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## FRANKLIN'S BIRTHDAY IN 1805

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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.”

13. The Fair-Sex—An *improved edition*, with a neat *frontispiece*—*hot-pressed* in *sheets*, and handsomely *bound*!


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.*

