

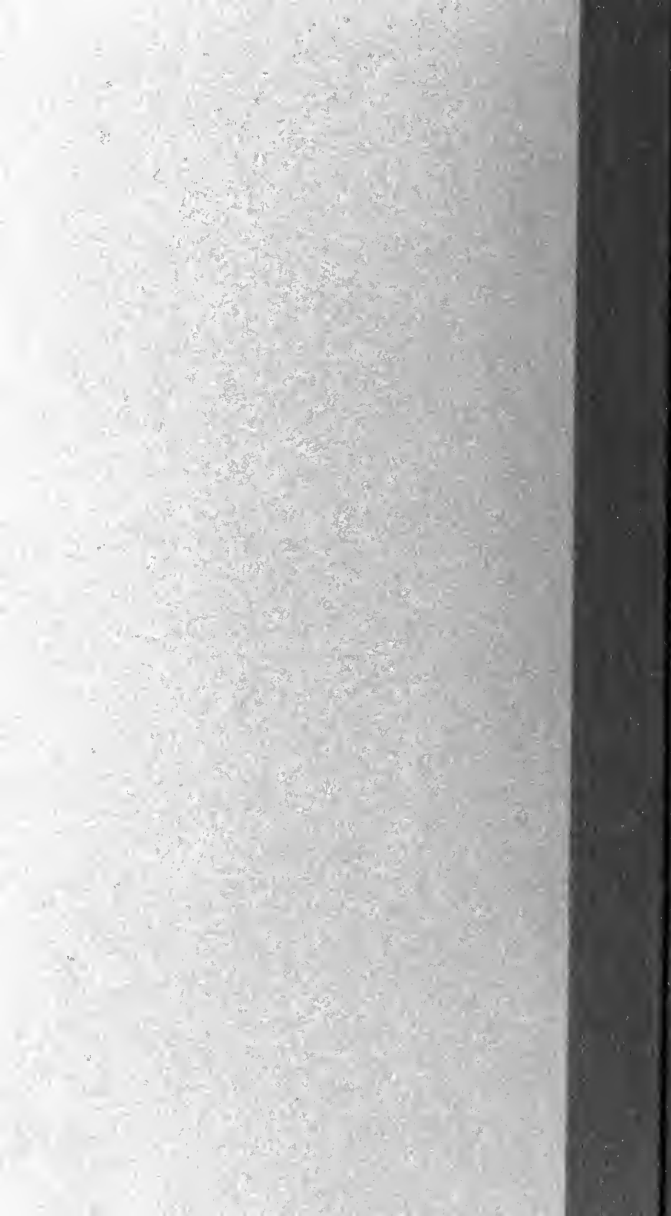
Franklin, Benjamin
Father Abraham's speech


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1758a





FATHER
ABRAHAM'S
SPEECH




Benjamin Franklin



From G. K. Hall & Co.

With All Good Wishes · Christmas 1963




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FATHER
ABRAHAM'S
SPEECH

HERE is reproduced the only known nearly perfect copy of *Father Abraham's Speech*, printed and sold in Boston by Benjamin Mecom in 1758. Famous to bookmen as the first separate edition of Benjamin Franklin's *Sayings of Poor Richard*, it contains many of the witty sayings and sparkling proverbs that salted the Poor Richard almanacs issued by Franklin over a period of twenty-five years. By this title and its later title *The Way to Wealth* it has been printed and translated oftener than "any other work from an American pen". Carl Van Doren sums up its importance in the words, "it long ago passed from literature into the general human speech".

STEPHEN T. RILEY, *Director*
Massachusetts Historical Society



~~868925~~

FATHER

Abraham's

S P E E C H

To a great Number of People, at a *Vendue* of Merchant-Goods ;

Introduced to the PUBLICK by

Poor Richard,

A famous PENNSYLVANIA Conjurer, and Almanack-Maker,

In Answer to the following QUESTIONS.

Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?

To which are added,

SEVEN *curious* PIECES of WRITING.

B O S T O N, NEW-ENGLAND,

Printed and Sold by Benjamin Mecom, at

The NEW PRINTING-OFFICE,

Opposite to the Old-Brick Meeting, near the Court-House.

NOTE, Very good Allowance to those who take them by the Hundred or Dozen, to sell again.

The C O N T E N T S.

- I. *Father Abraham's* SPEECH, introduced by Poor Richard.
- II. *The welcome Guinea: A Poem.*
- III. *Consolation for the Homely.*
- IV. *A grand Compliment to the Ladies.*
- V. *The two Sinners, the Pope, and the Devil: A poetical TALE.*
- VI. *An infallible Cure for Love.*
- VII. *An Old Song, wrote by one of our first New-England Planters, on their Management in those good Old Times. To the Tune of A Cobler there was, &c.*
- VIII. *Poor Richard's Description of his Country Wife Joan, in a Song to the Tune of The Hounds are all out, &c.*

That no Part of Our little Book may be left blank and unimproved, the Reader will not be displeas'd to observe this Page filled up in the following Manner.

