Franklin Gazette

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Friends of Franklin, c/o Dr. Larry E. Tise, Benjamin Franklin National Memorial, The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, PA 19103

Don't value a man for the Quality he is, but for the Qualities he possesses.
- Benjamin Franklin
from Poor Richard's Almanack, 1734

FROM THE DESK OF LARRY E. TISE

There are so many people in this world--past and present--who view(ed) Benjamin Franklin as a role model and font of wisdom that any listing of just the most fervent would exhaust issue after issue of the Gazette. Two who come readily to mind are the late Fred Swengel, longstanding head of the Capitol Historical Society in Washington, and Congressman Charles Rose of North Carolina, one of the top ranking members of the House of Representatives. Until his death earlier this year, Fred spent endless hours virtually every day promoting the virtues of Franklin throughout the U.S. Capitol Building. His mantle, as I recently learned in visiting the Capitol, has been transferred to Congressman Rose who considers Franklin an inspiritor for the nation whose model could also very well instruct Congress into more efficient operations. And as Chairman of the Committee on House Administration he is doing much to bring about those reforms. We will miss Fred; but we wish Congressman Rose well as he carries on the Franklin tradition in Congress.

We would be most happy to hear about other important Americans and others around the world who look up to Franklin as in the cases of Fred Swengel and Congressman Rose.

With that little bit about people in the news out of the way, let us get on with our regular column of items ranging from the trivial to the magnificent.

1. Hugh Scott is not Hugh Scott. Friend of Franklin Henrietta Scott Gay has wisely straightened us out on our report in the last issue of the Gazette that General Hugh Lennox Scott was one and the same as Senator Hugh Scott. Nay, says she, since she knew both of them and was related by blood (niece) to General Scott and was only believed by everyone in Chestnut Hill to be the daughter of Senator Scott. General Scott, the real descendent of Benjamin Franklin, lived from 1853 until 1934. It is he who served as Superintendent of West Point between 1906 and 1910. But he also was Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army from 1914 until he was required to retire at age 64 in 1917. He also authored a book published in 1928 titled Some Memories of a Soldier. While we regret

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BEN AND DEBORAH AT THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Have things ever been hopping around the Benjamin Franklin National Memorial here lately. Larry Tise, thanks to a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities, has been working part time on a book that has grown to a projected three volumes. A major focus of the book is, of course, Benjamin Franklin. Kathy Fau has been promoted to program administrator at the Memorial and is now very much responsible for the growing number and quality of events for Friends of Franklin. Wendy Ellis joined our staff in early June as an editorial and systems assistant. This is the second issue of the Gazette for which she has served as associate editor and compositor.

But the most amazing event in and about the National Memorial has been arrival of that hearty couple Benjamin Franklin and Deborah to reexamine Franklin's love life and his progeny. First arrived was Wendy's brother, Benjamin Franklin Ellis, who has been working with us as an intern to organize and computerize all of our genealogical records on Benjamin Franklin's descendents. Ben will be continuing in this project even as he heads back to West Chester University in the fall and takes his position on the varsity basketball team.

And then there has also been Deborah Arnold, another intern from Hofstra University, who has been searching about for the women in Benjamin Franklin's life. She is doing the background research for a symposium in 1994 that will look very seriously at Franklin and women in the eighteenth century.

I am sure Franklin and Deborah must be doing cartwheels in their graves knowing that our special Ben and Deborah are checking into these tender and private realms. I know Ben and Deborah would love to hear from any one with information to share on their special topics.

A SPECIAL SMATTERING: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TOUR OF EUROPE, 1990 (continued)

by Larry E. Tise

26 February, 1990 (Monday)

I should have known when I went out jogging through the puddles of Brussels at 6:30 the next morning that this was going to be a special day. There was a driving rain. Winds were chopping sharply around the corners of buildings. When it should have been light, it was still dark from the giant storm that was brewing overhead. Since I could not meet my colleagues at the scientific unions, I planned to make a quick dash to the Royal Library to see if I could not persuade the curator to squeeze me in the door of the Prince of Lorraine's residence. But when the time to depart arrived the storm was ferocious.

