Real and Personal Sales.

VALUABLE LANDS
FOR SALE!

NO. 1, A FARM, two miles north-west of Gettysburg, adjoining Spring Hotel property, 152 Acres, with large BRICK HOUSE, large Switzer Tenant House, and other improvements. Price $50—not more than cost of building.

NO. 2, A FARM, two and a half miles west of Gettysburg, adjoining No. 1, 116 Acres, good STONE HOUSE, Barn and other improvements. An excellent grass farm. Price $4,800.

NO. 3, A FARM adjoining No. 1, and 1 mile of Gettysburg, containing 118 Acres, with THREE FARM BUILDINGS. It is divided by the Gettysburg Turnpike and comprises many very valuable building lots. Price $6,500.

NO. 4, A FARM, five miles from Gettysburg, on public road, 152 Acres, good land in good condition, with large BRICK HOUSE, and large Barn. Price $5,500—very cheap.

NO. 5, A VERY GOOD FARM, two miles from Gettysburg, 240 Acres, with large BRICK HOUSE, large Bank Barn, all in good condition.—Price $50 per acre.

NO. 6, A FARM, 170 Acres, four miles from Gettysburg, on Public road, comfortable FRAME DWELLING, red land, ½ limed. Price $8,000 half cash.

NO. 7, An excellent FRUIT FARM, ten miles north of Gettysburg, on public road, about 90 Acres, in good condition, good Buildings, Price $50 per acre.

NO. 8, A GOOD RED LAND FARM, 150 Acres, comfortable HOUSE and all needed Outbuildings, and Barn, Land limed and in good order, one mile from Gettysburg, on Public road, 7 miles from Gettysburg, 3 miles from Littlestown. Price $6,

NO. 9, A TRACT of GRANITE LAND, 1 mile from Gettysburg, on York pike, 22 Acres, HOUSE and STABLE, a good stand for store or shop. Price $2,200.

NO. 10, A VERY GOOD FARM, two miles west of Gettysburg, on public road, 224 Acres, limed land in good condition, good Buildings, WEATHERBOARDED HOUSE, large Bank Barn, Spring House, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, and other outbuildings; APPLE ORCHARD, with other choice fruit; a good locust water, with a pump in it, that never ceases running water near by, and through the yard. In connection with this FARM will be a TRACT OF TIMBERLAND within one mile, containing 20 ACRES, more or less, well covered with chestnut, Oak, &c. The Farm will be offered, or a part in Building Lots, fronting the Public Road. Persons desiring to secure first-class property should not fail to attend this sale.

The Commons at Hickory, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

THE HEIRS.

May 27, 1870—tf

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

Will be sold at Private Sale the VALUABLE PROPERTY in the Borough of Gettysburg, on the corner of Chambersburg street and the diagonal, known as "Corner," fronting 60 feet on Chambersburg and running back to a public alley. The lot on it consists of a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE with two-story BRICK BACK-BUILDING, Stable, Frame Stable, &c. It is a valuable stand for a business.

The lot will be sold on reasonable terms. For further information, apply to either of the undersigned.

JOHN L. SCHICK,
JOHN CURVIN'S Heirs,
WM. QUINN,
T. A. WARREN.

June 1, 1870.—tf

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE THREE-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, front, on 40 feet lot, with two-story Brick Building, in first-class repair, two doors from Carlisle, on Baltimore street, will be sold on accommodating terms. [June 11—tf

The Star and Sentinel.

Gettysburg, Friday, June 3, 1870.

CLOSED.—The Common Schools in this place closed on Tuesday evening last. The next term will open on the 1st of September.

FESTIVAL.—The Lutheran congregation of Emmitsburg will hold a Strawberry Festival on the 9th, 10 and 11th days of June. The proceeds to be devoted to frescoing their new church.

MOUNTJOY.—James Reaver is building a bank barn in Mountjoy township, and Solomon Miller will build one after harvest. Samuel Baker is making considerable improvements upon his dwelling house.

CELEBRATION.—We are requested to state that "Camp No. 21 P. O. S. of A." of East Berlin, will have a parade in full regalia in that place on Whit-Monday afternoon, June 6. Able speakers from abroad have been secured to deliver addresses. A Band of music will also be present to enliven the occasion.

BLANK DEEDS, &C.—We have just printed a new lot of Blank Deeds of various kinds, including Deeds for Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees and Trustees generally. Also Mortgages. They have been printed with clear type on the best of paper, and we are prepared to supply them in any desired quantity. Also, Judgment and Sale Notes, with and without Exemption Waivers, Negotiable Notes, &c.

