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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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WHOLE NO. 1124.

For the Sabbath Recorder. JUNE. My dear friend, I have just received your issue of the 1st inst. and I am glad to hear that you are still publishing it. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I will try to write you again soon. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I will try to write you again soon.

My reverie was broken by the dispersing of the crowd. I went out into the still night, and stood silently beneath the starry sky. All earth's noise and tumult were hushed; harmony and quiet reigned supreme. Thus will it be with the child of God, after the conflict with sin is over; and the tumult of opposing powers in his soul is forever hushed. Unceasing repose and peace will fill with rapture the ransomed soul, and earth's battles, trials, and conflicts, will be forgotten, amid the unfolding joys of eternity. E. J. M. ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.

take hold of the work, not as a secondary affair, but as one which should transcend all others in importance; and when she languishes, will give the needed aid if it is reasonably within their power to do so, whatever it may be. For, as in the natural world we have to labor with energy to accomplish the ends sought, so likewise for religion to flourish in our hearts and in the church, we must do the same. In conclusion, we insist that it becomes the duty of professed Christians to think well what they allow themselves to indulge in, lest in gratifying the mind in what they call innocent pleasure and amusement, and an exciting themselves from the performance of what may seem to be required of them, they so stint the soul that it will fail to attain to its proper sphere of enjoyment. "Deny thyself and take up thy cross," is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dress, If she would gain that heavenly land. HOPKINTON, 1866.

spirit of him who trod the burning sands, with his bleeding feet seven years in vain. The precious gift of suffering was hers. Others caught its heavenly fire, and will shine in the stars; others who have turned many to righteousness. Let us not murmur. We can have the spirit that glorifies the saints and martyrs and patriots and philanthropists, if we will. Nothing can take from us that quiet, steady influence, that "seen current," that warms and energizes the life of hundreds, if our spirits are warmed and energized by sufferings meekly borne for His sake, the Man of Sorrows, who consecrated all suffering, all sorrow, and made it divine.—N. Y. Observer.

MOTHER'S WORK. Hearing at noon like a busy bee, Teaching the little ones a B. C. The older ones read and spell, Smiling and praising when all goes well; And when the children are quiet and play, Such is the mother's work, day by day. Sowing good seed in their path along, Sowing by word and song; Suffer once pausing to count the cost, Knowing that what is sown is lost; Bearing a prayer in her heart always, Such is a mother's life, day by day. Robing each form for his nightly rest, Hearing the faint cries of the distressed; At her knee, as her flower-buds nod, Sealing and giving the day to God. Now my thoughts are very busy, Angels have watched o'er her work all day.