As the taxi arrived near the library, I decided to head on to the train station. To do otherwise would have been mad given the storm. From the train station I talked with the eager curator who had heard that Benjamin Franklin may have visited the Prince of Lorraine, but had no documentation of it. I promised to send her Franklin's description of the visit. She also explained that all of the Prince's belongings--except papers and books--were back in Austria, but where, she did not precisely know.

On to Erasmus University. After a lengthy adventure caused by the devastatingly stormy weather, I found myself in a taxi headed to a suburban neighborhood. We pulled up to an eighteenth-century house with a sign "het rebentenhuis van Kuyl's fundatie" out front. The place looked absolutely deserted. The taxi went up a small drive toward the front door. Just as we arrived there, the front door of this elegant house flew open and out poured a group of perhaps thirty men suited almost uniformly in dark blue pinstripes. The lone woman in the place who was later identified as Dr. Sachs, a pediatrician, in a fairly plain grey suit stood out in bold relief against this group that could certainly have come from the board room of any major bank or corporation.

Tise Tour, continued on page 2

Franklin and P.T. Barnum

by Claude-Anne Lopez, with Ellen Cohn

Yes, you've read it right: P.T. Barnum, the showman, the circus man, the impresario. In the course of a jolly visit to Paris in 1844, he had a strange and moving Franklinian experience. As he told it eleven years later in his memoirs,[1] he had gone to a Paris suburb in search of "an eminent mechanician" from whom he purchased a variety of instruments. While chatting with the owner, an intelligent and interesting man, he noticed an engraved portrait of Franklin in a glazed frame on the outside of which were thirteen metal stars forming a half circle. He enquired about it and was told that the father of the M. Regnier with whom he was dealing had been awarded a gold medal by the Society of Emulation for a sophisticated lock of his invention and that the prize had been given him by no less than Dr. Franklin, who also gave him that portrait.

Barnum remarked that the number of American stars had risen to twenty-six in the intervening half-century but Regnier, while aware of this, felt that his father's frame was sacred and should be left intact.

This conversation took place, as it happened, on a Fourth of July and the Frenchman invited the American to supper, saying he had something very special to show him. Indeed he had. In Barnum's words: "At nine o'clock the children and family of M. Regnier and his son-in-law were called in, the room was darkened, the electrical battery was charged, and the wire touched to one of the outer stars. The whole thirteen became instantly bright as fire, and a beautiful effect was produced...At ten o'clock I took my leave of this worthy family, but not till we had all joined in an excellent bottle of champagne, drinking the following toast proposed by M. Regnier: 'Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette-- Heros, philosophers, patriots and honest men. May their names stand brightest on the list of earthly glory, when in after ages the whole world shall be one universal republic, and every individual under heaven shall acknowledge the truth that man is capable of self-government.'"

After reading this, Ellen and Claude-Anne could not wait to find out more about M. Regnier pere. He turned out to be an extremely interesting man--of the kind Franklin appreciated above all others. He did not have an easy childhood. Born in Burgundy in 1751, the eldest of eleven children, he had to interrupt his studies when his father died and help the family. He apprenticed with a gunsmith and soon showed remarkable talent in sculpture (for which he won a prize at seventeen) and in mechanical ingenuity. He served for a while as "mecanicien" of Burgundy then moved up to Paris, but not without having put up in Burgundy the first lightning rods in France. Franklin was supposedly so impressed by them that he sent three to Philadelphia. When in Paris, Regnier competed for a prize offered by one of the many societies flourishing then in order to encourage young artists and artisans. He won it for his sophisticated combination lock but we have not yet discovered the exact date and circumstances of the award and Franklin's role in it. Give us time.