INDIAN VOCALISTS.—On Saturday evening last Prof. Flanders' troupe of Indian Vocalists gave a Concert in Agricultural Hall. Engagements prevented us from being present, but we understand the hall was well filled and that the troupe made a most favorable impression. The selections were in good taste, with nothing to offend the most refined ear, while their execution evinced careful vocal training. It is represented to have been one of the best Concerts given in the hall, which is no mean compliment.

ASSESSOR.—We understand that the County Commissioners have appointed Aaron Sheely (Democrat) Assessor for Gettysburg, in place of Wm. F. Baker, (Republican,) the latter having removed. It is time the Republicans of the Borough should take a little more care in the election of Assessors. This is the third time within a few years that, by vacancy in the office, by reason of failure to serve or removal, the County Commissioners have had the privilege of appointing Democratic officials.

BRIDGE CONTRACT.—The Commissioners of this county, on the 24th ult., awarded the contract for the building of an Iron Bridge across Opossum creek, at Henry Eppelman's mill, to Samuel Stouffer, of York—the superstructure at $16 75 per foot, and the masonry at $2 49 per perch. The bridge is to be 95 feet span, with a pier in the centre, and will cost, when complete in every part, about $1,800. There were seven bids—two from Pittsburg, two from York, two from Chambersburg, and one from Philadelphia.—*Compiler.*

GOOD TEMPLARS.—We notice by the "*Keystone Good Templar*," the official organ of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Pennsylvania, that extensive railroad arrangements are being made for the annual session, which will be held in Gettysburg, during the third week in June. There will be from 400 to 600 delegates in attendance, embracing some of the most active temperance workers in the State. The sessions will be held in Agricultural Hall.

During the same week the State Sabbath School Convention will meet in Harrisburg.

SERVICES.—The "United Brethren in Christ," of Littlestown Circuit, will hold a Woods meeting at Fairfield, near Gulden's Station, commencing on Saturday evening next. There will be preaching Sabbath morning and evening, and on each succeeding evening until the close of the meeting. There will also be preaching in day-time, during the week, as the weather may permit. Revs. W. B. Raber, (presiding elder,) J. H. Young, G. W. Lightner, J. F. Schaffer, W. J. Beamer, and other ministers, will be present. The public are cordially invited to attend. Refreshments can be had on the ground.

CLASSIS.—The annual session of Zion's Classis of the Reformed Church was held at Jefferson, York county, on the 20th ult., Rev. W. F. Calliflower, of Newport, being elected President; Rev. W. R. H. Deatrich, of Gettysburg, stated Clerk; and Elder Wm. A. Wilt, of York, Treasurer. The usual current business was transacted, Classis remaining in session until the evening of the 23d, when it adjourned to meet at Marysville, Perry county, in May, 1871.—R. vs. Jacob Zeigler, W. F. P. Davis and W. R. H. Deatrich were appointed a Committee to ordain and install Mr. Aaron Spangler, a licentiate, who has accepted a call from the York Springs charge.

SABBATH SCHOOL.—A correspondent sends a memorandum of a pleasant visit made by him to Oak Ridge Union Sabbath School, in School-house No. 2, Huntington town ship, on Sunday the 22d ult. The Officers are—Jacob B. Miller, President; Dr. J. H. Marsden and A. B. Walker, Superintendents. The school numbers 125, and is represented to be in a very flourishing condition. The exercises were interesting and practical, properly conducted, and well calculated to produce the greatest possible amount of good to scholars, teachers and officers.—The school is located in a neighborhood distinguished for intelligence, Christian sentiment, and enterprise, and should be cordially supported by Christians of all denominations.

I. O. R. M.—On Tuesday evening last, a new Lodge of Improved Order of Red Men was instituted at Littlestown, to be known as "Catoctin Tribe No. 129," by acting District Deputy Wm. B. Meals, assisted by a number of members from "Cayugue Tribe No. 81," of this place. The following officers were installed:—S., James Cress; S. S., G. W. Stover; J. S., W. H. Lansinger; C. of R., A. F. Barker; A. C. R., Henry Rahter; K. W., J. W. Hornberger; P., C. R. Snyder. A number of new members were initiated, and the new Tribe starts with favorable auspices.

A complimentary supper was given by "Catoctin Tribe," to the visiting brethren, which was gotten up in capital style by Mr. G. B. Yantis, of the "Yantis House," of whose courtesies and attention the visitors from Gettysburg speak in most commendatory terms.

The Littlestown Brass Band furnished the music for the occasion.

