

# Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines, written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, are touchingly beautiful. We have seen nothing of late that has so moved our sympathy. The man who can write such poetry, who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved. The curse of intemperance, with its attending downward influence, has here done its worst, and a spirit noble and generous, that might and should be the pride and ornament of the social circle, is now the degraded convict in the walls of a Penitentiary. How will that fond mother's heart bleed if she shall hear of her darling boy, the inmate of a prison in a foreign land!—Ohio State Journal.

I've wandered far from thee, mother,  
Far from my happy home,  
I've left the land that gave me birth,  
In other climes to roam;  
And time since then, has roll'd its years  
And marked them on my brow;  
Yet I have often thought of thee—  
I'm thinking of thee now:  
I'm thinking of the day, mother,  
When at my tender side,  
You watched the dawning of my youth,  
And kiss'd me in your pride;  
Then brightly was my heart lit up  
With hopes of future joy,  
While your bright fancy honors were  
To deck your darling boy.  
I'm thinking of the day, mother,  
When with anxious care,  
You lifted up your heart to heaven—  
Your hopes and trust were there;  
Fond memory brings your parting word,  
While tears roll'd down your cheek;  
The long, last, loving look told more,  
Than even words could speak.  
I'm far away from thee, mother,  
No friend is near me now,  
To soothe me with a tender word,  
Or cool my burning brow;  
The dearest ties affection wove,  
Are all now torn from me;  
They left me when the trouble came,  
They did not love like thee.  
I'm lonely and forsaken now,  
Unloved and unloving;  
Yet still I would not have thee know  
How sorely I'm distressed;  
I know you would not chide, mother,  
You would not give me blame;  
But send me with your tender words,  
And bid me hope again.  
I would not have thee know, mother,  
How brightest hopes decay;  
The tepper with his beautiful cup  
Has dashed them all away;  
And shame has left its venom sting  
To rack with anguish wild—  
Yet still I would not have thee know  
The sorrows of thy child.  
O, I have wandered far, mother,  
Since I deserted thee;  
And left thy trusting heart to break,  
Beyond the deep blue sea,  
O, mother, still I love thee well,  
And love to hear thee speak,  
And feel again thy holy breath  
Upon my care-worn cheek.  
But, ah! there is a thought, mother,  
Perceives my bleeding heart,  
That thy freed spirit may have down  
To its eternal rest;  
And while I wipe the tear away,  
There whispers in my ear,  
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,  
And bids me see thee there.

## COURTSHIP OF JOHN ADAMS.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Weymouth, was an excellent man and a very fine preacher; but he had high notions of himself and his family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat. Mr. Smith had two charming daughters. Mary was the name of the elder the other some I have forgotten. They were admired by the beaux and envied by the belles of the country round. But while the careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultation on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers, a Mr. Cranch and Mr. Adams, I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy, were paying their addresses to the Misses Smith. As every man, woman, and child of a country parish of New England is acquainted with whatever occurs in the parson's family, all the circumstances of the courtship soon transpired. Mr. Cranch was of a respectable family of some note; was considered a young man of promise, and worth the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by himself and family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the eldest as a lover, and was in fact a young man of great respectability. He afterwards rose to the dignity of judge of the common pleas of Massachusetts.

The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterwards became President of the United States. But at that time in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family he gave but slender promise of the distinction to which he afterwards arrived. His pretensions were scorned by all the family, excepting the young lady to whom his addresses were specially directed. Mr. Smith showed none of the ordinary civilities of the house; he was not asked to the hospitalities of the table, and it is reported that his horse was doomed to share with his master the neglect and mortification to which he was subjected, for he was frequently seen shivering in the cold, and gnawing the post at the parson's door on the long winter evenings; in short it was reported that the parson had intimated to him that his visits were unacceptable, and that he would confer a favor by discontinuing them.