During the Revolution, Regnier supervised the manufacture of portable arms, and his extensive work with the royal arms collections formed the nucleus of what is now the Artillery Museum. In 1816, he received the Legion of Honor and died in 1825.[2]

1 The Life of P. T. Barnum as Written by Himself, (New York, 1855).

2 There is an interesting essay by Michael Zuckerman comparing the personalities of Franklin and Barnum: "The Selling of the Self: From Franklin to Barnum," in Barbara Oberg and Harry S. Stout, eds., Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, and the Representation of American Culture (New York and Oxford, 1993), pp. 152-67.

BELAIR, A WHIRLWIND VISIT BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

by William Carr

In 1754, Franklin was appointed a delegate to a Colonial Conference in Albany, New York. Departing Philadelphia June 3, he met Col. Benjamin Tasker of Maryland in New York City. They sailed together up the Hudson to Albany and were appointed to a steering committee for which Franklin drafted his well-known "Proposals for the United Colonies of America."

The next year Franklin met Col. Tasker again, leaving Philadelphia April 9, traveling via Annapolis and Col. Tasker's estate, "Belair," and arriving in Frederick April 21. On the way Franklin recorded this incident:

> "In Maryland, riding with Colonel Tasker and some other gentlemen to his country seat, where my son and I were entertained by that amiable and worthy man with great hospitality and kindness, we saw in the vale below us a small whirlwind."

Franklin then recorded detailed observations on the size, speed, and direction of the "small whirlwind." Afterwards,

> "Upon my asking Colonel Tasker if such whirlwinds were common in Maryland, he answered pleasantly: 'No, not at all common, but we got this one on purpose to treat Dr. Franklin.'"

In Frederick, Franklin agreed to get for General Braddock the horses and wagons needed for his advance on Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg). Braddock's troops were ambushed and routed July 9. He died of his wounds four days later. George Washington was one of Braddock's colonial officers in this engagement.

Colonel Tasker's estate, "Belair," where Franklin was a guest, still stands at 12227 Tulip Grove Ave., Bowie, MD. The "vale below" is now filled with attractive small homes, but the big Belair mansion and stables are being restored for new visitors to enjoy.

Virta, Alan, Prince George's County, A Pictorial History; (Virginia Beach, VA, 1984), Donning Co.: 308 pp. 56, 58-9, 71, 74, 78.)

Franklin's Conversation with General Braddock and his observations at Belair are reported in his Autobiography (LeMay Norton edition, pp. 115-117) and in Van Doren's Benjamin Franklin, pp. 180-181.

Tise Tour, continued -

I was ushered into a joint meeting of the directors of Erasmus University and the administrators of the Bataafsch Genootschap der Proefondervindelijke Wijsbegeerte--an ancient interlocking directorate to ensure that the University would not only teach, but also pursue technology that would benefit humanity. Almost everyone in the group spoke some form of English. One by one they greeted me and led me into a great hall where a feast was waiting. No sooner were we at the single long table than food of a most sumptuous character began to be rapidly served. And as the food was coming, each of the participants stood one after another to toast Benjamin Franklin and to give some piece of the history of their Society.

At Erasmus we had another of those peculiar press conferences where all participants--speakers, listeners, and reporters--sit at a single large table. The university rector and Dr. Sachs sat with me and both gave introductory speeches prior to my pontificating on the new awards. When we three had finished the reporters asked some good questions. One came from a young fellow surely just out of college. "Dr. Tise, could you explain why we need yet another award? Aren't there already too many out there?"

Before I could open my mouth, Dr. Sachs tore into the innocent looking man: "Why, I am shocked that a young intelligent-looking person like you could ask such a stupid question. Don't you have any respect for science and for what they are trying to do to promote science and Benjamin Franklin. It is just shocking."

Clearly battered by the barrage of words, the young man said sheepishly, "Sorry, it was just a question." He uttered not another word. But others did, and we went on for more than an hour in one of the most stimulating discussions I had anywhere. These Dutch folk are genuinely interested in the award as well as Franklin.

To be continued in the next Gazette

FRANKLIN'S OTHER ERRATA

By Max Hall

It is well known that Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, confessed several youthful offenses against morality, which he called his "errata." Being a printer, he also committed some errata of a typographical kind.

