

THOU OFT HAST ASKED,

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Thou oft hast asked, why ever o'er
My brow the shade of gloom is cast?
I'll tell thee now, thou'lt ask no more,
That question wakes to life the past,
And memories, like a wailing train
Of spectres, sweep across my soul,
And dark thoughts, like a mournful strain
Of music, o'er my spirit roll.

I have been happy once, but now
The hand of grief is on my heart;
Alas! that hopes which brightest glow,
Should be the soonest to depart.
I loved a girl—and she was fair
Beyond the visioned—beautiful;
And when her sweet voice sang an air,
Its power the darkest soul could lull.

But what to me her beauty now,
Or what her voice of melody?
No more for me her dark eyes glow;
No more her songs are breathed for me,
For she was false, and since that hour,
From my sad soul all joy hath fled;
E'en hope hath lost its witching power;
My heart within my breast is dead.

She shines amid the gay and young
The brightest of the brightest there,
But I have shunned the festive throng,
I would not have them mark my care;
For grief hath written on my brow,
How in my heart and in my brain,
Her ceaseless spell is working now
Undying agony of pain.

PICKWICKIANA.

ON PRINCIPLE.

"I takes my determination on principle, sir," remarked Sam, "and you takes yours on the same ground; vich puts me in mind o' the man as killed his-self on principle, vich o' course you've heard on, sir. Mr. Weller paused when he arrived at this point, and cast a comical look at his master out of the corners of his eyes.

"There is no of course in the case, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, gradually breaking into a smile, in spite of the uneasiness which Sam's obstinacy had given him. The fame of the gentleman in question never reached my ears."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Weller. "You astonish me, sir; he was a clerk in a gov'ment office, sir."

"Was he?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, he was, sir," rejoined Mr. Weller: "and a werry pleasant gen'l'm'n too—one o' the precise and tidy sort, as puts their feet in little Indian-rubber fire buckets, ven its vet veather, and never has no other bosom friends but hare-skins; he saved up his money on principle, wore a clean shirt ev'ry day on principle, never spoke to none of his relations on principle, 'fear they shou'd want to borrow money of him; and was altogether in fact, an uncommon, agreeable character. He had his hair cut on principle vance a fortnight, and contracted for his clothes on the economic principle—three suits a year, and send back the old vuns. Being a werry regular gen'l'm'n he din't ev'ry day at the same place, vere it was one-and-nindepence to cut off the joint; and a werry good one-and-nindepence worth he used to cut, as the landlord often said, vith the tears a tricklin' down his face, let alone the way he used to poke the fire in the winter time, vich was a dead loss o' four pence-ha'penny a day, to say nothin' at all o' the aggravation o' seein' him do it. So uncommon grand vith it too! 'Post arter the next gen'l'm'n, he sings out ev'ry day van he comes in. 'See arter the Times, Thomas; let me look at the Mornin' Herald, ven it's out o' hand; don't forget to bespeak the Cronicle; and just bring the 'Tizer vill you; and then he'd set vith his eyes, fixed on the clock, and rush out just a quarter of a minit afore the time to vaylay the boy as was a comin in vith the evein' paper, vich he'd read vith sich intense interest and perseverance, as vorked the other customers up to the werry confines o' desperation and insanity, specially one i-rascible old gen'l'm'n as the vaiter was always obliged to keep a sharp eye on at sich times, 'fear he should be tempted to commit some rash act vith the carvin' knife. Vel, sir, here he'd stop, occupyin' the best place for three hours, and never takin' nothin' arter his dinner, but sleep, and then he'd go avay to a coffee-house, a few streets off, and have a small pot o' coffee and four crumpets, arter vich he'd walk home to Kensington and go to bed. One night he was took werry ill; sends for the doctor; doctor comes in a green fly, vith a kind o' Robinson Crusoe set o' waps as he could let-down ven he got out, and pull up arter him ven he got in, to perwent the necessity o' the coachman's getting down, and there he sits vith the public, by lettin' 'em see that it was only a livery coat he'd got on, and not the trousers to match. 'Wot's this matter?' said the doctor. 'Wery ill, says the patient. 'Wot have you been a eatin' of?' says the

doctor. 'Roast weal,' says the patient. 'Wot's the last thing you devoured?' says the doctor. 'Crumpets,' says the patient. 'That's it,' says the doctor. 'I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more o' them,' he says. 'No more o' wot?' says the patient. 'Pills?' 'No, crumpets,' says the doctor. 'Wy?' says the patient, starting up in bed; 'I've eat four crumpets ev'ry night for fifteen year on principle.' 'Vell, then, you'd better leave 'em off on principle,' says the doctor. 'Crumpets is wholesome, sir,' says the patient. 'Crumpets is not wholesome, sir,' says the doctor, wery fiercely. 'But they're so cheap,' says the patient, comin' down a little, 'and so wery fillia' at the price.' 'They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you was paid to eat 'em,' says the doctor. 'Four crumpets a night,' he says, 'vill do your business in six months!'—The patient looks him full in the face, and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says, 'Are you sure o' that 'ere, sir?' 'I'll stake my professional reputation on it,' says the doctor. 'How many crumpets at a sittin, do you think 'ud kill me off at once?' says the patient. 'I don't know,' says the doctor. 'Do you think half-a-crown's vurth 'ud do it?' says the patient. 'I think it might,' says the doctor. 'Three shillin's vurth 'ud be sure to do it, I s'pose?' says the patient. 'Certainly,' says the doctor. 'Wery good,' says the patient; 'good night.'—Next mornin' he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillin's vurth o' crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out."