EAST BERLIN.—A correspondent favors us with the following items in regard to this thriving town:—Mr. Israel Stambaugh has recently erected a new Barn on his premises; Philip Hartman a fine Smith shop on Hanover street; Albert Tschop a Machine and Smith Shop on King street; H. B. Kline a two-story Kitchen adjoining his dwelling on King street, and George Jacob a two-story kitchen adjoining his dwelling. Simon Altland has put up a large Barn and Shop, and in a few weeks will put up a two-story Dwelling on his lot on Harrisburg street. John Reigle is erecting a new Barn, 85x50 feet, on his farm a short distance from town.

Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Reformed Church, held communion services in German on Sunday last, and will hold English communion services on Sunday evening, June 12, at 5½ o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Haner, of the Lutheran Church, will have communion services at East Berlin on Whit-Sunday; German in the morning, and English in the afternoon.

DECORATION DAY.

HONORS TO THE HEROIC DEAD.

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion."—*President Lincoln.*

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and gallant few:
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with ceaseless round
The Bivouac of the Dead.

Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for freedom won,
Whose storied deeds shall never die,
While coming years their circles run.
Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,
And blest the flag which o'er them waves;
Its radiant stars their watch will keep,
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That marked the battle's strife,
Are now all crowned with victory,
That saved the Nation's life.
A thousand battle-fields have drank
The blood of warriors brave,
And countless homes are dark and drear
Thro' the land they died to save.

Monday last—the day set apart for floral tributes to the memory of the soldiers who fell during the war for the suppression of the Rebellion—was observed generally throughout the country as a holiday. From every locality where repose the remains of the honored dead, we have telegrams detailing impressive ceremonies. The observance seems to have been more general this year than last. The surviving comrades of the fallen heroes all over the country, under the general direction of the "Grand Army of the Republic," heartily united in the graceful tribute, citizens generally cordially co-operating, and giving gratifying evidence that a grateful people is not forgetful of the fearful sacrifices made in our behalf by the heroic dead.

In Gettysburg the ceremonies were under direction of a committee of the "Gettysburg Zouaves." During the day the weather was unfavorable, with lowering and threatening clouds, but towards evening the sky cleared, a bright warm sun pouring a flood of sun shine over the green hills and plains, where, seven years ago, amid the crash of shot and shell, the nation's heroes contested with armed traitors, and where thousands gave their lives that the nation might live. As the afternoon drew on, citizens from the surrounding country poured in, ladies bringing with them floral offerings to be deposited on the graves of our fallen heroes, and by 5 o'clock the streets were well thronged with men, women and children anxious to share in the tribute to the heroic dead. The stores and places of business were generally closed at 5 o'clock. At 5½, the Zouaves, escorting about 100 boys and girls from the National Orphans Homestead, and headed by the Gettysburg Brass Band, took up the line of march to the National Cemetery—the floral offerings being carried in a wagon draped with the national flag. The Zouaves carried the old torn and tattered flag of the 87th Pa., Regiment, many of the members having followed it during three long years of the War.

At the Cemetery, after music by the Band, Prof. Edsal Ferrier made the following

PRAYER.

Almighty God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty, and covereest Thyself with light as with a garment. "The heavens declare Thy glory, and the firmament showeth Thy handiwork. Though by searching we cannot find Thee out, we reverently lift our hearts to Thee as our Maker, and as the God of all grace. We recognize Thee, not only as the God of each separate soul, but the God of all nations. Thou art Ruler and King among the nations. Who shall not fear Thee? We thankfully acknowledge Thy goodness to this people. Thou hast planted us on a very fruitful hill, hast not made the wilderness our habitation, nor the barren land our dwelling. We have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us, what Thou didst for them. Our own eyes have witnessed Thy Providential interposition for our safety. We commend to Thy care the nation which Thou hast so signally blessed. Preside in our national councils. Let wisdom and knowledge be the stability of our times, and the fear of the Lord our treasure. Counsel our counsellors, teach our Senators wisdom, and never let the things which pertain to our peace be hid from the eyes of our rulers. Make our officers peace, and never again let violence be heard in our gates, nor wasting or destruction in our borders. Extend the blessings of our civil and religious institutions to all parts of the earth, and hasten that reign of the Prince of Peace, when nation shall no more lift up the sword against nation. In all changes, let the God of Heaven set up and establish a kingdom that shall never be destroyed; and all the glory shall be ascribed to the name of Almighty God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

After further music by the Band, Rev. Dr. Hay delivered the following

ADDRESS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Assembled in this peaceful city of the dead, we lift up our eyes upon a scene of quiet rural beauty well nigh unsurpassed. From this commanding eminence we behold stretched out a pleasing panorama of alternate grove and open plain—there the solitary *Liriodendron*, that has for more than a generation stood prominently forth as the most striking landmark in all the country round—there the quiet village whose name recent events have made familiar to the ear of the world—in the distance the circling hills that but lately echoed back and forth the horrid sounds of war.