During Franklin's early years in Philadelphia, he worked for an eccentric printer named Samuel Keimer. Later, when Franklin was 23, he and a partner bought a dull weekly paper from Keimer and shortened its name to *The Pennsylvania Gazette*. The whole management of the business lay upon Franklin, according to his autobiography. His first issue came out October 2, 1729.

The paper caught on quickly. For one thing, influential Philadelphians liked his eloquent essay of October 9, in which he praised the "ardent Spirit of Liberty" that Massachusetts legislators had shown in a salary dispute with their royal governor, William Burnet (*Papers of Benjamin Franklin,* I:159). In addition, Gazette readers must have enjoyed Franklin's sprightly news items, some of which were more fiction than news. But one of the Gazette's most entertaining items was entertaining because it contained a whopping misprint, and I am not at all sure the misprint was accidental.

During the salary dispute mentioned above, the Massachusetts Assembly had sent a rich merchant named Jonathan Belcher to London to argue against paying Governor Burnet the amount which Burnet had been instructed to demand. In the midst of this effort, word arrived that Burnet had died unexpectedly on September 7. Belcher got busy and obtained the governorship for himself (*Dictionary of American Biography*). His commission is dated January 8, 1730, but his appointment became known earlier. Franklin's paper reported it on March 5, 1730, in a story dated the previous December 1. The story said that Belcher "had the Honour to Kiss his Majesty's Hand," after which Belcher and some gentlemen trading to New England "died elegantly at Pontack's."

Pontack's was a place for elegant *dining*. I assume that Franklin's readers, or most of them, recognized "died" as a misprint and howled in glee all over town. The ambitious young printer kept them laughing. In the very next issue, dated March 13, he used the episode as a pretext to describe some shocking typographical errors of the past. The piece appears as a letter signed "J.T.," but Benjamin's fingerprints are on every line.

One thing he told about was a Bible that was printed without the "not" in "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Though Franklin did not say so, this was the notorious "Wicked Bible" of 1631, and the omission was probably done by workmen who had been bribed by a rival printer (P. M. Handover, *Printing in London*, pp. 84-85).

Franklin also reported a biblical misprint in a passage where the Psalmist says "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made" (Psalm 139:14). The "e" was said to have been dropped from "made," with this result: "I am fearfully and wonderfully mad." The *Gazette's* readers were told that this "occasion'd an ignorant Preacher, who took that Text, to harangue his Audience for half an hour on the Subject of *Spiritual Madness*." Franklin did not give the date of this Bible.

The letter in the *Gazette* also tells of an error in the funeral service of *The Book of Common Prayer*. Again the date of the edition is not given. The words "We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (quoted in the prayer book from 1 Cor. 15:51-52) were said to have been printed without the "c" in "changed," thus rendering them "We shall all be hanged."

Twenty years later Franklin, writing as Richard Saunders, repeated this story in the preface to the 1750 edition of his almanac, which was then called *Poor Richard improved*. He said he had "heard" that the switch from "changed" to "hanged" had appeared in one edition of the prayer book "to the no small Surprize of the first congregation it was read to."

In that same 1750 preface Franklin apologized for several errors in his almanac for 1749. Remarkably, one of these was the dropping of the "e" from "made"--the same omission he had earlier mentioned as a humorous biblical misprint. This time there was not doubt that "made" really became "mad" in print. The facsimile edition entitled *The Complete Poor Richard's Almanacks*, published in 1970 with an introduction by Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., shows the following lines in the June section of the 1749 almanac:

> Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
> Why you were mad, for what you were design'd, . . .

"Why you were mad," of course, should have been "why you were made." I do not know whether that misprint was engineered by Franklin or another typesetter (by 1750 he was immersed in electrical experiments), but I imagine that he at least read the proof.