It is good to make Hay while the Sun shines
“*Though this good honest industrious Proverb, is made a Stalking-Horse to the grossest Villanies, and a Wire drawn to countenance a thousand base Practices, as the temporizing and trimming of Turn-coats, Cheating, Injustice, Drunkenness, Lasciviousness, and all the Iniquities upon the Face of the Earth, Persons laying hold of Opportunity of satisfying their impious Appetites under the Umbrage of it; yet, notwithstanding all Misapplications, the true Meaning of it is highly Moral. It is a great Encouragement to Virtue and Goodness, it teaches us to let no Time (which often seems to be put into our Hands by good Providence) slip through our Fingers, of serving God, and doing Good to ourselves and our Neighbours; for that the Sun will not stand still for Us, as it did for Joshua in Gibeon, nor slacken its Course for such slow negligent idle trifling insignificant Mortals as we are, upon the little Occasions of Ambition, Preferment, Learning, or Livelihood; it therefore reminds us to be active and vigorous, to take TIME by the Forelock, who is bald behind, and being past, cannot be laid hold on; according to the Latin,*

Father ABRAHAM'S SPEECH *introduced*
by Poor Richard, *viz.*

COURTEOUS READER,

I Have heard that Nothing gives an Author so great Pleasure, as to find his Works respectfully quoted by other learned Authors. This Pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for though I have been, if I may say it without Vanity, an *eminent Author* of Almanacks annually now a full Quarter of a Century, my Brother-Authors in the same Way, for what Reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their Applauses; and no other Author has taken the least Notice of me, so that did not my Writings produce me some solid *Pudding*, the great Deficiency of *Praise* would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the People were the best Judges of my Merit; for they buy my Works; and besides, in my Rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says*, at the End on't. This gave me some Satisfaction, as it shewed not only that my Instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some Respect for my Authority; and I own that, to encourage the Practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great Gravity.

Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an Incident I am going to relate to you. I stopt my Horse lately where a great Number of People were collected at a Vendue of Merchant Goods. The Hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the Badness of the Times, and one of the Company call'd to a plain clean old Man, with white Locks, *Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to? -----* Father *Abraham* stood up and reply'd, If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it you in short, for *A Word to the Wise is enough, and Many Words won't fill a Bushel, as Poor Richard says.* They joined in desiring him to speak his Mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows.

“ Friends, says he, and Neighbours, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only Ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *Idleness*, three times as much by our *Pride*, and four times as much by our *Folly*, and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an Abatement. However, let us hearken to good Advice, and something may be done for us. *God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says, in his Almanack of 1733.*

It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one tenth Part of their *Time*, to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth*, or doing of Nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to Nothing. *Sloth*, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. *Sloth*, like *Rust*, consumes faster than *Labour* wears, while the used *Key* is always bright, as *Poor Richard* says. But Dost thou love Life? then do not squander *Time*, for that's the Stuff Life is made of, as *Poor Richard* says.---How much more than is necessary do we spend in Sleep! forgetting that *The sleeping Fox catches no Poultry*, and *There will be sleeping enough in the Grave*, as *Poor Richard* says. If *Time* be of all Things the most precious, then *wasting Time* must be, as *Poor Richard* says, *the greatest Prodigality*, since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost Time is never found again*; and what we call *Time enough*, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the Purpose; so by *Diligence* shall we do more with less *Perplexity*. *Sloth* makes all Things difficult, but *Industry* all easy, as *Poor Richard* says; and *He that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake his Business at Night*. While *Laziness* travels so slowly, that *Poverty* soon overtakes him, as we read in *Poor Richard*; who adds *Drive thy Business, let not that drive thee*; and *Early to Bed, and early to rise, makes a Man healthy wealthy and wise*.

So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better Times. We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish*, as *Poor Richard* says, and *He that lives upon Hope will die fasting*. *There are no Gains without Pains*; then *Help Hands*, for I have no *Lands*, or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And, as *Poor Richard* likewise observes, *He that hath a Trade hath an Estate*, and *He that hath a Calling hath an Office of Profit and Honour*; but then the *Trade* must be worked at, and the *Calling* well followed, or neither the *Estate*, nor the *Office*, will enable us to pay our Taxes.---If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *At the working Man's House Hunger looks in, but dares not enter*. Nor will the *Bailiff* or the *Constable* enter, for *Industry pays Debts*, while *Despair encreaseth them*, says *Poor Richard*.---What though you have found no *Treasure*, nor has any rich Relation left you a *Legacy*, *Diligence is the Mother of Good-luck*, as *Poor Richard* says, and *God gives all Things to Industry*. Then *Plough deep, while Sluggards sleep, and you shall have Corn to sell and to keep*, says *Poor Dick*. Work while it is called *To-day*, for you know not how much you may be hindered *To-morrow*, which makes *Poor Richard* say *One To-day is worth two To-morrows*; and farther, *Have you somewhat to do To-morrow? do it To-day*. If you were a *Servant*, would you not be ashamed that a good *Master* should catch you idle? Are you then your own *Master*, be ashamed