Under date of London, July 9th, X. A. Willard furnishes the *Utica Morning Herald* with the following sketch of Rev. Dr. Spurgeon: I went, yesterday afternoon, (Sunday) to the Tabernacle, to hear the celebrated Baptist clergyman, Dr. Spurgeon. He had just returned to London, from a summer vacation. The Tabernacle is on the south side of the Thames, near Elephant Castle, and is an immense structure, with heavy columns in front. The inside is elliptical in shape, with two galleries extending entirely around the church, each having a light iron railing in front. There is no pulpit, but merely a platform on a level with the first gallery, which is reached by stairs from below, and also an entrance back. Seats cover the whole body of the church; underneath the platform or speaker's stand, and also in the gallery back of it, and in front. The roof is arched, iron pillars support the galleries, and the whole is so arranged as to give a very smooth, except, perhaps, in the immediate vicinity of the platform, or under it. Upon the speaker's stand, which in front has a light open wooden railing, there is nothing but a small table, and back of it a sofa. Upon the table is a Bible, a decanter of water, and glass tumbler. The Tabernacle, it is said, will seat 7,000 persons, and before we arrived every seat in the church was occupied, and all the alleys were crowded, and it was with difficulty that we found a standing place in one of the alleys of the gallery, but fortunately in plain view of the speaker. Dr. Spurgeon is yet young, has a round, full face, hair as black as the raven's wing, which is brushed down very smooth, and not a stray hair out of place. Light whiskers are worn under the chin and on the side face. He is of medium height, rather thick set, and was dressed in black, with frock coat. He speaks without notes, sometimes standing at the table, or with his hands upon the railing leaning a little forward, and at times walking from one side of the platform to the other. His text was from Zechariah 3d, 2d verse—"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" I was not disappointed in him, or, if so, favorably, and can well imagine the power he exercises over an audience. His enunciation is distinct, and his voice reaches every part of the house. He speaks fluently and earnestly, sternly rebuking the sin of his people, and nicely modulating his voice, pleading for their forgiveness and salvation. His illustrations are most pointed and striking. There was nothing theatrical in his manner, as some writers have accused him of being. He enchains your attention from his earnestness and absence of art to produce an effect. You feel that here is really an earnest man, who has a great work before him—important truths, which must be told, plainly and honestly. His illustrations are not far-fetched, but drawn from some common affair in life that all can understand, told plainly, but yet worked up so as to reach the hearer with tremendous power. If there is any art in his oratory, it is in simplicity. You say this man is telling you a simple story; as it progresses you become more and more interested, and before you are well aware, the bolt comes, and the argument is clinched fast. I went to hear a style of oratory something like that used by the great revivalist, Elder Knapp. There is nothing of the kind in Dr. Spurgeon. His force is of a different order, and to my mind, much more powerful.

A good, true man to the core, you see, and despite the little native flash of severity, the soft and kindly heart was sure to come out at last. After this I never met Slater Knapp sauntering up and down the old-fashioned, sleepy streets of our country town, but I thought of what Aunt Agnes had said, and wondered what "sat there was in him"; and I used to look at him, with his young slight figure, his indolent gait, his hands in his pockets, and his great shaggy Newfoundland, like a black cloud of fate, close behind him, with some new interest and curiosity, for I had passed him a thousand times before in the same way, without a thought. That is just the way in life. Some chord is struck—some sudden revelation is made—and we wake up to a new thought and interest in people towards whom our feelings and thoughts have been locked up in absolute indifference before. One afternoon I came upon him in the old fashion, and it seemed to me that any one gifted with a swift penetration, into human character would have comprehended something of his youth and his antecedents—coarse, rich man's son—nothing in the world to make of life but to have a "time" out of it generally. It was a November afternoon, bending towards night, a dismal, hopeless sky overhead, the air charged with mist, full of a raw, pervading chill, and the beauty and brightness blotted and blurred out of everything. I was hurrying home with a little shiver of cold all through me, that would have been a sure prophesy of stiffness and rheumatism to older bones than mine, when suddenly I came, as I said, upon Slater Knapp, with his hands in his pockets, his lounging gait, whistling a tune, and the huge black shadow close behind him. At that moment there came between him and me a sharp run, a half black shadow figure, who did not look as though his life had stretched into ten years—boy's figure, with a thin, meagre, pinched face, and thread-bare clothes, which suited the face, and told their own story of poverty; a crop of coarse brown hair over his forehead, and crying a loud, dreary, sobbing cry, that sounds so dismally from a little child. Slater Knapp stopped, so did I, and the black Newfoundland pushed his nose around the bare feet. "What's the matter, I say?" he asked, the voice not unkindly. "The wind blew my hat into the river and when I leaped over to catch it, I lost the loaf of bread mother sent me to get, and we shan't have any supper to-night." Slater Knapp looked at me, and I looked at him; then we both looked at the boy. "That's only a fresh dog to get money. Can't cheat this child. Come on, Nero," and he whistled to the dog. There it was—the atmosphere in which Slater Knapp had been brought up, stifling all generous feelings, all sweet and human sympathies—there spoke out the hard, coarse, shrewd quality of the father. I thought of all this as I followed the youth with my eyes, and then I thought of Aunt Agnes' prayer, and then I turned towards the small, shivering figure. It was hard to decide what to do. The clouds lowered with angry threats of rain overhead, home a mile off at nearest, my money was all spent, yet I could not leave the child there, carrying away in my thought the dismal, dreary sobbing. A quick sound of returning footsteps, a dog pushing his nose around the bare feet, and I heard a voice muttering in an undertone, as though unconsciously an one could catch it. "You'll just make a fool of yourself, Slater Knapp!" I looked up, and there he stood. "Now, boy," he said, his words going right to the core of the thing, "I wonder if you've been telling me the truth?" "I think his face answers for him, sir," I said, while the boy looked up in a swift amazement which was partly fright, for the tone, more than the words, had some infection of a threat in them. "I do not think that Slater Knapp had been conscious of my presence before; or, if he had, he thought I was a mere child, idly watching the scene out of mere curiosity, for every one says I am small for my years, and they are only that, my dear friend. I do not think that Slater Knapp had been conscious of my presence before; or, if he had, he thought I was a mere child, idly watching the scene out of mere curiosity, for every one says I am small for my years, and they are only that, my dear friend. I do not think that Slater Knapp had been conscious of my presence before; or, if he had, he thought I was a mere child, idly watching the scene out of mere curiosity, for every one says I am small for my years, and they are only that, my dear friend. 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Miscellaneous

