Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1873.

Anecdotes of Cooks and Cookery.

Perhaps all our readers know the story of the bet made by the French *gourmands*, one of whom asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish put before him; the other betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the materials wherewith *his* cook would prepare a "savoury dish" for them. The bet was taken: the one confident in his quick natural sense, the other in the skill of his cook. The matter was of importance beyond a mere gambling transaction, because the fallen fortunes of a noble family would be raised by the timely pecuniary help. The cook—a Frenchman of course—exerted all his talents, and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tastes smacks his lips, tastes again, smells it—your epicures don't stand on elegance of manner in such a case!—tastes again. Alas! it is redolent of all rich odors; such sauces, so marvelously blended; such gravy, such solids—so soft, tender! What can it be? A wondrously prepared tripe? No! Calves' head in a new shape? No, no no! —a thousand "Nos." Our epicure gives it up. "It is *old white kid-gloves!*" is the cool explanation, when the bet is resigned up as lost.

In our childhood we remember reading in an old history of the Netherlands, of similar skill proving of inestimable value to some Black Walloons, who were besieged and famine stricken somewhere—our memory cannot recall the name. The cook of the garrison, being a *true* cook, and therefore possessing the idiosyncracy of his tribe, made most appetizing salads of grass; dressed stinging-nettles like spinach with eggs, whilst he had any; made admirable ragouts out of rats, and mice and lapdogs; a splendid second course of dried onions, and finally disguised the officers' old boots *a marveille*, and made leather digestible! not to speak of the hot rolls made of sawdust and a few chesnuts!

In ancient times, when a man had not learned the evils of indigestion—judging by his length of days and the paucity of physicians—cooking was held in high honor, and practised by noble and princely persons. It is the hands of the queenly Sarah that prepare flesh of the calf and baked cakes for the food of the angels. Rebecca's delicate cookery deceived even the practiced taste of Isaac, and was the instrument misemployed to bring a prophetic blessing on a peculiar people.

Turn from these great mothers of the ancient race to the Greeks of Homer's days, and you will find kings cooking in honor of their gods; and roast-pork greeting the return of Ulyses. The Spartan cooks, even when their art was curbed and checked by the puritanical laws of their country, and their skill was deemed to evaporate in the steam of black broth, were as jealous of their honor as the most tenacious of modern artists. One has gone down to all ages as reproving a monarch with equal boldness and wit, whilst resenting an insult to his own skill.

"The king murmurs over the legal repast of his country:

"The broth was naught."

"It lacks seasoning," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"Labor and exercise, O king."

The cooks of old Rome—we mean of the empire—were obliged to supply by their skill the deficiency of this seasoning. We wonder how many slaves cooked for Lucullus; how they managed their delicate dishes of peacocks' tongues and brains. How pleased the fraternity of cooks must have been at every new creature "meet for food" which the luxurious conquerors of the world brought back from every vanquished land! How they must have welcomed the delicious oyster of Britain, the cherries for their first tart, brought home from Greece by Lucullus himself! The days of the Roman Empire must have been a palmy time for cooks. In far off Egypt, where Anthony's capricious appetite taxed the patience and skill of his *chef de cuisine*, twelve cooks constantly prepared the meal that was ever to be ready, and might be called for at all hours; and twelve wild boars in different stages of roasting, astonished the strangers eyes.

One of the saddest, and yet most apt, illustrations of the jealous sensitiveness of cooks, is that recorded by Madame de Sevigne of the celebrated Vatel, servant to Louis Quatorze. The king was at Chantilly for the day, with all his brilliant court. They walked in those pleasant gardens, and on a spot carpeted with jonquils a collation was served. Roast meat failed at some of the many tables, for a far greater number of guests arrived than had been announced in the preparatory orders. Vatel felt the want, the defect in his perfect feast, as his sensitive tribe ever do. In vain endeavors were made to reassure him. Only two baskets of salt water fish could be procured, though Vatel despatched messengers everywhere. So the wretched man retired to his chambor, shut himself in, and passed a sword through his heart. Madame de Sevigne adds to this sad story—and we shudder as we read—"The court dined well; they had a collation—a supper; they walked played. Everthing was perfumed by jonquils; everybody was enchanted."

