

(Correspondence of the Agitator.)

Consecration of the Gettysburg Battle Field.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 21st, 1863.

Tuesday was a proud day for the little village of Gettysburg. It was feared that the day appointed for the dedication, being so far in the usually stormy month of November we should have unpleasant weather for the occasion. In this we were happily disappointed. No brighter morning ever dawned on those hills, when on the memorable first, second, and third so many of our devoted countrymen fought and died, or upon the fertile and once lovely plain so lately drenched by the blood of our brothers. The morning sky was clear, the sun shone unobscured upon the great field where thundered first and loudest the real notes of deliverance to a groaning nation.

The President and suite arrived early on the morning of the 18th, the Governors of the loyal states about midnight, and early on the morning of the 19th it became evident that a large crowd would be present to witness the solemn ceremonies, which should consecrate a portion of the blood-stained field to the use of its brave defenders. A full account of the general proceedings you will have seen in the daily papers before this reaches you. Of them I will say but little. At 10 o'clock the procession formed near the north end of town and marched through the principal streets to the cemetery. A large stand had been erected in the center, handsomely decorated by appropriate banners, wreaths and trophies. While the procession was moving to the ground, the sun, as if he too would mourn with the gathering multitude of fathers, mothers, sisters and friends in their solemn duties, was covered by a thin haze settling over the whole sky, which rendered it none the less pleasant, as the atmosphere was warm and still. At precisely 12 the ceremonies were begun by the performance of the funeral military dirge by Bergild's Band. Then an impressive prayer of consecration and dedication was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, Chaplain to Congress. Then followed the Oration by Edward Everett. I will not attempt to describe the Oration, or the impression produced by its delivery. Every American should procure it—read it, and preserve it, for others to read. The Oration was followed by a dedicatory speech by the President of the United States. The announcement of the President's name was the occasion of prolonged and deafening applause. His remarks were brief, but appropriate and impressive. The dedicatory hymn was sung by the Baltimore Musical Association, and at 3 o'clock the services were concluded by singing and performing a sweet and mournful dirge prepared expressly for the occasion. After the conclusion, the President, Members of the Cabinet, and Governors of the states were by the Military conducted to their quarters in town. A large portion of the crowd lingered about the cemetery and other portions of the battle-field till midnight.

The village of Gettysburg is situated near the south side of an extensive plain. The ground is so level that from the College cupola (from whence Gen. Lee made his observations on the afternoon of the bloody 3d) the position of any considerable force could be distinctly seen for many miles around and south of Round Top. Our troops clustered on the southeast, and proceeded through and formed in line of battle about three-fourths of a mile to the west of the town. Here, near the Chambersburg road, is the spot where the lamented Capt. Soble of your town fell. I visited the spot where he fell. When at home I know him well, and while standing upon the ground, I could not help seeing in painful imagination his manly form standing on that elevation in the open field, and as he cheered his brave men on, saying to the furious foe concealed in the ravines and wood below, "Come! He fell early in the engagement. He died—and for Liberty's sake, with noble companions he fills an honored grave. A little to the left, on the same elevation and at nearly the same time fell the noble Reynolds. As if life he always led to the scenes of danger, so in death, to a state's eye, a whole nation's sorrow, he leads. Who would not be proud to follow such a leader, and love his company ever in death, for God and his country a sake! From this first position our men were finally driven, and fell back through the town, and swinging their right, rested upon Cemetery Hill, where with their front changed from west to north west, they threw up slight breastworks, and prepared, as well as they could in their worn condition, for the great struggle which seemed to await them.

Cemetery Hill is not a high elevation, yet from it we have a fair view of most of the great plain and the little hills upon which the great battles were fought. From this proud place the view ranges unbroken for miles around the horizon. On all sides lofty hills in clear outline are distinctly defined against the blue sky; then woody crests standing out in bold relief against the intermediate scenery. Colpa Hill, a small but rugged elevation, is about a mile to the east, and about 2 1/2 miles to the south. Round Top towers from whose proud and bare top an American ensign was visible, floating free in the loyal winds.

It is proposed that a monument be erected in the center of the burial ground, in honor of the occupants; also small monuments upon the spots where fell some of our brave leaders; and also that the breastworks and redoubts erected by our men, be preserved in all of which seems highly appropriate. Gettysburg will henceforth be Pennsylvania's proudest word, as well as the proudest word written upon our Country's banner—written as it is in the blood of some of her noblest sons, and at a time too when victory was doubly hailed by anxious millions, as Salvation and Glory.

