

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

He Declares Woman's First Sin Was Curiosity—Eve's Fatal Inquisitiveness in the Garden of Eden and Its Awful Results to Succeeding Generations.

TEXT: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."—Genesis III., 6.

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and leithology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the waters in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm recollection of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber, and, as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight that ripple under the padding of the swans. I gather me hills from the Andes, and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Guyana. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters. Never has river water had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being beryl and onyx stone. What fruits, with no curdles to sting the mind, what aromas, with no sting to gnaw the flesh, what atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great sense of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said, "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve, sauntering out one day alone, looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit and wonders if it is sweet and wonders if it is sour and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit. It will do no harm to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said, "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, bell-ringing howl, "The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blasting on the leaves. All the chorals of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but 6000 years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Hercules and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer, until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord; planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassoed with respectful law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypt and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glances of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor, until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels and levers and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air or swim the sea or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings and crackles and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison, but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day, inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection—and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree, or which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these

subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stare and mouth gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and add two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra: Good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs.

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of French novels, to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them. They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into remediless ruin, or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering with curses or groaning in ineffable prayer. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, but by all means discourage ill regulated curiosity.

This subject also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant she invited her husband also to take of it, but her banishment from paradise and 6000 years of sorrow, and wretchedness, and war, and we paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterward. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there's death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for awhile, and it fills the blood, and it makes a man see stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns cheeks which are white red as roses; but what about the dreams that come after, when he seems falling from great heights, or is prostrated by other fancied disasters, and the perspiration stands on the forehead—the night dew of everlasting darkness—and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmares shrieking with lips that crackle with all consuming torture? "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Sweet at the start, horrible at the last. Go into that hall of revelry, where ungodly mirth stammers and blasphemes. Listen to the senseless gabble. See the last trace of intelligence dashed out from faces made in God's own image. "Aha, aha!" says the roystering inebriate. "This is joy for you. Fill high your cups, my boys. I drink to my wife's misery and my children's rage and my God's defiance." And he knows not that a dead stirrings goblet in his hand and that addresser uncouth from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the froth on the rim. The Philistines jeered and laughed and shouted at Sampson. Oh, they wanted him to make sport for them. How bright and gay was the scene for a little while. After awhile the giant puts one hand against this pillar and the other hand against that pillar and bows himself, and 3000 merry-makers are mashed like grapes in a wine press. Sin rapturous at the start, awful at the last.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the tempest and fastened, like a witch, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother, your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud voiced, and the over-coming clouds are all writhe and aglow with terror. You are past the Narrows and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back; row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighted all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers, one heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the water, your payment, shouting until he hear thee, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful, at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no luster to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unapproachable ambi-

tion. The transgressions from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her carelessness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness and brightness of her mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality. Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice well deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow histories showered upon women from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity, down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her brother, and Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting his little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that led father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes. And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place we may all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say, in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family, we dwell in Him; One church above, beneath. Though now divided by the stream— The narrow stream of death— One army of the living God, To His command we bow. Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

MONTHLY CROP REPORT.

Effect of the Cold Weather—in the Cotton Belt.

Statistician Robinson of the Agricultural Department, issued the following monthly crop report, the new statistician, Mr. Hyde, of Nebraska, not yet having taken charge of the work:

The consolidated returns of the reports to the statistical division of the Department of Agriculture for the month of June show the state percentages of acreage, as compared with last year, to be as follows: Virginia, 106; North Carolina, 106; South Carolina, 103; Georgia, 102; Florida, 95; Alabama, 102; Mississippi, 98; Louisiana, 109; Texas, 106; Arkansas, 105; Tennessee, 106; Missouri, 107; Indian Territory, 134; Oklahoma, 150. General average 103.5, making a total acreage of 24,091,394, as compared with 23,271,704 acres last year. The average condition of the crop was: Virginia, 87; North Carolina, 84; South Carolina, 87; Georgia, 84; Florida, 90; Alabama, 81; Mississippi, 76; Louisiana, 84; Texas, 87; Arkansas, 83; Tennessee, 77; Missouri, 90; Indian Territory, 85; Oklahoma, 72.

General average 83.5, against 97.2 the June condition of last year. The crop throughout the cotton belt is from one to three weeks late. The weather during the past month has been cold and damp and unfavorable to the growth of the plant. The stands are irregular and poor in many localities, and the damage by insects has required much replanting. As a general thing, the crop has been well worked and is free from grass. A large number of counties in Texas report the plant in good condition and promising a fair yield. The increase in the use of fertilizers is greater than ever in Alabama and the Atlantic States. Twenty-six counties in Georgia report a decrease of 34 per cent. in the area planted in Sea Island cotton; twenty-four counties in Florida a decrease of 17 per cent., while the South Carolina reports show an increase of 5 per cent. in Sea Island a weage.

