

Franklin Gazette

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Friends of Franklin, c/o Dr. Larry Tise, Benjamin Franklin National Memorial, 20th and The Parkway, Philadelphia, PA 19103

"A true friend is the best possession."

B. Franklin

FROM THE DESK OF

LARRY TISE

If you were not among the attendees at our January 16, 1993, conference titled "Benjamin Franklin and His Enemies," you missed a great opportunity and a rare treat. A group of eighty-five people interested in all facets of Franklin's fascinating life and career showed up to get all of the delicious tidbits about just how awful he could be--or how terrible some people thought him to be. Although keynote speaker Robert Middlekauff of Berkeley was too ill to come to our conference (flu bug), through the magic of modern communications he faxed over his interesting paper to be read at the happy event.

And when Middlekauff, through his designated reader (me), stopped bashing Franklin (figuratively, that is), a slate of other speakers took up the cudgels. Fortunately for all Friends of Franklin, Claude-Anne Lopez was there to figure out exactly what was happening and to provide readers of the *Gazette* with a fascinating first-person account from the point of view of the historic bashee. That report appears at right.

And now, to take our quarterly trip around the world of Franklin:

1. **Enemies Conference Tapes:** For the first time, we decided to tape all of the papers and sessions at our conference on Franklin and his enemies. The tapes were available at the conference and can now be ordered from Audio Recording Services, Inc. of Chester, Maryland. Information on ordering the tapes is elsewhere in this issue.

We also recorded all the sessions at the two Bower Awards symposia, "The Future of R&D" held in honor of Dr. Arnold Beckman and "Diet and Disease" held in honor of Dr. Denis Parsons Burkitt. Beckman and Burkitt, selected for their contributions to humanity in business and science reminiscent of those of Benjamin Franklin, were most impressive awards recipients. Both made interesting remarks about Franklin and both have something else in common with him: longevity. Beckman is 93 and Burkitt 82.

2. **Enemies Commentary:** Our conference on Franklin's enemies brought forth a pile of commentary and dozens of letters approving the topic and providing additional food for thought. Robert L. Bray, a Franklin role player from Waukesha, Wisconsin, wrote us that he had ordered the tapes and was "enjoying them thoroughly." George Waters, one of our most faithful correspondents, wrote that "the subject is one that has always interested me." He also sent along a

SOME BIRTHDAY...

January 17 was my 287th birthday, to be celebrated in decorous fashion--a symposium of scholars--by a group calling itself THE FRIENDS OF FRANKLIN. Since we, the departed, are allowed a little break from our eternal bliss whenever the mortals turn their attention to us with a certain intensity, I thought it would be a welcome change to hover over Philadelphia for a while--one does tire of infinite leisure, celestial music, even on the glass armonica, and good-natured chess. I expected to listen, for a day, to their encomiums and indulge that streak of vanity in me that, regrettable though it may be, has led me to rather high levels of accomplishment.

Little did I know. By announcing the theme of their gathering, the mortals had sent, so to say, a convocation to my enemies, all my enemies in time and space, the enemies of my youth, those of my old age, the posthumous ones (yes!), the Philadelphia enemies, the London ones, even a French one. The entire range of people who once disliked me had now squeezed themselves, in happy anticipation, on whatever Philadelphia cloud they could find. I hesitated. Did I have to face this concentrated hostility or should I just waft away back to bliss? As I glanced down to get my bearings and flee, I saw vehicles moving on a huge turnpike clearly identified as BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PARKWAY; I saw a bridge in disrepair bearing my name; I saw a noble building called THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, and there, in a corner of it, THE FRANKLIN NATIONAL MEMORIAL, swarming with those supposed friends of mine. To say the least, I am remembered. Could this

day be worse than the Cockpit? I decided to stay.

Their first speaker is a Professor Middlekauff*, from the prettily named state of California, wherever that may be. He starts out amiably enough, by stressing my talent for friendship and the remarkable fact that, in spite of my immense reputation and the jealousy it was bound to provoke, I managed to keep most of my friends. All quite true. But then he launches into the story of my controversy with Thomas Penn and his henchmen, William Smith and William Allen. The professor, who is writing a whole book about my enemies, does not call them henchmen, of course; he is even-handed, as professors tend to be, but I have a sense he is on my side as he describes Penn's coldness and obsession with proprietary rights. Listening, I feel as angry as I did two and a half centuries ago, an emotion I used to deny in my lifetime, though I felt it ever so keenly. Penn sits there, self-righteous and impassive. We'll hate each other through eternity.

