

and talent needs not plod. Leave me alone, I'll be in at the death, I'll warrant."

"Do you know, Sir," he again remarked, "that I always know a gentleman whenever I see him—there is a certain air about him, disguise it as you will, will always detect the gentleman—look at the difference between you and these fellows."

"An sure, mon, its easy kenning what the like of thee art—its no difficult to detect the daw, though it may be dressed in peacock feathers."

The young man talked away without noticing my friend's remark, for the brandy had began to manifest its influence, and his eyes to look very large.

"I consider, Sir, that I have good prospects—I am one of the Alumni of King's College, and hope (*hiccup*) to be soon able to—fi—fill the Professor's chair."

He talked on a while in this strain, 'till overcome by the brandy and fatigue, he sank gently to the floor, in a happy state of oblivion—to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." I was very tired myself, and retired to bed, leaving my companions discussing the contents of another bottle. The bed was so situated that I could see any thing that passed in the room. After I had lain there for some minutes the gentlemen in the bar-room commenced a very animated conversation. L— stood up, and looking at the prostrate gentleman exclaimed, "Oh that man would keep an enemy in his pocket to steal away his hair," and stooping down he said,—“I say L—, I'm a feelosopher and a feelantropost”—then taking out his huge clasp knife, opened it, and looked very determined at the sleeper.—I pity that poor wretch from my soul—it shocks my feelings of humanity—it makes me blush for the degeneracy of the times when I see human nature so far debased as thus in the very face of heaven to wear that which is forbidden man of woman born.

"Dal thee, Rags," interposed L—, "I sees thy drift—let's powl him!"—and suiting the action to the word, he seized the sleeper's lengthy locks with a hand of iron—the knife of the other gleamed for an instant in the red fire-light! and then was buried in the wavy masses where it was aimed. My breast was delivered of a load, when I beheld lock after lock of the sleeper's hair smouldering on the hearthstone—for from the energetic gestures of the operators I had been taught to expect something worse—if worse could be. At every tug of the warlike instrument he raised his dreamy eyes to his

merciless tormentors, and muttered something which sounded very like a fervent wish for closer intimacy between the head of King's College and his Satannic Majesty. His ravings, however, were disregarded, till they had "powled" him to their hearts desire, and spite of his toriyism, left him as arrant a crotchy as ever existed; and S—, holding up the last trophy, exclaimed with a bitter sneer—"Good hair in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls; who steals my purse steals trash—'tis something—nothing—'twas mine 'tis his—and has been slave to thousands—but he who robs me of my hair, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed!"

He ceased;—and the merry voice of L— carolling forth "The Yorkshire-man in London," lulled me to sleep. Next morning we proceeded homeward—the docted gentleman was not yet visible—I have not seen him since but fancy as my friend S— would say—

"He will in future beware how he puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."

August, 1842.

JUNIOR.

The Amaranth,

Is issued on the first week in every Month by ROBERT SHIVES, Proprietor and Publisher—and delivered to City subscribers at the very low price of 7s. 6d. per annum;—Persons in the Country, receiving the Amaranth by Mail, will be charged 1s. 3d. additional, to cover the cost of postage.

All communications must be addressed to "ROBERT SHIVES, Office of the Amaranth, Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B."

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