med to catch yourself idle, as *Poor Dick* says. When there is so much to be done for your Self, your Family, your Country, and your gracious King, be up by Peep of Day: *Let not the Sun look down and say, INGLORIOUS HERE HE LIES.* Handle your Tools without Mittens; remember that *The Cat in Gloves catches no Mice*, as *Poor Richard* says. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great Effects, for *Constant Dropping wears away Stones*, and *By Diligence and Patience the Mouse ate in two the Cable*; and *Little Strokes fell great Oaks*, as *Poor Richard* says in his Almanack, the Year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, *Must a Man afford himself no Leisure?* I will tell thee, my Friend, what *Poor Richard* says, *Employ thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure*; and, *Since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour.* Leisure, is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent Man will obtain, but the lazy Man never; so that, as *Poor Richard* says, *A Life of Leisure and a Life of Laziness are two Things.* Do you imagine that Sloth will afford you more Comfort than Labour? No, for as *Poor Richard* says, *Trouble springs from Idleness, and grievous Toil from needless Ease.* Many without Labour would live by their WITS only, but they break for want of Stock. Whereas Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty, and Respect. *Fly from Pleasures*
and

and they'll follow you. *The diligent Spinner has a large Shift ; and Now I have a Sheep and a Cow, every Body bids me Good-Morrow ; all which is well said by Poor Richard.*

But with our Industry, we must likewise be *steady, settled and careful*, and oversee our own Affairs *with our own Eyes*, and not trust too much to others ; for, as *Poor Richard* says,

*I never saw an oft removed Tree,
Nor yet an oft removed Family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.*

And again, *Three Removes is as bad as a Fire* ; and again, *Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee* ; and again, *If you would have your Business done, go ; if not, send.* And again,

*He that by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The Eye of a Master will do more Work than both his Hands* ; and again, *Want of Care does us more Damage than want of Knowledge* ; and again, *Not to oversee Workmen is to leave them your Purse open.* Trusting too much to others Care is the Ruin of many ; for, as the *Almanack* says, *In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it* ; but a Man's own Care is profitable ; for, saith *Poor Dick*, *Learning is to the Studious, and Riches to the Careful*, as well as *Power to the Bold, and Heaven to the Virtuous.* And farther, *If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like,---serve your Self.* And again, he adviseth to *Circumspection and Care*, even in the smallest Matters, because
sometimes

Sometimes *A little Neglect may breed great Mischiefs*; adding, *For want of a Nail the Shoe was lost; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; and for want of a Horse the Rider was lost*, being overtaken and slain by the Enemy, all for want of Care about a Horse-shoe Nail.

So much for Industry, my Friends, and Attention to one's own Business; but to these we must add *Frugality*, if we would make our *Industry* more certainly successful. A Man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *keep his Nose all his Life to the Grindstone*, and die not worth a Groat at last. *A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will*, as *Poor Richard* says; and,

*Many Estates are spent in the Getting,
Since Women for Tea forsook Spinning & Knitting,
And Men for Punch forsook Hewing & Splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, says he, in another Almanack, *think of Saving, as well as of Getting*: *The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes*. Away then with your expensive Follies, and you will not have so much Cause to complain of hard Times, heavy Taxes, and chargeable Families; for, as *Poor Dick* says,

*Women and Wine; Game and Deceit,
Make the Wealth small, and the Wants great.*

And farther, *What maintains one Vice, would bring up two Children*. You may think perhaps, that a little Tea, or a little Punch now and then, Diet a little more costly, Clothes a little finer, and a little Entertainment now and then, can be no great Matter; but remember

what *Poor Richard* says, *Many a Little makes a Mickle*; and farther *Beware of little Expences*; *a small Leak will sink a great Ship*; and again, *Who Dainties love, shall Beggars prove*; and moreover, *Fools make Feasts, and wise Men eat them*.

Here you are all got together at this Vendue of *Fineries* and *Knicknacks*. You call them *Goods*, but if you do not take Care, they will prove *Evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold *cheap*, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no Occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what *Poor Richard* says, *Buy what thou hast no Need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy Necessaries*. And again, *At a great Pennyworth Pause a While*: He means, that perhaps the Cheapness is *apparent* only, and not *real*; or the Bargain, by straitning thee in thy Business, may do thee more Harm than Good. For in another Place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good Pennyworths*. Again, *Poor Richard* says, *'Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance*; and yet this Folly is practised every Day at Vendues, for want of minding the Almanack. *Wise Men*, as *Poor Dick* says, *learn by others Harms, Fools scarcely by their own*; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum*. Many a One, for the Sake of *Finery* on the Back, have gone with a hungry Belly, and half starved their Families. *Silks and Sattins, Scarlet and Velvets, have put out the Kitchen Fire*. These are not the *Necessaries*


of

of Life, they can scarcely be called the *Conveniencies*; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many *want to have* them. The *artificial Wants* of Mankind thus become more numerous than the *natural*; and, as *Poor Dick* says, *For one poor Person, there are an hundred indigent.* By these, and other Extravagancies, the Genteel are reduced to Poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through *Industry* and *Frugality*, have maintained their Standing; in which Case it appears plainly, that *A Ploughman on his Legs is higher than a Gentleman on his Knees*, as *Poor Richard* says. Perhaps they have had a small Estate left them, which they knew not the Getting of; they think 'tis *Day and will never be Night*; that a little to be spent out of *so much*, is not worth minding; (*A Child and a Fool*, as *Poor Richard* says, *imagine Twenty Shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent*) but, *Always taking out of the Meal-Tub and never putting in*, soon comes to the Bottom; then, as *Poor Dick* says, *When the Well's dry they know the Worth of Water*. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his Advice. *If you would know the Value of Money, go and try to borrow some; for, He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; and indeed so does he that lends to such People, when he goes to get it in again.*----*Poor Dick* farther advises and says,


