



Davenport House Museum Volunteer Newsletter



May 2020

www.davenportmuseum.org

912/236-8097

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Soda Water.

The season of Soda is come,
And her fountain is flowing again;
Avaunt Whiskey, Brandy and Rum!
But hail to thee, Adam's Champagne!

How it scatters its volatile spray,
And sends up its sparks in our faces!
It drives Spleen and Megrim away,
And brings mirth and wit in their places.

'Tis the cordial of love too, no doubt,
(As good for the Ladies as tea;)
For Venus, our poets give out,
Was born from an arm of the sea.

So then haste to the chemical fount,
It needs neither hours or title,
But only to open a little account
With our friend, Richard H. Litle.
The Georgian. May 11, 1820.

Stucco plastering.

The subscriber having a number of hands, and being accustomed to southern climate, intends making this City his residence, he will engage work in the above line, and will do it with neatness and dispatch—as respects his capability, he refers to Andrew Knob, and N. Turnball, cscrs, he having plastered a house for each of them.

JOHN Dougherty,
President Street opposite the African Church.
Savannah Daily Republican. May 2, 1820.

Administrators' Sale.

On the first Tuesday in June next,
Will be sold before the Court House, in the city of Savannah,
A NEGRO GIRL, called **Cynthia**, being part of the personal property of the Hon. W. Stephens, deceased.

Charles Stephens, Administrator
Savannah Daily Republican. May 4, 1820.

Soda Water.

The subscribers have the pleasure of informing their friends and the public, that they have at length re-established their manufactory of the above.

Pouyat & Holland

The Georgian. May 6, 1820.

Who says for Tybee?

The elegant, fast-sailing packet Sloop CYNTHIA, of an easy draught of water and spacious accommodations, will start TO-MORROW MORNING, from the Rice's-wharf, at nine o'clock, precisely, for Tybee (wind and weather permitting) and return in the evening.

Fare **One Dollar**. - Refreshments on board.
Savannah Daily Republican. May 27, 1820.

Dying and Scouring.

JAMES CHAMBON, has the honor to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Savannah, that he continues **Dying and Scouring Silks, Woolens, &c.** At his residence, York-street, opposite the late residence of Phillip Young. Having received from France the necessary ingredients to carry on his business in its fullest extent, he can restore the original color of Crepes, Silks, Woolens &c. so as to restore to them their appearance as when perfectly new. To Coats which may have lost their color, it can be restored and will be as a new one from the taylor's shop.

Savannah Daily Republican. May 30, 1820.

Fly Poison.

The subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his fellow-citizens, that he has for sale - COBALT or FLY POISON. The destructive inconvenience of those disagreeable insects is too generally felt to require description, nor is persuasion needed to induce the Public to rid themselves of them - which they

may do by applying at my store on the Bay.

Doctor J. B. Berthelot.

The Georgian. May 8, 1820.

Information Wanted

Any information respecting a young man named **Michael Lewis Dorance**, (born in Charleston) who is now believed to be about the age of 26 years, and who, when about the age of 10 or 11, was enticed away from his home, and since, which time he has been in the city, and left it about two years since, on his way, as he said, to Savannah—will be thankfully received by his aged mother.

The Georgian. May 12, 1820

Ranaway on the 18th ult. from the subscriber, living on the Wateree River, a Negro man named **DAVY**, about twenty five or thirty years of age, five feet ten or eleven inches high, well made, round face, with tolerable large whiskers. Said negro took with him a portmanteau with a quantity of clothing that cannot be described. He will in all probably make for Augusta, as he was partly raised there. It is likely he will endeavor to pass for a free man, and act in the capacity of a barber, as he is very handy with a razor and scissors. The above reward will be given if apprehended and lodged in any jail in the state of Georgia.

William A. Betton

The Georgian. May 12, 1820.

Catherine Deveaux

Having taken a House in Bay-lane, near the corner of Abercorn-street, informs her friends that she will have SOUP every day at 11 o'clock -
Relishes and Tarts can be had at any time.
>>N.B. Two or three BOARDERS can be accommodated.

The Georgian. May 15, 1820.

A Situation Wanted

A YOUNGLADY wishes to obtain a situation as a travelling companion for a lady, either to the north or elsewhere and return in the fall, or she would be willing to obtain the situation of a nurse in any genteel family. References for character will be given. Apply at this office.

The Georgian. May 15, 1820.

To Former

Patrons & Friends.

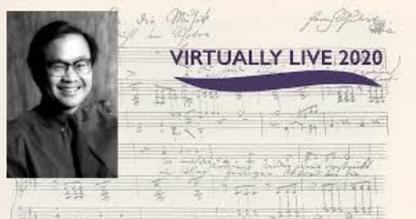
The subscriber having taken the House in the lane near the new Market, almost immediately back of the residence of John Eppinger's Esq. and solicits the favor of those who may be so good as promote her views in the Establishment. To those who have hitherto been in her house at Ogeechee Bridge, she flatters herself that it is unnecessary to promise that neatness and cleanliness, with due attention, will be ever observed. RELISHES, BEEF STEAKS, TERRIPIN, Turtle and other Soups, will be provided every day at 11 o'clock; as also Tarts, Cakes, &c &c. and pledges herself that nothing in her power shall be left undone to give general satisfaction; and she will be ever grateful to a generous public for their support.

