Merry Christmas

When were holiday typographical ornaments first seen?

Every job printer has in his drawer of cast ornaments a few units, at least, of holly borders, poinsettias, bells, ribbons, candles, and wreaths, which stand him in good stead for adorning Christmas cards and yuletide advertisements. I do not have many typefounders' specimens at hand; perhaps study of a collection of such books would bring to light the first of this sort of thing. Certainly it would not antedate the 1840's when the cult of Christmas as we know it was beginning; I have a hunch that it may not go much before 1890.

In an 1885 specimen from the Cincinnati Type Foundry I find no units to be combined for holiday decorations, though on page 149 there is a stock cut (No. 1345, 50¢) of a family about a table saluting the entry of a plum pudding. On the other hand, in American Type Founders specimens from 1900 onward I see page upon page of appropriate decorations in red and green. Sometime between those years the need for typographical yule greenery must have arisen.

I doubt if Christmas cards suggested this project to the typefounders. In the 1890's the most elegant cards were printed by chromolithography rather than letterpress; and like fashionable cards today they strayed far from Christmas subjects. In an old scrapbook of these cards collected by Miss Anna Smith of Northville, Michigan, started in 1883, now in my possession, I find violets, birds' nests, seashells, kittens, lace fans, flowers in slippers—the most apt motives are ivy leaves and edelweiss. I think that the typographic bands of holly and mistletoe were designed principally for tradesmen to enhance their holiday offerings. Will someone who has a number of foundry specimens handy be so good as to tell me, too, whether any of these designs has the touch of an inspired graver about it? Paul McPharlin

Luxurious Literature

One of the strangest and loveliest times of the year is Christmas. It is lovely because there are so many customs common to large numbers of families and it is strange because there is scarcely a family which is without a certain few private habits. It is the customs peculiar to one's own group which are surrendered in times such as these with heavy sorrow. One of the editors feels most sad about the missing numbers of L'Illustration, another bewails the absence of a particular variety of Dutch chocolate apple, while the third editor misses most the long distance 'phone conversations with friends far off. But times and customs change: thoughts of L'Illustration remind us that a century ago, one of the most popular Christmas gifts was one of the several varieties of "Annuals". Our General Library houses an admirable collection of these curiosities which numbered among their authors Longfellow, Poe, Whittier, Wordsworth, Browning, and many another little- and big-wig. We spent an hilarious afternoon, not long ago, whistling at the be-curlled and bustled swooning ladies of the slick steel engravings, aghast at the gaudy stamped and gilded leather or the purple watered silk bindings, and howling with delight at the titles. Oh, they started off simply enough in the earlier years—The Atlantic Souvenir, The Gift, The Keepsake, The Token, and the like, but as the decent, pleasant names gave out, outsider cognomens took their places. Then we find such delicacies as The Polyanthus, The Ladies' Vase of Wild Flowers, Remember!, The Opal, The Rose Bud, The Philopena, The Rural Wreath, or, Life among the Flowers, and Christmas Tyde. But giggle no more; what will our great-grandchildren think of The Quarto?

White Kennett Reprise

In The Quarto, No. 2, we asked about the present locations of the books which once belonged to White Kennett, Dean (later Bishop) of Peterborough. You will remember our saying that his Bibliothecae Americanae Primordia, (London, 1713) is the earliest exclusively American book catalogue. The only reply we have received to our question came from Miss Ruth Grannis, the librarian of The Grolier Club. Miss Grannis tells us that The Grolier Club owns White Kennett's personal copy of his catalogue with his manuscript annotations throughout. Somehow, this seems to us a peculiarly appropriate starting piece for a list of White Kennett books in American hands. Now, please, what and where are the others?
Of Friends

A new friend of the Libraries to whom our thanks are due is Mrs Robert C. Taylor, of New York. Actually Mrs Taylor is a friend of long standing, for she is a connoisseur and a great collector of books, and anyone who loves and appreciates fine books is a friend of ours from "way back". Mrs Taylor has sent us the finest copy of Lanman's History of Michigan (New York, 1839) seen in these parts for many a moon. Modestly assuming that it is of little value, she asks only that her gift will find a home on the campus. Of course it shall. We have liked Lanman for a long time because he had a pretty good idea that Michigan would turn out to be a great state and because he thought "the university of Michigan will exhibit a literary institution, as founded on a wider scale, and with a more liberal endowment, than any other on this side of the Atlantic".

