

# JUVENILE ENTERTAINER.

"Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermionibus aures."

## THE JUVENILE ENTERTAINER

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## BIOGRAPHY.

### GEORGE BUCHANAN.

His celebrated Latin poet and writer of his age, and perhaps inferior to none since the Augustan age, was born at Kilmarnock, in Dumbarshire, in February, 1506, of a family rather indigent than opulent, but Buchanan had no occasion for the splendour of ancestry. He wanted a reflected greatness, the equivocal, and when the only ornament of the rich and noble. His father died of the stone in the flower of his age; his grandfather survived a short time; his affairs suffered a bankruptcy before his decease. Buchanan's mother was left in circumstances of extreme distress; a widow with thirteen children, five of whom were sons. James Scot, their maternal uncle, encouraged by the promise of George's childhood at school, brought him to Paris to complete his education. The younger students in that university being chiefly exercised in poetical composition, Buchanan tells us, that he spent much of his leisure in writing verses partly from duty, and partly from the impulse of nature. Compelled by the death of his uncle, by the bad state of his health, and by the want of resources, he returned home to his country in 1520, after a residence of about two years at Paris. He was yet under his twentieth year, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence. In this emergency he enlisted as a common soldier, under John Duke of Albany, who commanded the troops which France had sent to assist Scotland in the war it waged, at this period, against England. But nature had not destined him to be a military hero. He was disgusted with the fatigues of our campaign, and, fortunately John Stewart, then professor of philosophy at St. Andrews, hearing of his necessity and his merit, afforded him a temporary relief. The next year, however, whether from interest or literary attachment, he followed his tutor to Paris, where he became partial to the doctrines of Luther. He now struggled with his adverse fortune for the space of two years; but was at length admitted into the college of St. Barbe at Paris, where he presided over the class of grammar till the year 1529.

We find him next under the protection of the Earl of Cassilis, who retained him five years, partly in France, and partly in his native country. During this connection he translated Linsencor's Rudiments of English Grammar, into Latin, and dedicated this performance to his patron. He next acted as preceptor to the Earl of Murray, the natural son of James V. Disgusted at the irregularities of the Franciscans, he had in some moment of leisure composed his "Somnium," a little elegy, in which he represents St Francis as soliciting him to enter into the fraternity, and himself as rejecting the proposal with a sarcastic disdain,—a piece of humour which greatly irritated the order against him, inasmuch that they are said to have accused him of atheism, a most serious charge in those days.

The last twelve years of his life he employed in composing, in Latin, his "History of Scotland." After having vied, with all the more eminent of the Latin poet, he contested with Livy and saluted the palm of eloquence and political sagacity. But it is to be remembered with pain, that like the former of these historians, he was not always careful to preserve himself from the charge of partiality. During the time of its composition he suffered much from bad health, and the infirmities of age. In a letter, dated August 25 1577, written in the old Scottish, and addressed to Master Randolph, Squire, Master of Postes to the Queen's Grace of England, he thus writes—"As for the present, I am occupied in writing of our History, being assured to content few, and to displease many that throw As to the end of it, yf ye gott it not or this winter he passit, lippen not for it, nor name other writings from me. The rest of my occupation is with the gout, quhilk halds me busy both day and nyt. And quhair ye say ye hauf not long to lyf, I trust to God to go before yow, albeit I be on fat, and ye ryd the post," &c. He had the satisfaction, however, of completing this, the greatest and the last of his mortal labours, but survived its publication scarcely a single month. Broken by age and infirmities, he retired in 1581 from the court at Stirling to Edinburgh, resigning every public charge, and calmly composing himself for the approaches of death. In a pleasing and pathetic letter, written in the spring of that year on his only surviving friend in Portugal, he says, "I have for some time bidden adieu to letters. My sole concern now is, how I may quietly withdraw from my ill assorted companions; a dying man from the society of the living." Thus gracefully and deliberately quitting the scene of life, departed this extraordinary man, on the morning of Friday, the 28th of September, 1582, in the 76 year of his age.

## HISTORY.

### HISTORY OF YOUNG RICHARD.

Concluded.

The first sabbath after we sailed was a gloomy one to me; the peace and quiet which reigned in

my father's house, I contrasted with the bustle and confusion on board this ship. I was comforted a good deal by observing one of the sailors reading a Bible about mid day. I made up to him, and begged him to give it me for a while, after he had read all that he intended at that time. He said he would; and added, that I was a great fool for choosing a seafaring life; that, could he gain support on shore, he would not remain an hour on shipboard after reaching a port; but, like me, he had run off from his friends when a boy, before he had acquired the knowledge of any trade; but, said he, I've only repented of my folly once, that is always; but now I am too old to begin any other business, and must therefore spend the remainder of my days in this irksome and dangerous occupation.

I listened with great attention to his story resolved to give up the sea on my return to my native country.

I read in his Bible with considerable avidity, and several texts struck me greatly. Still, however, pride and perverseness reigned in my heart, which soon discovered itself. A vessel hove in sight, which appeared to be making for Scotland. The Captain said if any of us wished to write to our friends, we were likely to have an opportunity of forwarding our letters. On receiving this information, I began a letter to my father. At first, I thought of telling him how much I regretted leaving home, and how unhappy I was become, but again I thought this would not do, for it would make me the derision of my brothers and sisters, but more especially of Timothy Prick. I therefore resolved to write as if I had been in high spirits, and expected to make an immense fortune in a few years, after which I would return home, purchase a fine estate, and make them all as happy as the day was long. To this effect I actually wrote; but ah! what a contrast between my heart and letter! I wrote with many sighs and many tears. Thinking of home harrowed up my keenest feelings, I could have crept into the letter. Indeed, when I put in the wafer, I involuntarily exclaimed, O wafer, I wish I were you! When the boat went off with the letters, I besought the Captain to permit me to return to Caledonia; but all he said was, put that young rascal into irons. Tough he spoke it rather in sport than otherwise, the sailor instantly fulfilled his mandate, and I remained a poor prisoner till next morning, without either meat or drink. Oh! how different from the treatment to which I had been accustomed! but all was needful to break my proud and perverse spirit.

About the latter end of July, we arrived at New York, when I was all eye to behold the wonders I expected to see in foreign climes; but I beheld nothing remarkable. The heaven was above and the earth below, the same as at home; the same sun ruled the day, and same moon the night; men, women, and children traversed the streets the same as at home; not a creature paid the smallest attention to poor me. Indeed, after our cargo was delivered, I seldom got on shore, being obliged to watch the vessel. One day,