

"Snap-Apple Night; or, All Hallow Eve, in Ireland.—And, pray, what is 'Snap-Apple Night?' 'I see you have never been in Ireland, by the question, and I pity you.' 'That's a very Irish way of answering my question, therefore I must be English enough to ask you again. What is Snap-Apple Night?' 'The eve of the twenty-ninth of September—and—' 'Ay! what the Scotch call Hallowe'en.' 'There now, the moment I begin to answer you you interrupt me with your Scotch knowledge. Now, if you interrupt me again, I won't say another word about the matter; so let me have all the talk to myself, or you may die in ignorance. The twenty-ninth of September is remarkable in many ways; it is celebrated for the payment of rents (which is not pleasant but to those who get them); for the murder of geese, and the killing of care; and if you want to see how that is done in Ireland, look before you at this picture of M'Clise's, and you'll know all about it. Let us begin at the beginning, as the old stories say; but this is an Irish story, and has neither beginning nor end; for you don't know where to commence, and, after going over it, you find you're not done; but, as it is 'Snap-Apple Night,' look at the game, which gives the evening its name, going forward. There—observe those whirling cross-bars of lath, with flaming candles at two opposite ends of the merry-go-round, and tempting apples at the other; and see the open mouth of the adventurous peasant who is going to make a bite at the fruit,—and what a mouth;—the sweet child at his foot seems to look with wonder at its capacity. Look at the fellow behind him grinning with pain, having made an unsuccessful bite, and caught the candle instead of the apple; and see that hand thrust from behind a backward group, giving the machine a malicious twitch to increase its speed, while the laughing girl, who enjoys the trick, lays her hand on the encircling wrist of an admirer, who seems to think less of catching apples than pretty waists. But turn to the fire-place—there are the mysteries peculiar to the night going forward. See that young fellow, who has scarcely blunted a razor yet, looking with all his eyes at the charming face of the girl who holds two neighbouring nuts on a fire-shovel—interesting instrument in the magic art; he points to the nuts which they are going to burn, emblems of their own hearts;—if they burn steadily together 'tis all right, and what a touching expression of sentiment is on the lovely face of that girl; she seems to have a reverential reliance on the mystery she is about to celebrate, and no priestess of old could await the answer of the oracle with more faith than she seems to place in a nut-shell. And more love-making is going on beside the fire—faith, its a warm corner. Here's a party who have been playing at forfeits; and a merry girl is now releasing the pledges given in the course of the game. She holds up a shoe, and says, 'what is to be done to the owner of this superfine thing?' and you see it is the person whose head is on her knee is the owner of the shoe; and observe the cunning peep he is endeavouring to steal, as he half suspects whose gaze it is,—while she looks to see he's not looking; now it's a toss up whether he's looking at his own shoe or her eyes. 'Tis dangerous work playing forfeits. What a pretty modest creature is that who is pouring molten lead through the loop of a key into a bowl of water, to augur from the forms it may assume, what may be the occupation of the future husband of the tempting lass in the foreground! I imagine it is the sly fellow behind her intends to be 'that same,' and whatever his future occupation may be, his present one is very agreeable however: let go the girl, you young rascal, and though she has a very pretty shoulder, you ought not to kiss it behind her, and before other people. And there you are, my old lady, telling fortunes on cards; and whose fortunes are you telling? no one need ask, for the two young people who are whispering at your back seem to have told their own fortune without the aid of cards, although they wish to go through the ordeal of a packed jury. And who is that standing behind them—he seems 'far more genteel' than the rest of the company. Why, 'tis Crofton Croker, or, as he is familiarly called amongst his friends, 'The honourable member for Fairy-land.' There you are, Crofty, my boy! with your note book in your hand, and may-be you won't pick up a trifle in such good company. And behold that capacious tub of water, and the boy 'bobbing for apples' which float upon its surface; this I look upon to be the most useful of the games for young people, as it serves to wash their faces. But what a deal of noise they are making in the other corner! no wonder; there's a fiddler, and a fifer, and a piper. Though I'm glad to see there's a young vagabond going to give me great relief by sticking a pin into the piper's bag, and so making a safety valve for any one who has the misfortune of having ears in such a place. That's right, you young urchin!—I mean the other urchin—tickle his ear well—stick it into him; see how the fiddler grins and grimaces as the imp pokes the straw into his ear, but he dare not stop for the life of him, because that plump and springy colleen is dancing with as thorough a Pat as ever footed it over a clay floor, a door in a tent, or the green sod; and look at the 'bit o' timber, he's flourishing over his head—in throth it wouldn't be safe for any piper or fiddler in Ireland to 'put back the tune' and baulk Paddy of his dance, for he is dancing with all his might, and may-be he isn't happy—and no wonder, for the man wouldn't deserve a leg to stand on, that couldn't keep it up before the bit of

game forinst him. She seems inclined to dance him down, and, indeed, she's full of vivacity; but Paddy's fresh yet, and snaps his fingers. Is there a king on this earth so happy as Paddy before that girl? not one—though there may be some of them better dressed. By the by, Pat, you are rather scarce in buttons, and you're a rash man to dance so bowld, and the cordheroys so tender. Who the deuce are so quiet here in the corner? Oh! some old people who are enjoying themselves over 'the drop o' drink.' See the woman feeding a child with whiskey; how horrid!—though her neighbour with the twitch of his thumb to his gossip, and the rich twinkle of sun in his eye, seems to relish the joke—but stop—we have seen that face before;—it is Sir Walter Scott—yes—the Wizard of the North has come to see fun in the West, and no wonder we did not know him at once, for he is here in masquerade. Well done, M'Clise! it was a stroke of genius to place him in disguise; for none knew so well how to assume any character he pleased."

