Grace

“It’s about time for another Quarto.” “Yes, I know.” “What shall we do about it?” Don’t bother me. It’s hot.” “But think of the Public. Any ideas?” “No.” “Neither have I.” “What about sleep?” No answer. “What about eating?” “What’s the matter with women?” “Nothing. Say, did you hear the story — Oh! I’ve got it. Cookery and women!” “Hmm! Not bad. We could let them write it.” “Now you’re talking!” “Hot, isn’t it?” “Amen!”

HORS D’OEUVRES

Caviar and Mixed Pickles

The age of The Quarto prevents us from carrying a selection of side dishes under the heading “Fifty Years ago in The Quarto.” However, there is practically nothing to prevent us from digging into the melange of The Lady’s Magazine and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge... By a Literary Society (The Mind t’ improve & yet amuse) and serving up the following tasty little appetizers as “One Hundred and Fifty-one Years ago in the First American Women’s Magazine.”

The Foreign News for April, 1793, reported that England was in a pet (according to the latest advices from the French National Convention), had withdrawn her ambassador and simply refused to answer any correspondence from France.

Poetical Essays contains “Cupid’s Address to Angry Venus”:

“Dear mother me no longer blame,
My fault with pity view;
For when I lovely B—— prais’d,
She look’d divine, like you.”

We may live without poetry,
Music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends;
We may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

(Owen Meredith)

On May 17, 1793, Mr. Genet, Ambassador from the French Republic to the United States, arrived in Philadelphia. On the 28th of the same month, he dined on board the Frigate “L’Ambuscade” with the Governor and a “number of other respectable citizens.”

At Brookfield died Sarah Noble, in the 102nd year of her age. “She was able to recollect when Knives and forks were first used in New York.” (Are they still used there?)

A letter from Kentucky reports that the Indians are murdering some of the settlers each week, “notwithstanding the truce which the government of the United States conceives now to be existing between them and the Savages.”

“A Lover” wishes the magazine to “give the girls a little sober advice; and instruct me and others how to act, when they have got a giddy young coquette to deal with.”

Fashion—the ton—as always, swishes its skirts. A gentleman writes that “the human figure, we suppose, is perfectly made; let her dress, then, I mean your dress ladies, correspond to that as much as possible. If you place a hump where nature has not, you may think you mend her work, but in fact you spoil it; if you contract the limbs, in compliance with any new fashion, you then, on the other hand, endanger your health, and inevitably commit a trespass on the symmetry of nature.”

SOURS

The Simple Life

If menus collected by the Michigan Historical Collections are a true record of the good life, innocents of 1944, expended by a four-course dinner (and “sodium” chaser) may squirm in shame over the gastronomic abilities of their forebears. In the June prior to the fruitful fall of ‘96, when an abundance of corn and potatoes sold the Democrats down the river, James Burrill Angell celebrated his quarter-centennial as president of the University. The senate and alumni favored President Angell with a little dinner served up in University Hall which was attended by a large gathering, including Henry W. Rogers, Claudius Grant, and Madelon S. Turner. Note well that “hard times” were not yet over, as a result of the panic, and that the fruitful fall was still in the offering.

We are forced to conclude, therefore, that the president’s meal as planned was a measure of frugality.

The guests started the dinner by drinking a bouillon which was followed immediately by a fillet of beef in a mushroom sauce and was accompanied by creamed potatoes. Broiled spring chicken was offered next with a variety of small dishes, such as sardines, salted almonds, olives and radishes. Boned turkey, cold ham, and celery formed a course by themselves and they were succeeded by lobster salad and tomatoes. Assorted cake is billed separately, but we suspect that delicacy accompanied the confectionary, ices and fruits. Cheese (old and ripe, we hope) followed the sweets and the whole meal was topped off with coffee. It seems a pity that President Angell’s quarter-centennial could not have fallen in a more prosperous year.
Sheba's queen liked her beautiful torso,  
For which Solomon cared even morose;  
But the queens of today  
Shape up better, they say,  
So her passing we cannot deplorso.

**FISH**

To Stew a Fish

“Clean the fish & season it with Parsley, Sweet Marjoram, onions, pepper & salt, half a pint of water, a little butter & flour—put these in a dish and set it in the Stew Pan—about One hour will stew it—when in half an hour throw in rather more than half a pint of any kind of wine you fancy”—in a bored sort of way, we suppose, preferably over your left shoulder. Thus did an early Michigan housewife copy down a mid-nineteenth century recipe, along with others. There are directions for Shrewsbury Cakes, Gooseberry (sic) cheese, Mock ice, Kisses, Rum jelly, Excellent Tea Biscuits, Potatoe Pudding, Whip Syllabub, To Preserve Pippins whole, Celery Vinegar, Tomato Mustard, something vague with a lot of flour called “Wiggs,” the inevitable Calves Feet-Jelly, etc.