He told his daughter that John Adams was unworthy of her; that his father was an honest tradesman, a tradesman who tried to facilitate John into the arts of husbandry and shoe-making but without success, and that he had sent him to college as a last resort. He begged his daughter not to think of making an alliance with one so much beneath her. Miss Smith was one of the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a medium

very different from that in which her father viewed him. She would not for the world offend or disobey her father, but still John Adams saw something in her eye and manner that seemed to say "persevere," and on that hint he acted.

Mr. Smith like a good parson and an affectionate father had told his daughters that, if they married with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon on the Sabbath after the joyful occasion, and that they should have the privilege of choosing the text. The espousal of the eldest daughter, Mary, arrived, and she was united to Mr. Cranch in holy bonds, with the approval, the blessings, and the benedictions of her friends. Mr. Smith then said: "My dutiful child, I am now ready to prepare your sermon for next Sunday—What do you select for the text?" "Dear father," said Mary, "I have selected the latter part of the 42d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke—Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

"Very good my daughter," said he, and the sermon was preached. Mr. Adams persevered in his suit in defiance of all opposition. It was many years after, and on a very different occasion, that he uttered these words: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this measure." But though the measures were different, the spirit was the same. Besides, he had already carried the main point of attack—the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delay that attends such an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as possible, as many a good father has done before and since that time. Mr. Adams was united to the lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over, and all things settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father: "You preached sister Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage. Won't you preach me one?"

"Yes my dear girl," said Mr. Smith, "I choose your text, and you shall have your sermon." "Well," said the daughter, "I have chosen the 33d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke: 'For John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil.'"

The old lady, my informant, looked me very archly in the face when she repeated this passage, and observed, "if Mary was the most dutiful daughter, I guess the other had the most wit." I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached. It may not be inappropriate to remark how well these ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will be hardly extravagant to say, they were respectively an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New England. Mrs. Adams in particular—who from the elevated position in which her husband was placed before the public eye—was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentle sex that Mr. Adams did among men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.

## SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATIONS.

The territory belonging to the United States is of such vast extent, that much of it is unknown ground. Something, however, is doing every year in exploring the extensive plains, the lofty mountain ranges, the wildernesses, and river courses; developing new wonders in the mighty West and adding greatly to our stock of useful information. Of this we have abundant evidence in the recently published Report of Capt. A. A. Humphreys, of the Topographical Engineers, upon the progress of the Pacific Explorations and surveys, to ascertain the most practical and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. The best route was found to be on the 23d parallel, which traverses the great Colorado desert for 132 miles. The officers of the survey made the discovery that this desert was the delta of the river, and was lower than that stream, which could be turned into it for irrigation, and thus convert 4,500 square miles of barren land into fruitful soil.

The want of water has hitherto been a great obstacle to an inland route to the Pacific. The surveying officers have devoted much attention to the obtaining of an adequate supply, and with some success. By one party it was found that a good common wagon road could be constructed from the Rio Grande down the San Pedro and Gila, and across the Colorado desert, and which could be supplied with water from common wells. Another party, under Capt. Pope, were charged to sink an artesian well on the Llano Estacado—an arid desert. They commenced operations in the latter part of May, last year, and at a depth of 350 feet water was reached, but it only rose 70 feet. The boring was continued, and 500 feet of tubing (all that the corps had) was used. About the middle of the month of September at 640 feet, another powerful supply of water was reached. It rose 390 feet in a few minutes, when unexpectedly the nearly clay below the tubing caved in and stopped its flow. It was attempted to remove the accumulation of water, by mud pumps, but after a continuous labor of twelve days and nights,

no impression was made on it; and thus it now remains. This experiment proves, we think, that an abundant supply of water can be obtained, at least on that desert part of the route—where it is so necessary—from artesian wells.

Other artesian wells are to be sunk along the route, and Capt. Pope will renew his labors on the one described, when he receives the tubing and materials necessary to carry on the work. The water obtained at Llano Estacado was clear, pure, and palatable; and no impurities could be detected by tests applied by Dr. Shumard, the geologist of the party. These surveys have developed the fact that the territory on the Pacific shores, is only a narrow slope of about 150 miles of arable land skirting the ocean for about 1000 miles, but its riches in minerals surpass comprehension. Rich veins of copper and antimony have lately been discovered, also great deposits of asphaltum. The sulphate of soda and the carbonate of magnesia have been found in great quantities, but no nitre. Carboniferous limestone has been found in abundance at the San Francisco mountain, and this affords some hope that deposits of coal may also be there.

