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FRANKLIN'S BIRTHDAY IN 1805

From a stray number of the *Columbian Centinel* of January 19, 1805, we print the following account of the way in which Franklin's birthday was celebrated in Boston in 1805 by an association of printers.

THE "Boston Franklin Association," held their 4th Anniversary of the Birth-Day of their Patron, on Thursday last, Jan. 17th, at Julien's—and, with a number of invited guests, partook of a sumptuous and social festival. The regular toasts, on this occasion, were as follow. The words, in italic, are technical.

**Toasts.**

1. The Day! the birth-day of Franklin!—When Nature had set his character, she finished one of her greatest works of human excellence:—In looking at the proofs of his worth, we scarcely perceive a hair-space of error!

2. The United States of America!—The stone on which was imposed the first correct form of a free government:—May it never be broken by the unsteady pulls of irregular workmen!

3. Massachusetts!—The oldest type in the American font;—not the worse for wear:—She has imprinted upon the page of Fame, many of the fairest and most ornamental characters!

4. The Constitution of the United States—May it never be impaired by bad masters;—but ever continue the head-line to political happiness!

5. Party Politics—As they will no more stand together than diamond and 20-line pica, we lay them in the old stone; and prefer setting from one perfect font of harmony!
6. Washington!—His height, his breadth, and his impression—stood, filled, and headed, every thing majestic, noble, and good!

7. Faust—Who was locked-up by Superstition as a devil; for having discovered the "art of all arts."

8. Literature, Arts, and Sciences.—Their impression would soon be made upon the sand-banks of ignorance, and instantly washed away by the whelming waters of barbarism; did not the press exist, to give them protection, life, and circulation.

9. Commerce and Agriculture.—They are improved and revised by the Art of Printing: When the press shall stop, not a breeze will move, nor a wave roll; not a blade will shoot, nor a flower flourish.

10. Our Revolutionary Heroes.—Their glorious deeds are carefully wet down in the trough of memory; and are ready for the press of acknowledgment, and the type of immortality!

11. Our Countrymen—captives in Tripoli.—May the balls of our gallant tars soon release them from the weights of slavery;—place the Bashaw at the devil's-tail, and his myrmidons under the platten of justice.

12. Those of our brave Officers and Seamen, who fell in the attacks on Tripoli.—We will strew their graves with our choicest flowers, and wet their memory with tears of affection and regret.

"By fairy hands their knell is wrung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor bends—a pilgrim grey—
To kiss the wave that wraps their clay;
While Freedom stands in deep despair,
And drops the tears of anguish there."

14. Typographical Associations—May they pull together to raise the credit of the profession;—copy from friendship and charity—and meet their reward in happiness and gratitude.

15. Master Printers—If they study their own interest, they will never encourage the wrong-pulls, mackles, and batterings of irregulars!

16. Irregular Workmen—Like raw pelts, they require the application of the foot!!

17. The Old-World—Their forms are in pi:—May Peace and Justice early assort and distribute them, for the well-being and happiness of mankind.

18. The New-Year.—May we profit by a revision of our works in the old year, and need no correction during the new.

The following Ode, written for the occasion, was introduced after the first toast:

Ode

For January 17, 1805.

HARK!—what sounds are those we hear, Thrilling, melting, thro' each sphere? Heaven and Earth enraptur'd, lists!— In FRANKLIN'S praise they pour along, Echo repeats, the notes prolong!— 'Tis from yon Gods the music floats— Love and Friendship swell their throats! We will join the jocund glee, And their chorus ours shall be—

_Hence, dull care! and toil, away! _'Tis Great FRANKLIN'S natal day!— As a band of brothers, we Hail The Day!—our Jubilee!
In technic, numbers, shout and sing,
Winter has more charms than Spring!
FAME, proclaim it thro' all worlds!—
The fairest Flower that ever spread,
Was rais'd—this day!—from Winter's bed!—
SCIENCE call'd the Flower her own,
TRUTH and FREEDOM call'd it—SUN!—
Hail, Flower of Flowers!—the Pride of Truth,
Of Science, Freedom, Age and Youth!

Hence, dull care! &c.

The goblet fill with sparkling wine,
Bid LOVE and FRIENDSHIP here combine:—
Hand in hand, together rise!—
And, while libations pass around,
And ev'ry heart with JOY is found,
And, while we chaunt the festive lay,
With GRATITUDE repeat, and say,
FRANKLIN!—thy memory's in our breast,
It warms, invig'rates—and we're blest!

Hence, dull care! &c.