PARIS STARTLED.

An Infernal Machine Set Off at the Base of the Strasburg Statue.

A bomb was exploded in front of the Strasburg statue on the Place de la Concorde.

The explosion of the infernal machine did some injury to the balustrade of the statue, and the immediate locality was strewn with scrap-iron as far as the wall of the Tuilleries.

A sharp shower was falling at the time and no one was about. The infernal machine appears to have been some sort of iron pot, parts of which were picked up by the police at least 100 yards from the statue.

The police found blood spots on the ground near the statue and have descriptions of two men who were seen fleeing from the vicinity of the statue immediately after the explosion. Up to midnight there have been no arrests.

The Eclair says that four bombs, or infernal machines, have been discovered in Paris during the past month and that during President Faure's journeyings several domiciles were searched.

In connection with the alleged attempt upon the life of President Faure while on his way to the races at Long Champs, several arrests have been made, but only one man was detained in custody.

FAURE'S PERIL.

A Fifth Attempt Made to Assassinate Him.

NO PERSON INJURED.

Bomb Exploded Near His Carriage in the Bois de Boulogne—The President on His Way to the Races at the Time—Two Men Under Arrest, and One of Them Believed to Be Insane.

An attempt was made Sunday to assassinate Felix Faure, President of the French republic, while he was enroute to Long Champs to witness the horse race for the Grand Prix of Paris.

While M. Faure's carriage was passing a thicket near La Cascade restaurant, in the Bois de Boulogne, a bomb, which subsequently proved to be a piece of tubing about six inches long and two inches in diameter, with a thickness of half an inch, charged with powder and swan shot, exploded.

No one was injured by the explosion. A man in the crowd suspected as the prime mover was arrested. He gave his name as Gallet and made only the briefest replies to questions put to him by the police.

Gallet said that he had no occupation, but resided at Devallois-Perrot. The police are making a thorough search of his lodging's. He is believed to be insane, for he shouted as the carriage passed along so loudly as to attract general attention in the crowd. The police have also made another arrest, in this case a youth, but it is thought probable that the actual culprit escaped in the thicket.

The news of the attempt spread like wildfire through the city, and when M. Faure returned to the Elysee the streets along the route where it was known he would drive were crowded with people, who cheered him vociferously.

It was at first reported the would-be assassin was a young man about twenty-five, who stood in the crowd a hundred yards or more from the race course and discharged a pistol at M. Faure as he drove up to the entrance, and there was a subsequent report that both pistol and bomb were used. But the police now believe that the supposed pistol shot was merely the noise of the bomb.

The bomb was a clumsily made affair, to which a piece of fuse was attached, and the fuse was probably lighted by a paper fixed in the end of a stick as soon as the head of the procession came into view. The presumption is that at the moment the fuse was lighted the culprit fled, and in any case the bomb could not have done much harm.

In the thicket where the police found the remnants of the bomb they found also a pistol upon which were engraved the words "Mort a Felix Faure" and the names Alsace-Lorraine and Cologne. Near the pistol was a small dagger bearing a similar threatening inscription, and a few feet away the police found a newspaper with a cartoon grossly insulting to the President. This contained an offensive inscription hinting at the execution of M. Faure.

Several persons have stated to the police that the moment the explosion occurred a man was seen to run swiftly into the thicket, but reports of this character are likely to be mere conjecture.

The correspondent of the Associated Press had an interview with an official who was riding with M. Faure. The official said:

"When the report was heard a dense cloud of smoke arose from the thicket and there was consternation until it was found that no one had been injured. The police sprang forward, but found the thicket deserted. When the crowd saw one of the policemen holding a bomb they jumped to the conclusion that he was the perpetrator of the outrage and handled him roughly, clubbing him with heavy walking sticks and umbrellas, until his comrades rescued him, badly bruised and covered with blood. The President's cortege then proceeded to the race course."

On June 24, 1894, Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, President of France, was stabbed to death while riding in a carriage through the streets of Lyons at the opening of an exhibition of arts, sciences and industries. The assassin was a young baker from Italy.

April 22, of the present year, King Humbert of Italy, was attacked by Pietro Acciarito, an iron worker out of employment, who attempted to stab the King with a dagger. The man was seized before he could do any harm. The King was on his way to the Campanelle race course, near Rome, in his carriage at the time of the attack.

THE SOUTH.

Reports to the Manufacturers' Record from a well-known locomotive works show that orders for one hundred locomotives, aggregating \$1,000,000 in cost, have been placed since January 1st, last, by Southern railroads.