New Yorkers have been especially good to us since The Quarto, No. 3, so we owe particular thanks to one of the alumni group who sent us a generous and welcome check. For the Clements Library and for the Michigan Historical Collections, we have purchased a large bundle of desirable Michigan pamphlets (part of them will find places in the General Library, too) and a collection of letters by Samuel Williams, the early nineteenth century land agent of the Northwest Territory. One of the pamphlets is described in this issue of The Quarto under the heading "Mr Cass, of Michigan".

One of our long-time good friends, William Van Dyke, of Detroit, has filled our cup again with a gift of books. We have bold, large plans for the use of these books and someday, when our kettle is at the boil, we shall tell friends of The Quarto what we have in mind. In the meantime, these are our thanks to Mr Van Dyke.

While we sat disconsolate in our various offices, weeping over the many treasures to be sold at auction among the Alexander Biddle Papers and specifically the fine letters by Nathanael Greene, we received the cheering news that still other New Yorkers — a small group of men who love fine things — would help us buy the Greene letters in which we were interested. The report of their success and our good fortune appears in another column.

The indefatigable Mrs Bella C. Landauer, New York collector extraordinary of important trifles, has delighted our souls by sending the Clements Library the latest of her privately issued catalogues. This one is entitled Pre-Frigidaire Ice Ephemera and comprises a list of her collection of small pieces relating to sales of ice housed in the New York Historical Society. Any one of Mrs Landauer's catalogues (and we shall never forget the Washington catalogue with the small box of candy glued to the front cover) is the perfect answer to the person who complains "There is nothing left to collect".

Catholicity of taste is one thing the University Libraries have, but what delights Librarian Jack hardly tempts Librarian Peter — sometimes. However, both Jack and Peter do enjoy sharing records of early university classes. That is why the most recent of many gifts by Edwin J. Marshall, of Toledo, was a particularly welcome addition to the shelves of the Law Library. It is the History of the Law Class of 1883, by Charles I. York (Ann Arbor, 1889). There must be many more such class histories. Can you find one for us?

Town and county libraries throughout the state have been very generous to the Michigan Historical Collections in helping to gather a permanent collection of Michigan county histories, and the MHC is properly grateful for that help. A few county histories are now lacking. Can any of our Quarto friends give the MHC histories of the following counties: Allegan, Cheboygan, Huron, Ionia, Lapeer, Macomb, Sanilac, Schoolcraft, Tuscola, Van Buren, and Wayne?

