

MISS CLOTHILDA JENNINGS is an accomplished prose writer as well as a Poetess. Few of her writings have appeared separately. Her "*Linden Rhymes*" in a volume of 152 pages 18mo, under the assumed name of "*Maud*" were published at Halifax in 1854. The following year she published "*The White Rose in Acadia*," and "*Autumn in Nova Scotia*," a prize tale and Poem. As a proof of her poetical talent, it may be mentioned that the poem which she composed in honor of the Burn's Centenary Celebration, was so highly thought of by the Committee in London, that they caused it to be included in "*The Burn's Centenary Wreath*," (London, 1859.) In 1855 Miss Jennings won the prize offered at Halifax on the occasion of the general public exhibition of the products of the Province of Nova Scotia, for the best Tale and Poem illustrative of the history, manners and scenery of Nova Scotia.

THE HONORABLE JOSEPH HOWE, M. P., so well known as a Politician and Orator, has written verses occasionally in the course of his long career. A little Poem entitled "*Melville Island*," which he published in his earlier days, has been much praised. The best proof of the high appreciation of his fellow-countymen is to be found in the fact that one of his best poetical compositions "*THE SONG FOR THE CENTENARY*" of the foundation of Halifax, written in 1849, has been set to music. It opens in the following bold and patriotic strain:

"Hail to the day! when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of old England the road side perfumes;
The shamrock and thistle the North winds are braving;
Securely, the May-flower blushes and blooms."

MISS HELEN MAR JOHNSON was born at Magog, Province of Quebec, in 1835. Her too early death occurred at the same place in 1863. This Lady may be said to have been born with the genius of Poetry. At the age of fifteen she composed elegant verses. Only five years later, she published a volume of poems (249 pages) which was received with great favor. Her diction was spoken of as rich and varied, not unfrequently pleasingly figurative and the versification as regular and pleasing. Her wonderful gift of song, however is more apparent in her unpublished compositions, some of which may be seen in Dewart's "Selections." This gentleman, himself a Poet, expresses a very high appreciation of Miss Johnson's genius. "Her Poetry," he observes, "is characterized by unaffected simplicity, genuine sensibility, often tinged by sadness, a deep sense of the insufficiency of earthly good, and ardent aspirations after the things that are unseen and eternal." Her love of Poetry was a perennial source of solace to her in the trying circumstances of her short and suffering life. The deep feeling of melancholy which pervades some of her compositions may be partly ascribed to this state of suffering, and to the idea, always present to her mind, that her days were drawing to their close, as well as to her poetic genius. It belongs to such minds to be eminently pathetic, and this is always skin to melancholy. The deep pathos which characterizes the genius of Miss Johnson is chiefly shown in the pieces which Mr. Dewart has preserved, "*I shall Depart*," "*To a Dandelion*," and "*Good Night*." At the risk of rendering you melancholy for a moment, I shall quote this last piece. The sweetness and affection which it breathes, will relieve somewhat its awful solemnity.

GOOD NIGHT.

Mother, good night! my work is done,—
I go to rest with the setting sun;
But not to wake with the morning light,
So, dearest Mother, a long good night!

Father, good night! the shadows glide
Silently down to the river's side,
The river itself with stars is bright,
So, dearest Father, a long good night!

Sister, good night! the roses close
Their dewy eyes for the night's repose,—
And a strange damp mist obscures my sight,
So, dearest Sister, a long good night!

Brother, good night! the sunset flush
Has died away, and a midnight hush
Has settled o'er plain and mountain height,
So, dearest Brother, a long good night!

Good night! good night! nay, do not weep;
I am weary of earth, I long to sleep;
I shall wake again with the dawning light
Of eternal day;—good night! good night!

"THE WATCHER" is not without a tinge of melancholy, but you will be pleased to observe how graphically this poem describes some of the things that are apt to happen in the course of a Canadian winter.

Night comes, but he comes not! I fear
The treacherous ice: what do I hear?
Bells? nay, I am deceived again,—
'Tis but the ringing in my brain,
—O how the wind goes shrieking past!
Was it a voice upon the blast!
A cry for aid? My God protect!
Preserve his life—his course direct!
—How suddenly it has grown dark!—
How very dark without!—hush! hark!
—'Tis but the creaking of the door;
It opens wide and nothing more,
Then wind and snow came in; I thought
Some straggler food and shelter sought;
But more I feared, for fear is weak,
That some one came of him to speak,
To tell how long he braved the storm,
How long he kept his bosom warm
With thoughts of home, how long he cheered
His weary horse that plunged, and reared,
And wallowed through the drifted snow
Till daylight faded, and the glow
Of hope went out,—how almost blind,
He peered around, below, behind,—
No road, no track, the very shore
All blotted out.—one struggle more
It is thy last, perchance, brave heart!
O God! a reef! the masses part
Of snow and ice, and dark and deep
The waters lie in death-like sleep;—
He sees too late the chasm yawn;
Sleigh, horse and driver, all are gone!
Father in Heaven! It may be thus,
But thou art gracious,—pity us!
Save him, and me in mercy spare!
What 'twould be worse than death to hear.
—Hark! hark! am I deceived again?
Nay, 'tis no ringing in my brain,
My pulses leap, my bosom swells—
Thank God! it is, *at its last*!

EVAN McCOLL, a native of Scotland. This Poet whom Canada now claims, was born at Loch Fyne side in the year 1808. He was and is still known there as "The Mountain Minstrel." Since the days of McLachlan, McLeod and Macdonald of Crief, no writer has done so much honor to the Gaelic language. It was indeed his mother tongue, and he owed it, as he paid to it, the tribute of his earliest poetical compositions. His first work, "*A Collection of Poems and Songs in Gaelic*," at once secured for him a high place among the Bards of his country. On the appearance of these poems, the critics were pleased to pronounce him second to none among Celtic Poets. His inimitable "*Ode to Loch Duich*" shewed how he appreciated the picturesque scenery of his native hills and Lochs,—that "land of the mountain and the flood," which has often been the Poet's theme. No wonder if he loved that land, and so dearly loved it, that when his Father and family emigrated to Canada in 1831, he could not be prevailed upon to accompany them. It was not till 1850, and when compelled by the state of his health to seek a change of air and scenery, that he visited Canada. He soon decided on remaining in this country; and an appointment in the Provincial Customs of Kingston induced him to make his home in that City. He is the Bard of the Caledonian Society there; and he has composed several Poems for its annual celebrations. Some of these are much admired, and his "*Robin*," composed for the "Burns' Centenary Festival," is considered by the Kingston critics, quite equal although, indeed, this is saying a great deal, to the Countess of Nairn's very pathetic song "*The Land O' the Leul*." In 1846, Mr. McColl published a volume of Poems and songs in English. These compositions also have commanded the attention of eminent critics. Dr. Norman McLeod whilst finding fault with some imperfections of Rhyme, says "there are thoughts so new and so striking,—images and comparisons so beautiful and original,—feelings so warm and fresh that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man."

This audience, I am sure, will hear with pleasure one of Mr. McColl's English songs. It alludes to scenes with which you are familiar,—"*The Lake of the Thousand Isles*."

(To be continued in our next.)