The same nervous temperament which led to Vatel's fearful fate, produced in England another tragedy, in which a cook was the principal actor. Some supposed insult offered to his skill drew the vengeance of this man on the family served; and they were *all* poisoned by him. We do not wish to dwell upon such a tale, but as its punishment was the last act of one of our old terrible laws, we could scarcely leave it out in our chat about cooks. In those days the law condemned "cooks who were guilty of poisining to be boiled alive!" and this hideous doom was fulfilled in this case The cook was boiled in a large kettle in Smithfield market.

Let us conclude with a more pleasant anecdote. It was the despair of the Duke of Tuscany's cook for a lacking centre ornament that brought to light the genius of Canova—the boy who was lingering about the kitchen—so runs the tale—offering to supply the want, and forming from dough and white sugar so perfect a lion that the duke, perceiving his talent took him under his own care, and he became the great sculptor of modern times.

A DANGEROUS ALTERED NOTE.—There was received a few days ago at the Treasury of the United States at Washington, a note purporting to be a United States legal tender note of the denomination of $500. It is composed of different genuine notes of various denominations. The centre is a part of a $100, with the "one" taken out in the centre and upper border and a "five neatly inserted. The left-hand lower end contains the portrait of Andrew Jackson taken from a five dollar note; the right hand lower end a vignette from a ten. The scroll-work, containing the figures 500 has been taken from a national bank note. The back of the note is from a ten dollar United States note, the "ten" having been cut out and replaced by the "ovale" from the back of a five. Although this note is not calculated to deceive bankers and brokers, it would be readily taken by those who are not accustomed to handling much money, as the engraving is genuine. In its general appearance it has no resemblance to the note of the denomination of which it purports to be a genuine issue.

All the science of the saints may be reduced to two grand points—to do and to suffer, and he who has accomplished these two things the best is he who has attained the highest degree of sanctity.

Wendell Phillips on Daniel O'Connell.

ANOTHER "DASH" AT FROUDE BY THE BRILLIANT BOSTONIAN.

From the Brooklyn Eagle, Dec. 11.

The Academy of Mucic was filled last evening with an intelligent and attentive audience, drawn thither by the announcement that "America's silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips, would deliver an address on Daniel O'Connell, and, perhaps, therein allude to certain of the statements made in the recent lecture of the English historian, James Anthony Froude. The dress circle was crowded, the parquette well peopled, and upon the stage sat numerous representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy and others. Mr. Phillips was introduced at about eight o'clock, by Father Franzioli, and at once entered upon the delivery of his discourse. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am to speak to you of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish chief and the most eminent of modern agitators. You have read a great deal, probably, of contempt poured on agitation and agitators, as if they were an utterly unnecessary element in the conduct of modern affairs. But this outside pressure on government plays a great part. Sir Robert Peel called it an appeal to the conscience of a nation. The tendency of governments to adopt this idea grows every day. Lincoln and Grant have but echoed the war-cry of the Irish chief, the great agitator of the present century. If Cobden lifted the bread tax from the Irish people he learned his lesson at the feet of O'Connell. (Applause.). Our brilliant English scholar has so much failed to see this characteristic of O'Connell that I choose to speak in the Irish Chief's behalf, for he has taught the English statesmen their way to work. Gladstone has been anticipated by O'Connell, and his title to the name of English statesman has been borrowed from O'Connell's ideas, twenty years old. In the days of Cromwell there were 30,000 journals and pamphlets, the outburst of the filtered opinions of the great people. So in Queen Anne's time, and in the career of Wilberforce. But all these reached the point of a broad and systematic movement on the masses of the country. The peerage of Ireland repudiated him, and were willing to sit content and work her will. Deserted by both, O'Connell said he had the people left, the broken-hearted peasantry, but by the blessing of God he would roll them into a thunderbolt that should demolish the omnipotence of Great Britain. (Loud applause.) His first principle was that no political change was worth a single drop of blood; his second, that nothing was politically right, which was morally wrong. The agitator asks for no immediate result, determining to plant seeds and wait for the harvest. O'Connell exemplified these principles in all his career. He never denied a principle to carry a favorite point. The great English scholar has blurred his picture with his scholarship. He is unable to run above that inevitable limitation of an Englishman, who is never able to do Ireland strict justice. He is a pleader in a court, without a cause to defend. (Applause.)