FRICTION MATCH MAKING.

The wood-cutter in German forests furnishes the wood for the little match, the dark-skinned Arab grinds the gum from the trees of the burning desert. But before the insignificant little bit of wood can perform its duty in the service of man, it has to employ still more agencies of a small importance. It needs first of all sulphur that forms the yellow collar around its neck, and the manganese that tips its upper end. Again a vast mechanism has to be put in motion before these two requisites can be obtained. The miner has to dive deep into the bowels of the earth, to dig and to labor in the sweat of his brow, to erect furnaces and smelt many a mineral, before he can procure the manganese he needs for the little match. Others have to search for the sulphur in the craters of burning volcanoes, where the fierce and untamed powers that dwell in the heart of our earth send up unceasing vapors, white and venomous-looking. After a while they condense, and ere long, the walls of clefts and caves, the bottom of deep hollows, and the sides of the craters, are all covered with clear, bright crystals of pure sulphur. Old craters and new craters, still active in the fearful work of destruction, furnish, year after year, large supplies; and man does not hesitate to build his hut and his factory in the very centre of the threatening mountain, and to compel the vapors themselves to feed his machines.

But even now the tiny instrument is not yet fit for life. The sulphur and the gum do not give any light, however they may be subjected to friction, and the manganese does not burn even when it is exposed to a bright flame. The one thing yet required is the most important of all. Without it the spirit of fire cannot be conjured up, and even light would still be wanting.

This is the bearer of light, or phosphorus, as we call it, by its Greek name. The chemist, for his assistance also is required to finish the little match—keeps it in vessels filled with pure water, well closed against the outer air. Its long, thin sticks resemble water in their color, and their softness, and even their slight transparency. Cautiously, with a pair of little pinners, the chemist takes them out of the water and places them on a sheet of wet paper; cautiously he cuts a piece off, which immediately breaks into a number of small particles. One of these he places in a small vessel, pours some ether upon it, and slowly the yellowish mass dissolves in the clear liquid. As night approaches, the ether begins to glow with ghastly sheen, and a faint mist arises from the vessel. He holds a heated knife to one of the pieces, and it burns with a dazzling white light, leaving but a small reddish residue. For the bearer of light is nearly akin to fire, and the chemist well knows its fearful, poisonous power. A touch with the finger, and it burns deep into the flesh, and at the same time instils its venom into the wound. Hence the precaution to keep it always well covered with water, lest the open air should favor the slow but certain combustion, and the rays of the summer sun excite it to burn off in bright flames.