Thus far the surveys have developed a good wagon route to the Pacific, supplied with a sufficiency of water; and the grades and tunneling required through the Rocky Mountains, for a railroad, do not present such engineering difficulties as the railroad over the Alps. The cost of a railroad from Fort Smith, on the Mississippi, to San Francisco, a distance of 2,025 miles, is estimated at \$94,729,000—a little over \$46,000 per mile. The exploring surveys are still continued, and no doubt many new and interesting scientific discoveries will yet be made by the able corps of officers engaged in these scientific explorations.—Scientific American.

## FREMONT:

### Or the Ride of the One Hundred.

In the early part of the year 1847 business called me to Alta, California. Having been long a resident on the Pacific coast, and being familiar with the language and customs of the people, I was selected to effect a large contract of hides for one of our Eastern firms, the trade being nearly paralyzed at the time by the war then in progress between our country and Mexico; where a handful of noble men were accomplishing deeds which have given them a place in history by the side of Leonidas and his bravos. The Californians had become to us a desideratum; although their mineral wealth still slumbered, waiting for the enchanter of modern days, Yankee enterprise, their splendid harbors, the contiguity of our possessions in Oregon, and the facilities for trade with China, were a sufficient incentive. Commodore Stockton had hurried from Colton in the frigate Congress and Gen. Kearney had crossed the plains from the Missouri River; with a force of armed hunters, for the purpose of taking the country and holding it as a gage for a satisfactory treaty.

The native Californians, who had long groaned beneath the imposts of a distant Government and venial Governors, had themselves invited our overtures; but a few of their leaders, with a deadly hatred toward the Yankees, and hope of personal reward from Mexico, were assiduously endeavoring to stir the people up to a revolt—in many cases with too great success. Manuel Castro, a wealthy and influential rancheo, noted for his determined opposition to all change, and enmity to the "Gringos," had arranged for an attack on the Pueblo Los Angeles, the headquarters of Kearney, held by a small force of marines and volunteers. His agents were in all parts of the country, inflaming the inhabitants and urging them to join him. By some means his plan leaked out.

I was at this time at the ranch of my old friend, Gen. Martinez Vallego, on the Sonoma Creek; my companion was Capt. D., who has since espoused one of our host's daughters. Vallego was one of the largest landholders in California, owning some sixty square miles, with forty thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses, cattle and horses at that time being a man's available wealth. He had been formerly Military Governor of the country, and was considered fair spoil by people, though in justice I must state that he was kindly disposed toward the Americans. The house was a substantial edifice of two stories, surrounded by a corral, with a strong gateway; the household consisted of some twenty persons.

We had retired to rest, and were wrapped in slumber, when the loud barking of dogs and hallooing of men aroused us suddenly from our dreams. Expecting an attack from the bear party (a band of lawless desperadoes who infest the country,) all rushed to a court-yard armed as well as the time permitted, and in costumes the most picturesque, as primitiveness is usually considered so. The General, sabre in hand, came last; he challenged the intruders with:

"Quien es la?" (Who is there?)  
"Americanos e amigos, abra li puerta" (Americans and friends, open the gate,) was the response, a loud accompanying the words that made the floor shake again.

The demand was perforce complied with;

and a band of some fifty men were presented to our view, mounted and arrayed as trappers and hunters, and armed to the teeth. Foremost among them, on a black mustang, was a small, snawy, dark man, evidently their leader, with an eye like Mars to threaten and command, a countenance expressive of the greatest determination, and a bearing that, notwithstanding his rough dress, stamped him as one born to command—to lead.

This was Fremont.  
"I am an officer of the United States," said he. "I am on my way to Los Angeles; I must have horses."