Most of the dead have been removed to the Cemetery. Capt. Soble's body at the head of the outer tier of Pennsylvania's plot, which is to the right of the outer center of the semicircle, his face looking to the very spot where he fell. Many interesting incidents I could not help witnessing in the short time that I lingered about the new made graves. A aged mother from Ohio sat at the head of a fresh pile of earth and with a rough board clasped in her arms was kissing theirs rudely out upon it which spelled John Vaughn—a little further on a lady dressed in black was planting a sweet bouquet upon a grave marked Private Allen Conley, 72d N. Y.—A silver haired man sat at the grave of a Minnesota Volunteer (his son I was told) reading aloud from his pocket Bible, his face brightening as though sure his heart and earth so closely linked, I reluctantly left the battle-field of Gettysburg.

Indiana has raised 700,000 men enough to equip a draft in January.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PENNA.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1863.

GETTING INTO DEBT.

We have never felt called upon to apologize for the nation running into debt under the pressure of the great war for universal freedom. A vast debt is accumulating—much more vast than it was, not long ago, supposed could be contracted, much less borne by the Government.

But the necessity for contracting this debt arose, not with the Government, but with the rebellion of a portion of the people who, in common with the loyal portion, had shared its benefits and partaken of its protection. The Government had no choice. It found the knife at its throat, and the demand for unconditional surrender made before it was consulted. The question then became one of cowardly and criminal surrender, or courageous and manly defence.

It chose the latter. Had it done otherwise, had it even hesitated in selecting the alternative, how many of us would have desired to survive the shame? Its choice will be applauded by the generations to come as the one alone fit to be made. Having made it, we are bound to sustain it, at whatever cost and sacrifice.

We now owe more than one thousand millions of dollars. To whom? To British capitalists? No. This vast sum has been voluntarily advanced by the citizens of the United States to succor a struggling Government. Look about you: That man yonder following the plow in the fallow-ground,—he owns a bond in which a small portion of this vast debt is represented. So with yonder grimy artisan,—gritty with the dust of the forge,—he owns stock in this great enterprise. The physician, the clergyman, the lawyer, the capitalist and the gentleman of elegant leisure—all these have taken stock in the Government.

This vast debt, then, is a truly popular and national venture. We owe ourselves the sum of rather more than \$1,250,000,000. We cannot repudiate, for it is a debt in which all loyal men are interested. We cannot borrow to pay it, because we have loaned to create it. It is an honest debt and must not be repudiated.

Well—Mr. Grabenny, it is a terrible thing to be in debt, isn't it? And a fearful reckless Government to run so awfully in debt, isn't it? The country is going to ruin, "post haste," isn't it? That is the way you look at it. You own no stock in the concern. When the Government was defending itself with one hand, and reaching out the other for material aid, you buttoned up your coat, rammed your pocket book into the depths of your pocket and refused to lend a dollar. That is just what we suspected when you began to growl about taxation. Possibly you were one of the worthy patriots who counseled a county loan last year, and then true to your instincts, sneaked off without so much as taking a single bond for your amount. No matter; you pay not much to support the government, and therefore growl about the public indebtedness.

Now, we look upon this vast, and daily augmenting debt, without a single regret. We rather like to see it grow. We would like to see it grow so large, and send its golden creeps and roots in so many directions that there shall not be a pocket in the country that shall not be reached. We hope to live to see this Government owned by the people, who ordained and will preserve it. Let us give every man a pecuniary interest in it; so that when fools and knaves conspire to overthrow it, the vast majority, who own stock, will put their feet on the knives and fools in the very outset, and give rebellion its quietus before it becomes formidable.

This great debt will prove a source of strength in all time to come; for it is not to be paid off, we trust. Better pay \$75,000,000, interest per annum, with peace and security to life and property, than \$400,000,000 per annum to put down such rebellions as that on hand.

Al—but only think of it! Is not Tioga's share of the interest \$300,000 per year? Buy with arithmetic, come forward!

If there was anything further necessary to bury the Coppers of Pennsylvania beyond the hope of resurrection, the recent opinions of Justices Lowrie & Woodward, declaring the Conscription Law unconstitutional, have finished the work. It only remained for those gentlemen to justify the charges of disloyalty made against them during the campaign, that an indulgent and somewhat charitable public might see that those charges were not grounded in partisan malice.