Another small piece the chemist throws into warm water, where it soon dissolves, leaving apparently no trace in the still transparent liquid. He then mixes with it the powdered manganese, saltpetre, or similar materials, adds perhaps some red or blue coloring matter, and at last shakes into it enough gum-arabic to bind the whole into a mixture of sufficient consistency. As soon as the tiny sticks have been tipped with sulphur, he dips them into this mass; a little of it adheres to the upper end, and as soon as the match is sufficient, he dries it; it is ready; upon slight friction, to supply man with light and with fire.

Thus the forces of Europe and the deserts of Africa, the mines of the earth and the craters of volcanoes, had all to furnish their tribute to the one little match. And whence came the last strange requisite, with its poisonous malice and its light-bringing power? Not in lofty mountains, nor in the depths of the earth, nor in the water of the ocean, nor in the air that surrounds us, is phosphorus to be found. Its home is in man himself. Every bone of our frame contains the strange element. Far and near, wherever animal life dwells on our globe, there, in the body given by the Creator, dwells the bearer of light. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made. For it seems a great mystery how the system can obtain and receive a subtle substance, which is not found anywhere else in appreciable quantities, and which brings certain death to every living thing. But the marvel—a mystery until within comparatively recent times—was easily explained, if we remember that there is phosphorus in every rock and every earth, even in the water, that clear and bright, breaks forth from the bosom of mother earth. But it is there only in infinitely small particles, which can hardly be appreciated by ordinary measures. From the soil the plants absorb it little by little, and with them it enters into the system of animals. We eat it unknowingly in bread and meat, in milk and water, and taken thus in the forms in which the Creator himself has distributed it all over creation, it is not only harmless, but, by the same all-wise Providence, made indispensable for our existence.

By these strange combinations, the wood of the pine forest, the gum of the burning desert, the sulphur of volcanoes, the rock from the depths of the earth, and the phosphorus from the bodies of living beings, meet and labor together to produce a match! And when man takes the wonderful compound and uses it, it blazes up for a moment, and ere he has well thought of it, the labor of all the numerous agents that had been at work upon it is lost. Lost? Not lost, for although phosphorus, gum, sulphur, and wood, are apparently destroyed, they are not lost yet in the

powder in its front before the whole charge has time to become entirely ignited. Thus in the 'Needle' gun all the powder is consumed and applied to the best effect, and so as to obtain its fullest force at the same instant and in the same direction. The 'Needle' gun is a breech-loader; and when the trigger is pulled a stout 'needle' or wire is thrust through the base of the cartridge, parallel with its axis into the detonating charge, causing its explosion and the ignition of the cartridge. In accuracy the 'Needle' gun cannot be surpassed, and its effective range is said to be about fifteen hundred yards.

NEGROES TORTURED.

Washington, July 22, 1866. Gen. Howard has received voluminous reports concerning the cruelties practiced by Mrs. Henry Abrahams, of King Williams County, Virginia, upon her servants. The matter came to light through investigation set on foot about a month ago. The reports show that on the 2d of June, a freed girl named Martha Anne, aged 17, was brought to a hospital at Richmond. The surgeon states that there were upon her body seven ulcers, all the result of burns, and all produced within two or three weeks. The largest was nearly two inches in diameter. In addition to these, her entire body was almost covered with scars, some old and some covered with recent scales, some the result of burns, and some the result of whippings. She had been so abused that she was scarcely able to give expression to an intelligent idea. The investigation made before the Judge Advocate at Richmond proved that within the last few years had been the cause of the death of four of her negro servants. An extract from the report is subjoined:

Lucy Richardson, mother of the girl taken to the hospital, has been seized in the throat with a hot iron. Five of the children of said Lucy Richardson, named Martha Ann and Mary Ellen, twins, aged sixteen, George, aged nine, Francis, eleven, and Robert, aged seven and a half years, have on many different occasions each of them been placed in a nude state before the fire until their backs were actually broiled, and then whipped with a birch rod on the back, until it was raw, when strong salt and pepper was rubbed on and they were whipped again. Francis died in February, 1866, from injuries received at the hands of said Mrs. Abrahams by being stamped upon. The children while being tortured had their feet and hands bound, and were "bucked" to keep them from struggling. The house would be closed while they were being burned and whipped, but then their cries would strike them with the poker, saying, "You are dead, are you? I'll make you catch your breath." After this punishment they could not sit or lie down, and had to stand up a number of consecutive days and nights. Before the children recovered from their injuries, Mrs. Abrahams would sear them with hot coals, or a hot iron. She never had a servant without scars from her hands, and a day did not pass that a servant did not receive a torture.