It is no surprise to me that he should bring this question here, for it is the gravest question in the whole catalogue of all English questions. England has never yet conquered Ireland. He granted Grattan's honesty, but sneered at his simplicity. Compare Poland with Ireland, not two-thirds as large in her population, subjected for two hundred years to the most disgraceful barbarism that shames modern civilization, and yet, like the Jew, the Irishman lifts his head in Europe an undying Catholic, and a power no nationality has yet been able to crush out. She has surrendered neither her faith nor her flag. It would be truer to state to-day that Ireland has conquered England. (Applause.)

The reason why Mr. Froude talks as he does is because England is driven to the wall to explain to Europe why she stands in the position she does to-day. She stands to-day a second-rate power on the European chess-board. I was hissed for saying that nine years ago. Now the great journals are only hunting for a reason why this has come to pass. One of the greatest reasons is Ireland. Mr. Froude says the long wickedness of the houses of Tudor and Stuart is punished by the weakness of their descendants. The career of O'Connell throws a very broad light on this question. Froude says he was no statesman. Harriet Martineau never gives him a good word. And yet she is obliged to confess that there was no British subject of the century who ever lifted himself by the sole power of his intellect as O'Connell did. Praise from such a source is worth all that can be crowded into it.

Mr. Phillips, at this point in his address, reviewed the history of Ireland up to the time of O'Connell, and dwelt somewhat upon the statistics of Ireland's population given by Mr. Froude, who always used just such figures as suited his purpose only, continuing:

The great undeniable fact which no one has ever denied, was the "Irish code"—no matter how much dispute there may be about statistics. It prevented a Catholic from serving the government in any office, he couldn't sit on a jury, vote, practice law or medicine, couldn't travel five miles from his residence without a permit from a justice of the peace. Its object was to take the land out of the hands of the Cathelics, and to prevent them from being educated. If the law taxed a Protestant one dollar, a Catholic paid two dollars. The widow lost her dower if she attended a Catholic Church. A Protestant who fancied a Catholic's horse, only had to offer him five pounds and take it. A father who sent his son to France to school was fined ten pounds, and the boy was rendered an alien. Catholics couldn't be married by their own clergy; it was death to the latter if he did the service, and the marriage was void—the children couldn't inherit. No Irishman could lift his hand without breaking the code; and this is the code of which an English Lord Chancellor said, "An Irish Catholic has no right to breathe;" and he added from the bench, "the English law does not recognize the existence of an Irish Catholic." The only place to register such a code was hell. The people, to their credit be it said, kept up a chronic rebellion against this fearful instrument of oppression. Grattan finally compelled Great Brittain to grant the legislative freedom of his country, striking in 1782 a blow which has sounded since throughout the island. The English House of Parliament has never accorded Ireland anything yet from a sense of true justice, but from a sense of fear. The poisoned chalice, is now put back to England's own lips. Gladstone is prompted by no sense of justice, but fears for his own country, and that fear pushes him forward.

O'Connell finally flung himself in front of his nation and begged for another chance. He had no strength in the world—only the sympathies of 3,000,000 of broken-hearted men behind him. He invited agitation, but he had no power to organize his force. It was not then, in Ireland, as it is now and always has been, here. That was illegal, and her hands were thus tied. He couldn't imitate our own Sam. Adams. Agitators, then, needed four elements—they must have "blood" in their veins; they must prove their physical courage, either in the duel or war; they must be lawyers, men reputed, well known, trusted, and able to defeat this wicked code; they must be orators, able to melt millions of hearts to tears. O'Connell began his work by traveling among the people, and with infinite patience he planted seed among them. The only real charge ever made against him was that he was pecuniarly corrupt because he accepted the "penny a year" from the people—O'Connell's rent," as it was called. But he died a poor man, and his own children owe it to the magnanimity of the English people that they were lifted above want by being given office. With these funds he established newspapers and committees, and alarm began to spread among the English, so they added a clause, saying no committee should last longer than fourteen days. O'Connell held these fourteen day commitiees until the meetings were peremptorily forbidden by English law. O'Connell connseled his friends to stay at home whenever an Englishman visited Ireland, and they did so,