Switching to Paris, Middlekauff explains that after having been an anglophile, I turned against England with a rage. But of course. What else could I do? He compares what I said before 1776 and after. Those people know my life day by day, my writings word by word, better than I ever did myself. It's flattering, if you want, but awesome. One feels immensely exposed. For one like me who liked to keep his own counsel, it's unsettling.

**Professor Middlekauff was ill and unable attend: his talk was read by Larry Tise.*

(see "SOME BIRTHDAY" Page 4)



Friend of Franklin William Carr of Washington, D.C., and author of *The Oldest Delegate* (B. Franklin at the Constitutional Convention of 1787) admiring his favorite historical role model. The photo appeared on the cover of a 1993 calendar given to Bill by friends.

(see "LARRY TISE" Page 2 Column 1)

LARRY TISE (CONTINUED)

favorite poem by Charles Mackay on the subject. "No Enemies" certainly applies to Franklin's course in life:

You have no enemies, you say?
Alas, my friend, the boast is poor.
He who has mingled in the fray
Of duty, that the brave endure,
Must have made foes. If you have none,
Small is the work that you have done.
You've hit no traitor on the hip,
You've dashed no cup from perjured
lip,
You've never turned the wrong to right,
You've been a coward in the fight.

Thanks Robert, George, and all others who took the time to let us know their thinking.

3. Franklin National Holiday: George Waters also sent us a column written by David Morris for the Minneapolis Star Tribune titled "Forget Presidents Day; Make a Holiday for Ben Franklin." Proposing that we abolish the now nebulous and meaningless "Presidents Day," Morris writes: "Let's dump this ridiculous collective birthday. If we want to honor someone, let's honor the greatest American of them all--Benjamin Franklin." Morris proceeds to describe the phenomenal career of "the most famous private citizen in the world" during the 18th century. A nice idea! Given the number of new books about Franklin we see every week, it would appear that he is still one of the best known figures of world history.

4. From Russia with Love.: Franklin is so well known today, in fact, that Wilbur Pierce, owner of Philadelphia's funky and wonderful Einstein (a store that sells intelligent books, toys, gifts, and souvenirs), recently brought back from Russia a most unusual Franklin artifact: a set of ten matryoshkee or nesting dolls illustrating Franklin's life. The full story is that Pierce met a well-known, underemployed Russian artist and asked if the Muscovite had ever heard of Benjamin Franklin. The artist not only knew of Franklin, he also offered to prepare a set of the intricately painted, profusely illustrated nesting dolls showing just how much he knew. The largest doll is 12 inches tall. Each doll has an illustration from Franklin's life on one side and the story behind it on the reverse written in Old Cyrillic, the Russian script of the 18th century. The price of the unique set is \$8,000. Oh, yes, to put a slight James Bond twist on the tale, Pierce had to smuggle the dolls out of Russia, paying off various inspectors and constabularies along the way. Individuals interested in illustrations and more information may call Pierce at (215) 844-0772, visit Einstein in its new location at 1625 Chestnut Street in Liberty Place, or write to 2979 School House Lane, Philadelphia, PA 19144.

5. Franklin in Congress: A nice article appeared in the Times of London about pending action by the Congress of the United States to appropriate 830,000 pounds toward the estimated 15 million pounds needed to restore the sad London residence of Franklin on Craven Street. The article again dramatized the importance of the project and bore a nice copy of a Duplessis illustration of Franklin. To our knowledge the anticipated funds have not been authorized by Congress.

6. Franklin in Congress II: After several years of efforts to get Congress to authorize the U.S. Mint to strike a commemorative coin in honor of Benjamin Franklin, a bill has now been enacted permitting the Mint to strike and sell a silver Franklin Medal. The original plan jointly mounted by seven national firefighting organizations in association with The Franklin Institute was to generate income from a surcharge on coin sales to support volunteer firefighters around the nation and the maintenance of The Benjamin Franklin National Memorial at The Franklin Institute. Under the plan approved, however, potential income from sales will be far less, since the Mint may only strike 1.5 million medals to be sold between July 1, 1993, and June 30, 1994. Maximum potential income would be \$22.5 million from which all marketing and sales costs must also be taken.

