

initials to it added those of another, is cautioned against trying his plagiarisms in future. We had strong doubts as to the originality of the piece when we gave it a place on our pages."

In April, 1842, the editor of *The Amaranth* welcomed to the ranks of Acadian Literature *The Nova Scotia New Monthly Magazine* in the following words:—

"The first number of this work is now before us, and we hail its appearance with pleasure, as a valuable addition to our Colonial Literature. The contents of the present number are rich and varied—the original articles are written with good taste and judgment, and the selected ones are from the choicest works of the day. From the energy and resources of the publishers, we are led to believe that *The New Monthly* will become very popular."

This magazine was 32 pages in extent, octavo in size, and published by Simpson & Kirk of Halifax, the St. John agency being at "The Circulating Library, Germain Street." The subscription price was 8s. 9d., including postage.

From the pages of the first number of the new magazine was republished in *The Amaranth*, a poem entitled "The Fossil," addressed to —, generally supposed to be to Dr. Abraham Gesner, a well known scientist who lived in St. John, and who left behind him valuable works on the geography of New Brunswick and Acadian Geology, and who gathered the nucleus of what was afterwards the Museum of the St. John Mechanics Institute, now owned by the Natural History Society of St. John.

As the poem alluded to is not lengthy, and is of some merit, it may perhaps be quoted at length. Unfortunately no clue is given as to the identity of the writer.

It reads as follows:—

THE FOSSIL.

Once in the young earth's golden prime,
'Ere care made grey the wing of time,
There fell a green leaf on the shore;
And it floated away on the wandering wave,
And found in the deep green sea a grave,
And ne'er was thought on more.

Ages rolled on, and the rocking earth
Had seen a new creation's birth,
And Empires rise and fall:
But none e'er thought how that green leaf slept,
Like a treasured thing by Enchanter kept,
'Neath the old earth's marble wall,—