Franklin, Benjamin Father Abraham's speech

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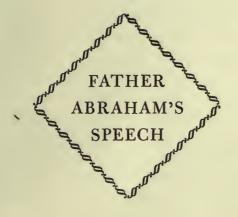
# FATHER ABRAHAM'S SPEECH

Benjamin Franklin

From G. K. Hall & Co.

Vith All Good Wishes · Christmas 1963

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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



# Abraham's SPEECH

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?

BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND,

Printed and Sold by Benjamin Mecom, as The NEW PRINTING-OFFICE,

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

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

#### The COLLENTS.

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,  $\mathcal{C}_c$ .

That no Part of Our little Book may be left blank and unimproved, the Reader will not be displeased 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 groffest Villanies, and a Wire dra con 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 fatisfying 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 Goodnels, it teaches us to let no Time (aubich often feems to be put into our Hands by good Providence) flip through or r Fingers, of ferving God, and doing Good townreces and our Neighbours; for that the Sun will not fland flill for Us, as it did for Joshua in Gibcon, nor flagken its Course for fuch slow negligent idle trifling insignissicant Mortals as we are, upon the little Oceasions of Ambition, Preserment, Learning, or Livelihood; it therefore reminds us to be affive 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,

Have heard that Nothing gives an Author fo 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 fay 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 iparing in their Applauses; and no other Author has taken the least Notice of me, so that did not my Writings produce me fome folid 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 fays, at the End on't. This gave me fome 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.

Tudas

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 beavy 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 AWord to the Wife 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, fays 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. Ged belps them that help themselves, as Poer 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, abfolutely shortens Life. Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears, while the used Key is always bright, as Poor Richard fays. But Dost thou love Life? then do not squander. Time, for that's the Stuff Life is made of, as Poor Richard fays .--- How much more than is necesfary 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 fays. If Time be of all Things the most precious, then wasting Time must be, as Poor. Richard fays, the greatest Prodigality, fince, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost Fine 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 fays; and He that riseth late, must trot all Day, and shall scarce overtake. bis Business at Night. While Laziness travels. so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes bim, as we read in Poor Richard; who adds Drive thy. Business, let not that drive thee; and Early to Bed, and early to rife, makes a Man healthy wealthy and wife.

So what fignifies wishing and boping for better Times. We may make these Times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, as Poor Richard fays, 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 bath a Trade bath 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 fays, 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, fays 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 fays, and God gives all Things to Industry. Then. Plough deep, while Sluggards fleep, and you fall have Corn to sell and to keep, fays 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 fay One Today 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 ashaWhen 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 fome of you fay, Must a Man afford himself no Leisure? I will tell thee, my Friend, what Poor Richard fays, Employ thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure; and, Since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour. Leifure, is Time for doing fomething useful; this Leisure the diligent Man will obtain, but the lazy Man never; fo that, as Poor Richard fays, 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 fays, 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 faid 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 bis Hands; and again, Want of Care does us more Damage than want of Knowledge; and again, Not to overfee Workmen is to leave them your Purse open. Trusting too much to others Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the Almanack fays, 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, faith 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 fometimes

fometimes A little Neglett may breed great Mischief; adding, For want of a Nail the Shoe was loft; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; and for want of a Horse the Rider was lost, being overtaken and sain 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 for fook Spinning & Knitting, And Men for Punch for fook Hewing & Splitting.

If you would be wealthy, fays he, in another Almanack, think of Saving, as well as of Getting: The Indies bave not made Spain rich, because ber Outgoes are greater than her Incomes. Away then with your expensive Foliies, 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 coftly, Clothes a little finer, and a little Entertainment now and then, can be no great Matter; but remember

what Poor Richard fays, 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 cat 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 fold 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 fays, Buy what thou bast 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 fays, Many bave been ruined by buying good Pennyworths. Again, Poor Richard fays, 'Tis foolish to lay out Money in a Purchase of Repentance; and yet this Folly is practifed every Day at Vendues, for want of minding the Almanack. Wife Men, as Poor Dick fays, 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 Life, they can scarcely be called the Conveniencies; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to bave them. The artificial Wants of Mankind thus become more numer-. ous than the natural; and, as Poor Dick fays, 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 fays. Perhaps they have had a fmall 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 fays, 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 fays, 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 forrowing; and indeed fo does he that lends to fuch People, when he goes to get it in again .--- Poor Dick farther advises and fays, 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 a great deal more faucy. 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 Insamy. And after all, of what Use is this Pride of Appearance, for which so much is risqued, 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 Missortune.