7. Franklin on the Air: Someone told me a while ago that Ken Burns of PBS's "Civil War" fame was gearing up to do a documentary series on Benjamin Franklin. Before I got around to verifying that, however, the New York Times had a little piece indicating that Burns is instead making a movie on Thomas Jefferson. Meanwhile, we know that a multi-hour series on Franklin in London is being completed for public radio. And recently we were contacted by a New York outfit gearing up to do a four- to six-hour series for commercial television here and abroad.

8. Franklin Images: Every month we get a pile of pictures of people playing the role of Benjamin Franklin--for fun or professionally--and of Franklin statues and sculpture. This month we received from Donald Wittenberg, Principal of the Philadelphia Benjamin Franklin Elementary Academics Plus School, photographs of the two Franklin statues at that school. One is a 10-foot replica of the large Franklin statue at The Franklin Institute. We also have a clipping of Dr. Robert Dewell of Baraboo, Wisconsin, in Franklin garb addressing school students. We have another clipping of Mickey Scroggins from the Effingham Daily News (Illinois) sent over by Friend Doug Whitley (recently moved from Director of Revenue for Illinois to Vice President of Government Relations for Illinois Bell). My favorite by far, however, is a large 13 by 18 inch calendar for 1993 bearing a photograph of our Friend William Carr of Washington, D.C., seated on a bench with that famous sculpture of Franklin reading a newspaper. It bears the title, "Bill & Ben."

9. Reappraising Benjamin Franklin: At just about the time of our conference on Franklin and His Enemies, the University of Delaware Press made delivery of the long-awaited book of essays from the 1990 Philadelphia symposium titled "Reappraising Benjamin Franklin." Edited by Friend Leo Lemay, the book is a virtual goldmine of recent research and wisdom on Franklin. There are 24 essays in the space of 504 pages. Copies may be ordered for \$39.50 (ask for #448) from Associated University Presses, 440 Forsgate Drive, Cranbury, NJ 08512.

Keep those cards and letters coming and we, like the Times, will try to report all the (Franklin) news that's fit to print.

A PROCLAMATION

offered by Phil W. Greenslet

WHEREAS, all four of my offspring are graduates of Franklin High School; and,

WHEREAS, through their participation in various school activities, we have been able to enjoy various programs offered by the school; and,

WHEREAS, we have been challenged by our good friend, Roy E. Goodman, to contribute to the education of students at our favorite Franklin school; and,

WHEREAS, 'twas I who furnished the school list in the first place;

THEREFORE, on this First day of January, in the year of our Lord 1993, I do hereby decree that Franklin Senior High School, 1200 Reisterstown Road, Reisterstown, Maryland 21136, be added to the honored list of recipients of the Franklin Gazette.

HUB BATTLES OVER BEN'S PENNIES THAT EARNED \$4.6M

by Joe Sciacca

A court battle is looming over who gets to spend \$4.6 million from Ben Franklin's will and who will have to go fly a kite.

The American patriot bequeathed 1,000 pounds sterling to the "inhabitants of the town of Boston" in his will in 1789.

But the state Supreme Judicial Court is preparing to hear arguments on who has rights to the money--the city and the state or the Franklin Institute vocational school.

This week in Philadelphia, where another Franklin trust has accumulated to \$2.2 million, a judge ruled the money the statesman left should be used to train high school seniors in trades and crafts.

That decision came down after a committee of Franklin scholars studied the will and determined the patriot would have wanted it that way.

Franklin, the scholars noted, believed "laboring and handicrafts are the chief strength and support of the people." In Boston, however, it's not quite that simple.

Officials at the Franklin Institute, a two-year vocational school founded in Boston with some earlier proceeds from the will, say they have the legal right to the rest of the cash.

Mayor Raymond L. Flynn, however, wants to spend the city's share of the fund, estimated at roughly \$1.5 million with the state getting the rest, on youth jobs training and anti-gang programs.

Lawyers for Franklin Institute have asked the state's highest court to rule on the dispute.

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A SPECIAL SMATTERING: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TOUR OF EUROPE, 1990

by Larry E. Tise

20 February, 1990 (Tuesday)

Next to the Royal Society of London, the Society of Antiquaries is Britain's oldest cultural organization. Begun in 1707 to study all aspects of the past--especially historic sites, archaeological sites, and historical objects--the Society publishes magnificent books and journals on classical archaeology and coinage. Its library next to the Royal Academy of the Arts is impressive indeed. My host, Hugh Chapman, pulled out the original records books showing the minutes of Franklin's election and induction into the Society.