We doubt if Messrs. Lowrie and Woodward will be willing to bear the burden of shame and reproach which a loyal people will heap upon them for this last most miserable pest-fogging. We say pest-fogging—for that is the exact term to apply to their decisions. We have known Judge Woodward through his neighbors and schoolmates, for twelve years; and have always known him to be counted cold, heartless, and insincere. Penurious even to meanness, envious even to malignity, selfish even to injustice, and conceited even to puerility,—this is the testimony of old men who have not been dazed by his condescension and fuddled with his noise.

Yet this judicial coxcomb is the ideal of greatness with the party which put him in the field. He has done business on a very limited capital from his boyhood up. Though not overstocked with brains, he puts what he has to a very foolish use. He is emphatically a man of blunders. He is a walking mistake.

In the mortification of defeat he abandoned his pews in the churches in Philadelphia and Wilkesbarre, because their pastors had been proper to protest against the rank infidelity of John Henry Hopkins. This was a blunder, and not the least of his blunders by any means. Ten years from to-day, if he lives, he will try to wiggle out of it. He will deny that he did so silly an act. He will ever lie about it, as he is accustomed to lie about his earlier follies and blunders.

When the war broke out, the Government in all its branches, was in the hands of the Democratic party.

The rebellion, then, when seen from the point which the historian will occupy, was a rebellion of the so-called democratic party against the Government as administered by our chosen agents.

Nowhere in history can a parallel to this be found. A party rebelling against its own authority! Yet it is true. Had the rebels waited until the outgoing of Mr. Buchanan before firing upon the flag, the rebellion would have made a better figure in history.

These fellows now clamor for reinstatement in their old places. They, only, can put down rebellion, they say. They got up the rebellion, and that they might put it down, seems rather plausible. But we cannot forget that they officially declared through Mr. Buchanan and Attorney-General Black that they could not put down rebellion, even in the little State of South Carolina. If not in a little State, how can they hope to put it down in half-a-dozen States? And besides, are they not doing their utmost to plunge the loyal States into Rebellion?

"How are you to-day, Uncle Tom?"—asked one of a constitutional grumbler. "Pretty miserable, I thank you!"—grunted Uncle Tom.

The salutation of the Woodward journals now-a-days reminds us of Uncle Tom; "Pretty miserable, I thank you!" There is such a vigorous effort to put a good face upon afflictive dispensations that we never fail to have a good laugh over every such paper on our exchange list.

How many reams of paper and how many gallons of ink they have wasted in their ludicrous attempts to account for their "little reverse," we really cannot pretend to say. But many reams and many gallons certainly. We are not particularly desirous of a job, but we can promise to furnish the true reason of the series of defeats sustained by the Copperheads of the North within the last three months, without the expenditure of more than one little drop of ink. Here it is:

You were defeated because you were disloyal.

The Honorable Democrat alludes to the fact that while the Coppers were loud in their condemnation of the \$300 commutation clause in the conscription law before the election, they are very eager to avail themselves of its benefits when drafted. That is not strange. When that faction contemplate any outrage they raise a great hue-and-cry against the outrage in advance. So, when they cursed the \$300 commutation clause, they raised funds and sent into the various counties to pay this commutation for men who would vote for Woodward. The men with whom the money was deposited are said to have made a good thing of it by lending it to conscripts at from ten to twelve per cent. They also made some capital by using this money as if it came out of their own pockets. The facts will come to the surface one of these days, and then these super-liberal fellows will be taken for what they are worth.

The Boston Post utters the following noble remarks relative to the drafted, their duty, and our duty:

"Where a conscription is so general and extensive as this, there is no reproach in being a conscript.—There is a positive reproach in seeing a hale, hearty, young man, willing to confess that he has not spirit enough to serve under the national banner. It is a burning shame to hear such a one boast that he cannot be made to go. In an old man broken in health and disposition it is excusable to want courage; but the martial spirit becomes the young and middle-aged. It is wise in all who have been lawfully drafted to assume the virtue of martial pluck if they have it not. "A kind, encouraging word from others may now be of great service. Employers, instead of encouraging their subordinates to seek out loopholes of release, should encourage them to their military duty, and see that their places are kept open for them. An indiscreet loan of \$300 to pay for exemption, to a young man who is only half inclined to stay at home, may be the worst service a brother, parent, or friend can do the drafted man. Never was there an army around whose banners clustered so much glory as those of the Republic, now in the last days of the rebellion. The highest places of the army are open to the humblest private if only merit points them out for advancement. To discourage enlistments, and to oppose the enrollment were crimes, but it is now infinitely more criminal to discourage from service those who have been drafted."