Soon after began the agony of the struggle, the crucifixion. The Irishman had no lands, but went to the ballot box, by O'Connell's advice. In the year 1828, at last, O'Connell went to the electors and said to them, "Send me, Catholic as I am, to the House of Commons." Lifting themselves nobly, the people sent him there, and in the spring of 1829 he came to London to take his seat. The two oaths were handed him, one abjuring the Pope and the other denying the Catholic Church. He said one he knew to be a lie, and the other he thought to be one. In a speech of four hours he defended himself, but they sent him back to Ireland; but before he could get back the Duke of Wellington swept all the objectionable features from the code save one. It was a victory for O'Connell aided by the Iron Duke. John Randolph, of Roanoke, said O'Connell was the man to lift Ireland to her feet. The wonder of O'Connell's power was its variety. Neither Webster, Everett, Calhoun nor Clay could do what O'Connell did—melt a million of hearts—on the hills of Tara, or enter the House of Commons and match swords with Earl Derby. It was his wonderful versatility that won. He had a magnificent presence, and all his motions, all his words, all his gestures seemed to exact obedience. A *little* O'Connell whould have been no O'Connell at all, He had a stature of six feet, infinite grace, that magnetism so great in melting men into obedience; a voice that covered the entire gamut, there was no tone lacking; he could tell a story one moment and have tears in his tone the next; would disarm his antagonist by a quip or a pun; was serene amid whatever tumult surrounded him. His wit was the most remarkable of his characteristics, and was perfectly irresistible.

Mr. Phillips related several instances of O'Connell's wit, and how the *Times* used to make fun of his speeches, "as the New York *Herald* used to of Abolitionists twenty years ago." The Thunderer had to cry quarter, finally, for O'Connell's wit and oratory were too powerful for them. But it wasn't his wit, ready as it was, cutting friend and foe, that gave him victory. England and Ireland both knew that behind his speeches was a man, one who couln't be either bought or buillied. No man ever more truly held the people's hearts in his hands than did O'Connell. Two words from him—"Go home"—saved a bloody massacre at Clontarf. Two hundred thousand men obeyed his words swiftly. Then stood O'Connell alone, holding the balance of power, and never asked a place. Behind him 4,000,000 of Irishman stood, hating the law and loving a fight; to that mass he said, Le that breaks the law helps the enemy. He owed his power to the fact that he never deserted or denied a principle. He never took a leaf from that devil's gospel of compromise, which is read and practiced so much here. Kossuth would say anything to help Hungary. O'Connell would never do that to help Ireland. Buxton told me no more honest man ever entered the House of Commons. He was above a bargain of any kind.

Mr. Phillips closed his address, which lasted over two hours, with several characteristic anecdotes of O'Connell, which were received with great applause.

A good beginning for the poor, is that by which Messrs. Braselman and Adams signalize the commencement of the New Year. Their advertisement shows that they have reduced the prices of all of their immense stock of dry goods. Now there can be no reason why even the poorest should not be warmly and neatly clad, as it takes so little to procure an outfit at the corner of Magazine and St. Andrew streets.

Were it not for the enterprise of some of our merchants, we should be in a very sorry plight during the winter. It looks very much as though Northern coal shippers wait for the time of gorges, freezes and freshets, to put their coal under way, and every year the same tale of destruction reaches us. Fortunately for us Mr. J. J. Clarke, had the forethought to lay in an immense stock of coal, which he now retails at very low prices. See his card under its appropriate heading.

HIBERNIA BANK.—A notice from Mr. Tarleton cashier, which will be found in its proper place, announces the fact that a dividend of 6 per cent has been declared by the Board of Directors. This dividend being only for six months' business shows the Hibernia to be in a prosperous condition.

