

MARKET PRICES.

PORT HASTINGS
—AND—
PORT HAWKESBURY.

| MEAT. | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Beef, small pieces, @ lb. | \$3.05 @ 0.98 |
| Beef, by the quarter | 0.94 .. 0.06 |
| Mutton | 0.94 .. 0.96 |
| Pork, fresh | 0.95 .. 0.98 |
| Pork, salt | 12.00 .. 20.00 |
| POULTRY. | |
| Fowls, each | 15 to 20, cts. |
| Geese | 25, .. 40 .. |
| Turkeys | 80, .. 100 .. |
| Partridges, per pair | 25 .. |
| BREADSTUFFS. | |
| Flour, @ Bbl. | \$7.00 to 9.50. |
| Corn-meal, .. | 4.50 .. 4.75. |
| Oat-meal, .. 100 lbs. | 2.00 .. 3.50. |
| FISH. | |
| Colfish, per Cbl. | 3.00 to 5.00. |
| Herring, .. Bbl. | 3.00 .. 5.00. |
| Mackerel, .. | 8.00 .. 12.00. |
| BARRIS. | |
| Plank, per 100 feet | \$1.50 to 2.00. |
| Scantling, .. | 1.00 .. 1.20. |
| Hemlock, .. | 0.90 .. 1.20. |
| Shingles, .. M | 1.50 .. 2.50. |
| MISCELLANEOUS. | |
| Apples, @ Bbl. | \$1.00 to 6.00. |
| Butter, fresh, per lb. | 0.25. |
| Butter, by the tub per lb. | 0.20 to 0.22. |
| Cheese, .. per lb. | 0.15 .. 0.17. |
| Lard, .. | 0.14 .. 0.17. |
| Tallow, .. | 0.08 .. 0.10. |
| Hide, .. | 0.90 .. |
| Oats, .. Bush. | 1.35 to 1.45. |
| Potatoes, .. | 30, .. 35. |

His Lordship the Bishop of Archa has addressed a circular letter to the clergy and laity of his Diocese, in which he strongly urges his beloved people to contribute by alms and prayers to the redemption of the faith; and also exhortation on them to take the total pledge for the next five months. Our reverend Bishop's zeal in the cause of temperance is well and widely known; and we have no doubt that his appeal will be responded to with that devotedness and obedience which are characteristic of his spiritual children.

THE SNORE.

Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore,
Filling her chamber from ceiling to floor
Over the coverlet, under the sheet,
From her dimpled chin to her rosy feet!
Now rising aloft like a bugle tone,
Now sinking to the wall of a creaking door;
Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again
Is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane.

How The Professor Was Punished.

I feel very comfortable; my mind is at ease, and my conscience at rest, for I have just forgiven my worst enemies, I had hated them for many years, and always felt that it was very wrong to entertain such a feeling; but my utmost efforts could only produce a hypocritical appearance of cordiality. The devotees of High Art in Music were my foes. They never injured me, I grant—I wished they had; it is comparatively easy to forgive people who injure you or hate you. When they simply despise you, and do not care twopence whether you like or dislike them, it is not so light a task. Now that is all over, and I am content to live without murmuring on the same planet with them, and even to confess that they may have some mysterious uses, I must say that they are very provoking. The mass of human beings are so constituted by nature, that they derive pleasure through their ears from certain combinations of sound called tunes. A few abnormal individuals prefer the notes of music to be mixed up in a manner which does produce tunes; their ranks are swelled by original tune-lovers, who have devoted their lives to the attainment of a perfect mastery over some instrument, and from the constant habit of struggling with difficulties, have come to regard those same difficulties, when conquered, as beauties. It would be extremely hard, probably, to take off your hat with your foot when you met a lady, but the attitude would not be a graceful one.

Now this unnatural taste in music, being acquired by long and careful training, is entirely confined to persons, who are good musicians, who have mastered the theory of music, and can write down sound in notes, can arrange pieces, or even compose them, and who are clever manipulators of some instrument; who therefore, that is, have the instruction of music in their hands, as it were, their pupils to pretend to like the artificial music, even when they really infinitely prefer the natural.

Now it cannot hurt any one else for these people to like variations better than the airs they drown, or to take mere delight in a sonata in B than in an opera. I never hated them for that, any more than for liking beef better than mutton. It was their presumption which excited my indignation, for these good people wrote and read, "What we like is music; what you like is noise!" They even went the length of asserting, and assuming in many instances believing, that a display of pianoforte fireworks had an elevating effect upon the hearer, while the listening to simple airs degraded his moral nature. Nay; read any musical critique, and see if I exaggerate.

When I was sitting in the open air on a calm summer's evening, listening to a band, they came with up-turned noses and told me that what I was enjoying was trash. All this I bore; but when they perverted the taste of the rising young-lady generation to such an extent that I could not get an Irish melody sung to me or played to me by any account of persuasion, my mind became exasperated and determined, and I hated them.

But I am softened now; pity for an individual has dissipated the evil thoughts I entertained towards the race of musical fanatics to which he belonged.

The facts were these:—

I had long known and carefully avoided Professor Nesbit, Mus. Doc., who was quite a typical foe. He was tall and thin, and always dressed in black; he had long hair, also black, but no whiskers, beard, or moustache; and he was a magnificent pianist, but classical to the driest degree. At least, I suppose he was classical, for what he played bore no resemblance to most other people, though few dare own it—extremely. And if any one in the room snuck while he was playing, he stood up and rose from the instrument directly. I have often tried him, not with a personal interruption exactly—I had not sufficient courage for that—but I have entreated unvaryingly into amiable talking. Once, indeed, this tall, thin, black, and somewhat morose-looking man, who was without words, he made everybody cry, was furious, and then suddenly stopped, coloured, and looked for playing such rubbish, and went off into hideous but almost impossible finger gymnastics.

Well, the professor and myself were guests at a dinner party at the mess of a Highland regiment. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and the musician is also a beautiful, he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He knew just what was coming; I did, and I watched with a foolish joy. He had just sipped his "light glass of port," when a different sound, a soft and delicate and disoriental humble-bee that had had a pin stuck through it, made the chamber door was flung open, and the pipers marched in. Round and round the table they strolled, drinking and squeaking their mightiest, and everybody at the table but one seemed to enjoy it hugely.

But on that pipe prof essor! First I pardoned him, then I pardoned all his tribe. For the sum of the annoyance caused me by all of them, in the course of a "long life," would be nothing in comparison with what he endured that evening. And he it well! He an Indian martyr at the stake, he faced a sickly smile; but the twitch of his nostrils, and the play of his forehead told of the agony he was enduring. And worse was to come, for after walking a few miles round and round the table, the pipers halted immediately behind the unhappy victim's chair and fixing upon the particular person which searched his every nerve most keenly, blew it persistently with all their might for a space of time which I judged to be five minutes, but which he afterwards informed me seemed to him like a thousand years. He could smile no more; the corners of his mouth came down and down indeed till they appeared to meet under his chin. At last his tormentors marched on again—only twice round this time, and out into the night.

The professor heaved a deep sigh of relief, swallowed a bumper of claret, and heroically composed his features. But his trials were not over yet. The chief piper was had in, and received a silver cup of whiskey from the colonel, which he tossed off after uttering a spell in Gaelic. Then the colonel informed him that a great musician was present, could he not treat him to that beautiful "Lament?" He could—he did, close behind his chair, and drawing into his very ear. But I draw a veil. I have forgiven Professor Nesbit, and all other musical fanatics for his sake. Pity is indeed near akin to Love.

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