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### Chapter 1 : Names, Proverbs, Riddles, and Material Text in Robert Frost - PDF Free Download

*Wisdom & Wit from Poor Richard's Almanack (Charming Petite Series) [Peter Pauper Press, Inc.] on www.nxgvision.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Looking for advice that has stood the test of time? Ready for pithy pointers from the original instruction book for life?*

That honor goes to Victor de Laveleye, A Belgian politician who sought exile in England after the Nazi occupation of his country. For more, go to: John Adams, in Discourses on Davila Those who prosper take on airs of vanity. Aeschylus, in Agamemnon 5th c. Vanity working on a weak head produces every sort of mischief. Jane Austen, the character Mr. Knightley speaking, in Emma There is nothing which vanity does not desecrate. Barcelona, Berlin, New York, "Bonhoeffer preceded the observation by writing: This quotation is often mistakenly presented as: Vanity plays lurid tricks with our memory. Joseph Conrad, the voice of the narrator, Charles Marlowe, in Lord Jim Is there any vanity greater than the vanity of those who believe themselves without it? Amanda Cross pen name of Carolyn Heilbrun, a reflection of protagonist Kate Fansler, in The Question of Max There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation. Marie du Deffand, from a letter to Voltaire c. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, in Aphorisms Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it cannot return. George Eliot, the narrator, in Daniel Deronda It is an indisputable fact that only vain people wage war against the vanity of others. Samuel Johnson, in The Rambler March 23, If vanity does not overthrow all virtues, at least she makes them totter. About the powerful role vanity plays in the motivation of authors, he added: This being forbidden by the police of all civilized countries, he takes it out by putting his yells on paper. Such is the thing called self-expression. This passage has also been translated: Provided a man is not mad, he can be cured of every folly but vanity; there is no cure for this but experience, if indeed there is any cure for it at all. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in Emile: Or, On Education Rousseau continued with this advice on dealing with youthful vanity: But do not on this account waste your breath on empty arguments to prove to the youth that he is like other men and subject to the same weaknesses. For this there is no cure other than experience"if, indeed, anything can cure it. At its birth, at least, one can prevent its growth. Do not get lost in fine reasonings intended to prove to the adolescent that he is a man like others and subject to the same weaknesses. George Sand, the title character speaking, in Mademoiselle Merquem: Ballou, who offered the abridged version in his popular Pearls of Thought The mistaken version is now more common on internet sites than the correct phrasing. We crave support in vanity, as we do in religion, and never forgive contradictions in that sphere. George Santayana, in Dialogues in Limbo Every author, however modest, keeps a most outrageous vanity chained like a madman in the padded cell of his breast. Logan Pearsall Smith, in Afterthoughts Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man. Let us thank God for imparting to us, poor weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of vanity. How many half-witted votaries of the arts"poets, painters, actors, musicians"live upon this food, and scarcely any other! The quotation is often mistakenly presented as imparting unto us rather than imparting to us. There are no grades of vanity, there are only grades of ability in concealing it. Mark Twain, a notebook entry Nov. No insect hangs its nest on threads as frail as those which will sustain the weight of human vanity. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves; vanity to what we would have others think of us. Jane Austen, the character Mary Bennett speaking, in Pride and Prejudice Pride is a wound, and vanity is the scab on it. Possibly, more people kill themselves and others out of hurt vanity than out of envy, jealousy, malice or desire for revenge. Vanity is the desire to arrive at this appreciation indirectly, from without. This is generally regarded as the origin of the proverbial saying Variety is the spice of life. The underlying idea was not original to Cowper, though. The notion that variety was a kind of antidote to staleness was first advanced in the first century B. No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety. Publilius Syrus, in Sententiae 1st c. Anatole France, in Crainquebille Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad. Miles Kington, quoted in the Independent London; March 28, Large,