Hundreds of thousands of bushels of coal have been destroyed on the Ohio and upper Mississippi rivers during the past three weeks, and yet Mr. Michael Egan continues to sell, from the immense stock he had on hand, at his usual low rates. His yard, Tchoupitoulas street near Josephine is also well stocked with different kinds of wood. Orders may be left for him at the office of the Hibernia Insurance Company, 37 Camp street.

ROMAN BONDS.—An important notice concerning holders of these Bonds will be found in our Special Notice column.

DOMESTIC CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Catholic Asylums of Natchez, Miss.—Bishop Elder has recently addressed a circular letter to the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese of Mississippi, reminding them of the annual collections for the two Catholic Orphan Asylums in this city, to be taken up in all their churches on Christmas day. Among other things the Bishop says: "We have not neglected using our efforts to diminish the burden of expense by finding homes for as many of the orphans as possible. During the past year, twenty-seven girls from St. Mary's Asylum, and eleven boys from D'Evereux Hall Asylum have been sent out either to their relatives or to places obtained for them. At present there are in the Asylums, depending on charity —not counting some who pay board— ninety-seven—girls, of whom eighty-five are under fifteen years of age, and forty-four boys, of whom thirty-nine are under fifteen years of age. To show the condition of these asylums the full statement is given as follows:

Devereux Hall Orphan Asylum for Boys.

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 1872.	
From the Fair and other collections in Mississippi	$1,988 18
Legacy of Mr. John Hill	500 00
Donations from various places	533 58
Sale of garden produce	1,064 86
	$4,086 62
Payment for boarders, including Brothers' teaching in the Cathedral School	2,183 27
Total receipts	$6,269 89

EXPENSES.

Provisions	$2 868 38
Clothing, tailoring, etc	878 35
Fuel repairs, furniture and miscellaneous expenses	757 40
Farming expenses, mules, implements, seeds, etc	446 10
	$4,970 00
Paid old debts	2,225 00
Cash on hand	14 56
	$6,269 89
Debts yet standing	$3,715 63

St. Mary's Orphan Asylum for Girls.

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 1872.	
Cash on hand last year	$ 142 50
Fair and collections in Mississippi	4,177 52
Legacies of Dr. M. O'Reilly, Capt. J. B. Nevitt, Mrs. John Holt of Louisiana, and Mr. John Hill	2,097 00
Collections made by the Sisters outside the Diocese, and donations from outside	1,771 05
Sewing and sale of articles	628 60
	$8,815 67
Payment for boarders and contributions from orphans' relatives	1,731 30
Total receipts	$10,546 97

EXPENSES.

Provisions	$5,206 70
Clothing, shoes and dry goods	2,266 79
Fuel, repairs, furniture, and miscellaneous expenses	1,343 25
	$8 816 14
Paid on the new building	1,720 00
Cash in hand	10 83
	$10,546 97

The new building is now entirely paid for. Its whole cost has been $11,367 90.

The Bishop concludes with an earnest appeal to his elergy and the faithful all over the diocese to interest themselves actively in this labor of charity saying: "We have no temporal return to offer, but every day, in each of the Asylums, especial prayer is made for all benefactors living and dead, and every month of the coming year the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass shall be offered for the same intention." The annual Fair for the relief of the orphans will be given here early in February next, when, we hope, our people will evince their wonted generosity in contributing to make it a substantial success.—*Natchez Courier and Democrat.*

Ordination of Rev. Dr. Stone.—Among the most noticeable local events of the week was the ordination of Rev. Dr. James Kent Stone, formerly a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, and, as President of Hobart and Kenyon Colleges, well known to the members of that body. He is better known to Catholics, as the author of the "Invitation Heeded," the remarkable work in which he explained the grounds of his own conversion. That happy event took place some three years ago, and he immediately joined the congregation of St. Paul in this city, where for the past three years he has been diligently preparing for the dignity of the priesthood. On Wednesday, the 18th inst., he was promoted to sub-Deaconship, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle; raised to Deaconship on Friday, the 20th inst., in the same church, and on Saturday, the 21st inst., received his ordination to the Priesthood. On the two former of these impressive occasions the large church was well filled, but on the latter it was crowded te repletion. The candidate was ordained by Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, who was assisted by the following clergymen: Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, C. S. P., Archdeacon, and Rev. George M. Searle, assistant to the ordinandus. In the sanctuary besides the Fathers and students of the Congregation, and the choristers, there were a number of clergymen from the different churches of the city. Before leaving the sanctuary, the newly ordained priest gave his blessing to the congregation.—*New York Tablet Dec. 28.*

Catholic Union, Circle of New York.—The first quarterly meeting for the present year of the Catholic Union, Circle of New York, was held on Wednesday evening, December 18th, in the Hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 16th street.