This lovely landscape, now clothed in the fresh and fragrant habiliments of spring, exhibits scarcely a trace of the fearful scenes that were here so recently enacted. Then the hill upon which we stand was scored with entrenchments, its brow scolloped with lunettes, from whose partial shelter the deadly shot and shell were flying in the face of the foe entrenched on yonder heights.—The murky cloud of battle hung gloomily, as a huge death pall, overhead, and the air was filled with the groans of the dying.

Those were days of terrible anxiety for all true lovers of our country. The fate of our nation was hanging in the balance.—Traitorous hordes, flushed with victory and seduced by promises of aid and comfort upon northern soil, had crossed the border of our Commonwealth and were sweeping triumphantly through our fertile valleys, when they learned that the Army of the Potomac was upon their track. They turned to give battle, and here was then heard that fearful crash of arms that resounded through our land, and we may say throughout the world. For then, and here, the proud waves of the southern inundation were stayed; then and here the tide of war was turned; and from the hour of Pickett's repulse, on yonder hill, the doom of the Slaveholders' Rebellion was sealed.

But, O, at what a fearful cost was that victory secured! Could silver and gold have purchased it, how freely would the Nation have poured forth its richest treasures! But such a triumph was to be gained only by the sacrifice of many precious, *precious* lives. The Nation shouted for joy when the wires flashed through all the land the news of victory; but amid all these exultations there was heard the sound of lamentation, wailing and woe, "Rachael mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted, because they were not."

Humiston died, with the pictures of his little ones clasped in his stiffening fingers and pressed to his heart. Ah, how many a father, stretched here upon this reeking sod, clasped his trembling hands upon a heart just as full of tender affection for the dear ones at home, who were even then, and here, thus unconsciously offering up a priceless sacrifice upon their country's altar!

My fellow citizens,—do we feel that there, and here upon this bloodstained soil, we incurred a debt that we can never repay?—*Those mourners are the Nation's true creditors!* They have a right to say, as they see us luxuriating in the fruits of those awful contests: "We have suffered that you might triumph and rejoice."

Yes, widows and orphans of our brave defenders, our Nation acknowledges the obligation. Never, indeed, can its value be repaid; but our heart rejoices at every fresh proof of the fact that our Republic is not ungrateful. As Pennsylvanians, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that our dear old Commonwealth was the first to inaugurate a practical plan for the sustenance and education of the orphans of our brave defenders. In many of the States this noble example has been followed. And here there rises up before our sight one substantial and comfortable dwelling after another, a National Soldiers' Orphans' Home—here, alongside of the graves of their fathers—a tribute of patriotism and gratitude mainly from the Sunday School children of the land.

In honor, too, of the memory of the patriot dead who slumber here, this splendid monument has arisen, where the wat-worn Veteran, resting from the toils of battle, is recounting to the Muse of History the scenes of thrilling interest that here occurred; where, as the fruit of the victory here achieved, we see represented honest Industry, resuming his honorable daily toil, and smiling Peace opening her bounitful hand and dispensing plenty all around. High over all the Genius of Liberty holds forth the victor's wreath and smiles complacently upon the peaceful scene below.

But why are we assembled here to-day? Who has summoned us to this consecrated ground, this city of the patriot dead? Their comrades in arms; who, passing with them through those scenes of carnage, have escaped to tell the tale. To keep alive the patriotic memories of those fearful days, they have banded themselves together in the *Grand Army of the Republic.* Long may they live and flourish! May the day never come when they shall need to draw the sword again in our Country's defence. But, if ever traitorous hand be raised again to insult that flag—thick as autumnal leaves the serried ranks of this noble army will start into view, with the stirring shout—"Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again!" In your hands, patriot soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, we know that we can safely entrust it!

To this noble army of the defenders of the Nation's life nothing is more dear than the memory of their fallen comrades. And this they will ever cherish, fresh and green. It was a happy thought, suggested by some grateful, graceful, loving heart, annually to dedicate a day especially to their memory, and we trust this will ere long be set apart by legislative enactment and universal consent as a national holiday. Let us assemble to recount their deeds of valor and hold forth their illustrious example to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the land, gratefully cherishing their memory and strewing their graves with flowers.

These soldiers' graves may well be held in perpetual, honorable remembrance, and annually crowned with fresh and blooming tokens of a Nation's gratitude.