At 11:30 a.m. I met Lady Bessborough at 36 Craven Street to tour the inside of Franklin's London house. (The tour was hampered considerably by the fact that the house is without electricity and she did not bring along a torch.)

The house has some real charm. It has a few touches that might even have been from Franklin, such as the wrought-iron metal work on the front of the house with a special built-in shoe cleaner and a little sitting room on the second floor very much like John Wesley's little prayer room. I am beginning to think there were many similarities between these two famous figures of the eighteenth century. But the house has been vacant for two years and is getting into a rather bad state of repair.

Lady Bessborough, who owns the freehold on the property, is seeking

money from the United States to undertake the restoration of the house and to acquire two additional houses next door. She wants this then to be a Benjamin Franklin study center. Over the years she has done a good deal to dramatize the plight of the house and in the process has brought through such luminaries as Winston Churchill, Margaret Thatcher, and Queen Elizabeth II.

At lunch in Lady Bessborough's house I admired a number of Franklin items, including one of his famous letters to Jane Mecom and his own leather wallet. As she showed me the wallet complete with the distinctive signature "B. Franklin," she commented that this item contained some of Franklin's own perspiration.

Next, a fairly lengthy taxi ride put me right in front of the ancient Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great. It was in Lady Chapel that Franklin worked and became a master printer during his youthful sojourn in England from 1724 until 1726. The print shop was directly in the church, which had been leased to Samuel Keimer, one of Britain's best printers. An old print shows the arrangement of the shop at the time Franklin worked there. From a square just in front of St. Bartholomew's Hospital one goes through an Elizabethan building that forms an arch. Beyond the arch is a scene of church and surrounding buildings that is little changed from the days Franklin lived and worked in the neighborhood. Of all the places I visited,

this one gave me the greatest feeling of historical authenticity and connection to the Franklin era.

I had just enough time to taxi back to the Royal Society of London--the grandest of the old societies to which Franklin belonged and the one that presented him with the Copley Medal in 1753. I met with Peter Warren, general secretary of the Society. Before very long we were in the Archives digging out Franklin's famous letters on his electrical experiments and the various minute books that recorded the Society's deliberations on Franklin. I was told that the Copley Medal is still the premier award of the Society, just as coveted today as it was in Franklin's day.

As I trooped out of the Royal Society, I went in search of a pub mentioned by Lady Bessborough as a place where Franklin is known to have held lengthy discussions over drink. Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese is just off Fleet Street in an alley leading toward the home of Dr. Samuel Johnson. The place is a real treat. It was built in its present form in 1667 following the great London fire of the year before. But from archaeological work on the site, it is known to have been a watering hole far into the Middle Ages. Below ground are extensive areas that would have served both as wine cellars and drinking stalls as early as perhaps 1350 A.D.

(To be continued in next *Gazette*)

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN: THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

PART VI

by Claude-Anne Lopez

December 4, 1777, the first anniversary of his arrival in France, was a frantically busy day for Temple, a day at the end of which he may well have had writer's cramp. Not that he was unused to copying: while his grandfather waited patiently for France to get ready for war and for the work of diplomacy to begin, Temple had transcribed many a long and dreary document in both French and English--the tobacco contract, for instance, through which the Americans obtained some of the cash so vitally needed for the purchase of war equipment. But this December 4 he required a different kind of copying: that of a brief and exultant *communiqué*, to be done at full speed over and over again, in order to spread through Paris the glorious news of an American victory at Saratoga. The young man galloped all over town, distributing the breathless account of the capture of General Burgoyne and more than nine thousand of his men. The French, said Temple, greeted the victory as if it had been their own.

Franklin, meanwhile, was penning the official commissioners' memorandum and it was his grandson who brought it to Versailles four days later, living through another thrilling episode when Foreign Minister Vergennes received him personally and declared himself "disposed to serve the cause of America."

Those moments in the limelight, with the promise of more to come, seemed to vindicate the decision not to enroll the young man in some European university--as Franklin had told William he

proposed to do--but to have him slide into the position of secretary to the American Commission, an office for which Congress had earmarked a stipend of one thousand pounds.¹ Indeed, Temple did receive such a sum on December 27 from the three commissioners, in payment for his services. But only Congress could grant him the official title and in order to expedite matters he asked Silas Deane to say a few words in his favor when the latter was recalled home in early 1778.