The meeting organized by the selection of Dr. Henry J. Anderson as Chairman. The Executive Committee of the Union, the Council at Large and sixteen parochial sections of the Union were well represented. The proceedings opened with a prayer, offered by the Rev. P. H. Dealy, S. J., one of the spiritual advisers of the Union. The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were then read by the Recording Secretary, after which the quarterly report of the Treasurer, showing over $6,000 received during the quarter, was read.

The Secretary then read a quarterly report showing the condition of the Union at the close of the last quarter and year, which exhibited a total membership during the year of about 5,000. The report showed the number of members enrolled during the first quarter of the present year to be 5,750—or nearly a thousand in excess of the entire membership for the past year, and three parochial sections added to those already formed, thus presenting a most encouraging condition. The report gave a summary of the reports of the respective parochial sections. A report of the Committee on Catholic Protection was read, detailing their action in reference to the investigation of the charges against the management of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, and the subsequent appearance, and hearing of a committee before the Board of State Commissioners of Charities at a session held in Albany in November.

After some further miscellaneous business and a closing prayer by the spiritual adviser the meeting adjourned.—*Ibid.*

On Sunday evening Dec. 22d, the formal opening of the rooms of the Young Men's Catholic Association in Baltimore, took place. At the first meeting, about four months ago, fifty persons enrolled their names, and at each successive meeting, the lists rapidly augmented; until at the present time, the society claims an active membership of nearly three hundred young men from all the English congregations of the city. Many of the Rev. clergy were present, and delivered addresses commending the institution. The illness of Archbishop Bayley prevented his attendance. Judge Bolivar D. Danels stated that he had found many of his Protestant friends sympathize warmly with the effort to form this society. He then handed the President a check for twenty-five dollars, from a Presbyterian gentleman, and also a splendidly bound copy of the Life of Chief Justice Taney, the gift of Judge Audoun, a Methodist friend.

The place of the late Mother Superior of the House of the Guardian Angels, was filled, last Tuesday, by the appointment and installation of Mother Mary Scholastica in the presence of the Mother Provincial, St. Joseph David and the community of the Guardian Angels, a House of Industry, on Congress, near St. Philomena's Church. According to the rules of the *Generalat* at Angers, France, the new incumbent read the profession of faith on her knees before the altar, and the Most Rev. Archbishop delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. The new Superior's name is Stein. She is a native of Hanover, from which place she was brought an infant to New Orleans, and came here with her *obediences*, as it is called, from the House of the "Good Shepherd" in St. Louis.—*Cincinati Telegraph Dec 26.*

Ordinations.—The Semi Annual Ordination at the Provincial Seminary, Troy, took place on Friday and Saturday, December 20 and 21. Right Rev. Francis NcNierny, D D., Coadjutator Bishop of Albany officiated. As all the gentlemen ordained are for Dioceses in the East, we simply give the recapitolation: Ordained Priests, 9; Ordained Deacons, 18; Ordained Sub Deacons, 9; Promoted to Minor Orders, 17; Promoted to Tonsure, 2; Total, 55.

On the 15th ult., Archbishop Alemany laid the corner stone of a new college to be known as the "College of the Sacred Heart" in San Francisco. Over 4000 persons were present.

Ice gorges are dangerous and destructive, but far more dangerous and destructive are gorges of the Bronchial tubes caused by colds which can be so easily prevented or cured by using Laplace's Indian Turnip Pectoral Balm, which is for sale by all druggists.

The following toast was pronounced at a firemen's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The Ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance.

NEW ORLEANS MARKETS.

For the Week Ending Friday, January 3

MORNING STAR OFFICE,
Saturday Morning, January 4, 1873.