They fell in a noble cause! Not every soldier's final resting-place can be contemplated with feelings akin to those that stir our breasts as we stand here among these circling granite tablets, that mark the spot where the ashes of our honored defenders now repose. No mad scheme of plunder or conquest called them to arms. It was the sublime spectacle of a free people to resist the traitorous attempts of a slaveholding aristocracy to destroy a beneficent government that would no longer submit to be administered in the interests of inhumanity. "Rule or ruin," was the treasonable motto. The answer of our patriot heroes was; "You shall neither rule nor ruin—the Union must and shall be preserved!"

They fell contending against greatly superior numbers. They lie entombed by the hands of a grateful people.

If a soldier's grave is ever to be the lot of any one of you, my hearers, may it be one as honorable and as deservedly cherished as that of those by which we are now surrounded!

Music by the Band followed, during which the Flowers were given to the Orphans and by them scattered on the soldiers' graves, the Zouaves having stationed sentinels along the outer burial line to keep the ground clear. This ceremony being gone through with, Lieut. D. L. McKenzie made the closing

ADDRESS.

Seven years have passed since these hills shook beneath the tread of contending armies. Seven summers have poured their floods of heat upon these fields since battling hosts stood here face to face in deadly conflict; and seven spring-times have laid their offerings down upon this sacred battlefield, till now we scarcely realize that this same spot, but seven years ago, was the scene of the wildest carnage.

Little do the voices that speak to-day on this hallowed ground harmonize with those belching, booming, thunderous voices that shook these hills and spoke the language of death and of war during those eventful days of July 1863. Kind nature has in a great measure covered up the track of desolation made by these hills, by man in his folly. And here where death once claimed the pre-eminence, and where the powers of destruction did a horrid work, we now see life blooming. But in the midst of so much life, and notwithstanding the benevolence of a kind Heaven in thus hiding from our eyes the most heart-rending scene—the saddest evidences of our own depravity—let us not forget that this is none other than the very burial-place of our nation's noblest sons. It becomes us therefore to touch this turf with reverent foot to-day, because beneath it lies in quiet sleep the heroic dust of our nation's brave defenders. We have not come here to day, however, to worship those who sleep beneath this sod—we have not come here to adore these noble men who fell while battling for the right. We worship none but God—we adore none but Him who spread out these skies, who made the worlds, who "sits King upon the floods and rides upon the winds." But we have come to pay our tribute of respect, to drop a silent tear upon these graves of "known and unknown" dead, to return our deep and lasting debt of gratitude to those who died to save our country from ruin.

We come to breathe again that old spirit of patriotism, and to renew our pledges to stand by our country in every day of her trial, and to bear aloft in triumph our glorious flag in spite of all our nation's foes.

We come to decorate our heroes' graves with the best and purest offerings of spring. And surely no conception of the human heart could have been more beautiful than this; that with each revolving year, during our country's future existence, we shall come here and strew these tokens of our love, of our gratitude, over the last resting-place of those who died in that great struggle for our country and for the cause of all oppressed humanity. But as we stand this evening beneath these bending skies, and within the shadow of this grand monument, and upon this ground so sacred, we feel that no eloquence is equal to the occasion. When our eyes fall upon these mounds, each containing the remains of a comrade, perhaps his brother, who, with bleeding hearts, we saw committed to grave and the sod

recall the fierce conflicts on other fields—the pangs of hunger and keen blasts of winter, and the scorching suns of the south, through which they passed before they bit the dust here—when we remember all these things, our hearts would say, "be still," for the language of these dead men is more powerful than any living tongue.

And now the thought occurs to me, what matters all this display, or what signify these mementoes of our love, to those from whose skulls the eye, with its light, has long since departed—on whose ears the thunders, that rock the mountains to their base, produce no sound? What strange realm holds this awful mystery? And yet, if ancestry may be believed, then we may suppose that the descending spirits of these departed braves are here, witnessing this sublime spectacle. At least, who knows, but that from these heavens above us, the blessed spirits of some, and if it would not be straining charity to say the spirits of all, who sleep here in these graves are looking down upon this scene and rejoicing to see this sublime spectacle of a nation's gratitude.