Such a rosy view did not take into account the reality of the situation. In reality, Temple was slipping once again into the role of the go-between caught between hostile parties. As is well known, there was no love lost between Franklin and the third commissioner, Arthur Lee, nor between him and Arthur's brother William. William Lee was cooling his heels in Paris while waiting to rejoin his diplomatic post in Prussia; so was Ralph Izard whose hopes to become the American representative in Tuscany never materialized. Both men had plenty of time for brooding.

That Temple was vulnerable to attack and that the way to hurt Franklin was through his grandson became painfully clear as early as June 1778. On the 17th of that month, Izard, offended because he had been kept in the dark about the negotiations surrounding the Franco-American Treaty of alliance, objected to the fact that Temple and Edward

¹The accounts indicate that Temple took lessons in Italian and fencing.

Bancroft had been used to make copies of it, a task that should have been assigned, he felt, to the commissioners themselves. Worse yet, when it came to have those copies attested, Franklin had spurned his fellow-commissioners once again, "as you had determined that your grandson should not only copy, but attest them. They were accordingly sent over to Congress in that manner, that Congress might see how worthy he was of confidence. ...It is with the utmost reluctance that I find myself compelled to mention this young Gentleman, whom I believe to be extremely worthy of any confidence that has, or may be placed in him."

A veiled threat, kid gloves. Temple, after all, was a polite, self-effacing, ever-obliging young man, difficult to savage. But the attack turned rougher four months later, after Governor William Franklin had been exchanged and wasted no time in organizing Loyalist forces in British-occupied New York. As the debate went on in Congress over Benjamin Franklin's appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to France, his son-in-law Richard Bache warned him that Izard and the Lees planned to "lay some stress upon your employing as a private secretary your grandson, whom they hold out as unfit to be trusted because of his father's principles...." Congressman Daniel Roberdeau went a little further. He asserted on the same occasion that "much evil might ensue to the United States" from the Governor's son living with his grandfather in Paris. Trying to soften the blow, Sally Bache told her

SOME BIRTHDAY (CONTINUED)

Who would be summoned next but John Adams? You scholars, who have had the benefit of his papers and diaries, could you tell me why he hated me so much after I tried, honestly tried, to befriend him in Paris? Envy, suggests Middlekauff, jealousy because I was so popular in France, because I was enjoying myself so much.-- Anything else?-- The moral ground: he thought I was a French agent.-- I believe he knew better, but pretended to believe this.-- Anyway, says my posthumous friend, aren't you the one who wrote in Poor Richard: "Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults"?--Is every filler I tucked into Poor Richard to be held against me for centuries? Am I to live up to every one of those precepts, most of which I culled elsewhere, anyway?

Brooding upon my dire fate, I miss the first words of John Frantz, who teaches at Pennsylvania State University, but feel the gaze of thousands of German eyes turned reproachfully towards me. I hear myself quoted as having called those new immigrants stupid and ignorant. As having qualified them of "Palatine boors," proclaimed them ugly and their women too. Worst of all, it seems that I described them as swarthy. Swarthy? They're straw blond, wheat blond, Viking blond. I must have been really blinded by my disgust at their pacifism. They came to Pennsylvania in droves--one hundred thousand of them by mid-century, says this scholar--but refused to anglicize themselves, to learn our language or defend our land. They just would not assimilate. Oh yes, they did mend their ways, eventually, during the French and Indian War. They supplied us with wagons and forage. And we did reconcile late in my life, when I was President of Pennsylvania. They even named a college after me, if memory serves. So I'll try to forget that my German newspaper failed while their Christopher Sauer's did so well. And I'll take back the swarthy.

A little break for my posthumous friends to drink coffee and stretch their legs. Next, a man from Harvard, one I. Bernard Cohen who has written extensively on my philosophical (they now say scientific) contributions. Harvard, of course, gave me my first honorary degree--they must never have found out how I spoofed them in my youthful Silence Dogood papers; still, how flattering that this professor should come from so far to explain that "enemy" is too strong a word for the rivalry between the French abbe) Nollet and myself in the early days of electricity. We were opponents, that's all. I never met the man, I did not answer his attacks. Other Frenchmen did that for me, only too happy to jump into the fray. Buffon, for instance, the great botanist, who would believe that when he trumpeted at Court the truth of my hypothesis identifying lightning with electricity, he was also scoring a victory in his private feud with Nollet, his arch-rival? I wasn't aware of that but this Cohen seems awfully well informed. And now I hear that Pope Pius the VIth, when restoring the basilica of Assisi, in-

sisted that it be protected by Franklin's kind of lightning rod. It says so on a marble plaque still visible today. The Pope! What has happened to the view that the best way to protect oneself from thunder is to ring church bells?