A PARALLEL.—The Harrisburg Telegraph justly says, that "had the Buchanan's Administration struck at treason before it gained prestige by partial success, we would never have had a slaveholders' rebellion. Had the plain law against treason been enforced, there never would have been a brigade of armed traitors outside of South Carolina. The fault was in affording the conspirators too much time, and the result has been an uprising which even appals those who are engaged in its encouragement and support. By this example, we must profit if we want to arrest treason in the North, because the traitors of the North, now, alone, have power to injure the Government. Arrest and punish these, and the American Government will be saved from its internal foes, and be once more in a position to defy its external enemies."

War News.

THE GREAT VICTORY!!

OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. GRANT!!

WASHINGTON, Friday, Nov. 27, 1863.

The following has been received at the headquarters of the army here:

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 27—10 a. m.

Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief, Washington.

I am just in from the front. The route of the enemy is most complete. Abandoned wagons, caissons and occasional pieces of artillery are everywhere to be found. I think Bragg's loss will fully reach sixty pieces of artillery. A large number of prisoners have fallen into our hands. The pursuit will continue to Red Clay in the morning, for which place I shall start in a few hours.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27—12: 30 p. m.

Advices received this morning by the War Department from Gen. Grant's Army state that the pursuit of the Rebels was continued yesterday by Hooker and Thomas. Bragg attempted to make a stand at Chickamauga Station but was again forced back. We have captured 60 caisson in all, and 2,000 more prisoners, making at least 7,000 in total. The Rebels were in full retreat on Dalton, leaving caissons and wagons in their haste. Several caisson and numerous stragglers were also picked up.

There is nothing later from Burnside. It is conjectured that Longstreet will attempt to rejoin Bragg, but ample provision has been made to prevent the consummation of any such attempt. He will, therefore, be forced to retreat into Virginia, if he is able to get away at all.

There is official authority for asserting that, in the several battles just fought before Chattanooga, we have captured 7,000 prisoners at least.

2 p. m.—A later dispatch from Gen. Grant states that Bragg's army is in full retreat, and that our troops are in pursuit at all points.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE ROUTE, PURSUIT, AND CAPTURES.

CHATTANOOGA, Friday, Nov. 27, 1863.

This glorious Army is already again on the march in pursuit of the flying and panic-stricken enemy, though we are hardly yet at the first gray of the dawn.

Yesterday's work was even more complete than that of the day before. Everywhere our admirable troops went ahead, often, at the "double quick."

They captured bodies of the enemy in hundreds if not in thousands.

The aggregate number of prisoners we thus took yesterday, it is believed, is much greater than our captures of men on the day before. The army of the enemy is certainly destroyed.

Wherever we reach portions of the Rebel army in arms, they instantly throw them down and scatter like frightened sheep, leaving all their stragglers near by, their large number of disconcerted who desire to be taken in, and their wounded in our hands.

They also in the same manner abandon their artillery, ammunition and transportation wagons, caissons, knapsacks, and everything that can possibly impede their flight.

In this way enough more of their artillery fell into our hands yesterday to swell the total number of pieces taken up to sixty.

Before our troops stopped for rest for the night, their progress was everywhere lighted by the large fires from the enemy's stores, to all descriptions of which they applied the torch to prevent them from falling into our hands.

They also burned all the bridges they had time to fire before we were upon them, in the hope of thus delaying the impetuosity of the pursuit.

What is now left of Bragg's boasted army is but a panic-stricken mob, rushing like a herd of frightened buffaloes, and apparently perfectly incapable of making any further resistance.

CHATTANOOGA, Friday Nov. 27, 1863.

The situation to-night is highly satisfactory. Gens. Hooker's, Palmer's, and Sherman's commands are nearly ten miles beyond Chickamauga Creek, in pursuit of the crumbling army of Bragg, who is making every effort to escape our advance near Dalton. In a sharp fight this morning, Gen. Palmer's advance took 4 guns and 300 prisoners.

CHATTANOOGA, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1863.

There has been fighting at the front to-day. The enemy are concentrated below and near Dalton, with a view of making a stand.

Our line is beyond Ringgold.

An order from Bragg recalled Gen. Longstreet from before Knoxville on the morning of the 26th. He is now endeavoring to join that chieftain near Dalton by a circuitous route.

The situation from Knoxville to Bridgeport is all that can be desired.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29, 1863.

The latest news from Knoxville is to Wednesday. The north part of the town has been burned, including the depot. Burnside is cheerful and confident.