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naked, raw carrots are acceptable as food only to those who live in hutches eagerly awaiting Easter. This is how the observation appears on most internet sites these days, but it was originally part of this larger thought: The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education. You can spray them with acid, beat them with sticks and burn them; they love it. David Brenner, quoted in *Cosmopolitan* magazine Oct. Sir Robert Hutchison, in address to British Medical Association Winnipeg, Manitoba; specific date undetermined If slaughterhouses had glass walls, everyone would be vegetarian. I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized. And to act so is immoral. Leo Tolstoy, in letter to Dr. Thomas Hardy, notebook entry Oct. Truth shines the brighter clad in verse. Can you afford not to have one? Why, the time it saves alone is worth the price. We make a ladder of our vices if we trample those same vices underfoot. It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice. The vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves. Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici* One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors. Samuel Butler, in *Hudibras* Half the vices which the world condemns most loudly have seeds of good in them and require moderate use rather than total abstinence. Quentin Crisp, playing off the proverbial saying about virtue see below , in *The Naked Civil Servant* I am on the side of those who believe that vice comes from stupidity and consequently that the nearer one draws to wisdom the farther one gets from vice. Marie de Gournay was an aspiring young intellectual and an early feminist when, at age 23, she first met Montaigne in he was 55 and already famous for his *Essais*, the first volume of which appeared in Women were denied formal education at the time, but de Gournay was fluent in both Latin and Greek, and already well acquainted with the classical writers of antiquity. A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger, they will drown him. They wish to be saved from the mischiefs of their vices, but not from their vices. The closing sentence above is often mistakenly presented as if it began: What maintains one vice would bring up two children. *Adages and Proverbs* The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes. Hare, in *Guesses at Truth* The hour of reformation is always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itself by habit. Samuel Johnson, in *The Rambler* Sep. Thus the arts and sciences owe their birth to our vices. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in *A Discourse on the Moral Effects of the Arts and Sciences* Depend upon it, of all vices, drinking is the most incompatible with greatness. William Shakespeare, the character Edgar speaking, in *King Lear* Every vice has its excuse ready. Publilius Syrus, in *Moral Sayings* 1st c. Twain is the original author of the redeeming vices sentiment, even though Oscar Wilde is often given the credit see the Wilde entry below. It may be that vice, depravity, and crime are nearly always, or even perhaps always, in their essence, attempts to eat beauty, to eat what we should only look at. Simone Weil, in *Waiting for God* Vice does not lose its nature, though it become ever so fashionable. Numerous websites mistakenly present an altered version of the observation: Vice does not lose its character by becoming fashionable. See the Mark Twain entry above for the original appearance of the redeeming vices sentiment. Lyman Abbott, in *Problems of Life* Abbott continued: The vices, accommodating by nature, help each other, are full of mutual indulgence, whereas the jealous virtues combat and annihilate each other, showing in everything their incompatibility and their intolerance. Cioran, in *The Trouble With Being Born* We are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health. Charles Caleb Colton, in *Lacon* There is a capacity of virtue in us, and there is a capacity of vice to make your blood creep. Ralph Waldo Emerson, journal entry April 25, Every vice is only an exaggeration of a necessary and virtuous function. Ralph Waldo Emerson, journal entry Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices. *Adages and Proverbs* There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. William Hazlitt, in *Characteristics* Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice. Joseph Joubert, in *Joubert: Abraham Lincoln*, quoted in F.

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### Chapter 2 : Poor Richard's Almanack by Benjamin Franklin

*Wisdom & Wit from Poor Richards Almanack (Charming Petites) Rar. Wisdom is a holistic, metaphysical and spiritual magazine covering a wide range of health, healing, spiritual and metaphysical topics. Wisdom Magazine 's Web Edition contains our searchable Holistic Resource Directory, an extensive Calendar of Holistic and Metaphysical Events.*

Reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt and Company. Mosher Letter 44â€”February 26, , from R. Bartlett Letter 79â€”May 18, , from R. Letter â€”September 1, , from R. Bartlett Letter â€”November , from R. Letter â€”November , from R. Parts of chapter 1 and chapter 4 have appeared in The Robert Frost Review 13 and 16 and are reprinted here by permission of the editors. The line drawings of a witness tree and blazes are reprinted from the University of Maryland Fact Sheet with the permission of its authors and of the University of Maryland College of Agriculture and Natural Resources. Kevin Collins has granted permission to use his photograph of the Frost birth plaque on the cover. It occurs in about forty poems partially or entirely devoted to the need to name and the limits of naming. In depicting the poet as namer, Frost both follows Emerson and Thoreau and creates space between himself and them. As it emerges imaginatively from a large cross-section of his poetry, but in a concentrated way from West-Running Brook, this concern with names and naming takes on an impressive level of sophistication, treating such matters as the actual linguistic status of the name, the connection between name and identity, and the relationship between name and thing. One of these preoccupations is the proverbâ€”in simple terms, a slightly longer version of the name in that it too identifies and captures, contains and packages, a human problem. About this tendency, Faggen makes three points that deserve repeating. Frost uses such expressions in his notebooks, letters, and poetry as openings for thought, not as closures to it. Obscurity is a cover for nothing. Faggen offers a further explanation: The pattern moves through a search for a way of capturing the imponderable mystery of human existence and individual identity; it comes upon a name or a saying by which to make that recognition of the imponderable comprehensible; and then just as soon, it backs away from that naming, although even in the process of that withdrawal, it often fastens onto some fixed textâ€”a Poirier calls upon the psychology of D. My approach is more simply generic: The riddles embedded within a number of Frost poems operate in similar ways to the trope of naming and the proverb. The riddle, obviously, involves naming, as the riddlee must come up with the name of the object enigmatically described by the riddler. In miniature, and in cognitive and psychological terms, it requires a quest. As ancient minor genre, moreover, it is part of the folkways that include also the proverb, though it operates in reverse of the proverb: The proverb offers a solution or answer to an implied problem or question. The riddle also operates on the border between language and objects: Another aspect of this concern emerges in the way Frost does much to undermine his poems as autonomous texts. Part of that activity involves his carefully cultivated image as a bard, emphasized occasionally by the same aphoristic, proverbial tendency that, as Faggen explains, makes him such a misunderstood poet. This image was also created by his public readings, which, along with the aura of authorship and even celebrity that the Frost publishing industry fostered, put Frost in an uneasy relationship with his poems. The pattern of avowal and disavowal emerges in this arena as well. With the help of collectors, particularly Earle Bernheimer, and the various ways of issuing collections of his poetry, Frost also materialized his poetry to an extent likely unrivalled by any other poet. At stake in all of these related modes of exploring identityâ€”of seeking the essential name of something or someoneâ€”is not just genre but also gender. Proverbial wisdom often represents male wisdom, but at the most fundamental stages it can represent something of a retreat, what is often posed At the same time, however, Frost works overtime to define himself and his poems as material, as commodities of real, solid value. Your claims to immortality were two. The one you made, the other one you grew. Sorry to have no name for you but You. We never knew exactly where to look, But found one in the delta of a brook, One in a cavern where you used to cook. Coming on such an ancient human trace Seems as expressive of the human race As meeting someone living, face to face. We date you by your depth in silt and dust Your probable brute nature is

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discussed. At which point we are totally nonplussed. You made the eolith, you grew the bone, The second more peculiarly your own, And likely to have been enough alone. You make me ask if I would go to time Would I gain anything by using rhyme? The poem works through The same thing has occurred in this work, as the cooking device and bone pieces are displayed, yes for scientific inquiry, but also for their mere materiality, a materiality which requires us to see ourselves as made of just such basic parts and to question our accustomed sense of wholeness and unity. In fact, Frost uses the focus on fragments to pull apart the features of his own poem and to see it as an amalgam of material elements. Such disaggregation of wholes leads to the radical question about whether or not an attempt to achieve meaning and identity through verse, which has been rendered a mere amalgam, matters anymore than merely living to die and fertilize the soil: In fact, that final line unfolds in a strange enough way to open up its syntax to ambivalence. But the meaning of this more conventional syntax seems a stretch—how does the flesh fertilize a bone that will not grow? This catch in the meaning opens the final line up to its shadow implication, the product of its double syntactical nature: Like many of the poems we will investigate, this one moves toward a generalizing conclusion, in this case not something like a proverbial statement, but more its opposite, a riddling question. The poem calls into question its own status by inviting us to see its reflection in the material fragments dug up in delta and run across in cavern. In terms of the several related themes I examine in this study, however, certain books do express a more-than-usual concern with each. For instance, the poems in *North of Boston* often pivot on a saying or proverbial statement, explore the ways in which such prefabricated ways of knowing interfere with and also preserve relationships. As I have mentioned, *West-Running Brook* collects the most poems representing the problems of naming. In less obvious but still noticeable ways, the poems of *A Further Range* betray many of the traits of riddles, not only in terms of form but also in terms of the way they communicate a certain tone and relationship between their persona and readers. You catch the butterfly and place it carefully on a cardboard under glass. You can examine the thing that you have under glass, and give it a name. But your relation to it is changed. Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint Possessed the land which rendered to their toil Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood. Some have preached and taught All there was to thought Was to master Nature By some nomenclature. Frost gives naming this complex treatment partly because of his fundamental ambivalence about the poet as namer. For, though life is great, and fascinates, and absorbs, “and though all men are intelligent of the symbols through which it is named,” yet they cannot originally use them. The poet, by an ulterior intellectual perception, gives them power which makes their old use forgotten, and puts eyes, and a tongue, into every dumb and inanimate object. What if you come near to it, “you are as remote, when you are nearest, as when you are farthest. Every thought is also a prison; every heaven is also a prison. Therefore we love the poet, the inventor, who in any form, whether in an ode, or in an action, or in looks and behavior, has yielded us a new thought. In the process of that interrogation, often taking the shape of a quest for the original name lurking in landscape, Frost offers a sophisticated skepticism about language and the name. So God went over into the woods and pretty soon he came back driving a bear ahead of him. Well the minute he got a full view of him he got it. Men will be children. On the one hand, his narrators are nothing if not namers—namers of characters; namers of flowers, trees, and weeds; namers of the constellations and planets. Naming is as urgent as his returning to physical structures—homes, cellars, doors, windows, barns, Pullman cars, and woodpiles—in order to make sense out of an ultimately nameless and shapeless existence. A word can function strictly as a proper name only in the presence of that which it designates, as a kind of pointer to a thing. The proper name operates outside of classmatic meaning of other nouns and thus, as Husserl argues, offers a fascinating coincidence of sense and referent, a coincidence that betrays a feeling of authenticity and origin Willems —3. Though it is a matter for a fuller discussion later in this study, his peculiar use of pronouns reflects a conflict in his poetics between a professed orality and an actual textuality. Far as we aim our signs to reach, Far as we often make them reach, Across the soul-from-soul abyss, There is an aeon-limit set Beyond which they are doomed to miss. Perhaps it does both. As is often the case, a word particularly a pronoun in a Frost poem serves as both a referent and a self-referent.

