

JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem."

No. 43.

Pictou, N. S. Wednesday Morning, May 23, 1832.

Vol. 1.

THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, at the Colonial Patriot Office, by W. MILNE, PROPRIETOR.

CONDITIONS.

Five shillings per Annum, delivered in Town, and six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, half yearly in advance.

When not paid half yearly in advance, seven shillings and six pence will be charged.

Any person ordering five copies will be reckoned an Agent, and shall receive a copy gratis.

The names of subscribers residing at a distance will not be required at the Office; they shall be accountable to the Agent through whom they receive the paper, and the Agent to the Publisher—according to the foregoing terms.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

This ingenious poet was born about 1730, and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh, all of whose children, with the exception of our author, were either deaf or dumb. William received such common education as might qualify him for some inferior employment, and appears to have contracted a taste for reading, and a desire for higher attainments than his situation permitted. In the character of Arion, unquestionably intended for his own, he hints at a farther progress in study than his biographers have been able to trace:

"On him fair Science dawn'd in nappier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:
But soon Adversity, with freezing blast
The blossom 'twixt, and the dawn o'ercast,
Forlorn of her aid, and by severe decrees
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea."

It must indeed have been with reluctance that boy who had begun to taste the sweets of literature, consented to serve an apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel at Leith, which was as old he did when very young. He was afterwards in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes*, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation; and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to boast with some pride, that he had once been his scholar.

Falconer, probably by means of this friend, made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked during his passage from Alexandria to Venice, and only three of the crew saved. The date of this event is not now to be ascertained; but what he saw and felt on the melancholy occasion made the deepest impression on his memory, and certainly suggested the plan and characters of his celebrated poem. Whether before this time he had made any poetical attempts we are not informed. The favours of a genuine muse are usually early, and it is at least probable that the allusions so frequent in "The Ship-

wreck." were furnished by much previous reading.

Our author is supposed to have continued in the merchant service until he gained the patronage of his Royal Highness Edward Duke of York, by dedicating to him "The Shipwreck," in the spring of 1762, and it is much to the honour of his highness's taste that he joined in the praise bestowed on this poem, and became desirous to place the author in a situation where he could bestir him. With this view, the Duke advised him to quit the merchant service for the royal navy; and before the summer had elapsed, Falconer was rated a midshipman on board Sir Edward Hawke's ship, the Royal George, which at the peace of 1763, was paid off.

As Falconer wanted much of that complementary time of service, which might enable him to arrive at the commission of lieutenant, his friends advised him to exchange the military for the civil department of the royal navy; and accordingly, in the course of 1763, he was appointed purser of the *Glory* frigate of thirty-two guns. Soon after he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. With this lady, who had considerable taste, he appears to have lived happily, although his circumstances were reduced for want of employment. That this was the case appears from a whimsical incident related by his biographer: "When the *Glory* was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, commissioner Hanway, brother to the benevolent Jonas Hanway, became delighted with the genius of its purser. The captain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with a stove, and with every addition of comfort that could be procured, in order that Falconer might thus be enabled to enjoy his favourite propensity, without either molestation or expense."

Here he employed himself, for some time, in various literary occupations. Among others he compiled an "Universal Marine Dictionary," a work of great utility, and highly approved by professional men in the navy.

The *Marine Dictionary* was published in 1769, before which period he appears to have left his naval retreat at Chatham for an abode in the metropolis of a less comfortable kind. Here, depressed by poverty, but occasionally soothed by friendship, and by the affectionate attentions of his wife, he subsisted for some time on various resources. In 1768 he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to be admitted a partner in the business which that gentleman afterwards established.

No reason can be assigned with more probability for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the purser'ship of the *Aurora* frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India, Messrs. Vansittart, Scroston, and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends perceived the hopes that

he might eventually obtain lasting advantage. The *Aurora* sailed from England on the 30th September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is, that she foundered in the Cosambique channel.

COMMUNICATION.

For the *Juvenile Entertainer*.

MR MILNE,

Sir,—No one was more rejoiced than myself when I heard of the establishment of your little paper. I well remember how delighted I was when I first saw the *Boston Youth's Companion*, which you know was a weekly paper for children; and I thenceforward earnestly desired to see one of a similar kind here. At last, thanks to your enterprise, it appeared; and I felt assured that all who took any interest in the instruction and happiness of the young, and in the well being of a world when they themselves depart, would eagerly come forward to support, by their pen or their recommendation, or both, so admirable an instrument of good.

To argue upon the utility of a youth's paper cannot be necessary: the bare mention of the scheme must carry conviction. But to make it attractive a certain quantity of original matter is necessary. Not that it can be better, nor perhaps half so good, as that which you select, but still, such is our hankering after novelty, that we like something new, though far inferior to the old. And besides, the real intention of a periodical is lost sight of without at least a sprinkling of originality.

I have oftentimes, when reading, determined to select, and when thinking, to write, for you; but as often happens with wise resolving, I never got farther. To-day I chanced on the following piece of poetry in the *Juvenile Forget-Me Not* for 1832, which I think very beautiful, both in sentiment and style; and without allowing myself time again to resolve to delay, I have copied it, and now append it hereto. So you have both a communication and a selection. If you accept of this commencement, I shall endeavour to fill a column pretty often whether it shall be grave or gay, trifling or severe, prose or poetry, original or selected, the result can alone show, for purpose or plan I have none. Do all Clergymen, and all others pretending an interest in the instruction of the rising generation, patronize your paper? If not, it is time they did, or abandon their pretensions.

Yours, &c.

CONTRIBUTOR.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

By Mrs. Abdy.

Oh! do you ask me why I weep?
Who used to seem so glad?
There are out few a watch to keep,
If I am pleased or sad:
My father in life's busy toils
Throughout the day must rove;
And much I miss a Mother's smiles,
And mourn a Mother's Love!

My garden is o'errun with weeds,
It gives me little joy,
For no fond mother stands and heads
The pastimes of her boy;
And when my lessons I repeat,
Though many may approve,
I sigh the warm caress to meet,
That spoke a Mother's Love!

When, lately, fever's grasp I felt,
My wants were all supplied,
But she, that dear one, would have knelt
My sleepless couch beside,