"But—" said Vallego.  
"I said, Sir, I must have them; you will be recompensed by my Government. I order you, Sir, to deliver to my men what horses you may have in corral."

Finding remonstrance would be of no avail with such a man, Vallego called his vaqueros and gave the requisite directions. In the meanwhile my friend D., made himself known to Fremont, having met him in Washington.

"I have information of Castro's intention to attack Los Angeles. I have six days to reach there before the outbreak, for that I need these horses; for I must be in at the death."

"But the distance; six hundred miles," said D.—"The roads?"

"I shall do it," he replied, and turned away to supervise his arrangements.

In half an hour they departed as unceremoniously as they came, taking with them three hundred horses, and leaving us astounded at this ride, to wonder if we were yet awake, or whether it was an unsubstantial dream.

"Los diablos!" exclaimed the General, "they have even taken my wife's saddle-horse!" so thoroughly had Fremont's lieutenant executed his order.

From Sonoma to Yerba Buena, the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, San Francisco, he augmented his stock to the number of about fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country; and then commenced one of the most peculiar races for a fight ever probably known. Barely pulling bridle to devour a steak cut from the quarter of a dead bullock's carcass, driving before them their spare horses—on, they went. The roads at all times bad, at this season were horrible—fifty miles being a hard day's journey, even for a Californian.

As their exhausted beasts dropped under them they tore off the saddles, and placing them on others, hurried on, leaving the poor animals to be devoured by the coyotes, or recovered, as chance might bring about. Ever at the head, the last to dismount, and the first to leap into the saddle, was this mountaineer, this companion of Kit Carson! This pioneer of the empire! Fremont! Rarely speaking but to urge on his men, or to question some passing native, taking the smallest medium of refreshment, and watching while others snatched a moment's repose, was he wrapped up in his project and determined to have some of the fight.

Through San Pablo and Monterey, and Josepha, they dashed, startling the inhabitants, and making the night-watch cross himself in terror as their hand flew on. The river Sacramento was reached; swollen by the rains it rolled on a rapid, muddy stream; his men passed.

"Forward, forward!" cried he, and dashed in himself, the struggle was a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasted the current, and he reaches the opposite shore in safety; his men after a time join him, two brave fellows finding a watery grave, and many horses being carried down the stream; but nothing can now stop him—the heights adjacent to the Puebla appear—now a smile might be seen on the implacable visage of the leader—"Is this sixth day and the goal is won!"

With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he fell like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. The day was with them; the little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio, taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver. But cheer up cheer again—success is at hand. On come those riders of Fremont—nothing can withstand their shock. With shouts of triumph they change the battle to a rout. The field is won!

The route was a complete one; and had not Fremont's men been utterly exhausted, none would have escaped. So ended the Ride of The One Hundred.

I would state that the Government, with their usual speed in such matters, passed an appropriation to satisfy General Vallego and others for their losses, six years after.

This put a virtual end to the war, for though they again made a stand at the San Pascual headed by Pico, still they were dispirited, and Gen. Kearney with his mounted men defeated them with great loss. The Governorship of the country being decided, which had long been a source of trouble between Kearney, Stockton and Mason, affairs became more settled, and the American force, now largely augmented, was placed on such a footing as to soon crush the head of rank rebellion, and Pico and Castro fled to the lower country, to fight for a time longer against inevitable fate.

—Hon. Caleb Goodrich, of Oneida county, one of the present members of Assembly, has abandoned the Democratic candidates and declared himself for Fremont.

## From the (Baptist) Christian Chronicle.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

Don't be alarmed, fastidious friends, at the head line of this article. We are not about to mingle "religion and politics," nor to make the Chronicle the medium of party strife. We have higher and holier motives. We are approaching a crisis that demands the burial of past divisions, a contest wholly unlike any which has preceded it in the annals of the country—a contest involving high moral issues, in which the Christian Sentinel of the nation must be pre-eminent—a contest in which men who have been the political antipodes of each other, must stand side by side and battle for the right—a contest, in which it is to be decided for all future time the great question, whether the domain of slavery is to be extended, and its blight entailed upon territory where the slave foot has not made its imprint, where the sound of the slave-driver's lash has not polluted the free air of heaven.