What

"THE first and capital Article of Town-Esseminacy 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 wifest, 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 Essimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times, by the Reverend John Brown, D. D. re-printed and sold by Messes. Green & Regel. Page 22.]

What is a Buttersty? 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 Debs for these Superfluities! We are offered, by the Terms of this Vendue, Six Months Credit; and that perhaps has induced fome 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 fink 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 bard for an empty Bag to stand upright, if it does'tis a stout one, as Peor Richard truly fays. What would you. think of that Prince, or that Government, who should iffue an Edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, on Pain of Imprisonment or Servitude? Would you not fay 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 fuch 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 constraint 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 fays, Creditors are a superstitious Sett, --- great Observers of fet 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 extreamly 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 fince, as he fays, The Borrower is a Slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor, difdain the Cliain, 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 lests a whole Day; as Poor Richard says. ---- Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, Expence is constant and certain; and 'Tis easier to build two Chimnies, than to keep one in livel, 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, fure 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 kelped, 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 practifed 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 refolved 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 fame, thy Profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, Thine to serve thee,

July 7. 1757. RICHARD SAUNDERS.

Mr. Brown, in his Esmimate (Page 35) fays, "We not only suffer our ruling Vices and Follies to be rediculed, but we cordially join in the Laugh. We laugh at the Picture of our own Defects; [as represented on the Stage at the Play-Houses] we go home, and without a Blush repeat them. We can see and own our Vices and Follies without being touched with Shame."——Poor Richard says, that Shame and the Dry-Belly-ach were Diseases of the last Age; this seems to be cured of them.

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#### The WELCOME GUINEA.

#### A . P . O E M. .

H! Scene of wond'rous Joy and glad Surprize!
A welcome Guine A meets my longing Eyes! Gods! Can it be! Say! Are my Opticks clear! Does Sterling Gold, or varnish'd Dross appear? Tis furely GOLD. Affift 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 chear up my Hears, 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 rufty 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 fatu 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 feaf nably, has treated me; But not by fad 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 Diffemper, 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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Yes, honest Dearman, thou must aid the Bowl, To glad the Heart and cherish up the Soul; Thy merry Chat, gay Looks, and focial 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' Elifium of this happy Night; No feeble Note shall whine out J-o-b-n or Rob-in, I think-I'll venture-on-another Dobbin; Then, with a trembling Hand, poor Two-Pence pay, Quite early, and unwilling, fneak away, To save a Penny for another Day; But, with commanding Voice exalted high, Pll 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.

Mourn not the Loss: — Adorn your soling the Mind:
Mourn not the Loss: — Adorn yourself with Mind:
From thence a Source of various Charms shall rife,
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 Comliness of Form, or Shape, or Air,
With Comliness 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.

TYOMAN! ye Gods! What cannot WOMAN do? SHE can the drooping Intellects renew: The Vitals chear, 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 fweet 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: Chear'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 Difdain: 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, avorthiest Deeds are Thine .-Come then, my honest Friend, rejoice with me: Let us to WOMAN still devoted be.

"THOSE amiable Creatures were designed not only to gratify our Passions, but to exercise and fix all the kind and fociable Affections; - not to be Slaves to our arbitrary Wills, but Companions to our most reasonable Hours. Heaven has endowed them with that peculiar Warmth of Affection, - with that difinterested Friendliness of Heart, - that melting Sympathy of Soul, - that entertaining Liveliness of Imagination, joined with all the fentimential Abilities of the Mind, in order to humanize the Roughness of our Nature; to polish that Ferosity 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.