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In fact, Poirier puts it much more strongly: Paradoxically, the very inability to name becomes the ultimate in meaning. In other words, the trial of the souls involves having to live by language and naming, even though that symbolic activity cannot give them access to what they have lost. Frost repeatedly marks the limits of naming and the almost sublime significance of that borderland by describing frustrated naming or the absence of a need to name something. That sad-with-distance river beach With mortal longing may beseech; It cannot speak as far as this. It grows out of layered and repeated acts of naming. The title itself, a name for the poem, comes from the name of a brook given by a young wife at the beginning of a reflective, almost unrealistically philosophical, discussion between her and her husband. That name given by the wife because the brook runs westward and so counters the direction of all the other brooks in the area is confirmed in a parenthetical expression by the narrator: I have no more to say. This identification is a name: This horror derives from that absence and loss of self, or even the loss of the essence of a thing always somehow embedded in the act of finding a name, an act that essentially classifies and generalizes as it tries to identify something individual. The poem closes with a volley of naming: These naming acts operate as a recovery from the profound sense of naming as an act of peering into the abyss of nothingness, or if not that, perhaps a drawing back from the closeto-confessional expression by Frost of his religious belief, as Thompson suggests Years of Triumph The vehicle of the metaphor is a brook that runs against the direction of all the other brooks; the tenor is a prized tendency to risk countercurrency. So far, so good. However, that unusual In other words, if West-running Brook is offered as an example of a human-defining counteractivity equivalent to consciousness and awareness of mortality, as well as a kind of thinking that, in Thoreauvian and Emersonian terms, signals real, authentic human nature as opposed to thoughtless conventionality, then its own countercurrent moves back in the direction of conventionality, in the direction that all the other brooks goâ€”eastward toward the sea. This curious combination of Darwinian and Old Testament versions of creation expresses vividly our separation from some original, paradisaal state; and yet it need not mean that truth is unrecoverable: God once spoke to people by name. The sun once imparted its flame.

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### Chapter 3 : Download Wisdom & Wit from Poor Richards Almanack (Charming Petites) online epub/pdf tag

*About Wit and Wisdom from Poor Richard's Almanack. Franklin's Autobiography is one of the most famous works in American literature. He started it as a private collection of anecdotes for his son, but soon it was transformed into a work of history, both personal and national, revealing Franklin as the man who, as Herman Melville said, possessed "deep worldly wisdom and polished Italian."*