Phillis Hill.

The Georgian. May 26, 1820.

DAVENPORT HOUSE CALENDAR

May Calendar



Monday, May 4 at 5:30 p.m. –

SVF/Lecture: *Virtually Live (30 minute lecture) **Modern Music: Tradition, Innovation and**

Preservation. Speaker: [Michael Ching](#). Partnership with Savannah Voice Festival and sponsored by Georgia Humanities Council. Ching wrote the opera *Anna Hunter: The Spirit of Savannah*. He will reference Hunter and the DH in his lecture.

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

- **6:00 p.m. – SVF/ Performance: *Virtually Live** (30 minute performance) –

The Beloved Baritone, At Home. [Na Qin](#), performer.

To access Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Tuesday, May 5 at 11 a.m. –

Docent Zoom – Checking Up and Talk about Reopening

- **5:30 p.m. – SVF/ Presentation: *Virtually Live** (30 minute presentation) – Mozart's

Don Giovanni and its Musical Personalities. SVF conductor [Jorge Parodi](#) plays musical examples and shares how these traits were masterfully chosen to define each of these beloved characters.

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

- **6 p.m. – SVF/Performance: *Virtually Live** (30 minute performance) – **Reflections of**

Broadway in the Challenging Time. [Liz Lang](#), performer.

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Wednesday, May 6 at 5:30 p.m. –

SVF/Presentation: *Virtually Live (30 minute program)– **Preparing a Royal Feast.** [Michael Ching](#) and [Chad Sonka](#) provide a sneak peek into the creation of this new work, which is a sequel to **Rossini's *La Cenerentola*** (Cinderella).

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

- **6 p.m. – SVF/Performance *Virtually Live** (30 minute performance) – **The Youthful Tenor.** [Zachary Sebek](#), performer, will share favorites from Mozart, Weill, and Lahar.

To access Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Thursday, May 7 at 2 p.m. – Low-country Historic House Museums Conversation on Reopening/ Zoom conversation

5:30 p.m. – SVF/Performance *Virtually Live (30 minute program) – **Dramatic Imagination in the Music of Puccini.** [Howard Watkins](#), Metropolitan Opera

assistant conductor, presenter.

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

6 p.m. - SVF/Performance *Virtually Live (30 minute performance) – **Soprano Serenade.** [Melanie Spector](#), performer

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Friday, May 8 at 4 p.m. – Catch up with Junior Interpreters/Zoom meeting

5:30 p.m. – SVF/Presentation *Virtually Live(30 minute program) – **Kindness Rewarded. Forgiveness Granted. The Humanity in Cinderella's Story.**

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

6 p.m. - SVF/Performance *Virtually Live (30 minute performance) – **A Lovely Night! Tales from Cinderella.** [Jessica Ann Best](#), mezzo-soprano, performer.

To access: Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Saturday, May 9 at 5:30 p.m. – SVF/Program *Virtually Live (30 minute program) – **Voices That Heal, Comforting and Uplifting Songs.** Chad Sonka, baritone, and Sara Breyfogle, music therapist.

To access Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

6 p.m. – SVF/Performance *Virtually Live (30 minute performance) – **These Days with Peter Lake.** Peter Lake, performer.

To access Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Sunday, May 10 at 5:30 p.m. – SVF/Presentation *Virtually Live (30 minute presentation) – **Celebrating Mothers.** Emily Yocum Black, performer. To access Facebook Live: Savannah Voice Festival website and click on the link for the lecture.

Tuesday, May 12 at 11 a.m. – Docent Training/Exterior Introductions – New Tour/Zoom

Thursday, May 14 at 10:30 p.m. – Volunteers make a video/New tour experience

Tuesday, May 19 at 11 a.m. – Davenport House Committee meeting/Zoom

Thursday, May 21 at 8:30 a.m. – DH Endowment Directors/Zoom

Old Southern Cookery – Book Launch/Savannah – All to benefit the DH/HSF. See order blank included

Tuesday, May 26 at 6 p.m. – Virtual time with professor and cookbook author **Christopher Hendricks. Book launch** at the DH. Information on how to tune in is forthcoming.

Wednesday, May 27 at 6 p.m. – Virtual time with Professor and cookbook author **Christopher**

Hendricks. Cooking demonstration from his kitchen. Information on how to tune in is forthcoming.

Thursday, May 28 at 6 p.m. – Virtual time with professor and cookbook author **Christopher Hendricks. Virtual cocktails and cookbook conversation!** Information on how to tune in is forthcoming.

Friday, May 29 – Virtual Launch/**DH Virtual Tour!**

SHOP NEWS:



OLD SOUTHERN COOKERY is on its way. Last week while we were on a Zoom conversation about publicity for Christopher Hendrick's new cookbook, his author's copies arrived from the publisher and we got to see him open the box! We were afraid the coronavirus was going to stop the presses, but it did not. Our supply of books should be in by mid-May.

The DH/HSF will present a series of virtual experiences to promote the publication on social media in May. You will hear more about this and how you can tune in.