"What did he do that for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, abruptly; for he was considerably startled by this tragical termination of the narrative.

"Wot did he do it, for, sir!" reiterated Sam. "Wy, in support of his great principle that crumpets was wholesome, and to show that he vouldn't be put out of his way for nobody!"—Boz.

Miss Edgeworth was one evening busy writing beside her futher, when a servant brought in the tea-equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonful into a china cup, then "turned on" the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time proper for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar, pouring thereon, what? In her literary abstraction she had omitted to put in the hyson, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk and waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the Sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "'twa Irish Absent-tee-ism."

ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

C. H. BELCHER, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1838—viz.—Flowers of Loveliness,—Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical illustrations by L. E. L.

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY, with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings by the first artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington—splendidly bound.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegantly bound in green.

Jennings' Landscape Annual, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

The Oriental Annual, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

Friendship's Offering, and **Winter's Wreath**; a Christmas and New Year's Present, with Eleven elegant Engravings—elegantly bound.

This is Affection's Tribute, **Friendship's Offering**, **Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,** **Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,** **And says—Forget me not!**

Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

'Appealing, by the magic of its name, **To gentle feelings and affections, kept** **Within the heart, like gold.'**—L. E. L.

Others are shortly expected. Nov. 11.

TO FAMILIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale at his Warehouse, Warehouse Street, half barrels Superfine FLOUR, for Family use.

New-town PIPPINS, Baldwin and other Winter Apples. Boxes, half boxes, and Gr. boxes RAISINS, Superior BATTING for Quilts,

An extensive assortment of Franklin, Cooking, Hall and Shop STOVES. R. D. CLARKE. November 10.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

IS now Published and may be had of the Subscriber, and of others throughout the Province. Containing every thing requisite and necessary for an Almanack, Farmer's Calendar, Table of the Equator of Time, Eclipses, Her Majesty's Council; House of Assembly; Officers of the Army, Navy, and Staff of the Militia; Officers of the different Counties; Sittings of Courts, &c. arranged under their respective heads; Roll of Barristers and Attornies, with dates of Admission; Roads to the principal towns in the Province, and the route to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.; Collegas, Academies and Clergy, with a variety of other matter. Nov. 11.

JUST RECEIVED,

On Consignment from New York, per brig. Pictou.
200 Half Boxes, } Best Bunch Muscatel
250 Qt. do. } RAISINS,
Which will be Sold Low.

A. S. O.

Per Acadian and Industry from Boston,
Boxes RAISINS, do. soft shell'd Almonds, Franklin and
Cooking STOVES, of most approved Patterns.

B. WIER,
STORE, Opposite Mr. Hugh Campbell's. Nov. 11. 4w

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscriber begs to announce to his customers and the Public, that by the Thalia from London, and Westmoreland and Jean Hastie from Liverpool, he has received his SUPPLY of.

BRITISH MANUFACTURE,

Suitable for the season; which he offers for sale at low rates, and the orders of his Country friends will be executed with care and despatch.

November 11.

ROBERT NOBLE.

N. B.—He has received from Greenock via Liverpool, a supply of Cordage, from the Ropewalk of Muir's & Co. (late McNab's,) which can be warranted of the very first quality—fine hemp and litch tar. 3w

FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON

HAS received, by the Thalia, John Porter, Westmoreland and Jean Hastie,

HIS usual supply of Woolen, Silk, Cotton and Linen Goods:—

Comprising a good assortment of Black and coloured Cloths, Cassimeres, Petershams, Pilot Cloth, Merinoes, Blankets, Druggets, Black and Coloured Gros de Naples, Black Bombazines, Ribbons, Braids, Hosiery, Gloves, Boots & Shoes, White and Grey Cottons, Printed, Lining and Furniture do, Dimities, Stripes, Checks, Muslins, Cotton Warp, Mole-skin, Pot and Grey Paper, Coloured Threads, Irish Linens, Lawns, Sheetings, Superfine Carpetings, Osnaburghs, Table Cloths, Fill'd, and Rob Roy Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Shawl Dresses, Homespuns, Cravats, Bishop Lawns, together with a good supply of Haberdashery, &c. &c. all of which are offered at low prices. Cotton Batting, to be had as above.

November 3.

3w.

FALL GOODS.

THE subscriber has received by the ships Thalia and Jean Hastie, his Fall Supply, among which are:—Carpetings, Blankets, Petershams, Plushings, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, plain and figured Merinos, Gros de Naples, Bombazines, Crapes, Plaids, Ribbons, Hosiery, blond, tartan, and cotton felled Shawls, twilled and printed Cottons, Homespuns, Shirtings, etc. which with his previous well selected Stock are now offered for sale at low prices.

November 11.

4w

J. M. HAMILTON.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig. Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct. 14—Sm.

TO LET.

Three Comfortable well finished Rooms, with a Fire Place in each, over Mr Wier's Store, near the Ordnance. Apply at this Office, or on the premises. Nov. 10.

APPLES AND ONIONS.

50 BARRELS Prime American Apples,
50 do. Onions; in shipping order,
Nov. 17 2w For sale by B. WIER.

THE PEARL.

Is Published every Saturday, for the Proprietor, by Wm. Cunnahall, at his Office, Sackville Street, south end of Bedford Row. Terms, 15s. per annum—half in advance.