I'll savor this good piece of news while my mortal friends savor, as they seem to do, a meal supposedly prepared according to my views. I hope they never discover the accounts kept in Paris by my cook: the pigeons in cream sauce, the rashers of bacon, the poulets gras, all delicious stuff that these moderns run away from. Where did they get the idea I was so abstemious if not from Poor Richard? What good luck for my reputation, that they should believe Poor Richard was the real me.

Suddenly, an extraordinary thing happens. I see myself step onto the podium and address the munching crowd. It is me: my hair, my dress, my features and complexion. I'm in a panic. What am I doing there when that is one thing we are absolutely forbidden to do? But I calm down as soon as I hear myself (?) speaking. Never did I speak so fluently, especially in public. I generally kept silent in gatherings, knowing myself to be no orator. My alter ego, however, if that's what he is, pleads eloquently in favor of funds to support the publication of my papers, currently taking place at Yale. Thirty volumes, he says, have already been done, but money is running out, and they have only reached 1779. (What a delicious year, 1779... Adams was recalled, Izard and the Lees pushed into the background, I was left alone, finally, minister plenipotentiary, no more quibbling....) But who could he be, this man who looks uncannily like me, whose birthday is also today? Were I to believe in reincarnation...but no, they're calling him Ralph. Ralph Archbold. How I wish we could converse!

And now, another strange sight: a woman comes forth to speak. Are women attending college these days? More than that. This Sheila Skemp teaches at the University of Mississippi. She is talking about my son William, my "intimate enemy" about whom she has written a book. Even today, after two centuries of heavenly detachment, how painful it is to think about William! Professor Skemp dates our estrangement from the Cockpit episode and my resentment at William's lack of reaction to the terrible public humiliation I suffered that day. Yes, that did hurt, but I think our cooling off had started much earlier, when William married that society person, Elizabeth Downes, and rejected Polly Stevenson who loved him so much and would have made such a better wife. Always putting on airs, that Betsy, and pushing him toward extravagant expense. Sick half the time, unable to give him a child. What a relief that William did not turn up today! Whenever we meet, we half smile and try to say something, but nothing comes to mind.

The glee on John Adams' face can only mean I dozed off... He always loved to point out those episodes--if I had done

it more often, who knows, he might have forgiven me my joie de vivre, when awake. So I missed Mark Frazier Lloyd's paper on the ups and downs of my brain child, the College of Philadelphia, during the Revolution. That would have meant hearing more about William Smith and the way my own Philosophical Society betrayed me by having him deliver my eulogy. I hope William Smith saw me sleeping while his activities were evoked. I hate the way he grins when we meet.

Maybe I should have kept on napping. My reputation, I hear, took a nosedive after my death. So says Keith Arbour, who hails from the University of Michigan. I stood higher among foreigners, it seems, than among my fellow Americans, who thought me too devoted to ease and amusement, too folksy, a touch common. The humble folk remembered me fondly in the early nineteenth century, but not the high and mighty. No statues for Ben in those days. So be it. I have often thought I should have stayed in France.

It is rumored in the hereafter that I am more studied by literature people, these days, than by historians. And here indeed bounds a professor of English, Leo Lemay, from Delaware. He is referred to as the dean of Franklinian studies, he is about to write a multi-volume biography of me. Six volumes, maybe. Oh, my poor secrets, where shall you hide? At present he is mostly interested in attributing to me all I ever wrote under pseudonyms, and maybe a little more, but no matter. He reads aloud from two famous writers who disliked me, and you can tell from his expression that he is making fun of them, not of me. One Mark Twain, an American, berates me for having made life difficult for boys because of the impossible example I set by being so diligent. It's all in good fun, I can tell, rather in my own style. But the other writer, the one called D.H. Lawrence, an Englishman, attacks me savagely. He thinks I'm a dull bore, lacking in passion, deficient in mysticism, falling short in the darker sides of human nature. He analyzes my list of virtues, one by one, and tears it apart. I'm too controlled to please him. He is too bombastic to please me. As Lemay points out, he has completely missed my self-ironic slant.

Those poor humans, how hard they work, how vividly they feel! I'm ready for a soothing draught of serenity but don't want to miss a minute of this bewildering birthday. They are now discussing their next meeting. It will be in June, on the Connecticut coast, at Mystic Seaport. I guess they will talk of the Gulf Stream, my Nantucket relatives, ships, sails, and of my great, abiding first and last love: the sea. I think I'll go.