But whether this be so or not, let us ever cherish in our heart of hearts the fondest memories of our patriot dead. This is but right, this is but just. This honoring of the dead is not of recent date, but it runs perhaps parallel with the history of our race. God's greatest servant and most honored of the sons of men was buried in the land of Moab by God himself, and yet no man has gone to that mysterious sepulchre, nor any mortal hand ever laid its offering down upon that grave, yet doubtless those Invisible Ones, the Sons of God, have paid many a tribute at the tomb of Moses. England has her Westminster Abbey—that burial-place of kings, of poets, of warriors, and of statesmen—to which thousands yearly go in order to honor those who sleep there in state. Other nations have their Meccas for their dead. But while we decorate these graves, comrades, will you go with me to other scenes? Ah, there are other battle-fields in the broad land where no such assemblies meet to-day. Far away to the south, below the Rapidan, is that dreary Wilderness. Oh! the ghastly forms of the dead, the haggard visages of the dying, in that dismal place, pass before me this evening in awful procession. My ear can yet catch the dying wail of those who fell in that region of death. They were even denied the repose and sanctity of a grave. Some were consumed by fire, others became the prey of vultures. Many a brave man sleeps in that inhospitable Wilderness without any monument to mark his resting-place, and no kindness ventures there with an offering of affection for their graves. This is but one of many fields. Let us follow the conquering tread of a Thomas, the triumphant march of a Sherman, or the victories of an eagle-winged Sheridan, and oh how many, many noble men there are who have no graves, no monuments, and whose names have perished among the living. These are the "unknown" dead.

And while we decorate these graves, let not this our humble tribute of respect be rendered for these alone, but may our offerings be for all our country's patriot dead. These, who rest here, are but a handful of that great army of martyrs who died to save our land. Three hundred thousand men fill soldier's graves who fell in the late war—all of whom claim an equal share of our gratitude to-day.

But perhaps the saddest feature of this hour is, that these were not men bowed down by age—they were the vigorous manhood of our country. They were much of the bone and sinew of our land. Age had not yet sapped the fire of youth from their cheeks, and they were looking forward with bright hopes to happy and prosperous lives. Husband and wife, child and parent, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, were all torn from each other in the fierce conflict. Death entered the door of almost every home in this land, and sorrow plowed deep furrows on many a face, which will only be erased in the grave. The struggle was long, fierce and bloody, but thanks be to the God of battles, we were in the right. And now after having passed through the Red sea, and although many perished in the "wilderness," yet we have been permitted to inherit the land. And thanks be to Heaven that to-day no stain of oppression mars the beauty of our flag. The foul stain of slavery has been forever wiped out in blood. But while we pay this tribute of respect to this noble army of the dead, is there no word of praise to the living? It is not because they were less brave than those who fell that they returned after the battle. No, but the reason is found in the word of God; "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." There is a living army then to-day that demands at least one word of praise—that calls from gratitude from every loyal heart. This great host of living heroes is merged to-day in the citizenship of our country. They have sheathed the sword, and have learned again the arts of peace. They are the law abiding, simple yeomanry of our nation. God bless this army of living heroes.

And now have we no word for the citizens of our common country—for those who may not have borne a musket in the strife? Have we not a word of praise for that weaker half of our race who bore a noble part in the great struggle? This is truly a sublime spectacle. For here at the grave, as in the great sanctuary of the Most High, all distinctions cease, and no matter how widely we may differ at other times and in other places, yet here, as around the Cross, no party feeling separates us—no petty prejudices, no hatred or malice—but all stand friends and equals at the grave. For beneath the ground there are no kings, no statesmen, and there is no peasantry, but all constitute a common brotherhood in death. You, citizens of our common country, deserve equal praise with those who stemmed the tide of battle, for by your prayers and by your help we were enabled to stand up as men in the day of fierce conflict. And to you, mothers, does this nation owe the deepest debt of gratitude. For to you it is due to say that all that army of dead and living soldiery has been nourished and trained by you for the most heroic deeds of time. And every dead soldier or sailor—whether he sleeps to day in a national cemetery or lies unburied in a southern swamp, or whether his body has gone down in the deep sea—each one of these has caused you the double pains of birth and then of death. Like that ancient mother in Rama you are still weeping and refuse to be comforted because your children are not. Indeed to you does this republic owe the deepest debt of gratitude.

And now, comrades and citizens, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, young men and maidens, boys and girls, let us all at this twilight hour, and in this solemn place, and 'neath the sight of these witnessing skies, in the presence of this silent sentinel of the dead, and in the presence of our God, once more renew our solemn vows of loyalty and undying devotion to this great and glorious land of liberty. And let your living and dying prayer for your country be that noble sentiment of the poet:

"Rail on, O noble ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee!"

The National Hymn, "My Country 'tis of thee," was then sung, and the exercises closed with a Benediction by Prof. C. J. Ehrehart.