Book synopsis: The Davenport House Museum/Historic Savannah Foundation is so excited to be part of the cookbook project. Christopher Hendricks and his mom, Sue Hendricks, have put a new spin on time-tested recipes from Mary Randolph's famed 1824 bestselling cookbook, *The Virginia House-Wife*. They

have chosen the best of the original recipes to show how home cooks can use contemporary methods to prepare delicious dishes. The book contains forewords written by Davenport House Museum Director Jamie Credle and former HSF President & CEO Daniel Carey. Each recipe includes the original version and the updated, modern version. Inquire about *Old Southern Cookery: Mary Randolph's Recipes from America's First Regional Cookbook Adapted for Today's Kitchen* at the DH.

And, please let the world know about this book! It benefits the DH /HSF and is a terrific publication. We are puffed up with pride.

The cookbook is priced at \$26.95 (plus delivery).

Order information: You may call the DH on weekday business hours to order books – 912-236-8097. You may fax the information below – 912-233-7938.

Or you may email it to shop@davenportmuseum.org
Or you may mail at check made out to **Davenport House Museum** to: DH Shop, 119 Habersham Street, Savannah, GA 31401

Old Southern Cookery **Order Information Needed**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Cost = \$26.95 + tax = \$28.84

Total books ordered: _____

Sales total = _____

Credit Card Info:

Type: Visa Mastercard American Express

C.C. #: _____

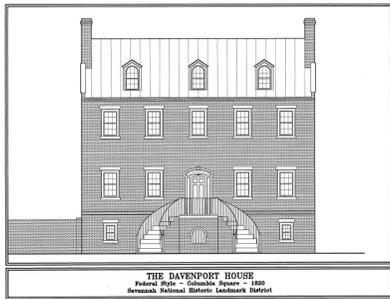
Expiration Date: _____

CCV: _____

Inscription(s): _____

DOCENTS:

TRAINING VIA ZOOM IN MAY—
TOUR BEGINNINGS



On Tuesday, May 12 at 11 a.m. **Jamie Credle** and **Nancy Hubbard** will present a training on Zoom to introduce a new way to give tours. Because of social distancing, tours will be introduced in the square. This is our opportunity to finally discuss the exterior of the house and to reinforce the history of the preservation movement when you can see the Kehoe House, the Francis Stone House and the Sheftall House all at once. Nancy will elaborate on the architecture and the preservation movement. Jamie will discuss Savannah's city plan and other points of interest. An invitation to the meeting will go out to all docents. Please plan to attend. If you are unable to tune in, information will be emailed to you.

- To get us comfortable with the new tour arrangements, volunteers have agreed to make a few videos about the protocols and the new tour experience. Stay tuned. They will be fun.

JUNIOR INTERPRETERS:

This is a bittersweet time for our JIs as they have missed dreamed about

milestones in their high school careers. We send them love and good wishes and we want them to know that the DH will always be in Savannah for them. One day we will celebrate again with them.

- Seniors News: **Naia Cookson** is weighing college options. **Adam Davis** will attend Georgia Tech where he plans to study architecture. **Meghan Ellis** will attend Notre Dame. **Lily Kashmar** will attend Georgia Tech. **Sian Michaels** will attend the University of Massachusetts Boston. **Alex Perpinan** will attend the University of Georgia. **Becca Robinson** will attend Agnes Scott College with a full scholarship. **Tiana Ruden, Savannah Arts Academy Class of 2020** valedictorian, will attend Princeton on a full scholarship. Know that our friend **Kate Bosen** will graduate with a BS degree in Music Technology from Georgia Tech in May. Docent **Rachel Hickman** completed her BA in Art History from the Arizona State University in spring and will attend graduate school in Art History/Museum Studies at Syracuse University in the fall.

DONATIONS IN APRIL

Gillian Brown – 200th Birthday donation

Ann Lytle – Coronavirus relief

Paul and Julianne Collin

Margaret Mercieca

Fran Molettieri – 200th Birthday donation

DH'S 200TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

SPONSORS (We have postponed the event.)

ABR

Ann Lytle

Mermaid Cottages

Old Savannah Tours

Charles Taylor & Samir Nikocevic

LOSS OF ROD MACKAY, AGE 62

We received word that Roderick MacKay passed away on April 29 after a brief illness. What a shock. He had only recently stepped away from working in the shop so that he could spend more time tutoring students in history. Rod was a stalwart of the DH community and was a regular at parties and celebrations before he retired from teaching public school in 2014.



Rod with Helen Waters..

In order to get a museum education program into the classroom, it often takes *that one person* who believes in a project to make it happen. In 2005 it was Rod MacKay who made it happen for the DH. Just as Hurricane Katrina was storming through Louisiana, MacKay agreed to recruit for his Savannah Arts Academy American history classes for the DH Junior Interpreter Program. For the next nine years he recruited students and conducted "a true" lottery for the 15 participants in the annual program. What a dream to have fifteen high-achieving high school sophomores eager enough to come after school over eight weeks to learn our story. What could have been considered a geeky bore became a sought-after experience because of Mr. MacKay's advocacy.

Rod was a rigorous and beloved teacher, who believed in content mastery. He never understood how you could be proficient in history if you did not read, listen to a lecture, or visit a museum.

We became familiar with Rod in 2003 through his son, Keith, who was the

DH's first Assistant Director. He introduced the DH to his dad. Keith is now the Executive Director of Wilton House Museum in Richmond, VA.