Fond Pride of Dress, is sure a very Curse.

E'er Fancy you consult, consult your Purse.


And again, *Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want,*
and

and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine Thing you must buy ten more, that your Appearance may be all of a Piece; but *Poor Dick* says, 'Tis easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.  And 'tis as truly Folly for the Poor to ape the Rich, as for the Frog to swell in order to equal the Ox.

*Great Estates may venture more,
But little Boats should keep near Shore.*

'Tis however a Folly soon punished; for *Pride that dines on Vanity sups on Contempt*, as *Poor Richard* says. And in another Place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy*. And after all, of what Use is this *Pride of Appearance*,  for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote Health, or ease Pain; it makes no Increase of Merit in the Person; it creates Envy, it hastens Misfortune.

What

 "THE first and capital Article of Town-Effeminacy is that of DRESS: which, in all its Variety of modern Excess and Ridicule, is too low for serious Animadversion. Yet in this must every Man, of every Rank and Age, employ his Mornings, who pretends to keep GOOD COMPANY. The wisest, the most virtuous, the most polite, if defective in these exterior and unmanly Delicacies, are avoided as low People, who No-body knows, and with whom One is ashamed to be seen."——[See a modern Pamphlet, entitled, *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, by the Reverend JOHN BROWN, D. D. re-printed and sold by Messrs. Green & Russel. Page 22.]

*What is a Butterfly? At best
He's but a Caterpillar drest.
The gaudy Fop's his Picture just;*

as *Poor Richard* says.

But what Madness must it be to *run in Debt* for these Superfluities! We are offered, by the Terms of this Vendue, *Six Months Credit*; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready Money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do when you run in Debt: *You give to another Power over your Liberty*. If you cannot pay at the Time, you will be ashamed to see your Creditor; you will be in Fear when you speak to him; you will make poor ---- pitiful ---- sneaking Excuses, and by Degrees come to lose your Veracity, and sink into base downright Lying; for, as *Poor Richard* says, *The second Vice is Lying, the first is running in Debt*. And again, to the same Purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's Back*. Whereas a free-born *English-man* ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any Man living. But Poverty often deprives a Man of all Spirit and Virtue. *'Tis hard for an empty Bag to stand upright, if it does 'tis a stout one*, as *Poor Richard* truly says. What would you think of that Prince, or that Government, who should issue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment or Servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a Right to dress as you please, and that such an Edict would be

a Breach of your Privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to *put yourself under that Tyranny*, when you run in Debt for such Dress! Your Creditor has Authority, at his Pleasure, to deprive you of your Liberty, by *confining you in Goal* FOR LIFE, or to SELL YOU for a SERVANT, if you should not be able to pay him! When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of Payment; but *Creditors (Poor Richard tells us) have better Memories than Debtors*; and in another Place says, *Creditors are a superstitious Sect, --- great Observers of set Days and Times*. The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. *Time* will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. *Those have a short Lent (saith Poor Richard) who owe Money to be paid at Easter*. Then since, as he says, *The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor*, disdain the Chain, preserve your Freedom, and maintain your Independency. Be *industrious* and FREE: Be *frugal* and FREE. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving Circumstances, and that you can bear a little Extravagance without Injury; but

*For Age and Want save while you may,
No Morning-Sun lasts a whole Day;*
as *Poor Richard* says. ----- Gain may be temporary

rary

rary and uncertain, but ever while you live, Expence is constant and certain ; and 'Tis easier to build two Chimnies, than to keep one in Fuel, as Poor Richard says. So, Rather go to Bed supperless than rise in Debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold : 'Tis the Thing that will turn all your Lead as Poor Richard says. [into Gold.

And when you have got the Philosopher's STONE, sure you will no longer complain of bad Times, or the Difficulty of paying Taxes.

This Doctrine, my Friends, is Reason and Wisdom ; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence, though excellent Things, for they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven ; and therefore ask that Blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude, Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that ; for it is true, We may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct, as Poor Richard says : However, remember this, They that won't be counselled can't be helped, as Poor Richard says : And farther, that If you will not bear and obey Reason, she'll surely rap your Knuckles."

