

province, its beauties and its possibilities, was able to assist in making more widely known its many attractions.

Mr. W. R. M. Burtis, for many years common clerk of the City of St. John, was also a writer of merit and a frequent contributor to the pages of *The Amaranth*, his story of Indian life, "The Storm Spirit of the Milicitea" having been more than once republished by later periodicals.

In all the older magazines it is difficult, and in the majority of cases impossible at this late period to ascertain the identity of the various local contributors. In fact so much care was taken upon this point that it is difficult to discover even the names of the editors of many of them. In this respect *The Amaranth* more nearly approached the modern ideal of a literary magazine. Some of the articles by local contributors bear the writer's signature, while in other cases the first and last letters of the writer's surname are given. By this aid Mr. Jonas Howe in a very excellent article upon *The Amaranth*, which appeared in *Acadiensis* in July, 1902, has been able to discover and place permanently upon record the names of its more important contributors.

Turning carelessly over the pages of the first volume of *The Amaranth* recently, a poem on page 268 immediately attracted attention. It was entitled "The Dying Chief," and was signed "J. A.," Westmorland, July. The first three stanzas are as follows:—

THE DYING CHIEF.

The stars look'd down on the battle plain,
When night winds were deeply sighing,
And with shattered lance near his war-steed slain,
Lay a youthful warrior dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast
The banner once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud as he sunk to rest,
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield
By the rushing Guadalquivir—
While dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.

Turning further on to the end of the following number of *The Amaranth*, we find the following brief but pointed editorial comment:

"The poetry, entitled, "The Dying Chief", which appeared in our last number, as an original contribution, is an extract from a volume of poems published in England. The gentleman (?) who sent this manuscript to our office, and who, instead of placing his own