It cannot be helped. Youth, like pristine glass, absorbs the prints of its handlers. Some parents smudge, others crack, a few shatter childhoods completely into jagged little pieces, beyond repair. Lisa Alther, the character Clea reflecting on her adequacy as parent, in *Bedrock Children* rarely want to know who their parents were before they were parents, and when age finally stirs their curiosity there is no parent left to tell them. From *Infancy to Independence* Every parent is at some time the father of the unreturned prodigal, with nothing to do but keep his house open to hope. Peter De Vries, playing off the expression biting the hand that feeds you, in *The Tunnel of Love* The finest inheritance you can give to a child is to allow it to make its own way, completely on its own feet. Louise Hart, in *The Winning Family: Increasing Self-Esteem in Your Children and Yourself* If from infancy you treat children as gods they are liable in adulthood to act as devils. James, in *The Children of Men* Parents should sit tall in the saddle and look upon their troops with a noble and benevolent and extremely nearsighted gaze. Essays from *Now or Never* Before we can leave our parents, they stuff our heads like the suitcases which they jam-pack with homemade underwear. Doris Lessing, in *Walking in the Shade: Volume Two of My Autobiography*, "Parents are untamed, excessive, potentially troublesome creatures. I discovered when I had a child of my own that I had become a biased observer of small children. Instead of looking at them with affectionate but nonpartisan eyes, I saw each of them as older or younger, bigger or smaller, more or less graceful, intelligent, or skilled than my own child. Margaret Mead, in *Blackberry Winter* The last step in parental love involves the release of the beloved; the willful cutting of the cord that would otherwise keep the child in a state of emotional dependence. Romance fails us and so do friendships—but the relationship of parent and child remains indelible and indestructible, the strongest relationship on earth. It is the act of training a child such that the child will treat other people properly and make America a better place. They join the threads of the past with threads of the future and leave their own bright patterns as they go, providing continuity to succeeding ages. Fred Rogers, in *You Are Special: You are the board of education, the principal, the classroom teacher, and the janitor.* Virginia Satir, in *Peoplemaking* In automobile terms, the child supplies the power but the parents have to do the steering. Benjamin Spock, in *Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care* Parental trust is extremely important in the guidance of adolescent children as they get further and further away from the direct supervision of their parents and teachers. William Shakespeare, the title character speaking, in *King Lear* "Parentage is a very important profession; but no test of fitness for it is ever imposed in the interest of the children. Swindoll, in *The Strong Family: Growing Wise in Family Life* Despite the increasing complexity of the task, parenthood remains the greatest single preserve of the amateur. Alvin Toffler, in *Future Shock* Parents are the bones on which children sharpen their teeth. Nature has separated them by an almost impassable barrier of time; the mind and the heart are in quite a different state at fifteen and forty. Sara Coleridge, an remark, in *Memoir and Letters, Vol.* All is then lost, for we have not only to fight against that enemy, but our imagination as well. This observation came in a discussion of real versus imagined dangers. For many years, it was believed that some anonymous person was the author of the popular saying that a paradox is truth standing on its head to get [or attract] our attention. It now appears that Chesterton—through the narrator of his short story—may have been the first to use this memorable phrasing. Chesterton is not, however, the original author of the sentiment. That honor goes to Richard Le Gallienne, who first offered the thought in connection with Oscar Wilde. See the Le Gallienne entry below. Yet a man may love a paradox, without either losing his wit or his honesty. Kierkegaard originally published the work under the pen name Johannes Climacus. When the work first began to appear in