Thus the old Gentleman ended his Harangue. The People heard it, and approved the

the Doctrine, and -----

Immediately practised the Contrary, ¶

just as if it had been a common Sermon ; for the Vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his Cautions, and their own Fear of Taxes.---I found the good Man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those Topicks during the Course of five-and-twenty Years. The frequent Mention he made of me, must have tired any one else, but my Vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, thô I was conscious that not a tenth Part of the Wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the *Gleanings* I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it ; and though I had at first determined to buy Stuff for a new Coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. *Reader*, if thou wilt do the same, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever,

Thine to serve thee,

July 7. 1757.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

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The WELCOME GUINEA.

A P O E M.

AH! Scene of wond'rous Joy and glad Surprise!
 A *welcome* GUINEA meets my longing Eyes!
 Gods! Can it be! Say! Are my Opticks clear!
 Does Sterling Gold, or varnish'd Dross appear?
 'Tis surely GOLD. Assist me, friendly Light.
 But, Hark! th' unerring Sound proclaims it right.
 GEORGIUS SECUNDUS.—Honour'd be the Name.
 MAGNA BRITANNIA:—Lasting be thy Fame.
 Welcome! thrice welcome!—Now cheer up my Heart,
 And bid dull Care and Heaviness depart.
 I feel, already, drooping Life renew'd,
 And with fresh Vigour ev'ry Part endu'd.
 A gayer Cock my rusty Hat shall wear,
 And in fresh Curls my antient Wig appear;
 My parch'd-up Shoes shall change from brown to black,
 Nor shall Relief my Stitch-fall'n Stockings lack:
 No Button, now, it's absent Mate shall mourn,
 But, to the vacant Places, each return;
 In Stature equal, uniform, and neat,
 To make the broken Company complete.
 The outward Man repair'd from Top to Toe,
 And reinstated, as in *statu quo*;
 Next let me hasten gladly to impart
 The Over-flowings of my joyful Heart,
 To One whose sympathizing Soul can share,
 With true Concern, his Fellow-Creatures Care;
 And treat that honest, faithful, gen'rous He
 Who oft, and seasonably, has treated me;
 But not by sad Complaints did he first know
 That Grief did in my anx'ous Bosom glow;
 He first, with tender Sympathy, address'd
 To know the Grievance lab'ring in my Breast
 With modest Question, and Perception pure,
 Learn'd the Distemper, and apply'd the Cure:
 'Tis He that must partake of my Delight,
 And share the Pleasures of this happy Night;

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 With modest Question, and Perception pure,
 Learn'd the Distemper, and apply'd the Cure:
 'Tis He that must partake of my Delight,
 And share the Pleasures of this happy Night;

Yes, honest *Dearman*, thou must aid the Bowl,
 To glad the Heart and cherish up the Soul;
 Thy merry Chat, gay Looks, and social Song,
 Can well the Pleasure of the Night prolong;
 Then come where *Bacchus*, with his Butt and Bunch,
 Invites to taste the Joys of Wine or Punch.
 No short, or long, or crooked Chalks shall fright
 Me from th' *Elisium* of this happy Night;
 No feeble Note shall whine out *J-o-b-n* or *Rob-in*,
I think—I'll venture—on—another Dobbie;
 Then, with a trembling Hand, poor Two-Pence pay,
 Quite early, and unwilling, sneak away,
 To save a Penny for another Day;
 But, with commanding Voice exalted high,
 I'll call for Wine, and make the Drawers FLY;
 Look Like My-Self, and, in my chearful Face,
 Let them perceive there's MONEY in the Case.
 MONEY! Ye Gods! *What cannot Money do?*
 It can the drooping Intellects renew,
 The Vitals chear, and strengthen ev'ry Part,
 Cherish the Soul, and animate the Heart,
 Inspire the Verse,—it prompts the Muse to sing,
 And makes the Poet greater than a King.
 To heap up *Money*, if you've found the Way,
 'Twill ease thy Heart, and *all thy Taxes* pay.
 Come, then, my hearty Friend, rejoice with me;
 This Night to *Bacchus* shall devoted be.

BRITANNICUS VERUS.

Consolation for the Homely.

“HAS Heav'n then to your Form, not been *so kind*;
 Mourn not the Loss:—Adorn yourself *with Mind*:
 From thence a Source of various Charms shall rise,
 More amiable than Lips, or Cheeks, or Eyes.—
 What is the blooming Tincture of a Skin
 To Peace of Mind? To Harmony within?
 What the bright Sparkling of the purest Eye,
 To the SOFT SOOTHING of a CALM REPLY!
 Can Comeliness of Form, or Shape, or Air,
 With Comeliness of Words and Deeds compare?
 NO:—Those, at first, th' unwary Heart may gain,
 But THESE, THESE Only can that Heart retain.

Let us now pay our Respects to Woman, rather than to Money, since our Friend the Poet's Lines are so easily adapted.

WOMAN! ye Gods! *What cannot WOMAN do?*

SHE can the drooping Intellectuals renew:

The Vitals cheer, and strengthen ev'ry Part,

Cherish the Soul, and animate the Heart;

Inspire the Verse,—*She* prompts the Muse to sing,

And makes the Poet happi'r than a King.

Woman! Thou sweet Reformer of Mankind!