Forty more years pass, and "We shall all be hanged" pops up again. The great man died in April 1790. Three months later *The American Museum*, a magazine published in Philadelphia, printed the following item (July 1790, p. 24), which I quote in full:

> *Professional anecdote of dr. Franklin*
>
> When he came to Philadelphia in 1723, he was first employed by one Keimer, a printer,--a visionary whose mind was frequently elevated above the little concerns of life, and consequently very subject to mistakes, which he seldom took the pains to correct. Franklin had frequently reasoned with him upon the importance of accuracy in his profession, but in vain. His fertile head however soon furnished him with an opportunity to second his arguments by proof. They soon after undertook the impression of a primer, which had been lately published in New England. Franklin overlooked the piece; and when his master had set the following couplet--
>
> When the last trumpet soundeth,
> We shall not all die:
> But we shall all be *changed*
> In the twinkling of an eye,
>
> he privately removed the letter *c*, and it was printed off--
>
> When the last trumpet soundeth,
> We shall not all die:
> But we shall all be *hanged*
> In the twinkling of an eye.

The publisher of *The American Museum* was Mathew Carey. He had worked for Franklin in France, had founded the magazine in 1787 with Franklin's encouragement, and had published a number of Franklin's writings. Carey may well have heard this anecdote from Franklin, perhaps some years before. Anecdotes are suspect, even when related by famous people, and I do not take for granted that two men remembered the facts exactly right. Nevertheless the story doesn't sound impossible. I would guess that if Franklin did pluck the "c" out of "changed," he made his point with Keimer by showing him a galley proof containing the error. If so, the "c" may have been restored before publication.

In any case it seems clear from all the evidence that America's first important humorist took much delight in comical typographical irregularities, whether his own or those of others, and whether accidental or deliberate.

Editor's Note: Max Hall has collected interesting typographical errors for about fifty years. He is the author of "An Embarrassment of Misprints" in the July-August **Harvard Magazine**.

A Portrait of Debbie,

"Your a feck shonet Wife."

by Claude-Anne Lopez

Deborah Read entered American lore on October 9, 1723, as she stood in front of her father's carpentry shop on Market Street, Philadelphia. She had caught sight of a tall, broad-shouldered youth passing by, his pockets bulging with socks, a puffy roll held under each arm while he munched on a third, and she giggled at his awkwardness--a moment to be immortalized some fifty years later when that very youth, by then the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin, wrote his memoirs.

He was seventeen on that first encounter, a tired and disheveled runaway from Boston, in great fear of being caught and punished for breach of his apprenticeship contract. Two years later, he asked Deborah to marry him. He had taken lodgings in the Read house and done so well in his new life that the governor of Pennsylvania proposed to send him to England in order to buy equipment and become the colony's printer. Although promises were exchanged between the young people, the marriage, at the insistence of Deborah's mother, who had been recently widowed, was postponed until Franklin's return.

But when he discovered in London that the governor's promises were so many empty words and that he could not even afford the voyage home, he informed Deborah that he was not likely to return soon, never wrote again, and proceeded to forget their engagement. While he was sowing his wild oats in London, she was prevailed upon by her mother to marry John Rogers, a potter, who soon dissipated her dowry and whom she suspected of having another wife in England. Deborah obtained a separation and when Benjamin came back, after eighteen months, she was in limbo, neither married nor free, and utterly miserable. Franklin felt guilty at the sight of the distress caused by what he would call, in the Autobiography, his giddiness and inconstancy. He, too, was to experience some difficult years, unable as he was to start a business for lack of capital, or to convince future in-laws that he was a good prospect. Rogers meanwhile absconded to the West Indies and rumor had it that he had been killed in a brawl.

After much hesitation, Franklin decided, at twenty-four, to take Deborah as his common-law wife, meaning that she simply came to live in his house on September 1, 1730, and called herself Mrs. Franklin, without benefit of a religious ceremony or record. Had they acted differently and Rogers had reappeared, the couple could have been charged with bigamy. Deborah compensated for her lack of dowry by accepting to raise as her own the baby, fathered by Benjamin, that some unidentified woman was about to deliver: William Franklin, future governor of New Jersey.