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English translations in the s, one publisher titled it Philosophical Trifles and another Philosophical Chips. Paradox is a particularly powerful device to ensnare truth because it concisely illuminates the contradictions that are at the very heart of our lives. It engages our hearts and minds because, beyond its figurative employment, paradox has always been at the center of the human condition. Sandburg was twenty-four years old when *Incidentals*, a book of prose and poetry, first came out. The folly of mistaking a paradox for a discovery, a metaphor for a proof, a torrent of verbiage for a spring of capital truths, and oneself for an oracle, is inborn in us. Brendan Gill, in *Here at the New Yorker* Gill was writing specifically about Wolcott Gibbs, but his remarks were clearly intended to describe parodists in general. He went on to write: For a writer, it amounts to a kind of gallows humor, in which the executioner is seen to be envious of his victim. Larry McMurtry, the narrator and protagonist Danny Deck reflecting on life, in *Some Can Whistle* The parody is the last refuge of the frustrated writer. Parodies are what you write when you are associate editor of the *Harvard Lampoon*. The greater the work of literature, the easier the parody. The step up from writing parodies is writing on the wall above the urinal. Ernest Hemingway, quoted in *A. A. Personal Memoir* Parodies and caricatures are the most penetrating of criticisms. Aldous Huxley, the voice of the narrator, in *Point Counter Point* Satire is a lesson, parody is a game. Vladimir Nabokov, in *Strong Opinions* There is parody, when you make fun of people who are smarter than you; satire, when you make fun of people who are richer than you; and burlesque, when you make fun of both while taking your clothes off. Anton Chekhov, in letter to Maxim Gorky Sep. The adjective is the banana peel of the parts of speech. Adjectives are cheaper ore. Marie Gilchrist, in *Writing Poetry: Suggestions for Young Writers* Gilchrist continued about adjectives: But Speyer came to the defense of the oft-maligned adjective, writing: The beastly adverbâ€™far more damaging to a writer than an adjective. This is how the quotation usually appears, but it was originally part of a larger observation. Discussing books by Evelyn Waugh, Greene wrote: How well he faces the problem of linking passages between the scenes. There is almost a complete absence of the beastly adverbâ€™far more damaging to a writer than an adjective. Nouns and verbs are the guts of the language. The quotation has never been found in his writings, though, and the actual author remains unknown. Here, Guthrie is simply making reference to the saying, and adding to it. Adjectives are the sugar of literature and adverbs the salt. Henry James, quoted in *Theodora Bosanquet*, Henry James at Work I believe the road to hell is paved with adverbs, and I will shout it from the rooftops. Stephen King, in *On Writing*: If you have one on your lawn, it looks pretty and unique. If you fail to root it out, however, you find five the next dayâ€™fifty the day after thatâ€™and then, my brothers and sisters, your lawn is totally, completely, and profligately covered with dandelions. I give myself to adjectives body and soul, I die with pleasure for them. Dennis Miller, in *The Rant Zone* Miller ended his metaphorical flight of fancy in, for him, a predictable way: Think I got my ass kicked much in high school? Rather, very, little, prettyâ€™these are the leeches that infest the pond of prose, sucking the blood of words. The constant use of the adjective little except to indicate size is particularly debilitating. White, in *The Elements of Style* I am dead to adverbs; they cannot excite me. To misplace an adverb is a thing which I am able to do with frozen indifference; it can never give me a pang. Twain went on to write: An adjective habit, or a wordy, diffuse, flowery habit, once fastened upon a person, is as hard to get rid of as any other vice. Mark Twain, in letter, quoted by P. That is the way to write Englishâ€™it is the modern way, and the best way. When you catch an adjective kill it. They give strength when they are wide apart. Too many are dangerous. There is a law of diminishing returns. The sentences become longer and longer as they fill up with stately elms and graceful boughs and frisky kittens and sleepy lagoons. The adjective that exists solely as a decoration is a self-indulgence for the writer and an obstacle for the reader. Florid adjectives smack of the panting prose with which *Vogue* likes to disclose its latest chichi discovery: Why not a verbâ€™the most active and dynamic of all? It is not a piece of paper that proves you are husband and wife. Barbara De Angelis, in *Ask Barbara*: It is a choice you make over and over again, reflected in the way you treat your partner every day. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in *Human Work* The whole of nature, as has been said, is a conjugation of the verb to eat, in the active and the passive. Aristotle, in *Politics* 4th c. The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but

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by compelling them to yield their vigor to our moral nature. Henry Ward Beecher, in *Proverbs From Plymouth Pulpit* All passions exaggerate; and they are passions only because they do exaggerate. Nicolas Chamfort, in *Maxims and Considerations* Only passions, great passions, can elevate the soul to great things.

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### Chapter 4 : Wit and Wisdom from Poor Richard's Almanack

*This wonderful, and historic book: Poor Richard: The Almanacks for the Years is a gem. Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanacks, are a classic of American letters and were, in their day, an immensely popular and influential publication.*