Polish'd by thee the Clown becomes refin'd;

The Haughty, humble; and the Rude, well-bred;

The Tim'rous, valiant; and the Bold, afraid:

Cheer'd by thy Smiles, the Wretch forgets his Woe,

And from thy Frowns the tend'rest Sorrows flow:

Aw'd in Thy Presence, Fops and Smarts forbear,

With Jests OBSCENE, to wound the modest Ear.

For Thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,

Nor knows to tremble, but at Thy Disdain:

Inspir'd by Thee, our latent Worth appears,

A brave Ambition fires our early Years,

To rise in Merit, or polite to shine,

And all our *greatest*, *worthiest* Deeds are Thine.—

Come then, my honest Friend, rejoice with me:

Let us to WOMAN still devoted be.

For,

“THOSE *amiable* Creatures were designed not only to gratify our Passions; but to exercise and fix all the kind and sociable Affections;—not to be Slaves to our arbitrary Wills, but Companions to our most reasonable Hours. Heaven has endow'd them with that peculiar Warmth of Affection, — with that disinterested Friendliness of Heart, — that melting Sympathy of Soul, — that entertaining Liveliness of Imagination, joined with all the sentimental Abilities of the Mind, in order to humanize the Roughness of our Nature; to polish that Ferocity which, without them, would make Men a Dread to each other;—to relieve the Fatigues, and to reward the Dangers we encounter for their Preservation. *They only* are formed, *they alone* are capable of communicating to us, That most exalted of all human Pleasures, — *The rapturous Intercourse of LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.*”

The two Sinners, the POPE, and the DEVIL.

IT happen'd, on a certain Time,
 Two aged Sinners, who their Prime
 Of Life had spent in Wickedness,
 Came to *His Hol'ness* to confess ;
 The one of which had Riches store,
 The other sinful Wretch was poor ;
 But both grown old, had now a Mind
 To die in Peace with all Mankind,
 And go to Heav'n a nearer Way
 Than those who all their Life-Time pray ;
 Which may effected be, they hope,
 By buying Pardon of the Pope.
 So, calling fresh to Mind their Sins,
 The rich Offender thus begins.

Most holy Father, I have been,

I must confess, in many a Sin.

All Laws divine I thought a Joke,

All human Laws for Int'rest broke :

But now, grown old and near to die,

I do repent most heartily

Of all my vile Offences past,

And, in particular, the last,

By which I wickedly beguil'd

A dead Friend's Son (my Guardian-Child)

Of all his dear paternal Store,

Which was ten-thousand Pounds and more ;

Who since is starv'd to Death for Want :

And now sincerely I repent.

But that Your Holiness may see

There's true Repentance wrought in me,

One Half the Sum I've brought to thee ;

And thus I cast it at your Feet ;

Dispose of it, as you think meet,

To pious Uses, or your own;

I hope 'twill all my Faults atone.

“ Friend [cries the Pope] I'm glad to see

“ Such True Repentance wrought in thee;

“ Though (as thy Sins are very great)

“ You have but *Half* repented yet;

“ Nor can your Pardon be obtain'd,

“ Unless *the Whole* which you've thus gain'd, }
 “ To pious Uses be ordain'd.”

ALL! (cries the Man) *I thought the Half,*

Had been a pretty Price enough.

“ Nay, Sir, if you thus haw and hum

“ At parting with the *proper* Sum,

“ GO, keep it all and damn your Soul.

“ I tell you *I must have THE WHOLE.*”

So, rather than be doom'd to go

And dwell in everlasting Woe, }
 One would do any Thing, you know.

So t'other Half was thrown down to't,

And then he soon obtain'd his Suit:

A Pardon for his Sins was given,

And Home he went, ---- assur'd of Heav'n.

But now the poor Man bends his Knee.

Most Holy Father, pardon me,

A poor and humble Penitent,

Who all my Life have vilely spent

In ev'ry sinful wanton Pleasure;

And now I suffer out of Measure,

With dire Diseases' being fraught,

And eke so poor, ---- not worth a Great.

“ Poor! [cries the Pope] then cease your Suit,

“ Indeed you may as well be mute.

“ Forbear your, now too late, Contrition;

“ You're in a reprobate Condition.

" What! spend your Wealth, and from the
 " Not save oneSous to bless yourSoul. [Whole
 " O you're a Sinner, and a hard One;
 " I wonder *You* can *ask* a Pardon:
 " Friend, they're not had except you buy 'em,
 " You're therefore damn'd, as sure as-I am
 " Vicegerent to the King of Heav'n.
 " No, no, *such* Sins can't be forgiv'n:
 " I could not do it if I would,
 " Nor would I do it if I could."

Home went the Man, in deep Despair,
 And dy'd soon after he came there,
 And went to Hell, it's said; but, sure,
 He was not *damn'd for being poor*.
 But not long had he been below,
 Before he saw his Friend come too.

What! Friend, (says he) are you come too!
I thought the Pope had pardon'd you.

" Yes, (*said his Friend*) I thought so too: }
 " But, by the Pope, I was trapann'd:
 " The Devil could not *read his Hand*."