Important Railroad Project.

PHILADELPHIA DEEPLY INTERESTED.—At a meeting of a majority of the commissioners of the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and State Line Railroad Company, held at the Girard House in this city on the P.M. of the 10th inst., it was unanimously resolved to open books to receive subscriptions, and permanently organize said company in this city on the 10th day of December next, of which due notice will be given through the press. The contemplated route of the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek, and State Line Railroad, with its connections with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Tyrone, and Lock Haven Railroad, is almost perpendicular to the great Pennsylvania Central, and will tap the vast trade of the Lakes by way of the valley of Pine Creek, intersecting the Philadelphia and Erie at Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, bringing their vast products into the city of Philadelphia by a route fifty-seven miles shorter and much less grade than via Williamsport and Elmira, or any other route now contemplated.

The harbor of Dankirk, which is well known to be many weeks earlier and later, fall and spring, free from obstruction by ice, will by this route be made subservient to the interests of this great metropolis. Besides, the vast coal and lumber fields of Potter, Tioga, and McKean, will be developed, and their products conveyed by a shorter and more feasible route to our markets. Philadelphians, proverbially slow to see, and dilatory to act, should open their eyes to the vastly superior route offered by this to reach the great inland seas of the North over that of any other before suggested. Pittsburg is also interested in this enterprise, as will appear by reference to the map. Complete this link, and you have a more direct route from Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, by way Bald Eagle Valley, Lyroon, and Pennsylvania Central to Pittsburg, than by the way of Buffalo and Erie to Pittsburg.

The well known ability and character of the commissioners and others present at this, their first meeting, will be enough to give confidence to the public. They were as follows: Hon. E. G. White, Richard E. Osborn, Robert Crane, J. J. Mackey, E. D. Truemp, P. M. Price, L. A. Sanderson, Esq. Hon. John A. Gamble, Dr. A. C. Goel, Wm. C. Sanderson, Chester Robinson, Israel B. Norris, Dr. Benjamin Malone, W. H. Graves, &c. Letters were also read from Hon. J. Edgar Thompson, President Pennsylvania Railroad, and John Magee, President Corning and Blossburg Railroad, favoring the project.—"The Press" Philadelphia, Nov. 16.

We understand that an Engineer Corps under the direction of Richard B. Osborn, Esq. is now making an experimental survey of the route of the proposed road and its branches, and will report at their meeting on the 10th of December next, at the Girard House Philadelphia.

A LADY CREATES AN EXCITEMENT.—Dr. Mary E. Walker, a patriotic lady, who has conferred innumerable blessings upon sick and wounded soldiers in the Potomac army, arrived in this city on Sunday, in the noon train from the east, having in charge a sick soldier, who resides at Ravenna, Ohio. The soldier was given in charge of the Subsistence Committee, while the lady started out to obtain lodgings at a hotel. Her dress being somewhat peculiar—in fact, unique—she attracted considerable curiosity, and soon found herself surrounded by a score of idle boys, while men and women stopped, and stared at her as she passed. She had on a pair of pantaloons, and a military overcoat and cape, underneath which was a tunic reaching below the knees. Her head dress was a lady's hat, which had evidently been some time in use, while her hair hung neatly behind in an ordinary net. She had on a white turn-down collar, and a necktie neatly adjusted. In this eccentric garb, it is not strange that she became an object of much curiosity, and among the thousand and one curiosities as to who and what she was, it was rumored she was a rebel spy! It is said that she was positively refused admission to two of our hotels, and not wishing to be subjected to the ill-mannered gaping of the populace, she asked to be conducted to the Mayor's office. She was escorted to that "excellent institution," where she made known her name and profession, and the object of her visit here. She is a regular graduate of a medical college at Cincinnati, and has been practicing medicine for eight years. She had her diploma with her. She adopted her present style of dress, simply because it better suited the noble work in which she had been engaged—ministering to sick and wounded soldiers, in hospitals and on the field. She was introduced to one of our physicians, and became his guest during her stay in the city. She left in the midnight train for the west. She has promised to visit our city in two or three weeks, and deliver a lecture here for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.—Pittsburg Gazette.