The little manuscript recipe book from which this information was taken is found in the Michigan Historical Collections. It contains also (without apology) a poem, directions for knitting socks in which you “make the foot 14 rows of holes long before you begin to narrow” (and, off-hand, we suppose it would be time to settle down to something solid after all these holes) and a receipt for $3.50 for ten yards of cloth “bot of Clarke T. Gilbert.”

**ENTREE**

Eggs Birdseye

The first sizable manuscript collection in the room in which this writer spends her days is labelled Baldwin Papers. Of course, they are in the Clements Library because the Baldwins were early American engineers. However, instead of visualizing canals, drydocks, and the Bunker Hill monument when looking at those volumes, the writer (not being mechanically minded) usually sees a row of crisp, red Baldwin apples perched on the shelves. Several experimenters claim the title Finder of the Baldwin Apple, but when the sauce is tasted the name of the originator is found to be Loammi Baldwin, Sr. Curiously enough, the famous original tree is somehow tied up with the building of the Middlesex (Mass.) Canal in the 1790’s, so it is rather an engineering problem after all. And did you know? it is customary to erect monuments to apple trees! The Baldwins, Primate, Northern Spy, McIntosh, and Wealthy apples are all memorialized by markers where the first trees stood.

Another kind of “fruit” among the Baldwin Papers is an egg laid in Loammi’s lap by Nathaniel Appleton:

Sir,  
I shall fully depend upon your making a full experiment of the freezing of an Egg in a paper cage, during this cold weather, as I have advanced the Doctrine I shall be glad to have it confirmed—in haste  
Yrs Hum Srt.  
Nath Appleton

**ROAST**

On the Pan

We count it an honor and a sacred duty to point out the former insufficiencies of Yale and Columbia and the continuing dereliction of Harvard. The two former institutions (the Michigan of the East and Butler-on-the-Hudson) have wisely followed the lead of our University in admitting women to their law schools, but Harvard—that mere accent on the Charles River—spurns them with as much vigor as it can muster.

Yale had a most compelling reason for admitting women, for a Michigan woman, Alice R. Jordan, after she had studied at our University and had been admitted to the bar in 1885, went on to Yale for a degree of Bachelor of Laws. What’s more, apparently to the astonishment and bewilderment of the authorities, Miss Jordan received her degree. It seems that the law school was unable to locate any rule or regulation to prevent the lady from acquiring a degree. However, just to make certain that there would be no repetition of “the Jordan incident”—at least until Yale recovered its academic breath—there soon appeared in the university’s catalogues the following paragraph: “It is to be understood that the courses of instruction above described are open to persons of the male sex only, except where both sexes are specifically included.”

Yale’s embarrassment occurred more than fifteen years after the law school at Ann Arbor had opened its heart to women, for Sarah Kilgore (later Mrs. Jackson Wertman) took her place as the first woman law student here in 1870; she received her degree and was admitted to the Supreme Court of Michigan the following year.

While we enjoy our “roast,” let us sip a glass of good, rich Chamberlin to Miss Jane Cleo Marshall, whom Michigan is proud to record as the first woman of the Negro race to graduate from our law school. Miss Marshall received her A.B. from Howard University and her M.A. from Michigan; she was graduated from the law school in June, 1944.

**VEGETABLE**

Palmetto Cabbage

Very occasionally, a housewife will allow her husband to preside over the kitchen stove or outdoor fireplace—usually so that he can ululate over some delicacy of which she is not fond. We have found in the Nathanael Greene papers in
the Clements Library an evidence
that the men of the Revolution
took quite an interest in cookery
too. Here is part of a letter from
William Pierce, Jr. to General
Greene:

Dear General,

By Paddy I have sent you a couple of
Pulmona Colubrages, by way of variety, and
hope they will afford curiosity at least
to the Appetite—for my part I think
they are a very great delicacy. They must
be boiled in clear Water until they are
thoroughly soft, and then served up in
slices for the Table.—You may eat them
with Vinegar, or with Butter and Peper.