* * * * *

An Infallible CURE for LOVE.

TAKE of the Spirit of Indifference one Ounce, of
 the Powder of Disdain twelve Grains, of the Oil
 of Absence and the Spice of Employment of each ten Ounces,
 with three Ounces of Good-Advice, and the same Quan-
 tity of Sound-Consideration; put them into a small Sauce-
 Pan of Sound-Reason, with two Quarts of best Heart's-
 Ease; stir and boil them together for a considerable Time,
 then strain them through a fine Rag of Patience, into a
 Vessel of Prudence, and take half a Pint of this Mixture
 just going to Bed, and lay upon you as many Coverlids
 of Content as you can get, or will be sufficient to give
 you a Sweat. By closely observing the above Direc-
 tions you'll certainly be cured.

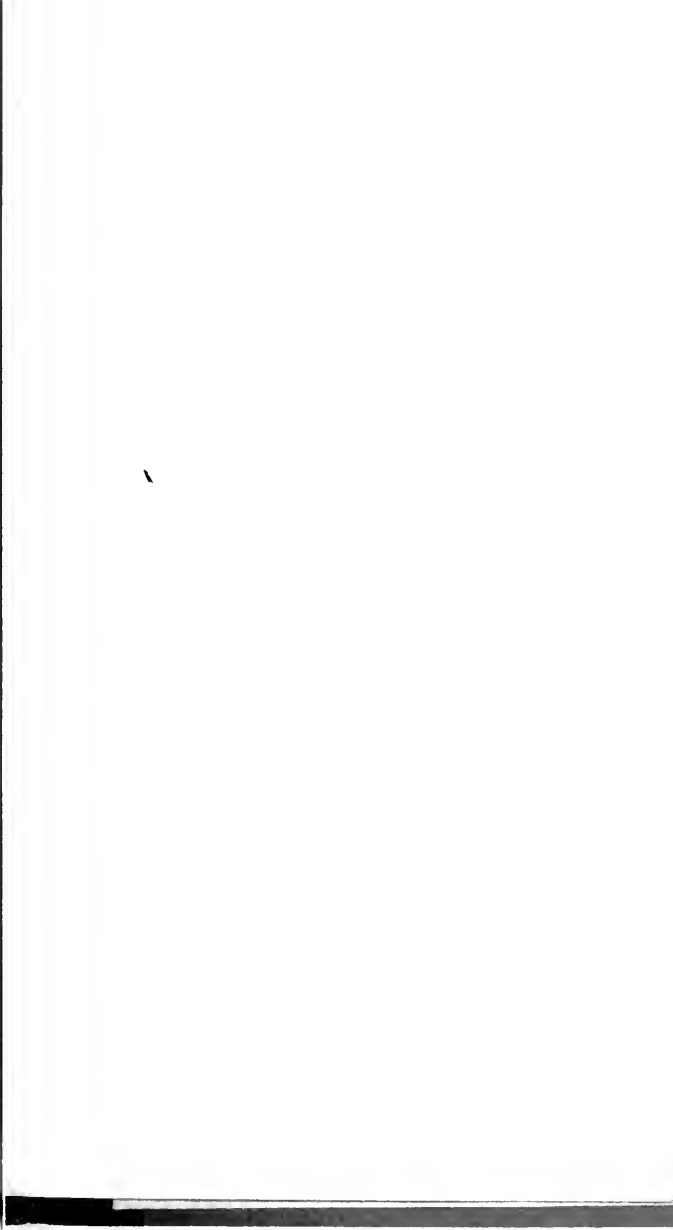
An old SONG.---TUNE, *A Cobler there was.*

1. FROM the End of *November* till three Months are
The Ground is all frozen as hard as a Stone, [gone,
And our great Mountains, above and below,
Are often-times cover'd with Ice and with Snow.
2. And when the Ground opens we then take a Hoe,
And make the Ground ready to plant and to sow;
But Corn being planted, and Seed being sown,
The Worms eat much of it before it is grown.
3. While it is a growing much Spoil there is made
By Birds and by Squirrels that pluck up the Blade;
And when it is grown to full Corn in the Ear,
It's apt to be spoil'd by Hog, Racoon, and Deer.
4. Our Money's soon counted, for we have just none,
All that we brought with us is wasted and gone.
We buy and sell Nothing but upon Exchange,
Which makes all our Dealings uncertain and strange.
5. And now our Apparel begins to grow thin,
And Wool is much wanted to card and to spin.
If we get a Garment to cover without,
Our innermost Garment is Clout upon Clout.
6. Our Cloth it is *boughten*, it's apt to be torn,
It need to be clouted before it is worn.
For clouting our Garments does injure us Nothing:
Clouts double are warmer than single whole Cloathing.
7. And of our green Corn-Stalks we make our *best Beer*,
We put it in Barrels to drink all the Year:
Yet I am as healthy, I verily think,
Who make the Spring-Water my commonest Drink.
8. And we have a Cov'nant one with another,
Which makes a Division 'twixt Brother and Brother:
For some are rejected, and others *made SAINTS*,
Of those that are *equal* in Virtues and Wants.
9. For such like Annoyance we've many mad Fellows
Find Fault with our Apples before they are mellow;
And they are for ENGLAND, they will not stay here,
But *Meet with a Lion in shunning a Bear*.
10. But while such are going, let others be coming.
Whilst Liquors are boiling, they should have a Scumming:
And I cannot blame 'em, since *Birds of a Feather*
Are chusing their Fellows by flocking together.
11. But you that THE LORD intends hither to bring,
For sake not your Honey for Fear of a Sting:
But bring both a quiet and contented Mind,
And all needful Blessings you surely shall find.