In spite of its dispiriting beginning, the marriage, while never romantic, worked well, especially during the first half of their lives. "She prov'd a good and faithful helpmate... We throve together, and have mutually endeavor'd to make each other happy." Thrive they certainly did. Within two years of their union, his debts were paid off. All under the same roof on Market Street, there flourished a printing shop, a newspaper, and a general store. The store was Debbie's special preserve. It carried a wide range of merchandise, from the salves and ointments concocted by her mother "sufficient to remove the most inveterate itch" to the "crown soap" made in Boston according to a secret Franklin family recipe. She sold bills of lading, servants' indentures, powers of attorney, quills, ink horns, slates, parchment, sealing wax, spectacles, Bibles, primers, maps, dictionaries, ballads, almanacs--including of course the highly popular Poor Dick as she called it. The shop's inventory eventually reflected Philadelphia's cosmopolitan commerce: chocolate, tea, palm oil, saffron, mustard powder. Patent medicines were for sale, homemade lampblack, scarlet cloth, feathers plucked from live geese, iron stoves, lottery tickets, and bookbinding services. Occasionally, even, a slave.

Having in mind Poor Richard's precept to keep one's eyes well open before marriage and half-closed after that, Franklin had only good things to say about a wife whose industry and frugality matched his own: "She assisted me cheerfully in my Business, folding and stitching Pamphlets, tending Shop, purchasing old Linen Rags for the Papermakers. We kept no idle Servants."

Years after Debbie's death, her husband, reminiscing with French friends in the salon of Madame Helvetius, paid tribute to Debbie's part in his success. Young Dr. Pierre-Jean-Georges Cabanis was there, listening intently: "Their age was not exactly the same; that excellent woman was a few years older than him. Her wisdom helped him shape his plans of conduct and work. He told us more than once that a great part of his achievements was due to her... His printing shops, his newspapers and the almanacs of America, his enterprises in bookselling and papermaking were almost as much his wife's work as his own, he said. She also helped him with her advice, for she was full of common sense and experience. To quote Franklin: 'I always discovered that she knew what I did not know; and if something had escaped me, I could be certain that this was precisely what she had grasped.'"

As it turned out, Deborah's greatest contribution to her husband's fame was unwitting and unappreciated: she did not saddle him with the numerous offspring he would have liked. At a time when the average was eight children per colonial family, this robust woman produced only two, one of whom died in early childhood, thus affording Franklin the luxury of winding up his private business in his early forties and devoting himself to the pursuit of knowledge and to public life.

At first her collaboration adjusted to their new life. As of 1737, she helped him run the post-office which was installed right in their house. She kept track of the addressees who could not pay postage and fulfilled the duties of postmistress during his many absences. Electricity, too, blossomed under the domestic roof. The neighbors came in to watch the new game, Deborah's household goods became the tools of experiment, bells rang in her house whenever electrically-charged clouds passed overhead.

When he entered political life, she lost him. He went off to England for five years the first time, for ten the second, with eighteen months in between, during which they started building the house that they would never live in together.

Even far away, he was thrilled by the sense of self-sufficiency, so vital a need of his nature, that she had given him. Standing before the House of Commons at the time of the Stamp Act debate, and threatening America's non-importation of English goods, he remembered how in his young days he had been dressed from head to toe in clothes of his wife's weaving and "never felt prouder in my life."

The Stamp Act also provided Deborah with her hour of glory. On September 16, 1765, she kept cool in the face of a threatened mob attack against her house by those who felt her husband was not fighting the Act vigorously enough in London: she enlisted the help of a few relatives armed with guns, turned one room into a magazine and "ordored sum sorte of defens up Stairs such as I cold manaig my selef." She declared that she would not stir and be much "afrunted" if anybody disturbed her. The would-be rioters had second thoughts and the night ended quietly. "The Woman deserves a good House that is determined to defend it" exclaimed her proud husband upon reading her account.