Bibliography Burgeoning

George Matthew Adams' gift of his wonderful collection of W. H. Hudson books establishes this university as a Hudson center. The Clements Library has on its staff a Hudsonian determined to essay a definitive bibliography of her idol. We have no intention of discouraging such an enterprise: rather, we invite all Hudsomaniacs to write us regarding their own rarities. The fun of bibliography comes from sharing discoveries — let's have some fun.
The Editors of The Quarto are proud to publish in their first Christmas issue this newly recovered caricature-portrait of Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America from 1778 to 1782. It was found among the sgraffiti on the marble surround of the fireplace in the south front parlor of the Miles Brewton House in Charleston, S.C., and was reported to us by friend Paul McPharlin. The print here first published was made by Mr McPharlin from a photograph supplied him by Miss Susan Pringle Frost, a descendant of Miles Brewton and the present occupant of the house. Concerning the portrait, Mr McPharlin writes: "Family tradition has it that the head was scratched by John André. The house was a military headquarters for Clinton. I think I can see enough resemblance in this head to the portraits of Clinton to make the 'Sir H. Clinton' at the right [placed in this reproduction below] of the head no misnomer. The mouth with protruding lower lip is probably a libel . . . but the pop-
eye and jowl would seem to do the old boy a caricaturist's justice. Is the sketch by André? Look at the sketch of himself, done just before his execution. It shows something of the same short, nervous strokes and reiterated lines. It is amateur work, but the hand is not unpracticed." To secure the lines which appear in the accompanying portrait, Mr McPharlin had a photostat made from the photograph of the marble surround of the fireplace. The veins of the marble and all the extraneous lines and marks were bleached out, while the scratched lines of the portrait and legend were inked over to bring them out more clearly. Then a fresh photostat was made of the pertinent lines alone and, finally, a negative (white on black) photostat was made from which our print was derived.

Knives for the Meat

And now that we are in Charleston, S.C., here is a little letter which turned up among the Greene Papers and about whose author we have wondered much. Who was he who could speak so excellently on March 16, 1782, for us of December, 1945? Apparently he was a Tory resident of the British-held city. Certainly, anyone who could appeal as amusingly in times of distress to the enemy commander must have done something more to escape oblivion.

Sir

Since we have but Little here to eat
Have sent you my knives to carve your meat
Whither they be good or not
They are the Best that I have got

If my request your favour meet
Send me some Cattle on their feet—
Whither they be wild or tame
I'll pay the owners for the same
And sure our Great folk's can't me blame

Whither your friend or enemie
Poets alway's did make free
Therefore Excuse your servant
Fra: Lee
Commonly sister'd Gen: Lee at No 6 in Elliot Street.

NB Among the rest you'll plainly see Two Knives for my name sake Lee.

Moze House

Coo is a town in Belgium, the sound of doves, or a Cockney expression of rapture, but it is not the name of a Dodecanese island, as many of our newspapers tried to convince us a month or so ago. How the fabled and beautiful island of Cos was confused into "Coo" is not explained as easily as the common French error of the 18th century in which Boston appears on maps as "Baston". In this latter case, an enquiring Frenchman probably asked a born Bostonian the name of his town and what the Frenchman heard from the Bostonian lips was put on paper. Very simple—Baston. However, the error of this sort which tickles us most is the one which appears on a French manuscript map of the siege of Yorktown (1781) found among the Clinton papers at the Clements Library. The terms of the British surrender were drawn up by the commissioners in the house of a Mr Moore, just outside Yorktown. The French cartographer who made our map seems to have asked one of the native Virginians whose house it was, because the name which appears on our map is "Moze House".

Lima to Ann Arbor

and Vice Versa

A little-known tragedy of the current year was the destruction by fire of the Biblioteca Nacional of Peru; one of the librarian's most bitter sorrows is the thought of books in flames. There is little one can do after a catastrophe of the sort which shook Peru except help in the rebuilding and offer sympathy. The University of Michigan has done both. We shall be able to express our feelings personally this month to a representative of the Biblioteca Nacional, when Señor Alberto Tauro comes here to study library problems and practices on the campus. We are particularly delighted to welcome Señor Tauro, for it was he who signed the acknowledgement of the University's gift, through the General Library, of about 250 University publications.
1843 vs 1943

Wilson W. Mills, of Detroit, deserves especial thanks, for he rescued us from the doldrums one bright, wintry Wednesday morning not long ago. He whisked out from Detroit and found us figuring madly with pencil and clean white paper how we could afford the blue-wrapped pamphlet on our desk. We told Mr Mills our predicament and now the pamphlet is ours.