We are very well aware that many good men will, at first thought, be deterred from entering upon this strife as their hearts would prompt them, and their judgments guide them, from the fear of being stigmatized. But we must, if need be, bear the reproach which opprobrious appellations are designed to convey; we must rise above the paltry considerations of petty annoyances, and go forward "through evil as well as through good report."

The issues involved in this controversy are not, whether slavery shall be abolished in the Southern States, or in the District of Columbia, whether the fugitive slave law shall be repealed, or whether the South shall continue to be annoyed by the underground railroad operators. Let the States, now suffering under the demoralizing influences of slavery, work out for themselves the great problem, how they shall rid themselves of the evil. It is not the abolition of slavery that we are now to combat, but the protection of virgin soil from the polluting effects of such a system; to say to the line of slavery, thus far and no farther. Here we should all agree, and work with one mind and one heart. Let that be the one great leading question, absorbing for the present all minor considerations. It is not a question of North or South, Union or disunion. All the frantic ravings, all the crazy denunciations of newspaper hacks, all the cries of mad dog that can be raised, are out of time and out of place, impertinent and irrelevant.

We unfurl to the breeze the broad banner of equal rights, free territory, stability to the Union, tranquility to the nation, peace and good-will to all men, North, South, East or West, who are law-abiding and non-violent citizens. We ask for citizens of the free States no boon, no exclusive privileges, no special enjoyments, no commercial advantages in the acquisition of estates in the new territories. We desire to spread over every citizen the broadegis of constitutional right; we say to every man in the land, go up and possess these new places; enjoy them as good citizens; promise among yourselves good government, and wise and wholesome laws; establish equality of right, equality of representation, equality of rich and poor. What is to hinder? The South say they are not permitted to go to Kansas on equal terms with the North; that earnest efforts are being made to send out men from the free States, by the aid of emigrant societies and other means, and thus to obtain a majority of log-roller voters who would prohibit slavery. Well, slavery has no right to go there, and if the general government has no power to prohibit it, let it be done by the power of combined public sentiment. We say to Southern men that we want them to go as Northern men will go, and enjoy all the rights of citizenship, all the social privileges, all the legal benefits, everything that a Northern man asks for or hopes for. Go up with your wives, your sons, your daughters; take with you your horses, your cattle, your implements of trade and agriculture, your all that any other man can take. But we say to them, that Northern men have no slaves; they take with them no such appendage, and they are not willing that it shall be introduced as a perpetual annoyance among them. You demand too much, you create an inequality by introducing slave labor to the prejudice of the white laborer, and we cannot consent to it. We want no men there who shall groan under bondage; we do not want to be compelled to weep daily at the sight of the fetters of the slave, or to have our hearts saddened at the crack of the merciless slave-driver's lash. Our humanity, our religion, our manhood, revolts at such degradation of human beings.

Such are the events connected with the next Presidential and Congressional elections. The Presidency is the most important to be decided. What man breathing the air of freedom, recognizing his manhood and his duty as a citizen, obeying his obligations as a Christian, can hesitate as to his proper position in November next. There will be found, then, thousands and tens of thousands of good and true anti-slavery men who have had no sympathy with the abolitionists in their reckless course, who repudiate the ultraism and infidelity of Garrison and Phillips, and Abby Foster and Lucy Stone, but who will be found firm in the purpose of opposing slavery.

Let the motto be, "no extension of slavery." Inscribe it upon your banners, carve it upon your platforms, weave it into your speeches, burn it into the hearts of all good citizens, and go forth one and indivisible to accomplish your purpose.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

—In Beaver county the opposition are united on Fremont. Among the officers of the Beaver Fremont Club, are Benjamin Wilde, late Democratic candidate for Senate; Benj. Rush Bradford, late American candidate for Governor; A. Robertson, late Whig Senator; Silas Merrick, formerly a Democrat, &c. The Fremont men claim from 1000 to 1500 majority in Beaver.