B. Franklin

(as whispered to Claude-Anne Lopez on a moonless night)

WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN (CONTINUED)

father how much Richard had hesitated before mentioning this "delicate subject," but they had concluded that if Franklin was forewarned in time, he might disappoint their enemies in their plan. "What wicked things pride and ambition make people do," she sighed.

In his reply to Richard, Franklin sounded lofty. He attributed the attacks against him to "the dark uncomfortable passions of jealousy, anger, suspicion, envy and malice" which he determined to ignore, since they carried their own punishment. But he was surprised, he said, to hear of a cabal to remove Temple. "Methinks it is rather some merit that I have rescued a valuable young man from the danger of being a Tory, and fixed him in honest republican Whig principles; as I think from the integrity of his disposition, his industry, his early sagacity, and uncommon ability for business, he may in time become of great service to his country. It is enough that I have lost my son, would they add my grandson!" In his letter to Sally, he allowed himself a rare cry of pain: "... to deprive an old man sent to serve his country in a foreign one, of the comfort of a child to attend him, to assist him in health and take care of him in sickness, would be cruel if it was practicable. In this case it could not be done; for as the

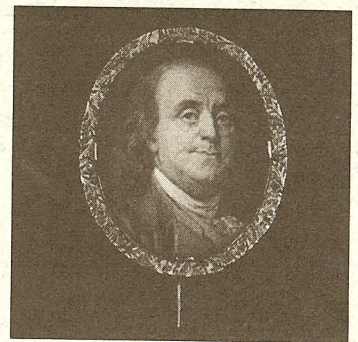
pretended suspicions of him are groundless, and his behaviour in every respect unexceptionable, I should not part with the child but with the employment." He concluded confidently that Congress was too wise and too good to treat him in that manner.

Indeed, Franklin kept Temple at his side as long as he stayed in France. A happy ending, then? Yes, for him. But what about the boy whose "filial attention and dutiful behaviour" gave him such comfort? Did Franklin ever stop to consider that by being a little more gracious to the cantankerous Lee-Izard trio rather than treating them with Olympian disdain, he might have, if not won them over, at least diminished their hostility toward the hapless messenger who brought them his curt dismissals? Or, if he could not bring himself to do that, was it not high time to prepare Temple for a career other than public life where he would always be at the mercy of his illegitimate birth and of his family's enemies?

(To be continued)

YOU'VE SEEN THE BACK OF IT...

NOW HERE'S THE FRONT!



In our last issue we featured a story about this miniature, Franklin's wedding gift to Mariamne Alexander when she married his great-nephew Jonathan Williams, Jr. By mistake, we showed you only the back of this brooch. Here, finally is the portrait itself! This exquisite miniature (watercolor on ivory, after Duplessis) has remained in the family ever since Franklin presented it in 1779.

All inquiries should be made in writing to the Alice Biddle Beebe Family, 2625 SW Patton Road, Portland, OR 97201.

AUDIOTAPES OF "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND HIS ENEMIES" CONFERENCE

Audiotapes are available of the talks presented at the conference on "Benjamin Franklin and His Enemies" at the Franklin Institute on January 16.

Tape # 015: "Franklin and the Pennsylvania Germans," by John B. Frantz, Ph.D., The Pennsylvania State University; "Franklin's Scientist Enemies: Real and Imagined" by I. Bernard Cohen, Ph.D., Harvard University

Tape # 016: Luncheon, Larry E. Tise, Ph.D., presiding; luncheon address on "William Franklin: The Most Intimate Enemy" by Sheila Skemp, Ph.D., University of Mississippi

Tape # 017: "The College of Philadelphia and the Politics of Revolution" by Mark Frazier Lloyd, University of Pennsylvania; "Franklin and the Dancing School of Blockheads of Philadelphia" by Keith Arbour, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

Tape # 018: "Mark Twain and D. H. Lawrence: The Litterateurs Against Franklin" by J. A. Leo Lemay, Ph.D., University of Delaware

The price per tape is \$9.00; buy ten tapes and receive two additional tapes free. Add \$4.00 per order for shipping and handling. Order directly from (and make checks payable to) Audio Recording Services, Inc., 102 Chester Village, Chester, MD 21619, phone (410) 643-4220; fax (410) 643-3463.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN NATIONAL MEMORIAL AWARDS GIVEN TO "BRAN MAN" AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURER

On January 14 The Franklin Institute presented its Bower Awards in honor of Benjamin Franklin to one of the world's most renowned cancers researcher and to America's most successful manufacturer of scientific instruments. The Bower Award for Achievement in Science along with a check for \$373,000 went to Denis Parsons Burkitt, M.D., of Hartwell Cottage, England. The Bower Award for Business Leadership was presented to Arnold O. Beckman, Ph.D., of Irvine, California.