COTTON—We left the market at the time of our last report ruling at 17 to 17½c for ordinary, — to 19½c for middling, and 20½ to 20½ for good middling, since which factors have been enabled to establish a further improvement. Saturday, the sales summed up 5600 bales, at a partial improvement of ⅛c. Monday, the demand was active throughout the day, and 8000 bales changed hands at still higher prices, a part of the business showing an advance of ⅛c, but the bulk of it fully ⅛c. On Tuesday, the sales were confined to 3200 bales, the tendency to easier rates became still more marked and the bulk of the business was at a decline of ⅛ to ¼c from Monday's figures, the falling off being the most marked in the lower grades. Wednesday, (being New Year's Day) the movement was generally suspended, the sales embracing barely 400 bales. Thursday, the tendency was manifestly to easier rates, and 4600 bales were sold, at a decline of ⅛c in average low middling and the lower grades, while middling and the better qualities showed no quotable variation. Friday, the business up to noon embraced fully 6000 bales, while under the competition among buyers, factors were enabled to establish an advance of ⅛ to ¼c; later in the day the demand was hardly as strong, the entire sales summing up 10,500 bales. Referring to our remarks above, we quote the market as follows: Ordinary 17 to 17½c, good ordinary 18½ to 18¾c, low middling 19½ to 19¾c, middling 19⅞c to 20⅛c and good middling 20½ to 21c per lb. The total sales for the week sum up 32,500 bales.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES—We quote sugar, viz: fair 7½ to 7¾c, fully fair 8¼, prime at 9, yellow clarified 9¼ 55c for prime, 57c for strictly prime, and 60c for strictly choice, for new.

FLOUR—Superfine $6 37½ double extra $6 75 to $7 00; treble extra $7 25 to $8 25; $10 to $10 75 per bbl for choice and family extra.

CORN—We quote 74 to 75c per bushel for mixed and yellow and 78c for choice white.

OATS—We quote 49 to 50c per bushel

BRAN—We quote $1 50 per 100 lbs.

HAY—The trade is supplied at $42 per ton for prime and $45 00 for choice Western.

PORK—Mess is held at $14 00 to $14 25 per bbl retail and at wholesale at $13 50 to $13 75 per bbl.

BACON—Shoulders are quoted at 5¼ to 5½c, clear rib sides 9¼ to 9½c, clear sides 10¼ to 10½c, and is to 1¼c for sugar-cured hams.

LARD—Tierces sell at 8¼ to 8½c and kegs at 9¼ to 10c per lb.

DRY SALT MEAT—Shoulders are quoted at 6 to 6¼c. per lb.

BREAKFAST BACON—Western commands 9¼ to 10½c per lb.

BUTTER—We quote choice Western at 25 to 26c, choice Goshen at 36 to 37c, and common Northern at — to —c per lb.

CHEESE—Choice factory is quoted at 15½ to 16c, and N. Y. cream at 17 to 18c per lb.

POULTRY AND EGGS—Chickens are selling on the landing at $3 to $5 50 per doz according to size. Turkeys $15 to $18. Eggs 35 to 40c per doz.

EXCULENTS—Potatoes are selling $3 50 to $4 50 per bbl. Onions sell at $5 50 to $6 50 per bbl. Cabbages at $7 00 to $10 00 a box.

WHISKY—We quote 93c to $1 00 per gallon for choice Western rectified. Bourbon $1 50 to $5. High wines, 97½c to $1.

COFFEE—We quote 18½ to 19c per lb (gold) for prime, 18 to 18½ for good, 17½ to 18 for fair, ordinary 15½ to 16½c.

SALT—We quote Liverpool coarse at $1 40 to $1 50, fine $1 75 to $1 80 per sack. Table salt in pockets, 8 lbs 5c, 4 lbs 4c.

INDIA BAGGING—We quote 12½c per yard in bales and 12c in rolls. Kentucky hemp and flax 15½ to 16c, as to quality. Domestic jute bagging 15c per yard in rolls.

IRON TIES—Are steady and firm at ⅞ to 9c per lb.

Money Market.

Gold 111¾ to 111¾. American half dollars 110 to 111. Mexican dollars par to ⅛ per ct prem. in gold.
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