SALAD

Tossed Greens

In 1944 we are beyond the rough
pioneer stages, yet we cling to some
of their best customs. For instance,
scarce a week passes during which
every good housewife in each small
American village does not borrow
(or borrow) something from her
neighbor. It’s no longer a pound
of butter or a cup of sugar, but it
may be a pressure cooker or a
vacuum cleaner. It takes us back
and have been asked for my combs and
apparatus and his pantaloons.

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vacuum cleaner. It takes us back
to an earlier day when essential
things were short, for we recall the
description of early Michigan life
from the pen of a genteel pioneer
in the 1830’s.

Mother wants your sitter, and she says
she guesses you can let her have some
sugar and tea, “cause you’ve got plenty.”
This excellent reason, “cause you’ve
get plenty,” is conclusive as to sharing
with your neighbors. Whoever comes into
Michigan with nothing will be sure to
better his condition; but woe to him that
brings with him any thing like an ap­
pearance of abundance, whether of money
or mere household conveniences. To have
them, and not be willing to share them in
some sort with the whole community, is
an unpardonable crime.

Not only are all kitchen utensils as
much your neighbor’s as your own, but
bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel
from house to house. A pleasant and ef­
fectual mode of securing the perpetuity of
certain efflorescent peculiarities of the
skin, for which Michigan is becoming
almost as famous as the land “twist
Maidenkirk and John 0’ Croats.” Sieves,
smoothing irons, and churns, run about
as if they had legs; one brass kettle is
enough for a whole neighbourhood; and
I could point to a cradle which has
rocked half the babies in Montacute.
For my own part, I have lent my broom,
your thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat,
your thimble, my scissors, my knife,
and have been asked for my combs and
brushes; and my husband, for his shaving
apparatus and his pantaloons.

More of this borrowing and lend­
ing business may be found in Mrs

Caroline Matilda Stansbury Kirk­
land’s absorbing A New Home—
Wholl Follow? Or, Glimpses of
Western Life (1859). If you wish to
pursue the subject, we can offer you
a variety of editions: the Michigan
Historical Collections has an ex­
cellent copy of the first edition,
while the General Library has the
second (1849), the fifth (1855), an
undesignated edition of 1872, and
the first English edition (1845)—the
last being under a different title,
The Settler’s New Home.

Frankly, we are partial to Mrs
Kirkland, so we shall not ask your
pardon for digging again into her
book and coming up with more
about borrowing:

But the cream of the joke lies in the
manner of the thing. It is so straight­
forward and honest, clear of your hypo­
critical civility and servile gratitude! Your
t true republican, when he finds that you
possess any thing which would contribute
to his convenience, walks in with, “Are
you going to use your horses to­day?” if
horses happen to be the things he needs.
“No, I shall probably want them.”
“Ooh, well; if you want them—I was
thinking I’d get ‘em to go up north a
piece.”

Or perhaps the desired article comes
within the female department.

“Mother wants to get some butter; that
‘ere butter you bought of Miss Barton
this mornin’.

And away goes your golden store, to be
repaid perhaps with some greasy, greasy
stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with “Here’s
your butter!”

A girl came in to borrow a “wash­
dish,” because “we’ve got company.”
Presently she came back: “Mother says
you’ve forgot to send a towel.”

SWEET

Ruth Shepard Granniss

One of the best, and best-beloved,
of American bookmen is a woman.
She is Miss Ruth Shepard Granniss,
untily librarian of that
New York focus of bibliographic
interests The Grolier Club. For
more years than one likes to re­
member, Miss Granniss has served
the members of the club (books at
time and tea each Saturday
afternoon) and book collectors gen­
erally as few other bookmen.
She has retired officially, now, but we
suspect that her advice and counsel
will still be sought on matters
bibliophilic just as it has in the
past by some of this country’s most
important collectors of rare books.

FRUIT

Applesauce

Currently exhibited at the Clem­
ents Library is a selection of Army
newspapers and propaganda pieces
published and circulated abroad by
American and Allied forces. All this
material has been sent to the Li­
brary by alumni in the services in
response to a circular sent them.
Army newspapers are represented
and there are four editions of
Yank. The propaganda pieces in­
clude leaflets in Japanese, Ger­
man, Italian, and Arabic, dropped by
our airmen or shot over the lines
by our artillery.