Sarah Dandrige, milkmaid, was told to get all the milk she could, in time for a dancing party, and because she did not answer soon enough, Mrs. Abrahams tortured her to such an extent that she drowned herself in the Eliza Hill was beat over the head with an iron poker, and pieces of flesh were cut from her head and face with a knife, by Mrs. Abrahams, until she became blind in both eyes. She afterwards died from these injuries.

The evidence fully establishes numerous instances of assault with intent to wound, maim, disfigure, or kill. Much of this cruelty has been practiced since the fall of Richmond. Burning on the bare back with live coals of fire seems to have been a common punishment. Whipping was done with clubs, tongs, pokers, fire-shovels, &c. Mary and Francis were twice taken to a pond and half drowned.

A VERY SINGULAR CASE. Quite recently, Mr. M. O. Hallenbeck, Clerk of the Lost Children's Department at Police Headquarters, New York, received a letter from a lady residing at Pittston, Penn., in which she stated that she was stolen from the residence of an aunt, in Twenty-seventh street, New York, some time during the summer of 1845, and that she was desirous of learning, if possible, the names and whereabouts of her surviving relatives. The writer stated that she thought her name, when stolen, was Mary Armstrong, and that she was about six years of age at the time. She also remembered that the uncle and aunt with whom she was living when carried away, were named Henry and Margaret Potter, and she was of the opinion that that name would prove to be the family one. The writer stated that she had noticed an article in a New York paper about the Lost Children's Department, and requested that search might be made for her relatives, although twenty-one years had elapsed since she had been separated from them. Mr. Hallenbeck takes a natural interest in all cases coming under his notice, and the novelty of this proposition interested him strangely.

He at once took up the Directory and addressed a note to all the Potters found therein, detailing the circumstances related in his correspondent's letter. No satisfactory answer was, however, returned, and Mr. Hallenbeck was about to give up the search in despair, when he suddenly remembered that the Sergeant in command of the police squad on duty at the Essex Market Police Court was named Isaac W. Potter, and he sent for him. On explaining the matter to him, and asking his assistance, the indefatigable clerk was much surprised and delighted to find that the Sergeant was one of the relatives so earnestly sought for. It appears that only two members of the family are

living—the Sergeant and his sister Mary Ann—and their parents were the uncle and aunt with whom the stolen child was living when kidnapped in 1845.

HOW PAPER COLLARS ARE MADE.

The following description of the manner in which paper collars are manufactured, we take from the N. Y. Times:

The various processes through which a sheet of paper passes before it is finally turned out a perfect collar, are exceedingly interesting. The paper used is manufactured expressly for the purpose; for the best collars it is made of pure linen stock, and varies in weight from 75 to 150 pounds to the ream, according to the quality of the collar desired to be produced. The paper on which the Times is printed averages about 58 pounds to the ream. All paper is bought and sold by the pound. The first process to which the paper, designed for collar-making, is subjected, is that of sizing. The paper is spread out upon a table, and a thick coating of sizing is spread evenly over its surface by a young lady, who uses a fine brush for that purpose. Sizing is a paste substance made of French chalk, gummy and white wax.

When an unusually fine gloss is desired to be produced, a little arsenic is added to the sizing, and in the manufacture of what are known as "perspiration proof collars," a solution of India rubber is introduced. After being properly sized, the sheets are hung up to dry previous to being put into the embossing machine. This machine is simply three heavy highly polished iron rollers revolving upon each other with great speed, and producing an immense amount of friction. The centre and largest roller is covered with a thick, smooth, cotton pad. Through this machine the sized sheets are passed, subjected to an immense pressure, and come out in a highly glazed, shining condition. So rapid are the revolutions of these friction rollers, and so great the friction produced, that they become heated to a degree which forbids the laying on of hands. The sheets are now ready for the cutting machine.