Two aged Sinners, who their Prime Thappen'd, on a certain Time, Of Life had spent in Wickedness. Came to His Hol'ness to confess: The one of which had Riches store, The other finful 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 boly Father, I have been, I must confess, in many a Sin. All Laws divine I thought a Joke, All buman 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 fince is starv'd to Death for Want: And now fincerely 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 fee 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, --- affur'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 every 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! fpend your Wealth, and from the " Not fave one Sous to blefs your Soul. [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 fure 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 foon after he came there, And went to Hell, it's faid; but, fure, He was not damn'd for being POOR. But not long had he been below, Before he, faw his Friend come too. What! Friend, (fays he) are you come too! I thought the Pope had pardon'd you. "Yes, (faid bis Friend.) I thought fo too: I
"But, by the Pope, I was trapann'd:
"The Devil could not read bis Hand."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

#### An Infallible CURE for LOVE.

AKE of the Spirit of Indifference one Ounce, of the Powder of Distain 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 Quantity of Sound-Consideration; fut them into a finall Sauce-Pan of Sound-Reason, with two Quarts of bell Heart's-Ease; stir and boil them together for a considerable Time, thei firain them through a fine Rag of Patience, into a Veffel of Prudence, and take balf a Pint of this Mixture just going to Bed, and lay upon you as many Coverleds of Content as you can get, or will be sufficient to give you a Sweat. By closely observing the above Directions you'll certainly be cured.

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

ROM 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 fow; But Corn being planted, and Seed being fown, 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 foon counted, for we have just none, All that we brought with us is wasted and gone. We buy and fell 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 he torn, It need to be clouted before it is worn. For clouting our Garments does injure us Nothing: Clouts double are warmer than fingle 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 fuch 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 shanning a Bear.

10. But while fuch are going, let others be coming. Whilft Liquors are boiling, they should have a Scumming: And I cannot blame 'em, fince Birds of a Feather Are chufing their Fellows by flocking together. 11. But you that THE LORD intends hither to bring,

Forfake not your Honey for Fear of a Sting: But bring both a quiet and contented Mind, And all needful Bleffings you furely shall finds Poor RICHARD's Description of his Country WIFE JOAN.

A.SONG --- Tune, The Hounds are all out.

Twice twelve Years my Wife, still the Joy of my Life.

Bless'd Day that I made her my own,

Rlefs'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, Sill easy, engaging, and free; In Sickness no less than the faithfullest Nurse,

As tender as tender can be.

4. In Peace and good Order my Houshold she guides, Right careful to save what I gain; Yet chearfully spends, and smiles on the Friends

I've the Pleasure to entertain.

J. Am I inden with Care, file takes off a large Share, That the Burden ne'er makes me to red:

Does good Fortune arrive, the Joy of my Wife

Quite doubles the Pleafure I feel.

6. She descuds my good Name, even when I'm to blame, Friend somer to Man ne'er was given:

Her compassionate Breast feels for all the distress'd, Which draws down the Blessings of Heaven.

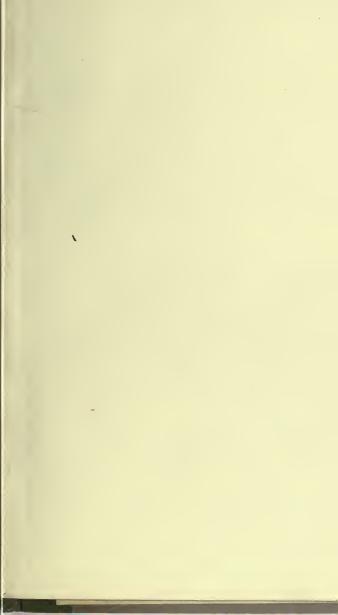
F. In Raptures the giddy Rake talks of his Fair, Enjoyment will make him defpife.
I fpeak my cool Senfe, which long Experience

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 seel 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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#### CONDICIONO

This reproduction of Father Abraham's Speech has been made from the original in the Massa chusetts Historical Society, and we are gratefu to Mr. Stephen T. Riley, the Director of the Society, for suggesting it as our Christmas greeting in 1963.

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