To give the show continuity, the
Library has included examples of
the same kind of material used in
the Revolutionary War, the War
of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil
War, and Spanish-American War,
and the first World War. The only
trouble with pointing up this con­
tinuity is that the invaders’ pro­
nouncements, reassuring the in­
vaded that the approaching army
is actually a liberator and a de­
stroyer of tyrants, begin to read
alike except for changes of date
and place.
Rare-bit

On the corner of Main Street and Miller Avenue in Ann Arbor stands a monument to all-encompassing knowledge flavored with a generous dash of financial wizardry. In 1864 Dr Alvin Wood Chase was able to lay the cornerstone of his magnificent printing establishment built with funds gleaned from the sale of 13,000 copies of his practical gospel entitled briefly: *Dr. Chase's Recipes, or Information for Everybody: an Invaluable Collection of about Eight Hundred Practical Recipes, for Merchants, Grocers, Saloon-keepers, Physicians, Druggists, Tanners, Shoe Makers, Harness Makers, Painters, Jewelers, Blacksmiths, Tinners, Gunsmiths, Farriers, Barbers, Bakers, Dyers, Renovators, Farmers, and Families Generally, to which have been added a Rational Treatment of Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, and other Inflammatory Diseases, and also for General Female Debit and Irregularities, all arranged in the Appropriate Departments.*

Dr Chase was admittedly no quack for in the apologia which prefaces each edition is a record of his travels from Iowa to New York "acquiring valuable knowledge, only gained by practical experience which proved a good foundation for the wonderful book which afterward gained such great Celebrity." to say nothing of his formal education including the attendance of lectures in the medical department of the "State University" during 1857 and 1858 and his graduation from The Eclectic Institute of Cincinnati "in the meantime." From 1860 to 1885, the year of his death, Dr Chase published some 590,000 copies of his "Summa." German editions appeared regularly after 1865; publishers change from one to another until the David McKay edition of 1931. The Michigan Historical Collections and the General Library are eager to find copies of the Recipe Books to add to the University files. Since the editions were many and within themselves varied as to binding, there is a more-than-fair chance that your copy is one which the University libraries would be pleased to acquire.

NUTS

Screwluce

Have you ever heard of Nancy Luce? We hadn't either until we scrambled through a pile of scraps we had been given and came across a small pamphlet entitled *A Complete Edition of the Works of Nancy Luce...* New Bedford, 1875. We've become quite fond of Nancy (she's not one of the Connecticut Luces, being from West Tisbury, Dukes County, Mass.) and especially so because accompanying the pamphlet we found a stereoscopic portrait of the dear old lady with a pet hen tucked under each arm and her head neatly topped by a bandanna—possibly to conceal a coiffure made famous by a later Luce. She looks curiously like Virginia Woolf—although we never expect to see a portrait of Virginia Woolf *avec les poules.*

Nancy's passions in life seem to have been writing poems, naming and caring for her pet chickens. She also mourned for them and erected monuments over their graves. As for naming them: we don't think she achieved quite the distinction some mother found in naming her daughter Phoebe B. Beebe, but Nancy did dredge up such little gems as Letoogie Tickling, Ateryryree Rosecndy, Kalalyph Roseiekey, to say nothing of Reanty Fyfanee. We like best of all the poem headed "Lines composed by Nancy Luce about poor little Tweedle Tedel Bebbee Pinky, when she was a little chicken. And you will find more reading in the book about her."

COFFEE AND—

Clemens Library Bulletin XLII, "Army News and Views in Seven Wars."

Highball

The Capone influence on liquor traffic in Illinois was not a sudden eruption of Prohibition days, but a manifestation of that state's ancient interest in matters alcoholic. General Thomas Gage, not Governor Len Small, was the first to be troubled by the clamor of Illinois inhabitants to be allowed to drink rather than chew their cereals.

This pleasant reminiscence was stirred by sight of a manuscript in the Clements Library sent to General Gage in 1769 by George Morgan "in behalf of the Inhabitants at the Illinois." It is entitled: "Some Reasons why the Distillation of Spirits from Grain ought to be encouraged at the Illinois." The fur trade was unimportant, the petition argued; grazing and agriculture must be the principal occupations of the people. But they could raise much more corn than they could dispose of. What should be done with the excess? Lacking a Henry Wallace to suggest it be plowed under, Mr Morgan urged a distillery. Annual consumption of liquor in Illinois was 10,000 gallons—by a population of about 2,000, mind you—most of which was being imported from the French in New Orleans. Well then, why not keep the money in Illinois?

Mr Morgan's arguments are impressive, and we finished our perusal strongly in favor of letting Illinois irrigate its alimentary canal.