I would like to thank Dr. She led by example; indeed, people naturally followed her because of her common sense and generosity of spirit. I admired her very much, and miss her and her good counsel. In the seven days during which he lingered, reporters gathered at the obscure station to wire capitals all over the world about his illness and death. The concluding chapter in this volume, by Michael A. Even the Bolsheviks embraced Tolstoy, especially in the early years after the Revolution. Once they began to consolidate their power, however, they regarded Tolstoyanism and Tolstoy as rivals, and they undertook an unprecedented propaganda campaign to separate the two. In the years since the fall of the USSR, scholars in Russia and abroad have been reading Tolstoy outside 1 2 donna tussing orwin the Soviet lens. The present book continues that process with eleven original essays, each of which represents a new departure in Tolstoy studies. They have been arranged to encourage the reader to compare them, and this brief summary of their contents is intended to stimulate the comparison. If music expresses feeling as Tolstoy declared in a diary entry in , then psychological prose must depend in various ways on music, as Emerson indeed shows. He wanted to believe that in and of itself infection as a form of pure communication was good, though it could be used to bad ends. In a reverse direction, Emerson explores how in *The Kreutzer Sonata* an initially pure infection by art can over time, and in relation to the character and situation of the recipient, mutate into something ugly, even murderous. The sublimity of this dread and incomprehensible event generates both fear and pleasure as the bereaved child distances himself from it by absorbing it in imagination. This form of the sublime is Kantian, though Tolstoy need not have learnt it directly from the master. Fundamentally for Tolstoy, human beings are animals with big brains. This means that we have a special relation to other animals, and also obligations to them as our kin. Coetzee, author of *The Lives of Animals*. My chapter ponders why an author so opposed to war might write so much about it, and even describe it sympathetically. Combat can also educate. Strakhov continued to treat Tolstoy as his guru, although it was the man and his art, and not his philosophizing, that most impressed him. Meanwhile, Tolstoy had found a way to communicate more directly with others than through art. Ilya Vinitsky explores the way science and forms of transcendentalism intermix in Tolstoy and his contemporaries in the s. The key elements in this counterintuitive marriage are ethical; all Russian thinkers of the time, whatever their political stripe or bent toward science, had moral goals. Focusing on the death of Andrei in *War and Peace* 1869 , Vinitsky argues that Tolstoy imagines life after death as a merging into all that is living in nature. He discards the notion of a hierarchical Herderian chain of being that Pierre celebrates in his conversation with Andrei at the ford. In his old age, Tolstoy rejected the distinction between reason and revelation. Nonetheless, the teachings of reason require faith, because human beings are still more sentient animals than reasoning beings. This chapter also broadens into a larger discussion of the English novel in the Russia of the s and s. The very limitations of drama as Tolstoy conceived it make it suitable for this play about infanticide and its consequences. Evil destroys conscience, and drama, according to Tolstoy, cannot depict either it, or memory, through which conscience operates. *The Realm of Darkness* dramatizes inexplicable evil without having to explain it, and ends with the repentance of the main protagonist and his return to humanity. Weir places *The Realm of Darkness* in the larger context of Tolstoyan drama, and the theme of violence in his art. Morson ranges over vast territory in aesthetics gathering the fundamentals of this form and proving its historical existence. Tolstoyanism and related phenomena like Tolstoyan communes did not survive the chastening horrors of the last hundred years. As it turned out, human beings were too imperfect, too capable of evil, to live in the peaceful and rational way that the movement promoted. For a long time, many scholars in Russia and abroad rescued him from his association with Tolstoyanism or Marxist-Leninism by, implicitly or