Burkitt, 82, known popularly as "Bran Man" (so said *People Magazine*) was being honored for his twenty-five years of research in Africa leading to the identification, diagnosis, and eventual cure for a form of cancer now called Burkitt's Lymphoma and to the demonstration of the relationship between diseases and life-style. His contention that we should have more fibre in our diets to forestall bowel cancer and other ailments helped to transform diets and eating habits throughout the industrialized world.

Beckman, 93, whose scientific instruments are known around the world and appear in virtually every scientific

laboratory, was being honored for his innovation of many scientific instruments, his creation and later recreation of Beckman Instruments, and for his recent philanthropies in support of privately sponsored research and development.

Beckman delighted the large audience gathered to honor him when he paid tribute to Benjamin Franklin: "Ben Franklin and I have something in common: We both liked to fly kites. Franklin's famous kite-flying episode was hardly a stunt. It was a serious piece of research that contributed to man's knowledge of electricity... He was one of America's earliest scientists--a one-man R & D department."

On a less happy note, we were very saddened indeed to learn that on March 23, 1993, Dr. Burkitt--one of the most charming and delightful individuals of our era--suffered a crippling stroke. He hoped that his end would be sudden and brief. It was. He died, surrounded by his family, a few hours later. [LET]

JOIN US FOR A MYSTIC FRIENDS EVENT

You are invited to join The Friends of Franklin and The Friends of Franklin Papers for a tour of New Haven and Mystic, Connecticut to explore Benjamin Franklin's contributions to navigation.

On Friday, transportation will be provided from Mystic to New Haven for an architectural tour of Yale University's historic college buildings and Grove Street Cemetery. This tour will be led by William Stubbs from the New Haven Preservation Trust. Next, a visit to Sterling Library at Yale University to see where the editing of the Franklin Papers takes place and the Benjamin Franklin collection is housed. Arrangements have

been made for lunch at Mory's which will be followed by a Friends of Franklin meeting. Dinner will be in Mystic where Floyd Shumway will do a presentation on "Franklin and his New Haven Connection".

On Saturday, we will visit the Old Lighthouse Museum, Whitehall Mansion and, of course, Mystic Seaport. Come learn about "Franklin's Contributions to Navigation" as told by Mystic Seaport's Don Treworgy. A special program has also been arranged by Ellen Cohn who will perform 18th Century sea chanties at the annual Sea Festival being held in Mystic that weekend. Then, come cruise

down the Mystic River on America's last coal fired steamboat, the Sabino. Saturday's dinner speaker will be Claude-Anne Lopez who will speak to us on "Franklin's Nantucket Connection".

The cost for this event for Friends of Franklin will be \$120 for both days. Look for a detailed description of this event, a time schedule, hotel information and the registration form in your mail. If you are not a member of the Friends of Franklin and would like to receive further information, please call (215) 448-1329.

NEW MEMBERS

SUSTAINING

Robert L. Bray
Samuel Tirer, M.D.

FRANKLIN FRIEND

Elizabeth Carroll-Horrocks
Mrs. William Glenn
Gary Milan
Richard D. Miles
Gary N. Wilkins

INDIVIDUAL

Albert Andrews, Jr.
Keith Arbour
Sheldon S. Cohen
Victoria Downing
Esther Lucy
Bernard Myers
William Peterman
David B. Richardson
Mitchell S. Reiger
Sheila Skemp
Ezra Stone

SUBSCRIBER

Ronny J. Coleman
Franklin Senior High School,
(Reistertown, Maryland)
Dan Kalenak
Elizabeth L. Nathan
John C. Reseka

MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

All individuals, institutions, scholars, students, collectors and others are invited to become members of the Friends of Franklin at the annual membership rates indicated below.

Life Membership	\$1,000
Institutional Member	\$1,000
Sustaining Friend	\$100
Franklin Friend	\$50
Individual Member	\$30
Subscription to the Gazette	\$20

Send check made payable to:

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20th and The Parkway
Philadelphia, PA 19103-1194