

## MR. ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN is another of our few Canadian poets of any note or repute. He is the son of a Scotch mechanic, and was born in the village of Johnston, Renfrewshire, in the year 1820. Though he enjoyed but few of the advantages of education, then common to Scotland, he was, from his boyhood, a voracious reader, and those who have listened to the lectures delivered by him in different parts of Canada, and elsewhere, are convinced of his profound and accurate acquaintance with the principal British authors. In his youth, he was a tailor and a chartist leader; but, like many others, after visiting the neighboring republic, he became completely cured of his youthful folly. He first came to Canada in 1840, and spent the greater portion of his time, since his arrival in Canada, in the "bush," or backwoods, until the muse brought him before the public as a successful author and writer of poetry, and as a lecturer. He has published three volumes of poetry, and delivered lectures on poetry and kindred subjects in most of the principal towns of Canada, and in the state of New York. From a sketch of him contained in a Guelph paper, published some time ago, we make an extract, highly eulogistic of his merits and talents:—

"Mr. McLachlan's powers have been comparatively slow in developing themselves. His is indeed still a young mind. We confess that we like minds of this rather than those of a meteoric character; for, not unfrequently, the sudden splendor of the latter, like that of the meteor, is transient, and too often passes away without leaving any lasting impress. When nature designs to accomplish anything great and permanent, she generally works silently and gradually; there is nothing startling and spasmodic in her efforts. How quietly she drops the little acorn into the lap of mother earth, and how slowly she rears the giant oak, which stands proudly rooted for centuries. Considerations of this nature leads us to believe, that, as yet, we have had but a partial manifestation of our poet's powers. Fine and rare as are many of his thoughts, we predict that they are only first fruits of a richer harvest. Still, we are fearless in asserting, that there are contained in the present volume\* some pieces of a character to place its author in no mean rank among the acknowledged poets of the nineteenth

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had their position not been perceived by a young girl on shore, Margaret Walker, the daughter of the only settler there, who, like another Grace Darling, resolutely and bravely entered a boat, pulled to their rescue, and saved their lives. This heroic girl surely deserves a medal from the Humane Society.

\*"The Emigrant and other Poems,"—Toronto: Rollo & Adam, 1861.