—The Illinois Independent says, there appears to be but one party in Herkimer county, the party of Freedom and Fremont. It claims 3,000 majority. A postmaster in one of the towns was inquired of from Washington as to the prospect in his neighborhood. He wrote back that there was not a Buchanan man in the town—not even himself; and if he was turned out for saying so, he had this satisfaction, that no one but a Fremont man could be appointed, as there was no other in the town.

—Judge Gilbreath, for many years a Democratic leader in Northwestern Pennsylvania, said about a week since that the stamped towards Fremont, in that portion of Pennsylvania, was beyond belief in calculation. The masses having received the idea that it is not true Democracy to assist in the extension of slavery, are leaving the ranks by hundreds, and there is no telling where the defection will stop.

—A new and important section of the old Democratic party of Vermont has come over to the side of Fremont and Freedom. Chief Justice Redfield, Judge Kellough and William C. Bradley are leaders in this further disintegration of the sham Democracy. The latter, who was in Congress in 1813-15, and again in 1823-27, and stood at the head of the Democratic party of Vermont through all its palmy days, is now one of the Fremont Presidential electors.

—The Worcester Palladium, heretofore one of the most influential Democratic papers in Massachusetts, has repudiated the Cincinnati platform and run up the Fremont flag.

—Hon. John Wentworth (the editor of an influential paper in Chicago, formerly Democrat) has taken the stump in Illinois for Fremont and Dayton.

—The Wisconsin, an able and leading Democratic journal at Milwaukee, refuses to put up Buchanan, and has run up Fremont and Dayton.

—The Rockford (Ill.) Democrat, always an Old Line Democratic paper, has hoisted the names of Fremont and Dayton.

A GLOUBIOUS AMBITION.—By a MASTER-MIND!—Said the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, "If your person were as vast as your ambition the world would not contain you." We have now in our midst a conqueror whose ambition is as boundless as Alexander's. The old world was too narrow a sphere for its exercise, and he has sought the new. We refer to Professor Holloway, whose desire it is to benefit mankind; unsated by the countless cures his medicines have accomplished, he is now actively engaged in revolutionizing the treatment of disease in this country. Conquest and subjugation are his objects—the conquest and subjugation of the various maladies that afflict the human race. The trophies of his skill are to be found in every region of the earth, for his remedies are omnipotent, and wherever they have penetrated, disease has given way to their heroic influence. Probably there are not half a dozen newspapers in existence that have not borne voluntary testimony to the wonder-working efficacy of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. It has heretofore been the universal complaint against even the most popular medicines, that they were mere palliatives, relieving pain temporarily, perhaps, but never reaching the "materies morbi," or element of disease in the blood. Holloway's Pills, on the contrary, act specifically upon the primary cause of the maldy in the fluids of the body, and from which they spring. In external disease the Ointment is used as an auxiliary to the Pills, and its sanative effects are scarcely less wonderful.

We make these assertions—bold as they may seem—on solid grounds. We have warrant for them in the admission of the faculty—in the statements of standard medical periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic—in the published acknowledgements of thousands of grateful convalescents—and last, but not least, so far as our private convictions are concerned, in our own personal experience and observations.

To the man whose profound research and practical skill in medical science have resulted in the production of such unequalled cures, and whose business energy and enterprise have diffused them through every inhabited region between the equator and the poles, the homage of the world is due. He has received it. Wherever he has travelled his journeys have resembled a triumphal progress, and the most haughty of Europe's aristocracy have been proud to assist at his levees. He is now a resident—and we hope he will become a citizen of a land where the only titles recognized are the titles of respect and gratitude earned by public benefactors. Among that class he has long stood pre-eminent, and it is perhaps not too much to say that his European and American central manufactories, 244 Strand, London, and 80 Maiden Lane, New York, are doing more practical good than all the medical colleges of Europe and America combined. —New York Daily News.