Among the new industries of the past week reported by the Manufacturers' Record are a \$2,000 plant for the utilization of bi-products of coke ovens at Ensley City, Ala.; \$30,000 brick works at Little Rock, Ark.; \$100,000 ballite mining company at Rome, Ga.; gas plant for light, heat and power at Cartersville, Ga.; \$20,000 wood-working company at Macon, Ga.; \$50,000 land company at Grenada, Miss.; \$300,000 fertilizer manufacturing company at Baltimore, Md.; \$30,000 land company at Baltimore, Md.; wire nail mill and machine shop at Blue Wing, N. C.; cotton mill at Lexington, N. C.; \$20,000 water works proposed at Hill City, Tenn.; \$50,000 laundry company at Fort Worth, Tex.; \$40,000 mercantile company at Dallas, Tex.; \$21,000 company to erect cotton compress at Nacogdoches, Tex.; \$50,000 tobacco company at Lynchburg, Va.; \$75,000 gas plant at Newport News, Va.; \$10,000 furniture company at Petersburg, Va.; \$9,000 cold storage plant at Parkersburg, W. Va.; \$15,000 celery company at Wheeling, W. Va.; 150 keg powder mill contemplated at Bramwell, W. Va.

Col. John Hay, United States ambassador to England, gave a dinner in London in honor of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, special ambassador of the United States to the diamond jubilee.

CUBANS SLAIN.

Spaniards Claim to Have Won a Battle and Captured an Insurgent Harem.

It is officially announced that General Fuertes has defeated a force of insurgents, killing 23 of the latter and capturing 5 prisoners and five dynamite bombs. The Spanish force, it is added, had 5 men killed and 1 officer and 17 soldiers wounded.

An official dispatch from Artemisa says that two sisters of the insurgent leader, Federico Nuñez, surrendered there to Spanish authorities.

Advices from official sources at Sagua La Grande, Province of Santa Clara, announce that a detachment of Spanish guerrillas has invaded insurgent camps at Gutayo and Zayas, near Manassa, capturing an insurgent chief's "harem," where twenty women are said to have been found. The women are detained in custody.

Washington Cuban League Divided.

The Cuban League in Washington is threatened with a serious split. Two meetings were held, one at 1212 G street, in the rooms of Dr. Lake, and the other at Eleventh and E streets in the Confederate Veterans' Hall. Each meeting claimed to be the only authorized one.

At the second an attempt was made to have the office of second vice-president, held by Dr. Lake, declared vacant, and a committee of three were appointed to investigate the charges. About seven persons attended the first meeting and fifteen the second.

ACTION ON CUBA DEFERRED.

The Situation Will Remain as at Present Until the Spanish Mission is Filled.

It can be stated unequivocally, as the result of Tuesday's cabinet meeting, that no important action relating to Cuba will be taken by the administration until the new minister to Madrid has been chosen and is at his post ready for the duties of the mission. This fact is significant, in that it means that some weeks must certainly elapse before the President will take any action whatever vital to the relations of this government and the Island of Cuba.

The question was brought up and discussed briefly, but the situation, so far as Cuban action is concerned, is just the same as it has been for weeks. The difficulty of finding a man satisfactory to the President to fill the post at Madrid delays action, and Mr. McKinley is no nearer a selection for the post than he was at the beginning of the administration.

The delay is vexatious to the administration, which is anxious to begin negotiations with Spain to looking to the amelioration, in some form, of the condition of affairs in Cuba as speedily as possible. Several names were talked over, but the discussion was fruitless.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for BALTIMORE, GRAIN ETC., and prices for FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, STRAW, and OAT BLOCKS.

Table with columns for CANNED GOODS, TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, and MOIST, with prices per bushel or barrel.

Table with columns for HIDE, CITY STEERS, and SOUTHERN, with prices per head.

Table with columns for POTATOES AND VEGETABLES, POTATOES, and ONIONS, with prices per bushel or ton.

Table with columns for PROVISIONS, HOGS PRODUCTS, LARD, and BUTTER, with prices per barrel or pound.

Table with columns for CHEESE, N. Y. FANCY, and SKIM CHEESE, with prices per pound.

Table with columns for EGGS, STATE, and NORTH CAROLINA, with prices per dozen.

Table with columns for LIVE POULTRY, CHICKENS, and DUCKS, with prices per bushel or dozen.

Table with columns for TOBACCO, TOBACCO-MD. INTER'S, and MIDDLING, with prices per pound or ton.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK, SHEEP, and HOGS, with prices per head.

Table with columns for FURS AND SKINS, MUSKAT, RACCOON, and SKUNK, with prices per pound or skin.

Table with columns for NEW YORK, FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, BUTTER, and EGGS, with prices per bushel or ton.

Table with columns for PHILADELPHIA, FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, BUTTER, and EGGS, with prices per bushel or ton.

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