Mr Mills' gift is an important expression of one of the great American struggles - the fight of a minority for equality. This particular piece of evidence, coming to us exactly a hundred years after it was printed, engenders sober thoughts, for it is part of the dark background of American living. The most recent recurrence of this design came in the form of the ugly rioting in Detroit last August. Our newly acquired pamphlet is the Minutes of the State Convention of the Colored Citizens of the State of Michigan, Held in the City of Detroit on the 26th & 27th days of October, 1843 (Detroit: William Harsha, 1849). The convention was called to consider the participants' "moral and political condition as citizens of the state". Their principal complaints were that they were not allowed to vote, that they were being taxed without representation, and that they were "deprived of a just and equal participation in the educational privileges of the State, for which [they] are equally taxed to support".

In 1840 there were about 700 negroes in the state of Michigan (in 1940 there were about 268,000); there were twenty-three elected delegates at the 1843 convention. That the pamphlet describing the convention exists is somewhat surprising (only two copies are recorded in the Preliminary Check List of American Imprints, 1796-1850), but that it was printed at all is a miracle. The last page explains how it came about, for there is recorded the following resolution: "... that each member now come forward and plunk down his dollar to the committee on printing, to pay for the printing of the minutes of this convention." The members "planked down" their dollars and there "was found to be $9 cash, with the names of nine individuals with their promises to pay".

Problems of War & Peace

Little by little we add to our important collection of General Nathanael Greene's letters. The latest gift derives from the combined operations of several alumni in New York, who seem to be having fun at the book auctions. They acquired three more Greene letters for us, which puts us once more in their debt.

One of the letters asks the deputy quartermaster of Pennsylvania to come to headquarters. "There is some business of importance to communicate to you which I wish to do today." The day was December 24, 1776, and the next night Washington ended six months of retreat by recrossing the Delaware and capturing a thousand Hessians in Trenton. But the letter continues: "No butter, no cheese, no cider -- this is not for the honor of Pennsylvania." There you are. Even without "chees", Pennsylvania politics still smelled in those days.

Another letter, written in August, 1782, from South Carolina, is quite long. We think you may like to read an excerpt from it: "I am at a loss to conceive how or what turn Continental politics will take should the enemy depart from among us. The lower class of people would follow their business with a view of getting rich, but the upper class would run into factions and party and getting places of honor and emolument. Whether such an event would dissolve or cement our Union is difficult to tell, such strong turns does politics sometimes take."

Cream for the Faces of Women

Our friend Jay H. Schmidt, '16, practiced his profession in the American Expeditionary Forces, 1918, and edited an AEF magazine. After his return he plunged into the business of making cosmetics and the pleasure of collecting books on the history of women's beautifiers. (Secret -- just now his toilettries corporation is doing something very hush-hush about lubricants for airplanes.) Delving into his fine collection of books, recently, Mr Schmidt threw the following note in our direction:

About two thousand years ago Galen described the forerunner of our present day cosmetic cold cream. He directed that wax and oil be melted together, rose water added, and the three ingredients whipped rapidly until cold. Galen's process was used until about fifty years ago, when some chemist discovered that if borax is added to the rose water an immediate emulsion is formed, due to the chemical reaction between the beeswax and the borax.

Recently, while perusing my copy of I Secreti de la Signora Isabella Cortese (Venice, 1561), one of the earlier works on cosmetics, I found a cream described on page 45, under the title "Gremito Molto Bello." While the recipe contains considerable flapdoodle, basically it is the modern method of using borax as the emulsifying agent with beeswax.

Apparently this emulsification trick was well known in the sixteenth century. How it was "lost", only to be "discovered" three and a half centuries later, I leave to some more thorough delver into antiquities than I am.

Fame

One of the triumvirate of editors recently was asked for a sketch of himself for the monthly supplement of Who's Who. Immediately assuming that the reason for this distinction was his connection with this rag -- literary periodical, we mean, he listed among his doubtful honors "associate editor of The Quarto." So there we are, plunk in the November issue, dignity achieved at last. This mention gives us more "tone", we think, than any such notice as "indexed in Reader's Guide" or other stuff.