UNLUCKY INSTINCT OF A PARROT.—A gentleman having accumulated a considerable fortune in business, purchased a villa in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, where he wished to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyments of those comforts which are generally attendant upon affluence; but he had unfortunately married a wife who was determined to allow him as little enjoyment as possible. The lady had, by a former marriage, a daughter, whom it was her desire to see well settled in the world, for which purpose she spared neither pains nor expense; but her maxim being to save as much as possible in private, that she might be enabled to spare no expense in public, her custom was to provide for the family fare of the humblest description. One of her economical schemes was the establishment of a piggery. Once, after having made a very profitable sale to a butcher of a number of porkers, she supplied her husband's table with fried pig's liver for some days. As soon as the citizen arrived from business, a parrot which the lady kept for her amusement, was in the habit of hearing its mistress vociferate over the stairs to Rebecca, (her only domestic, a great red-cheeked, raw-boned girl, lately arrived from the country,) "come, away with the pig's liver."

By such frugal meals, the lady was saving for a grand dinner she was about to give to a young man of quality, with whom she had formed an acquaintance, and who was struck with the showy figure of the *demoiselle*. The lady having invited the gentleman and two of his fashionable companions, to what she called a family dinner at the villa, on an early day, she provided the choicest wines, engaged a French cook and "a powdered waiter," and hired a quantity of plate for the occasion. On the appointed day, the guests arrived; the dinner was served; and the lady had the happiness to see her daughter seated next her admirer. The party "went off" well, and everything seemed to favour the lady's wishes; the soup and fish passed away, and a haunch of venison was announced. During the interval awaiting its appearance, John was despatched for champagne. The company waited; no venison, no champagne, no waiter appeared—a dead silence ensued—minutes were added to minutes; the old citizen at last rose from his chair and rang the bell—but it was rung in vain—it was not answered—and the suspense became dreadful. "What a pretty parrot you have got," said one of the visitors, at last, in despair.—"He is a very pretty bird," answered the lady of the house, "and very intelligent, too, I assure you. What have you to say for yourself, Poll?"—"Becky! Becky! the pig's liver and a pot of beer. Quick! quick! come away!" cried the parrot.—"The sailors teach these creatures to be so vulgar," said the young lady, in a simpering tone. The parrot having been roused from his lethargy, continued to bawl out, at the top of his voice: "Becky, Becky! the pig's liver. Quick, quick! Becky, Becky!" But what was the horror of the lady and her fair daughter, and how uncontrollable was the mirth of the three guests, when the great, slipshod, country wench entered the room, her left arm embracing an ample dish of smoking hot fried pig's liver, and in her right hand bearing a foaming pewter pot full of beer. "Lucky, indeed, it was that I had it ready, ma'am," said the servant, as she set the dish, and the pot down before her mistress; "for Jowler, the big watch dog, has run away with the leg of carrion; and Monsieur, with the white nightcap, and the other chap, with the flour in his head, will have enough to do to catch him."

PORTUGUESE CEREMONIALS.—Having called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, (says a modern traveller,) after ascending a magnificent staircase, I passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. When I had concluded my visit, I bowed and retired; but, according to the invariable custom of the country, on reaching the door, I turned, and made another salutation;—on which my host, who was slowly following me, returned my inclination by one equally profound. When I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us. When I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second;—the same civilities were then renewed; and these polite reciprocations were continued, till I had travell-

ed the whole suite of apartments. At the bannisters I made a bow, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but, on my reaching the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs. When I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and, upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces, so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and they still continued after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with his head uncovered till it was driven away.

ICELANDIC CODE OF LAWS.—The *Gragas*, or Gray Goose, (says a recent writer, is a collection of traditional laws, compiled by Bergthor, logsomadr, or supreme judge, of the island, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Since Bergthor's time, this code has been revised and enriched with additional institutes. It contains evidence of high antiquity; and, in the marriage code, there is much of a heathen origin, especially in the ceremonials. The customary punishments, independent of pecuniary mulcts, are exile, for short or long periods, incarceration, and proscription. The exile's life was at every man's mercy, though he might, as was customary among heathen nations, purchase remission of his sentence, by slaying three brother exiles of desperate character. The offender's property was confiscated, his marriage was dissolved, and even his children were reckoned illegitimate. The severity of the punishment was aggravated by the comparative insignificance of the offences against which it was directed: a man being liable to banishment if he played at dice, or any other game of chance, for the sake of grain;—if he cut off another person's hair; if he bit or struck a fellow-creature, so as raise blue spots on his skin; if he composed amatory strains on a married female; or if he tore off his neighbour's bonnet, when fastened on his head, he became an outcast, liable to be hunted down, and dependant for his existence on the forbearance of his fellow-creatures.

SCARCITY OF UGLY WOMEN.—A story is going the rounds of the papers of an eccentric gentleman, who was in the habit of complaining that, after a great deal of trouble, he had been unable to meet with any ugly woman, so that he much doubted whether, after all, such a being existed.—"For my part," continued he, "I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimaera of the imagination, and to be classed with those fictitious beings, whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago I made the following experiment:—I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady, who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners; the other required nothing of this; it only stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished, elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the ago and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But—would you believe it?—to the latter I received not a single reply, and I have since, more than once, inserted the same advertisement, with exactly the same success."

DEAN SWIFT.—Swift preached an assize sermon, and, in the course of it was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner, a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy and did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would; and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

VERSE.—Verse is like a pair of skates, with which a man can fly lightly over the smooth, shining surface of the ideal, but stumbles horribly on an ordinary road.

FIRST LOVE.—First love, though the most ignorant, is the purest of all; its bandage is closer and thicker, but its pinions longer and purer.

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