.
Pittsburg—The Iron or Smoky City.
New Haven—The City of Elms.
Indianapolis—The Railroad City.
St. Louis—Rhe City of Mounds.
Keokuk—The Gate City.
Dubuque—The Key City.
Louisville—The Falls City.
Nashville—The City of Rocks.
Quincy—The Model City.

A MAN is by hothing so much himself as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he lose what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory or understanding.

CAPITAL punishment in Arkansas—to be locked up two days with eleven pretty girls in a jury box. Oh my! who would ever find a verdict?

WILLIAM, thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggist liar in Philadelphia, I wound come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, any say to thee, William, the Mayor wants to see thee.

A Singular Hermit Dead.

William Knight, a notable hermit, has just died, near Rockingham, Iowa, aged seventy-five years. Thirty years ago, he left England, without a word to his relatives there, and, going direct to Iowa, resumed his business as an attorney, rapidly winning fame in that capacity. His friends in England advertised descriptions of him, with offers of rewards for tidings of his whereabouts. For years their efforts were fruitless. Knight possessessed a heavy gold watch, of peculiar construction. Descriptions of this watch were sent to the leading watch dealers in America. Knight's watch was out of order. He sent it to Philadelphia, to an establishment in which a description of the watch was posted. The proprietor wrote to London parties that he had received the watch. Over came Knight's friends, making their way to Davenport as rapidly as the meager traveling facilities would allow. They found the runaway. They held conference after conference with him to induce his return to England. They resorted to strategy, and endeavored to secure his arrest for some offense, that he might be sent back as a prisoner. All in vain. From that time forward until his death, on Sunday last, Knight was a changed man. He bought a small farm near Rockingham, a heavily wooded tract, erected a sort of a shanty in the forest, and there, alone, with no companions but his pipe, books and papers, he spent his time. He received papers from England regularly, and loved to read of new and noted books and their authors. He cooked his own food, washed his own clothes, cut his own wood and was his own servant generally. He rarely received callers. Sometimes he would be seized with a letter writing fit, and a letter to his lawyerr every day for a fortnight would be the result—an answer being expected by him as fully as though the matter of correspondence was of the utmost importance. And thus he lived the life of a hermit, save in relation with his attorneys alone. Why he, who was so gifted by nature, and so splendidly educated, chose to abandon his luxurious home and wealthy friends, make his way to the fronties of the American wilds for a residence, and then, when discovered by his friends, resort to the life of a hermit, is explained only by an admission in one of his letters to his legal friends, wherein he admits having been hopelessly cast down by disappointment in a love affair—he wooed, won, and lost a lovely English girl—lost her because she preferred a "belted Knight" and a castle to a young barrister who, being a younger son, had to make his own way to fortune and to fame.

THE SPHYNX.—The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient! If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verg of the landscape, but looking at nothing—nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present and far into the past. It was gazing over the ocean of time—over lines of century—waves, which further and further receding, closed nearer and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of a remote antiquity. It was thinking of the wars of departed ages; of the empires it had seen created and destroyed; of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted; of the joy and sorrow, life and death, grandeur and decay of five thousand slow revolving years.

It was the type of an attribute of man—of a faculty of his heart and brain. It was memory retrospection—wrought into tangible law. All who know the pathos there is in the memory of days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished, albeit only a trifling score of years gone by, will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in those grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon things they knew before history was born—before tradition had being—things that were and forms that moved in a vague era that even poetry and romance scarce knew of—and passed one by one away, and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange, new age and uncomprehended scene! The Sphynx is grand in its loneliness—it is imposing in its magnitude—it is impressive in the mystery which hangs over its story. There is that in the overshadowing majesty of this eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of all ages, that reveals to one something of what he shall feel when he stands at last in the awful presence of God.—*Mark Twain.*

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD.—The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharoh, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect considering iis age, which was deposited esghteen or twenty months ago in the British Meseum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharoh Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! The monarch whose crumbling bones and deathly integuments are exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born and about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of Noah and the first of the Pharohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century and the date of the Crucifiction is only about midway between his era and ours.

DON'T forget to pay that printer's bill.

The Office Seeker.

The following is an old story, by J. K. Paulding, the novelist, and first went the rounds of the press thirty years ago. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a hangerson for office, and is suitable for the present time.

The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter morning, to attend to business of the "utmost consequence." He found a queer long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry; and the following conversation ensued:—

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why, any, I'm not very particular, but somehow or other, I think I should like to be one of them Ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed," there is no vacancy just now. Would not some other place suit you?"

"Why-y-," answered the appleheaded man, "I wouldn't much mind being a Comptroller, Auditor, or somethihg."

"My dear sir, I'm sorry' very sorry indeed, but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At length he answered—

"Why-y-y, yes; don't care if I get a good Collectorship, or Inspectorship, or Surveyorship, or Navy Agency, or anything of that sort."

"Really, my good sir,' said the Secretary, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the Government, is at present occupied. Pray, sir, think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike; *haven't you some old clothes you can spare?*"

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.—Why is it that the marriage announcements are immediately followed by obituary notices in all our papers? Does death follow so close on the footsteps of marriage? Is grief the page that carries the train of happiness? Does the tomb open wide its dark and ponderous jaws beside the nuptial couch? 'Tis the plan of life. We read to-day of our friends marriage, and wish them joy; to-morrow we see their deaths recorded, and say, "peace to their ashes." Our merriest songs are timed by foot-falls of death, and the "silver chord" is as fragile as a spider's thread, and the "golden bowl" is more brittle than glass.