For Public Speakers and Singers will find "Brown's Bronchial Troches" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after. Any natural product of the vocal organs, having each containing a portion of the medicine. For sale by all Druggists. [June 3—1m

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Baltimore *American*, in its account of the decoration of the Soldier's graves at Loudon Cemetery, near that city, on Monday, gives the following incident as occurring when the procession reached the gateway of the park:

A VENERABLE PATRIOT.—An aged man was standing at the gate, with head uncovered, as the procession moved in. His long, gray hair rested on his shoulders, his strongly marked face was wrinkled and furrowed with the storms of many years, but he held his head erect, and there was a fire in his eye that betokened a bold spirit within. When the color bearer of one of the Posts of the Grand Army approached the venerable man was handed into the line immediately in front of the flag, which was held above his head, and thus supported by a young man on either side, the old man marched with the soldiers of the Grand Army to the gate of the green camp in which their fallen comrades are sleeping. There were wondering eyes and suppressed exclamations, and many conjectures as to who the old man was, who walked along with a feeble step, but keeping time to the beat of the drum. The gray-haired man was Dr. M. D. G. Pfeiffer of New Oxford, Adams county, Pennsylvania, a soldier of the famous free corps, the Beach Chasseurs, of Luetzow, in the war of the first Napoleon, a man of much learning, steadfast patriotism, the intimate friend of the late Thaddeus Stevens, and for many years the Principal of a flourishing classical school. When his fatherland, Ostfoer-land, was occupied by Napoleon, he was the fourth on a list of citizens designated to be shot for refusing to recognize the authority and power of the emperor. Two of his own sons were soldiers in the Union army, and now rest in soldiers' graves. Although nearly ninety years of age, "his eyes are not dim nor his natural force abated."

ARREST.—A stranger, named Rutler, came to Gettysburg on Wednesday morning last, taking the first train east. He had slept in Mummasburg the night before. After the train had left, Detective Rouzer received a telegram from a Mr. Gretter, of Newville, requested that Rutler be arrested. Mr. Rouzer telegraphed to Hanover and had him overhauled there. He is now in prison, but we have not learned the charge.

FOR RENT.—Several desirable Rooms in south-east corner of the diamond, the late residence of Hon. R. G. Harper, deceased. For terms, &c., inquire of Mrs. Harper.

Review of the Markets.

Baltimore Grain & Produce Market
Baltimore, Thursday Morning.

SUPER FLOUR,	5 00 @ 5 25
EXTRA FLOUR,	5 50 @ 5 75
WHITE WHEAT,	1 40 @ 1 45
RED WHEAT,	1 25 @ 1 50
CORN,	1 10 @ 1 22
RYE,	1 15 @ 1 20
OATS,	59 @ 62
TIMOTHY-SEED,	0 00 @ 0 00
CLOVER-SEED,	0 00 @ 0 00
FLAX-SEED,	0 00 @ 0 00
BACON, SHOULDERS,	13½ @ 14
" SIDES,	17 @ 17½
" HAMS,	14 @ 22
LARD,	16½ @ 16¾

Gettysburg Grain & Provision Market
Gettysburg, Friday Morning.

SUPER FLOUR,	4 00
EXTRA FLOUR,	4 75
WHITE WHEAT,	0 00 @ 0 00
RED WHEAT,	1 10
CORN,	90
RYE,	48
OATS,	48
BUCKWHEAT,	0 00
TIMOTHY SEED,	0 00
CLOVER SEED,	0 00
POTATOES,	00 @ 30
BUTTER,	25
LARD,	16
EGGS,	12
BACON, HAMS,	18
" SIDES,	13
" SHOULDERS,	13
SOAP,	6 @ 8
TALLOW,	8

STOCKS AND BONDS.

Closing Prices of De Haven & Bro., 40 South 3rd St., Philadelphia.

3 o'clock, P. M., June 1st, 1870.

U. S. 6's of '81,	117¾ 117¾
" '62,	112½ 112½
" '64,	111¼ 111¼
" '65,	111¼ 111¼
" '65, new,	113¼ 113¾
" '67,	114 114¼
" '68,	114 114¼
" 5's, 10 '0's,	108½ 108¾
U. S. 30 Year 6 per cent. Cy.	112½ 113
Due Comp. Int. Notes,	19
Gold,	114¾ 114¾
Silver,	108 110
Union Pacific R. R. 1st M. Bonds	870 880
Central Pacific R. R.	930 940
Union Pacific Land Grant Bonds	780 790

MARRIED.

ZIEGLER—SCHMECK.—On the 31st ult., in Espy, Columbia county, Pa., by the Rev. J. M. Rice, Mr. William C. Ziegler, of this place, to Miss Eunice Schmeck, of the former place.

DIED.

Obituary notices 5 cents a line for all over 4 lines—cash to accompany notices.

MARK.—In Baltimore, on the 23d ult., Nicholas Mark, formerly of Arendtsville, this county, aged about 60 years. The remains were interred at Arendtsville.

SHEFFIELD.—On the 21st ult., in Baltimore City, William Robinson Sheffield, in the 76th year of his age.