On retirement, Rod headed back up to his native Minnesota. We thought we would never see him again. Then one summer evening in 2016 during a jazz concert in the garden, in walks Rod saying "I'm back." He could no longer tolerate the cold winters and loved Savannah too much to stay away. Between then and April 28, he was one of those wonderful people who make the DH a special place. His rapport with visitors was delightful, while closing out the shop drawer was always a challenge. We loved it when he was in the house because we knew we were with a fellow traveler – a history geek in his element.

Rod leaves behind three adult children – two sons and a daughter, his mother, and friends at the DH.



VOLUNTEER SPOTLIGHT

Ann Lytle

Where are you from?

Ann: Pittsburgh!

How did you end up in Savannah?

Ann: I visited it. I loved it. I moved here. When I got here I did not know anyone!

DH: *How did you come to be associated with the Davenport House?*

Ann: Archie and Sally Davis took me to the fundraiser at Elizabeth on 37th. I met a lot of people and loved them. Then I came to all of the programs – Teas, Madeira, Walking Tours. I just loved the whole idea. My friend Lucy Hitch gave me The Book. She is a relative of one of the 7 Ladies. She filled me in on their good work and their stance, "No. We are not going to tear this down." At some point Daniel Carey of HSF and Jamie took me to lunch at B. Matthew's and I became an Endowment Director.

What should we know about you?

I am a covid-19 survivor! In June I will be 81 and I have diabetes but I am here. Even though I am vulnerable, I made it through. It was hard. I did not go to the hospital. I knew when I lost my sense of taste that it must be the virus. I was tested and it came back positive. Now I am three weeks symptom free. I go out to walk and have energy.

I made it through because of my faith. Having lost my husband and then my son in November 2018, it is faith that carries me through. It never leaves me. I recovered in the Easter season which symbolizes new beginnings. At the end of the day there is hope and love. And with faith there is nothing to fear. What is happening is a spiritual wake up call. There are so many unknowns with the virus. The way to get through it is to love each other, not hate each other. Hate is worse than the virus itself.

As they say, "This too shall pass." Have faith.



See the article about reopening the Museum on the last two page of the newsletter

Can you make it through the long article below?

If you can make your way through this long – very long – remembrance of Reverend Henry Kollock, you will get the full measure of what his loss meant to Savannah. We always say that 1820 was a rough year because of the effects of the 1819 economic downturn, the January 11 fire and the yellow fever epidemic. But, the year began (literally on January 1) with the burial of the Davenports' (among others) spiritual leader and friend, Henry Kollock. Savannahians entered into the year without the comforter of the community.

The obituary took up four columns in the newspaper. We have broken it up with notes and boldfacing for emphasis

Communicated for *THE GEORGLIAN*.

TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH. REV.DR.HENRY KOLLOCK

A good name, is a precious Ointment.
Solomon.

"The wint'ry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue: No,
they speed
Beneath the heavenly beam of
brighter suits,
Through cloudless ages, into higher
powers."

[Independent Presbyterian Church] Since the demise of one of the best of men, I have never entered the sanctuary of the church, which he so lately adorned, without peculiar reverential feelings; they were of a character not easily ex-

pressed, and such as I would not wish to repress, as the result of an event, afflicting as it was unexpected. With every part of the sacred and elegant building, so lately erected, and which he had but just dedicated to the Author of all beings, there was an association created with man, which, while it renewed all the warm attachment I have long felt for one who was so good, produced a correspondent regret for a loss wholly irreparable.

[The building is different without him. He can hardly bare it.]

On entering the aisle of the church, yesterday, a feeling of a more elevated order was produced, and the sensibilities which had partially laid dormant, were rekindled, and glowed with an increased ardour. The wound, which had scarcely become cicatrized, was opened afresh, and again made to bleed. From the columns, the pulpit, and the pillars, the sable covering had been removed, with which they had been shrouded; and they were exhibited as they were not many weeks since. My mind reverted to the occasion which had produced the eternal emblem of grief; and, involuntarily I asked myself, what change is this, or for what were these mourning habiliments put on? Who was it merited such distinguished honor? To whom was this signal mark of respect offered? What individual has been among us, who has left behind him such great regret, as to cause



the house of God to be converted to the “house of mourning,” and that place so lately cheered by the presence

of *some one*, now made almost desolate? 'Twas Kollock! It was him who lately adorned and dignified the pulpit, from whose sacred desk he did proclaim the truths of the gospel, in a manner which gave evidence of his sincerity; and which evinced a firm conviction of its holy essence; thus he expounded its principles, and declared what was good for the salvation of mankind. He labored with all the zeal of a Christian; with a perseverance worthy the noble cause in which he had embarked his time and talent; and, while thus doing honor to the profession, he showed his love for his fellow men.

[How it is that he has not been eulogized in a public forum. Then I will do it.] Reminded each successive Sabbath of man who has left us for “another, and a better world;” and a melancholy remembrance being excited of one who was, *but is no more*, I have been forced to enquire, why has not some honorable testimonial been offered to his memory? How has it happened that so much goodness should be suffered to depart with no more than silent tokens of sorrow, while so much that is worthless is sung in the measured strains of fulsome adulation? Silence, perhaps, best became the excess of grief, and words could but faintly convey what the sorrowing heart felt. — All acknowledge the worth of Kollock: his excellence was admitted by everyone; yet who has offered, (if only in obedience to the mandates of custom,) that just tribute, which was due to merit?