Poor RICHARD's Description of his
Country WIFE JOAN.

A SONG ---TUNE, *The Hounds are all out.*

1. **O**F their *Chloes* and *Phyllises* Poets may prate,
I will sing my plain COUNTRY JOAN;
Twice twelve Years my Wife, still the Joy of my Life;
Bless'd Day that I made her my own,
My dear Friends.
Bless'd Day that I made her my own.
2. Not a Word of her Shape, or her Face, or her Eyes,
Of Flames or of Darts shall you hear;
Though I BEAUTY admire, 'tis VIRTUE I prize,
Which fades not in seventy Years.
3. In Health a Companion delightful and gay,
So easy, engaging, and free;
In Sicknefs no less than the faithfullest Nurse,
As tender as tender can be.
4. In Peace and good Order my Household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain;
Yet cheerfully spends, and smiles on the Friends
I've the Pleasure to entertain.
5. And Laden with Care, she takes off a large Share,
That the Burden ne'er makes me to ree;
Does good Fortune arrive, the Joy of my Wife
Quite doubles the Pleasure I feel.
6. She defends my good Name, even when I'm to blame,
Friend firmer to Man ne'er was given:
Her compassionate Breast feels for all the distress'd,
Which draws down the Blessings of Heaven.
7. In Raptures the giddy Rake talks of his Fair,
Enjoyment will make him despise.
I speak my cool Sense, which long Exper'ence
And Acquaintance has chang'd in no Wife.
8. The Best have some Faults, and so has My JOAN,
But then they're exceedingly small,
And, now I'm us'd to 'em, they're so like my own,
I scarcely can feel them at all.
9. Was the fairest young Princess, with Millions in Purse,
To be had in Exchange for My JOAN,
She could not be a better Wife, might be a worse.

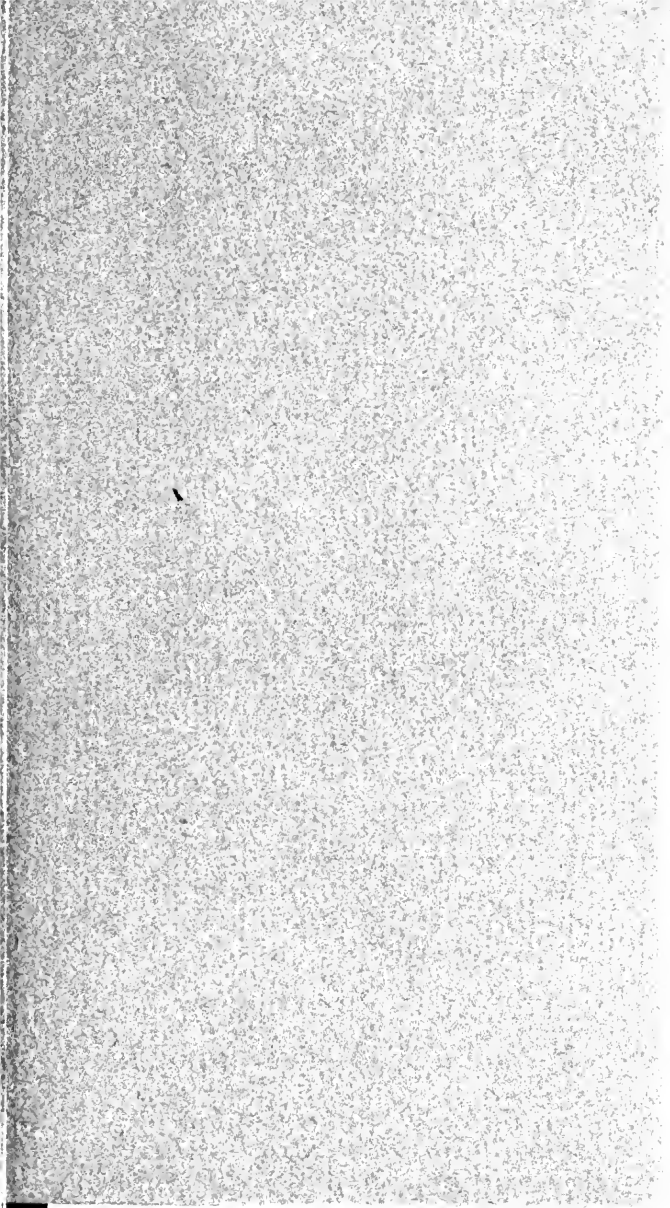


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