So brave that night, but not brave enough to cross the ocean and join Franklin in England, she spent fifteen years separated

Debbie continued, next page

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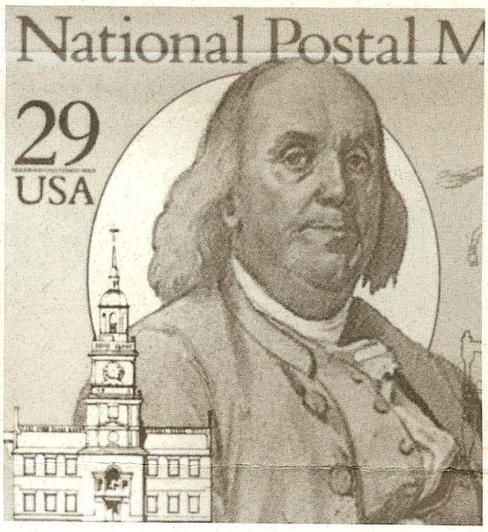
making the same error, Henrietta says many have gone down this road before. From my point of view, however, maybe the Friends of Franklin should make Senator Hugh Scott an honorary descendent of Benjamin Franklin since, at last report, he is still chugging along at the Franklinesque age of 93 in Lafayette Hills, Pa. Thanks, Henrietta.

2. New Franklin Postage Stamp. Franklin Friend Frederick S. Dickson sent us a copy of the stunning new Franklin 29 cent postage stamp issued in connection with the rousing opening of the National Postal Museum in Washington. It is one of four issued as a set commemorating the history of the very efficient American postal service pioneered, of course, by Franklin himself as Philadelphia postmaster beginning in 1737 and as Deputy Postmaster General of North America from 1753 forward until he did himself out of a job by hanging out too much in England. According to Fred the likeness of Franklin in this stamp (see illustration at right) is "probably" taken from the Duplessis portrait of Franklin put on display during the last two years at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington. Fred has been studying Franklin portraits for twenty-five years. Thanks, Fred.



3. Jones Appeal for Papers at $6,000 and Rising. The last word we had from Frank Jones about his appeal to board directors of the Friends of Franklin, Inc., was that the $6,000 mark had been attained and he was hoping for still more positive responses from other directors. You will recall from the last Gazette that Frank wrote a letter to directors challenging them to make gifts for the Franklin Papers project now so that the gifts can be used to secure an equal amount from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Frank is waiting to hear from everyone else. Congratulations, Frank.

4. The Name "Benjamin Franklin." I have often wondered what it might be like to bear the name of a historical figure such as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, or, yes, Benjamin Franklin. I guess there are quite a few folk out there with these monikers. We got a letter from one recently, Benjamin Franklin III, whose grandfather was associated at one time with The Franklin Institute and who grew up in the Institute. "I always thought it was a most wonderful and exciting place!" he recently wrote us. Another one I ran across recently is a well-known black astrophysicist at Howard University, Benjamin Franklin Peery, Jr. When I found how distinguished he was, in fact, I thought it would be appropriate for him to serve as a member of our International Selection Committee for the 1993 Bower Award and Prize in Science--an award given to scientists who reflect Franklin's humanitarian genius. He was selected and will come to The Franklin Institute for this purpose in September.

5. "Craven Street" Aired. The five part radio series on Benjamin Franklin we have mentioned several times was aired on many public radio stations July 5-9. We are happy that the project ended up so well. We only regret that so many of us did not know about it so that we could listen in. I would have missed it entirely if eagle ear Roy Goodman had not given me a call midway through the series.

6. International Printing Museum. What two well-known Americans were born into large families, got little education, were apprenticed to ruthless older brothers, ran away from home as teen-agers, became typesetters, then printers, then journalists, and then (phew!) became highly successful writers and humorists? While you are pondering that question, let me suggest that you can meet both of these characters at a new museum called the International Printing Museum in Buena Park, California. Established in 1988 to house the Lindner Collection and to present graphically and through demonstrations the history of printing, the Museum also operates a Heritage Theatre featuring historical figures presented in dramatic roles. The Museum is located at 8469 Kass Drive in Buena Park. Phone 714-523-2070.