What panegyrist has volunteered to proclaim to the world, the exalted traits of character in a man, which to know was to love and admire? To love for his goodness, and to admire for its disinterestedness. It seems to me, that while all were willing to offer tribute due to departed worth, the subject, intimidated by its magnitude, and ordinary minds were appalled at the effort to do it justice. But if the name of Kollock has been

unsung, and the strains of poesy have been brought forth on an occasion for which they were so well fitted; still has the anguish of our grief been most solemnly and bitterly expressed; and with feelings of great poignancy we have said, our beloved pastor is gone, and we shall no more look open his like again.



[Why you eulogize someone.]

Eulogy is, in general too cheaply purchased; and posthumous praise is too frequently a servile offering to men, who while living, were “unhonored and unsung.” What eulogy, I would ask, is too high for our late Kollock? In what language could we express the feelings of love which pervaded every breast for him who was rivetted in the affections of the people, and exalted of their esteem? For myself, I most freely confess, I have not the materials, nor yet the talents to do even common justice to one whose name I venerate, and whose memory I most fondly cherish. Gladly would I devote much time to proclaim his excellence to the world to portray all varieties of a character, which, singly or combined, excited our esteem, I would dwell on the pleasing subject with lingering procrastination.

I am, I say, incompetent to the task, and while I would almost blush for the neglect of others, who have not offered the meed of honorable and just praise to the memory of our late pastor, I will not make any apology for this feeble effort. Let it be received as the freewill offering of one who knew him well, and who loved him for his virtues.

Beside the great importance of biography, as bearing the faithful record of the action of men, and not of nations; posterity has a just claim upon the colleagues of those who may have been illustrations for their virtues and their talents, and failing to record them, is to do injustice to the latter, and to rob history of what is fairly due to it. An intimate acquaintance with the individual is necessary to preserve much of what else would be speedily obliterated, minor beauties of character, delicate traces of refinement, peculiar features of mind, best seen and felt in the retirement of domestic life, will soon be lost amidst the whirl of passing events, and these things which so often and so truly pourtray the unmasked character of man, and offer the most instructive lesson to the living, are thus buried in oblivion, unless snatched from it by some one who has been the bosom friend, the intimate associate.

[Struck down while he was still vigorous.] The melancholy event which made our city to mourn so heavily, was not an ordinary kind, and it excited no common sensation. Men sorrowed as if some mighty evil had befallen them, and truly they had great cause; they had lost their beloved friend; he, whom but lately they beheld in the fullness of health, and they had lost him for ever! He was suddenly snatched from us while he was yet in the vigour of manhood, and though he had not arrived to the period usually allotted for men to live, yet, if we measure his life by the extent of his usefulness, and the honor he had acquired, he was not short, or, as has been said of a most distinguished ancient, "he had attained a mighty length of days."

Men of common characters, and of no character, die every day; they are scarcely missed from amidst the crowd, and their place soon sup-

plied, but the chasm created by the final departure of man who was beloved by all, and who filled up so wide a space in the circle of associations is with difficulty closed.

[Skills as a speaker from the pulpit.] We no more hear his voice from the pulpit, from which for so many years he had charmed us by his eloquence, convinced us by his reasoning, and improved us by his learning in our accustomed walks we do not meet the man whose affability was so distinguished trait in his character: to all men he was mild and courteous, winning them by his ease and openness of manner, for in it there was nothing disguised or ambiguous. Again, and who, amidst his extensive acquaintance cannot bear evidence of the fact, that at our fire-side he was the cheerful companion, and instructive friend? It was in the privacy of the domestic circle that his amiableness won upon our hearts and it was when he was surrounded by his friends, that the beauties of his mind and the extent of its resources, shone so conspicuously in the power of his conversation. Alas! this cheerful companion, yet so full of meekness, this instructive friend, so learned, yet so modest has ceased to enliven us by the sprightly anecdote, and to teach us by maxims of wisdom.

[He was a rare man.] From the promiscuous multitude, and the giddy throng, a thousand would not create the vacuum produced by the demise of one great and good man. Their places I repeat would be speedily filled, but exalted virtues and splendid talents, unbounded benevolence grasping the words of reason, life and sense, combined with that perseverance in rendering kind offices, in which the fortitude of the Christian was strongly marked, are rare qualifications, should be fixed above all price, and when lost, should be registered

amidst the most dire calamities, which suffering mortality is liable.

If none but the bad died, though we should not rejoice at the dispensation of Providence, our regret would not be so poignant, and it would be somewhat consolatory that the portion of evil was diminished; but it is difficult to restrain the exuberance of feelings by excessive lamination, on such an occasion as this, when a good man has forever closed the career of his usefulness – Our late friend was much more than good. With extraordinary talents he combined a purity of character, which equally commanded our love and excited our admiration, and with his union of learning and virtues, be added an active but unostentatious zeal for making both beneficial to his fellow-man. His piety was not of the passive but of the active kind. He was not content with the devout offering of admonitions from the sacred desk, for he carried them to every domicile, and by the holiness of his, he enforced the precepts he inculcated. Every circle was illuminated by his wisdom: those who were blessed with his company saw him depart with regret, and were forced to declare, that while they were improved by it, they felt an increase of attachment for him whose heart ever beat in unison with every fine and tender feeling, -- by that charity

"Not bounded by time, nor subject to decay,"

Which consists in the love of Deity, working by a love for our neighbours.