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explicitly, driving a wedge between the thinker and the writer. In recent times that distinction, most famously drawn in the West by Isaiah Berlin in his landmark *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, has been questioned if not denied outright. All the contributions to this anniversary volume engage Tolstoy as both a writer and a thinker; and all unearth nourishing capillaries running between the two roles. One may well ask why, given his preoccupation with feelings and their association in his own mind with music, Tolstoy became an artist of the word rather than a musician. The answer is complex. Beyond this essential romantic paradox, however, lurks a dedication, not always acknowledged by Tolstoy but omnipresent in his writing, to the word as the instrument of reason and its all-important manifestation in human nature: Reason also functions as the voice of mere self-serving calculation, of course. If the voice of conscience usually speaks later and more softly than other, stronger impulses in the human soul, it acts to correct these, thereby enforcing natural moral discipline in what would otherwise be a tyranny of feeling. According to Tolstoyan psychology, human reason both exacerbates the bad consequences of the natural selfabsorption such as obtains in other animals, and provides us with a dignity potential if not always active in our souls. We have moral choice, and we reason our way to right or wrong action with words. Introduction 7 Readers should keep in mind that, until after the Revolution, Russia used the Julian Calendar often called Old Style, which in the nineteenth century was twelve days behind the Gregorian one used in most other countries. Ellipses in square brackets are not in the original quotation. He was fascinated by the force of music, just as he was by the force of sexuality, beauty, and war. Thus focused in its energies, the human organism would fear nothing, not even its own mortality. But since this heightened condition lent itself equally well to sublime insight and to irrational acts, it had to be carefully watched. Furthermore, music, being neither an instinct nor a force of nature but the product of creative human striving, obligated its practitioners to positive deeds as our more animal sides did not. The intensely receptive and aesthetically arousable Tolstoy worked hard at the piano as a young man, and he continued to revere music long after he had abjured war, sex, and beauty. Everything he wanted to accomplish through words happened faster and more purely through music. These fundamentally Romantic priorities manifested themselves early. The realm of music is harmony and time, where we realize feelings. Poetry, by expressing our feelings toward nature, partakes of both. The transition from visual art to music passes through dance; from music to poetry, through song. Emotions, Tolstoy believed, were our single wholly reliable human common denominator. But the experiences that produce these emotions are inevitably individualized, locked up in the personal: The Tolstoyan word laboriously recreated this uniquely experiencing individual. The musical utterance was more fortunate; being universal, it could be conveyed without intermediaries. This competition between words, the professional medium that Tolstoy came to control absolutely, and music, the passionate avocation that if successful controlled him, lasted until the end of his life. In a letter to his son Lev and daughter Tatiana in March, Tolstoy described a tirade he had been delivering on the dismal state of contemporary music to a student at the Moscow Conservatory. A special constraint applies to this last category, since the mature Tolstoy did not approve of mixedmedia art. As a child Tolstoy received basic instruction in piano and at 17 began seriously improving his keyboard skills. Two years later, in 1856, he invited a German pianist from St. Petersburg. Throughout the winter of 1856 he had notable success in his experimental Iasnaia Poliana schools teaching peasant children the fundamentals of music through singing intervals, chords, scales. Eighteenth-century works usually delighted him, as did staged comic genres comedy, he believed, was more honest than tragedy because less premeditated. He played a huge variety of music in four-hand piano arrangements with family members as well as with visiting musicians, and at home he was a muchvalued accompanist for art songs. Relaxation at the keyboard could overlap with literary creativity. Closest to him were the more cosmopolitan wing of Russian musicians: Mozart, Haydn, Weber, selected Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and above all Chopin whom Tolstoy called the musical equal to Pushkin in poetry. For example, Mozart, whom I love so much, sometimes falls into vulgarity, but then soars up to an extraordinary height. The household was anxious. Would the old Tolstoy and music 13 man be curious about this new instrument, or would he consider it one more dehumanizing technological gadget? Beethoven, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, opera arias. Amazed, he began to

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mutter. When a folk dance tune began, he grinned, shook his head, and began to tap out the beat with his feet. This was not done for show, Sergeenko wrote: Feelings aroused must be provided an outlet. Thus work songs, funeral laments, and military bands priming soldiers for violence were far more honest as musical experiences than an orchestral concert " scheduled in advance, tied to no special purpose, and always trapping people immobile in their seats. A false note by any of these three components could misdirect the musical force to unclean ends. The solo singing voice, unaccompanied or supported by a single instrument, is always a piercing communicator in Tolstoy. It both focuses our ethical sense and, crucially, is capable of transcending that sense. After this initial grateful transformation, however, the Prince becomes increasingly bitter. None of the laughing hotel guests donates a centime. By the end of the tale, however, the sweet distant sounds of the singer prompt Nekhliudov to transcend even his indignation. He withdraws his right to judge and submits to a higher, unknown universal law. A far more famous instance of the same double-tiered dynamic occurs in War and Peace, volume 2, part 1, chapter Nikolai Rostov has just lost 43, rubles to Dolokhov. At 15, Natasha is singing seriously but her voice is not yet trained. When she does, her Tolstoy and music 15 brother involuntarily sings the second voice a third below. One can kill, and steal, and still be happy! No one can resist a dance rhythm. The Rostov spirit, written down, fares as poorly as live music trapped and transferred to a score. In the Epilogue to War and Peace, the two Rostov siblings mature into thrifty even stingy household managers. Music, it appears, has been superannuated. Natasha Rostova-Bezukhova has become a jealous, pennypinching matron, and here Tolstoy registers profound approval has quit singing for good, having found full emotional outlet in her husband and children.

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*In the preface, "Poor Richard" declared, with much mock solemnity and sorrow, that, according to his calculations, a competing almanack publisher, Titan Leeds, would die on October 17 of that year. This forced Leeds, the following year, to preface his Almanack with a detailed and very serious denial that he was dead.*

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