OUR TAXES COMPARED WITH ENGLAND.—The vast disproportion between the taxes imposed upon the people of Great Britain and those which the people of this country have temporarily imposed upon themselves, and of which the opponents of the Administration seek to make capital, has never been so thoroughly shown as in a series of elaborate statistical tables prepared by Mr. Powell, of Wisconsin, a clerk in the Internal Revenue Bureau. Taxation in Great Britain is in the case of almost every article, far heavier than in this country, on the average twelve or fourteen times as heavy, and in many instances enormously greater. The whiskey manufacture in addition to an enormous license fee, pays a duty of \$2.42 per gallon. Here he would pay but 20 cents. The bridegroom is charged for his marriage license \$ from \$2.40 to \$24.20. Here he pays nothing. Here the lively stable keeper pays \$10 for what costs \$338.80 in Great Britain, and 5 per cent. more if he be an Irishman. An executor must in England pay in the Probate of Wills \$1,300.80, beside a heavy legacy tax for what cost but \$5 here.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—Thursday last, George Baker, a middle-aged man, residing near Brooklyn Centre, in this County, having procured some alcohol from the store and diluted it to "whiskey," drank till he was intoxicated, when he commenced abusing his wife, and finally drew a pistol and shot her, inflicting a serious and perhaps mortal wound. The ball passed close to the left side of her lower jaw, and lodged in the neck, just missing the jugular vein. It appears that the guilty man is in the habit of getting intoxicated whenever he can procure liquor, and at such times abuses his wife most shamefully, though a kind husband when sober. At latest accounts he had not been arrested, but stayed in his house armed with knife and pistols, defying any one to arrest him.—Susquehanna Republican.

YOUR ATTENTION

IS INVITED

TO THE LARGE & ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Now on hand and being received daily at the subscriber's, (NO. 3, CONCERT BLOCK, CORNING, N. Y.), in which great inducements are offered as regards

QUALITIES, STYLES & PRICES.

Goods of all kinds are being sold at as low rates as can reasonably be expected.

The Stock is in much better shape than ever before to fill all calls or orders.

WE SHALL CONTINUE TO SELL ALL

DOMESTICS,

SUCH AS

BROWN SHIRTINGS AND SHEETINGS, BLEACHED SHIRTINGS, DENIMS, TICKINGS, STRIPES, CHECKS, COTTON FLANNELS,

HEAVY COTTON-ADES, YARNS, WHITE, RED, BLUE AND GREY,

MIXED WOOL FLANNELS, SHAKERS' FLANNELS, WRAPPERS, DRAWERS, &c., &c., &c., &c.

At about the same low rates we have been selling the past three months.

WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD!

PRINTS.

COMMON, MEDIUM & EXTRA GOODS,

AT THE

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A very large stock to retail from.

DRESS GOODS.

This stock is full of choice Goods, such as

DeLAINES, ALPACCAS, MOHAIRS, WOOL PLAIDS, WOOL DeLAINES, PLAIN & FANCY REPS, &c.

No one should buy a dress before examining this stock.

IN SHAWLS

We can do well with all; the stock is large; plenty of

BROCHE & WOOL SHAWLS, DOUBLE & SINGLE,

From low prices to extra qualities, Small Shawls, &c.

CLOAKS AND CLOAKINGS.

We are doing a LARGE CLOAK TRADE, keeping all the

LEADING STYLES,

and selling them at such CLOSE RATES that no one can get them up cheaper, without they can cut and make the garment themselves, and then they can save but a small portion of the cost of making. If parties prefer to make up for themselves we have the

CLOTHS & TRIMMINGS

of all kinds at the

LOWEST CASH RATES.

BALMORALS.

We can suit any one as to price or quality, keeping them from the LOWEST IN MARKET to the EXTRA GOODS, which we sell as low as last season.

BOOTS & SHOES.

This Department does its own advertising. I would simply remark that customers

CAN DEPEND

on having a full supply of the

SAME STANDARD GOODS,

and that we warrant all articles sold to be as represented. We cash suit

ALL CUSTOMERS

from the best styles of Ladies wear to the heavy

DOUBLE SOLE BOOT,

and fit any one, from the smallest child to the extra size. Richardson's best make Boots. In Men's D. S. & 3. D. S. Boys' and youths' always on hand in full supply CHEAP.

GROCERIES.

As usual we will keep our Grocery Stock in good order, and sell everything at the lowest market rate.

WHOLESALE TRADE.

All goods sold at Wholesale at lower rates than NEW YORK TIME PRICES. We can do better by all buyers of Small Wholesale Bills than most dealers, as we add but a small commission to New York Cash Prices.

PRODUCE

Of all kinds sold on as favorable terms as any buyer. CASH PAID for all marketable articles.

J. A. PARSONS,

CORNING, N. Y.

November 11, 1863.