A cutting knife, made like a die, of the exact shape and size of the collar pattern, is inserted in the machine, and ten or a dozen sheets of the prepared paper feed beneath it. The knife descends with great force, cutting through the paper, and bringing out as many perfectly cut collars as there were sheets of paper. The same machine is used for cutting all sizes of collars and also cuffs, but especially made. We have now the collars in the rough—they have ceased to be simply sheets of paper, and a few touches will fit them for a lady's toilette. The next process is that of giving an appearance of stitching around the edges. For this purpose an embosser is used. This is a tool made the exact shape and size of the collar, which stamps dots all around the edge in imitation of stitching. This is placed in a light upright machine which rises and falls rapidly.

A girl sits by, and every time the tool is raised she slips a plain collar under, and as it rises she withdraws it nicely stitched, and inserts another. In the factory which we visited there were twelve of these machines in operation, each one tended by a girl. To thus "feed" through the machine 10,000 collars per day is considered a fair day's work for a girl. The collar now passes to the button-holing process. Three upright little shafts contain each a little knife made the size of the button-hole, the shafts being so adjusted as to cut one hole in the middle of the collar and one at each end. These work rapidly up and down, a girl feeding the collars through at the rate of 1000 an hour. As the knife descends the three holes are cut, and the machine is ready for the next. From this machine the collar goes to the folder. This is still another machine, which as rapidly as the girl can feed it, seizes the collar, and by a sort of jack-knife operation, folds it over at the proper place, so that we gentlemen desire it to lie over our cravats.

Still another little girl "feeds" it through still another little machine, where a slight little roller presses it down smoothly and evenly. In this machine a little brass tongue inserts itself between the folds of the collar, so that it shall not be pressed down too tightly, but will admit the cravat between the folds without wrinkling. This machine completes the collar and passes it to a long table, where still more girls sort over the many thousand thus furnished them, throwing out the spoiled ones, and snipping here and cutting there with delicate scissors to rid the imperfect ones of any little eccentricities produced by the various machines. Those same girls also count the collars and pack them snugly away in little boxes, each of which holds ten. These various little ingenious machines are run by steam, and most of them at a very great speed. Girls are employed exclusively to attend them. The ages of these feminine workers vary from ten to eighteen or twenty years. At these latter ages the girls are generally attacked with that fearful disease, matrimony, which carries them off in great numbers.

STORY OF A HORSE-SHOE.

A good countryman was taking a rural walk with his son Thomas. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he said, "there is a bit of iron, a piece of a horse-shoe; pick it up, and put it in your pocket."

"Pooh!" answered the child "it's not worth stopping for."

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron, and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, he entered a blacksmith's shop, and sold it for three farthings, with which he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree, nor fountain of water was in sight.

Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father fell a

cherry, as if by accident. Thomas stooped and quickly picked it up, and devoured it. A little further he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit, and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten, the father stopped, and turning to the boy, said, "Look! my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horse-shoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

A SHORT CAMPAIGN.

A French paper gives the following rapidity of movement in the late European War.

June 14.—Federal execution decreed by the Germanic Diet.

June 16.—Entry of the Prussians into Leipzig, Giessen, and Cassel. Occupation of Leban.

June 17.—Entry of the Prussian General Vogel into the Hanoverian capital.

June 18.—Occupation of Marienthal, Ostree, and Laban, in Bohemia, by two Prussian regiments, and occupation of Bernstadt by Prussian cavalry. Occupation of Dresden by the Prussians.

June 19.—Evacuation of Fort Wilhelm by the Hanoverian troops. Prince William of Hanau made prisoner. Cavalry encounter between the Austrians and Prussians upon the Rumburg road.

June 22.—Nixdorf occupied by 7,000 Prussians.