I repeat, when such men are taken from us, it calls for our deepest sympathy; and in the warmth of feeling, we are almost compelled to murmur at so great a bereavement. In the moment of high excitement, we are prone to murmur at the behest which has issued from the

Throne of Grace; and impiously dare to scan the ways of God to man. Yet, surely, there is something inscrutable in them. Why are such men cut off in the midst of their usefulness? Why is the sum of human happiness so much diminished; and the circle of our rational pleasures so greatly narrowed? Is it to teach us the uncertainty of our existence, or to wean us from an attachment to life? We want no such evidence for the occurrences of every day furnishes us ample proof of our mortality, and we are thereby admonished that ere long we shall be ushered to the tomb. Death is continually stalking amidst us; casting his darts whichsoever way he pleases, unmindful on whom they fall. We are constantly reminded of the instability of mind and matter, and that soon we shall mingle our frail bodies with the dust. In a world, I say, where there is a scarcity of worth and talent, it is truly lamentable when we are compelled to notice their diminution. Painful and mortifying as it is, religion directs our quiet submission to the will of an Omnipotent Being; and we are charged not to scrutinize to closely into that which is “past finding out.”

The practical life of Doct. Kollock, was comment on the orthodox principles he inculcated. In it there was no “variance or shadow of turning,” for piety walked with him; his counsellor and his guide to more extatic pleasures, and un fading glory. His was a life of innocence, mildness, patience and of fervent zeal for the promotion of genuine piety, virtue and social happiness. With a sensibility which I would call amiable and which medical men might say was morbid, us being too easily excited; he possessed a most manly vigor of intellect; and a store of useful knowledge which we rarely see united in the same individual.

I have seen men, who were learned, but not wise; and if we define wisdom to consist in knowledge of divine and human things, or in that power which enables men to judge always aright, of what concerns their temporal affairs, or the accumulation of riches, the amiable man who has just left us was not wiser, but we say that which moveth God to work is goodness, and that which ordereth his work is wisdom then *he* who has just quit a world for which he was too good, was wise.

In the active performance of every pious and friendly duty, in the ardent zeal he uniformly evinced for every thing in which charity was concerned; he was conspicuously alert, and eminently good. He never shrunk from the arduous vocations which devolved on him during seasons of great sickness and distress, for no fatigues discouraged, and no dangers appalled him. Who was it that visited the sick and administered to his comforts? ‘Twas Kollock! Who was it, under the anguish of disease, poured in the balm of consolation, and smoothed the rugged passage to the tomb? ‘Twas Kollock! Who was it; when to disease was superadded the privation of every comfort assuaged the asperity of suffering by *nameless* courtesies? ‘Twas Kollock. Who was it, in fine, when the forlorn and wretched victim was about to close his life on all terrestrial things had a fairer prospect opened to his view, in a world “not made by hands, external in the heavens” by proclaiming the exhilarating truths of the gospel. ‘Twas Kollock! It was he who was the kind friend, when friendship was most required, who administered comfort when it was most wanted: and who under circumstances appalling in their nature, thought no sacrifices or privations too much to be endured.

Should we not then grieve with contrite spirits when such men depart, who narrow the circle of our enjoyment, by taking from us so prolific a source of them? Let us, I say, mourn with anguish for so great a bereavement. In deploring a calamity like the present, we should be stimulated by the bright example of so much worth exciting so much love while living, and such sincere regret when dead, to model our lives like *his*, that we also may add to the sum of moral and religious excellence in a world, where truly, there is no overstock of either. There will be, I fear, but few imitators; and I regret to think, there are not many who will merit the distinguished tokens of love, with the mourning expressions of the heart which burst forth when all that was amiable in virtue or exemplary in piety, was consigned to the tomb. It was the ebullition of refined feelings to denote poignant grief.

[What happens to the body] But oh! What were mine, when I saw the body of my late friend put into the grave! Yes; into a hole in the dirt I involuntarily averted my eyes from the painful scene; and I could not avoid exclaiming in silent tones—Who am I, of what am I made; and for what was I created?

Indeed I stand aghast when I look at the picture of the horrible deformity which a few short days, or weeks, work upon our bodies. My imagination shrinks with disgust from contemplating the dismal change which takes place after animation ceases, and I cannot bear to view, even in fancy, that process which goes on in the grave. It excites a melancholy reflection, and a painful association of mouldering, which symmetry and loveliness. Who then but must look on death but with horror, and shudder at the approach of that, which converts all *that* is blooming and enchanting into what is disgusting and hideous?

Such is the change ere dust returns to dust: and I would rather myself see the relic of a friend, or one dearly loved in life, were it but a particle of ashes, closely secured by an hermetical seal, than to know his body was entombed with bright escutcheons, where worms will creep and riot in the luxury of a dismal decay. But though the reflection is painful, of what the body will become after the vital spark is extinct, of what moment is it that the *form* of matter should be changed?

