Part A: Excerpt of a Poem by Richard Frame (1692)

The German-Town of which I spoke before,
Which is, at least in length one mile or more,
Where lives High German People and Low Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen Cloth is much,
There grows the flax, as also you may know,
That from the same they do divide the Tow;
Their trade fits well within this habitation,
We find convenient for their Occasion,
One trade brings in implantment for another,
So that we may suppose each trade a brother;
From linen rags good paper doth derive,
The first trade keeps the second alive;
Without the first the second cannot be,
Therefore since these two can so well agree,
Convenience doth appear to place them nigh,
One in Germantown, t’other hard by.
A paper mill near German-Town doth stand,
So that the flax which first springs from the land,
First flax, then yarn, and then they must begin,
To weave the same which they took pains to spin.
Also when on our backs it is well worn,
Some of the same remains ragged and Torn;
Which in process of time doth waste and fade:
So what comes from the earth, appeareth plain,
The same in Time, returneth to earth again.

Excerpt from “A Short Description of Pennsilvania or a relation of what things are known, enjoyed and like to be discovered in the said Province,” by Richard Frame, 1692.

Part B: Excerpt of a Poem by John Holme (1696)

Here dwelt a printer and I find
That he can doth print books and bind;
He wants not paper, ink nor skill
He's owner of a paper mill.
The paper mill is here hard by
And makes good paper frequently
But the printer, as I do here tell,
Is gone unto New York to dwell.
No doubt but he will lay up bags
If he can get good store of rags.
Kind friend, when thy old shift is rent
Let it to th’ paper mill be sent.