7. Poor Richard's Almanac II. Leslie Maupin of Springfield, Missouri, began publishing in September, 1992, a little publication of advice on thrift, nutrition, health, personal finances, and many other items out of his home and on his home computer. A retired insurance company executive, he got his idea from the famous Tightwad Gazette published out of Leeds, Maine, by Amy Dacyczyn. While the Tightwad Gazette is two years older and has a circulation of 80,000, Maupin was up to 5,000 after only six months. If you would like to subscribe, $12 will bring you 15 copies. If you would like a sample copy, send a SASE envelope to Poor Richard's Almanac II, 3317 S. Southlyn Place, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

Well, that depletes some of the items in our mailbag. Keep those cards and letters coming. Come see us in Chicago, October 1-2.

Oh, and yes, the answer to the "puzzla" (i.e., as in Cartalk on NPR) in item 6 is, of course, Benjamin Franklin and Mark Twain--mighty similar guys, both authentic Americans.

Debbie , continued -

from him. More than the voyage, she surely feared the perils of transplantation, the perspective of being a source of embarrassment to him in the exalted circles he now frequented. She remained what she was, a woman of the working class, plain, stocky, sometimes noisy in her disputes with neighbors, more often giving of herself, tirelessly, to the sick and afflicted, intensely loyal to the man she addressed as her "dear Child" (as he did her), not asking questions about his private life, indeed maintaining a cordial relationship with his London landlady, keeping him informed of all the happenings, big and small, of their circle, in a stream of unpunctuated letters invariably signed "your a feck shonet wife." He responded in kind for a long time. Only in the last few years of his second mission did his letters become brief and perfunctory. He chose to ignore the repeated warnings of her illness, and never even mentioned the existence of an important new person in his life: his grandson Temple, the illegitimate child left in London by William when he became governor. When he broke the pattern one day and called her "my dear Love" she was too enfeebled by strokes to rejoice or respond. She died in December 1774, not having seen her husband in nine years.

Oeuvres posthumes de Cabanis (5 vols., Paris, 1825); see especially v, 233-34.

Leonard Labaree et al., eds., The Papers of Benjamin Franklin (29 vols. to date, New Haven, 1959-).

Claude-Anne Lopez and Eugenia W. Herbert, The Private Franklin: the Man and His Family (New York, [1975]).

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A Faulty Franklin Fiasco

Taken from the "Old Penn Weekly Review," November 21, 1914

At the Chicago World's Fair in 1892, which celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the supposed first discovery of America, there was, in the Electrical Building a plaster cast statue of Franklin. Subsequently this statue was removed to the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, it having been coated with a preparation with the purpose of preserving it, but without success. The statue gradually became badly weather-beaten, and finally crumbled. Prior to its destruction a number of efforts were made to have it cast in bronze, so that it might permanently adorn the campus, but the necessary funds were not available. The photographs of the statue reproduced as a frontispiece were recently recovered by Dr. William Pepper, and filed with the collection in the Recorder's Office.

Statue of Franklin at Ninth & Chestnut Streets in Philadelphia

There are five public statues of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia. The first was by Lazzarini, the gift of William Bing-ham which rests in a niche in the Philadelphia Library Building. The second was erected in Odd Fellow's Cemetery fifty years ago and was the work of John Batten. The third is the brown stone statue by Bailly at the Ledger Building; the fourth is the familiar statue by Boyle, at Ninth and Chestnut Streets and the fifth is the statue by Dr. McKenzie in front of the Gymnasium.

NEW MEMBERS

Individual	Friend
George W. Boudreau	Gene H. Strauss
John T. Adams	
William Willey	
Glenn Shaw	

UPCOMING EVENTS

April 7 - 8, 1994
Franklin Institute Awards Convocation

April 9, 1994
Awards Symposium

October 1994
(exact dates to be announced)
Friends of Franklin Meeting, Washington, D.C.

October 1995
Friends of Franklin Meeting, Paris, France