Then why should I repine or murmur at the material part of my body sharing the fate of Kollock's?

Of *such* a victim I would, if I could, have deprived the grave; and from the grim tyrant I would have snatched the scepter of destruction, ere it robbed the world of so much usefulness.

I would fain dwell on the subject, and portray in stronger colors, all the excellencies of a character who served as a model for others. I would verriessly [?] his life, and develop a tissue of wide spread and unostentatious benevolence; I would open the store-house of his knowledge, and depict the masterly and persuasive powers of his eloquence in the pulpit. In him, virtue seemed to possess new powers of fascination; and piety, cloathed in garb of humility, increased the number of votaries. Viewing him as a man, he must be loved; and as a "laborer in the vineyard," while he was one of the most humble, he was one of the most successful. Of his literary character I cannot do better than say of him as it was an illustrious author of the 17th century; that "we cannot sufficiently wonder at the riches or power of his mind; at the penetration which no depth could elude, that comprehension for which no subject was too large; that vigor which no subject was too large; that vigor which no labor

could exhaust; that memory which no pressure of acquisitions could subdue."

Such is the indistinct outline of the late reverend and regretted Doct. Kollock; he whose death we so sincerely deplore. The closing moments of his existence evinced the serenity of his mind, and the firm confidence of a Christian. To live or die such a death, would be to secure good will on earth from all mankind; and lay a foundation for that future happiness which is promised to those who walk in the paths of righteousness, and who, in all things do the will of the Lord.

He "taught us how to live – and oh! Too high (The price for knowledge) taught us how to die"

Oft will I take a melancholy pleasure in strolling alone amidst the mouldering monuments and decayed mounds of our cemetery, to trace out the half obliterated name of some friend or worthy, whose remains are mingled with the mould which covers his body. Pursing the dismal search,

" _____ Where sparkling marbles show

What worthies form the hallow'd mould below,"

I will look for some unadorned pillar, or decent tablet, (as best fitted for that modesty which hid so much virtue and learning) that I may catch the name of one, who, though he neither held the reigns of impartial dignity; or triumphed in the blood-stain'd field, of one, who neither envied the stateman's glory, nor the warrior's dazzling fame, pursued a more tranquil and noble course, to fulfil a higher and more important destiny.

It will recall to my recollection, and revive the pure feeling which I ever had when I enjoyed the converse of a man.

"Who taught and led the way to Heaven --

Next to these chambers where the mighty rest,

Since their foundation came a nobler guest;

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed

A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."

Then while bending o'er the grave which encloses the mortal part of an amiable friend, I would pluck from it every noisome weed, that it might be decorated only by flowers – I would water them with my tears, and sigh to think how frail we are! Translated to an ethereal world, where no cares intrude, and no rude tempest blow to ruffle the calm serenity of thy disembodied spirit, shall we implore the aid of fancy to picture us what new employments are assigned thee? May we not indulge in vision, and revel, not merely in the fond hope, but in the assured belief that thou art among the most blessed of spirits – soaring amidst the choicest throng of seraphims, singing the praises of thy Maker, to whom thou did'st devote thy life!

"In what new region, to the just assign'd,

What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?

A winged Virtue, through the ethereal sky,

From world to world, unweari'd does he fly;

Or curious, trace the long laborious maze

Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angles gaze?

Or, dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,

A task well suited to thy gentle mind?"

AMICUS

The Georgian. March 20, 1820.

DH CLOSED: MONTH TWO

Here we are six weeks into the coronavirus shut down. The time away from daily tours and normal operations provides opportunities to do long delayed projects and to think deeply about museum services and functions. The floors throughout the house are freshly waxed and catering supplies have been moved from the attic to the basement level. Staff members are connecting with colleagues in town and across the country through Zoom (which they did not know existed in February) seeking information, guidance and fellowship. We now use Zoom for internal meetings such as weekly DH staff meetings, the Davenport House Committee, DH Endowment Directors, and Historic Savannah Board of Directors. We also use it to make crucial contacts with volunteers – docents and Junior Interpreters. It is crucial because the DH needs to stay connected to its people! And most vitally, much of our energy and consideration is focused on reopening and what that will look like.

With the unmatched state of change, there is as yet no fixed date to reopen and our plans are fluid. So what is said here may not be what actually transpires. And, what transpires may not be what we keep for the short term or the long term. Everything we have built at the DH has been about “being here” and touching people both figuratively and literally. We ask: “How do you turn our entire *business model* in a different direction on a dime in the middle of a pandemic?” I imagine it is like a parent of a graduating senior who is missing the dreamed about milestones. All you want to do is make it right and make it right now, but you know you can’t make it what it was expected to be. What WE can do is

create something that is acceptably different, if we work together with sincerity.

We feel pressure to innovate and make broad creative changes because how we did things in the past will not work anymore. By that I mean providing a docent-led tour of an urban house for 16 patrons at one time. Generally speaking, innovation and creativity take money, if it is going to add up to anything. For example we have been reluctant to go the audio tour and app tour route because of the cost - \$2,500 to \$6,000 - and because we have always had something better – a live person - a docent – to do the work. Our strongest suit is the enthusiastic presentation of the Museum to the public by live people. We hope we will continue to have docents willing to give tours, if we provide a safe environment for them to do so. And, if we were to have the funds to execute an audio tour program, would we want to rush it in order to have it ready for opening in late May or June? One of our leaders mentioned it might be prudent to be in the middle of the pack, as ideas are voiced instead of rushing out and getting everything that is recommended right now. There is often advantage (and savings) in hanging back to see what will work.

While we are talking about money, this is the first time in memory that the DH has not been able to meet its commitment through income it brings in the door. Even during the downturn in 2008-2010, it chugged along. We, like every other nonprofit in the country, are in survival mode. Now as never before, the DH and HSF are intertwined in the mission to keep the institution alive. Neither side has a secret stash of money. Donations, prudence and our volunteers are going to see us through. And, this is the primary rea-



TWO THINGS BEFORE THE DH REOPENS

1. **Get the Green Light**
2. **Insure Safety**

son (and the big reason) we cannot spend hunks of money on new equipment.

When we get the word that it is safe to reopen, we will hit the ground running – with our usual superior but adapted product - an authentic, enlightening, enriching and entertaining story of this city. This is what we think will work:

TRAINING/COMFORT/ UNDERSTANDING:

All plans will be reviewed and adapted by staff and volunteers. Training will give workers with a comfort level to provide a lively experience for our visitors.

COMMUNICATION:

We will provide a statement about the DH/HSF’s commitment to the safety and health of its staff, volunteers and patrons, which details that our cleaning and sanitizing processes show adherence to social distancing parameters and explains to visitors and staff actions to insure conformance to the new reality. We will back the statement up with action. This statement will be posted by the entrance, in rest rooms and on the web.

CLEANING AND SANITIZING:

We will create a list of all “touch points” and explain how each will be cleaned and sanitized (as well when and by whom). The list will include doors, handles, writing implements, counters, handrails, etc.

WORKERS:

WORKER'S HEALTH: The temperature of all staff and volunteers will be taken on arrival at the DH with a forehead thermometer. Anyone with a temperature over 100 degrees will be unable to work that day. Sick people will not be allowed to work.



MASKS AND SHIELD: The DH will have clean plastic face shields to be used by docents that will offer protection and allow for patrons to hear, see facial expressions and read lips. These will be worn when executing tours in front of guests. Docents will have a mouth and nose covering (mask, scarf or bandana) as supplemental covering. The DH will offer linen face masks (which will be laundered daily) for docents and shop workers to use if they do not have their own.

GUESTS:

Signage: Visitors will be asked to self-regulate. *If you feel ill, please do not enter.*

Nose and Mouth covering: Guests will be asked to cover their nose and mouth – with a scarf, bandana or mask.

Gloves: Guests will be asked to wear disposable gloves as they traverse the house to preserve the handrails which cannot be sanitized with strong cleansers.

TOUR EXPERIENCE:

After purchasing admission in the shop, guests will experience an in-

formative tour consisting of a video orientation, an introduction in the square and a self-guided experience in the house museum.

Groups of no more than 10 patrons will be allowed to visit the house at intervals yet to be determined (probably every 15 minutes)

Guests will either be escorted to the garden or the Kennedy Pharmacy.

The video will be shown in the Kennedy Pharmacy. Chairs will be spaced as per social distancing recommendation.

- **The docent** will spend more time than ever outside the building.
- **The docent** will walk visitors to the square to begin the tour.
- Interpretive points for the tour introduction in the square include DH architecture/Federal architecture and other Federal Houses – Francis Stone House, Kehoe House, HSF Headquarters, variety of buildings around the square – design laboratory, Savannah's city plan/growth of the city/urban arrangement/Columbia Square

The docent will lead a group into the house. Social distancing will be explained and reinforced while on tour (*As you enter, step into the house and remain at a social distance for the time you spend inside the house.*) Once the docent has given a brief (no more than 2 minute) explanation of the front hall and parlor level rooms, guests will use a self-guided tour document to move about the first floor.

The docent will explain the time frame allotted for visiting the parlor level and explain how visitors will experience the bedroom level. At some point, either the original docent or another stationed on the bedroom level will discuss the space briefly as visitors are using the self-guide.

The docent will direct visitors to exit the house and meet them in the garden for a tour conclusion.

Visitors will exit the garden (and the Museum) through the Shop. Shop staff will have procedures to insure social distancing which all staff and volunteers will be made aware of.

Touch basket items will only be handled by the docent as visuals.

Scavenger hunt sheets will be sanitized after each use.

AVAILABLE FOR STAFF AND VISITORS:

- Hand sanitizer; Hand soap
- Cups to use for getting drinking water from the public fountain.
- Disposable gloves to use to handle Museum handrails

All of this seems so strange, but as time passes it may become the custom – at least for the short term. We hope the protocols will be accepted by all as a way to leave isolation and re-enter the fascinating world in which we live. We do not expect international travelers to return quickly. We do think residents of the Lowcountry and people from surrounding states are “gonna wanta break free” and come to Savannah to experience what we are known for – hospitality and history. We are getting ready for them – Our Museum depends on it.

Thank you for being part of the future of the DH.