June 23.—Occupation of Rumburg by the Prussians.

June 24.—Armistice between the Hanoverian and Prussian troops.

June 25.—Action near Jungbuslau between the Austrians and Prussians. The Prussian troops occupied Reichenberg, Tratenau, and Aicha (Bohemia).

June 26.—Engagement near Turtau.

June 27.—The army of the Crown Prince of Prussia fought the battle of Nachod. Engagement at Osweim. Fight between the Prussians and Hanoverians near Langensalz. General Steinmetz throws back the Austrian corps d'armee (Rammer) upon Josephstadt. Engagement of the same corps with the 6th and 8th Austrian corps under the Arch-duke Leopold.

June 28.—Action near Trautenaun. The troops of Prince Federick Charles engaged near Munchesgrätz.

June 29.—The Hanoverian army surrendered at discretion. Capture of Gitschin by the Prussian army. Turtau, and at Chwalkowitz, between Kalitz and Konigsfort. An Austrian army under General Clam-Gallas compelled to retire upon Konigsgrätz.

PACIFIC HOTEL.

170, 172, 174 & 176 GREENWICH-ST., (ONE SQUARE WEST OF BROADWAY.) Between Courtland and Duane's, New York. JOHN PATTER, Proprietor.

The Pacific Hotel is well and widely known to the public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the City—in the highway of South and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots. The Pacific has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests; it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated, provided with gas and water; the attendance is prompt and respectful; and the table d'hôte is provided with every delicacy of the season.

The subscriber, who, for the past few years, has been the lessee, is now sole proprietor, and intends to identify himself thoroughly with the interests of his house. With long experience as a hotel-keeper, he trusts, by moderate charges and a liberal policy, to maintain the favorable reputation of the Pacific Hotel.

N. B.—To prevent overcharge by Hackmen, the coaches of the Hotel are owned by the proprietor. JOHN PATTER, Proprietor.

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Freight taken at the lowest rates, and delivered in Boston at the next day. Steerage in abundance can be had on board steamers, or at the Boston or New York offices in advance. E. S. MARTIN, Agent, Pier 39, N. B.

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WILD OCHERRY HAS BEEN USED FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY, WITH THE MOST SUCCESSFUL RESULTS IN CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, AND EVERY AFFECTION OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, AND CHEST.

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY! which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often.

AS A MEDICINE, IT IS UNSURPASSED! while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons, or minerals; uniting skill, science, and medical knowledge; combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of diseases, it is

INCORPARABLE! and is entitled, merited, and receives the general confidence of the public. UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY. From Rev. FRANCIS LOBBELL, Pastor of the South Congregational Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT, January 21, 1864. Gentlemen.—I consider it a duty which I owe to suffering humanity to bear testimony to the virtues of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. I have used it—when I have had occasion for any remedy for Coughs, Colds, or Sore Throat—for many years, and never, in a single instance, has it failed to relieve and cure me. I have frequently been very much distressed by the use of the Balsam; my hoarseness has invariably been removed, and I have preached without difficulty to my brethren in the ministry, and to public assemblies generally, as a result of the use of this Balsam.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE. PREPARED BY SETH W. FOWLE & SON, 18 Tremont-St., Boston. AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE. Cures Cuts, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, and all other eruptions of the skin. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all the above mentioned ailments. It is sold by all Druggists.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. IS A PROTECTED SOLUTION OF THE PROTOXIDE OF IRON. A new discovery in medicine which strikes at the root of DYSPEPSIA, by supplying the blood with its vital principle, or life element—IRON. This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgic Affections, Chlorosis, Femoral Osteitis, Loss of Appetite, and all other ailments of the system.

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ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. OPPOSITE CITY HALL AND PARK CORNER FINEST HOTEL NEW YORK. SPACIOUS RECEPTION ROOMS AND BARBER'S SHOP. SERVANTS NOT ALLOWED TO RECEIVE PERQUISITES. Do not believe Rumors of Blackmail that say we are full.

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