WEIKERT.—On the 24th ult., Mrs. Mollie C. Weikert, wife of Levi Weikert, of Cumberland township, aged 21 years, 8 months and 8 days.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of R. McCURDY, Esq., Superintendent of the Gettysburg Railroad, on his Fifteenth Account, hereby gives notice that he will sit to perform the duties of his appointment, at his office in Gettysburg, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of June, 1870.

J. O. MERLEY, Auditor.

June 3—4t

STORE-ROOM FOR RENT!

THE Store-room and Fixtures, at the corner of York Street and the Diamond, Gettysburg, is for RENT on reasonable terms. Immediate possession will be given. Is a very desirable room. Inquire of

H. S. WOODS.

June 3, 1870.—3t

THE HARTFORD LIFE AND ANNUITY INSURANCE COMPANY Want good men as agents in this County. The Instalment Savings Plan, successfully used by the Company, enables agents to do a large business and obtain insurance when no other plan will, on account of its thoroughly equitable features; providing as it does incomes during life, and giving exact justice to all, old or young. Agents can secure unusually good contracts by addressing

HINGHMAN & KELLOGG, Genl Agts.,
No. 425 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

June 3—1m

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issue out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and to me directed, I will sell at Public Sale, at the Court House, in Gettysburg, on Saturday, the 18th day of June, 1870, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

NO. 1—A TRACT OF LAND, situate in Germany township, Adams county, adjoining lands of John H. Miller, James Spangler, John Felix and others, containing 110 ACRES, more or less, HAVING THEREON A TWO-STORY DWELLING, with a two-story Brick Back-building attached, a Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Hog Pen, and other outbuildings. About 10 Acres are in timber and 15 Acres in good meadow. There are on the premises an abundance of Choice Fruit, two Wells of water with pumps in them, one near the kitchen door. Adjoining half of 82 Acres of growing Wheat.

NO. 2—A TRACT OF TIMBERLAND, situate as above, containing 8 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of George Hauer, Jacob Godlovitz and others, adjoining the above tract.

Seized and taken in execution as the Real Estate of Lucas Beamer.

JACOB KLUNK, Sheriff.

June 3, 1870.—3t

☞ The purchaser of the purchase-money upon all sales by the Sheriff must be paid over immediately after the property shall have been struck down, or the property will be again put up for sale.

New Advertisements.

BOUNTY ACCOUNT.

FRANCIS BREAM, Treasurer, in account with Bounty Funds of Cumberland township:

DR.

Balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement,	476 78
Balance due on Duplicate, 1867,	437 47
" " " 1868,	595 24
Amount of Duplicate, 1869,	6,372 00
	$7,881 49

CR.

By error in Loan, A. Plank, April 16, 1870,	107 46
By Note paid A. Plank,	260 54
By Interest paid A. Plank,	26 08
By Interest and Protest, Bank,	327 47
By Amount paid on Principal,	1,936 84
By Interest paid Bank and disallowed last settlement,	515 64
By Sundry Orders paid,	374 16
By Auditors' pay,	5 25
By Balance due on Duplicate, 1867,	437 47
" " " 1869,	599 41
By Collectors' fee on $290,	8 50
By Balance due on Duplicate, 1869,	2,280 92
By Exonerations on Duplicate, 1869,	306 50
By Collectors' fees on $3,524,	70 48
By Treasurer's Commission,	176 41
By Balance in hands of Treasurer,	960 85
	$7,881 49

DUE TO THE TOWNSHIP BY JOHN KEEPAUVER.

Balance Duplicate, 1867,	437 47
" " 1868,	599 44
" " 1869,	2,280 92 $3,317 83
Due by Francis Bream, Treasurer,	960 85
	$4,174 68

We hereby certify that we have examined the above account and find it correct—and that there is a balance in hands of Treasurer of Nine Hundred and Sixty-Dollars and Eighty-five Cents, and that there are uncollected taxes to the amount of Thirty-two Hundred and Seventeen Dollars and Eighty-three Cents in the hands of the Collector.

PETER D. SWISHER,
GEORGE D. PLANK,
HARVEY D. BREAM,
Auditors.

EIGHT PER CENT. GOLD

First Mortgage Bonds

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000,

BY THE

St. Joseph and Denver City

RAILROAD COMPANY.

In denominations of $1,000 and $500, coupon or registered, with interest at Eight per cent per annum, payable 15th February and August, in GOLD free of United States taxes, in New York or Europe. The bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York in GOLD. Trustees, Eggers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these bonds is at the rate of $13,500 per mile; and a completed road for every bond issued, and is a first and ONLY mortgage. The line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney