

# THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

## A STORY OF A BOTTLE, A BIRD, A BROKEN NOSE, AND AN ANGRY PRESIDENT WHO 'CUSSED'

**T**HANKSGIVING is an institution of heavy antiquity, but as a peculiarly American national festival it dates only from Thursday, November 26, 1789. The first national Thanksgiving day was perhaps the most exciting ever celebrated on this continent and owes its historic interest to a bottle, a bird, a broken nose and an angry president who rounded out the expression of his wrath with a few well-chosen and forcible "cuss words." Yet all these things were collateral to the main fact that we came near losing Thanksgiving after all, and that all the famous men of the day got into a very bitter quarrel over it and ate a turkey dinner at daggers drawn, so to speak.

The idea of Thanksgiving day originated with Alexander Hamilton, Washington's secretary of the treasury, who, in August, 1789, broached the subject at a cabinet meeting. In September, 1789, Elias Boudinot, a New England member of the house of representatives, introduced a resolution requesting the president to set aside a day of thanksgiving and moved its adoption. The motion was seconded by Roger Sherman of Connecticut. The resolution at once met with opposition. Many members of congress denounced the custom of such observances as effete and monarchical and some members became so personal in their discussions that blows were struck over the matter in the streets of New York, which then was the national capital, the sessions of congress being held in Federal hall.

Jefferson opposed the passage of the resolution as an encroachment upon the boundary line which had been fixed between religion and state, but the resolution passed both houses of congress, and on October 3, 1789, Washington issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation. It recommended that "Thursday, the 26th day of November next, be devoted by the people of these United States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be." It recommended that the people "return thanks for his care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation;" again for, "the favorable interposition of his providence in the course and conclusion of the late war;" for "the tranquillity, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed;" for "the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish a form of government for our safety and happiness," and for "the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we have of acquiring and devising useful knowledge."

The proclamation issued, the burning question arose as to how the day should be celebrated, and over it arose an acrimonious contest. Hamilton proposed a monster procession of dignitaries and military headed by Washington himself. Jefferson's opposition prevented this spectacular exhibition and it finally was determined that the day was a domestic holiday and should be observed in the privacy of the home after the good old New England manner.

This settlement was gratifying to Mrs. Washington, who at once made arrangements to hold a levee in true colonial fashion at the executive mansion on Franklin square. Every one of prominence in the new government was invited, from the chief justice of the supreme court down, and they all came; for in addition to being president, George Washington was a gentleman, and to be asked to his house was a social distinction.

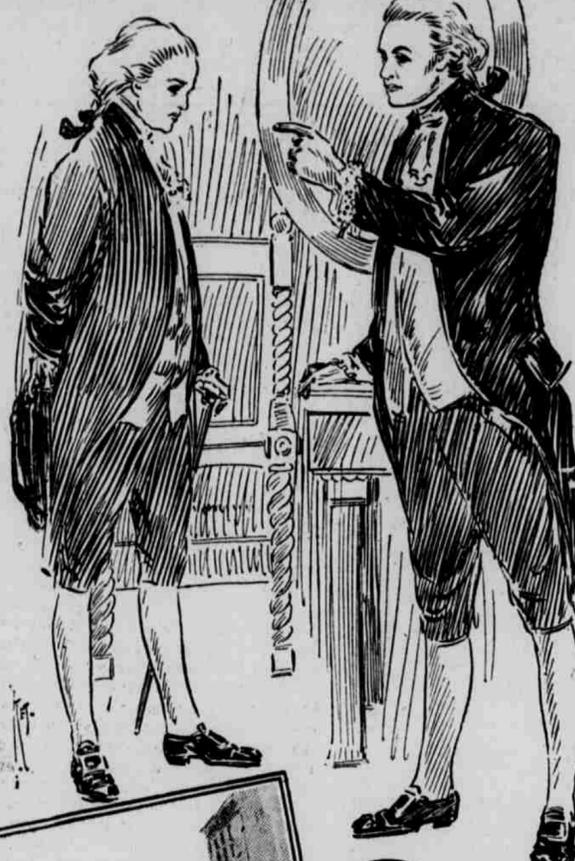
Hamilton, however, eager to do anything calculated to put Jefferson to confusion, proceeded to organize all manner of festivities and observances likely to make Thanksgiving a noisy holiday. Jefferson, on the contrary, held somewhat aloof from the whole thing and looked upon Thanksgiving as a religious contrivance only. By the time the day arrived much unpleasant feeling had been engendered between cabinet factions, and the friction in that quarter also extended itself to the partisans of the cabinet leaders. Jefferson and his friends did what they decently could to ignore Thanksgiving altogether. Hamilton and his partisans did all they could to make the day a "howling success." When the state of affairs became known in Boston and Philadelphia the battle was heartily entered into, and Washington had the mortification of seeing that his day of Thanksgiving for the blessings of Almighty God had become a source of no end of contention.

The day dawned fair and warm for New York. The bells of Trinity rang for an hour, and there was a parade of one regiment, reviewed by Hamilton from Faunce's tavern, the Waldorf-Astoria of New York city in that day. Then the cheering part of the day began, by indulgence in various forms of stimulants, and everyone was no doubt very thankful. Washington went to church in the morning, and at high noon began to receive his visitors at the executive residence.

Hamilton had also arranged a dinner at Faunce's tavern, which is distinguished as being the first official Thanksgiving banquet in our history. Hamilton was to respond to a toast and then go off to the president's mansion, but he was late and the guests sat down to the tables without him. In the course of this dinner a disagreement arose among the gentlemen. A certain Lieut. St. Clair took occasion to assert, upon his honor as a gentleman, that he was entirely sober. An unhistoric personage of whom we know no more than that his name was Tisdal, and that he was a New York alderman and notary, impeached the veracity of St. Clair's assertion and defied him to prove it. The lieutenant threw a bottle at nobody in particular and missed his aim. In an instant all was confusion. And then in walked Alexander Hamilton. The scene that met his gaze, according to John Adams' account, was shameful. Vands

and glassware and gentlemen were "all in a heap." However, they were separated and Hamilton, dreading the effect of the scandal if the episode became public property, did his best to patch matters up. The skeptical alderman appears to have had his doubts upon the subject of St. Clair's sobriety set at rest, but unfortunately there could be no doubt that the lieutenant's nose was broken in the course of the debate, for Hamilton, in his letters, distinctly says so. But we have the same authority for maintaining that a gentleman is at all times justified in insisting that he is sober.

The next thing that happened was a dispute about the turkey. Where was the turkey? It had been brought to the table. There were shouts for turkey, but none was forthcoming. A proposition to dispense with the fowl was hooted down and Hamilton swore—his letters say he swore—that no citizen of the United States should abstain from turkey on Thanksgiving day. They finally got a turkey and



principal dish to the guest of honor, so when the fish was brought on Miss Paciencia changed her seat to one at the colonel's side and carefully selecting the choicest morsels and freeing them from bones and skin popped them into the colonel's mouth. To have demurred would have been a deadly insult to the host, so the colonel was obliged to submit with the best grace he could muster, though the spectacle of a husky American soldier being fed like a baby was almost too much for the self-control of his compatriots, especially when somebody said very softly and distinctly: "Lovey, dovey."

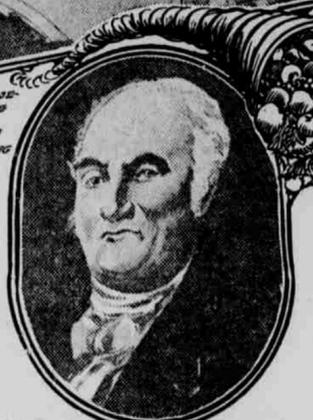
The gallant colonel's ordeal came to an end after a time, but it left him very red and uncomfortable and nursing a firm resolve to accept no more invitations to dine out in the Philippines. It is only fair to the senorita to explain that before she took her place at the colonel's side a knifeboy appeared bearing a bowl of perfumed water and a clean towel, and that she carefully washed and dried her hands.

### Gift Pies for Thanksgiving

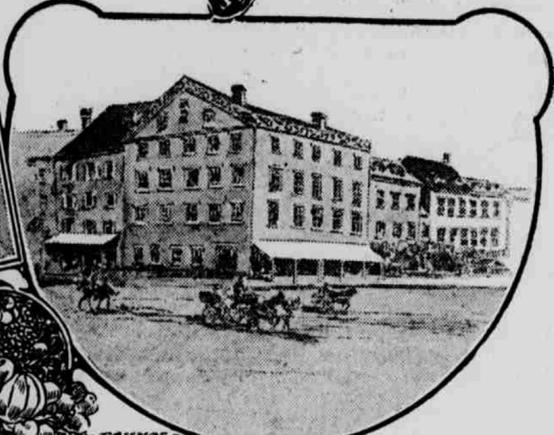
Toy makers are planning a host of delightful surprises for Thursday's celebrations. One need not delve among old books to learn the traditions and amusements of the originators of this feast day. Plenty of entertainment is provided by these favor designers, whose work it is to know how to utilize Thanksgiving traditions in modern surroundings. Pies are always a successful piece de resistance for the dinner or party. Old as well as young find entertainment in hunting for the prizes concealed between ample crusts of crepe paper, and its appearance is a never ending source of joy to the guests. The favorite pie this year is in the shape of a huge basket, large in circumference, deep enough to hold a host of



IN THIS HOUSE IN FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK, PRESIDENT WASHINGTON RECEIVED HIS GUESTS ON THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING NOVEMBER 26, 1789



ELIAS BOUDINOT WHO INTRODUCED IN CONGRESS THE RESOLUTION OBSERVING ANNUALLY A NATIONAL HOLIDAY FOR THANKSGIVING



FAUNCE'S TAVERN ON BROAD AND PEARL STREETS, NEW YORK, WHERE HAMILTON'S FAMOUS THANKSGIVING BANQUET WAS HELD

ate it. Then they drank and cheered and sang songs, and sang songs, and cheered and drank. This little matter attended to, Hamilton made a speech and bled himself to the president's house. Here there had been a dignified observance of the day, but it seems that a rumor of the little row at Faunce's had already reached the president and when Hamilton arrived Washington questioned him about it. The Father of His Country was vexed and angered and indulged in some pointed remarks to the secretary. The president was incensed that a young soldier should have gotten his nose broken in a tavern brawl while professing to be giving thanks for heaven's blessings.

Our first president went so far as to say that it was disgraceful, "by—, sir!" and the secretary of the treasury discreetly withdrew.

History is silent on the subject of the after career of the lieutenant's broken nose, but Thanksgiving day has come down to us intact.

Washington, however, apparently got enough on the first day to last him for five years, for his next Thanksgiving proclamation was not issued until January 1, 1795.

### A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE PHILIPPINES

It was eaten in an old stone hacienda, over whose walls the red, white and yellow roses hung their rich embroidery, and from whose decrepit balconies fragrant starry jasmine waved side by side with the family wash. How much of the excellence of the meal was due to the culinary skill of Jim, the colonel's muchacho, who went into the kitchen to help the Chinese cook, and how much to that almondeyed juggler with pots and pans, could not be determined by the guests, but both claimed the honor.

The table was set out of doors under the shade of an immense arbor del fuego, or fire tree, which a few months hence would be a blaze of flaming blossoms. The chickens roamed about freely among the guests, and occasionally one bolder than the rest would fly up among the dishes. It was etiquette for the nearest guest to shoot it down, otherwise such little incidents passed without notice. The first dish served was the strictly American one of ham and eggs, but as ham is 50 cents a pound in Manila, it was a costly delicacy, and had a better right to appear at the feast than even the fried and roasted chickens which followed. These are no longer cooked in rancid coconut oil since the United States army brought canned butter over the Pacific. You will never appreciate the yellow product of the cow until you have eaten chicken fried in coconut oil. The taste of it stays on the plate

for weeks. It is a Samson among flavors, for nothing else is strong enough to kill it, not even sperm oil, which is its first cousin.

After the fowls appeared a huge baked fish stuffed with onions and red peppers and borne on a platter garlanded with paper flowers. This was what turkey is to the American or roast beef to the Englishman—the piece de resistance of the dinner. American canned beef came next.

doled out in small portions to each guest, for a Filipino will give you almost anything he owns for a can of beef, and so highly does he esteem it that he even saves the empty cans, perhaps to cheat himself or his friends into believing he has a supply on hand, and therefore is a man worth cultivating. A Spanish stew was on the menu after the fish—a genuine olla podrida which, no doubt, was being cooked for supper in Spain when Columbus was sailing westward on his voyage of discovery. Rice, potatoes, minced caribou steak, onions, dried fish—everything in the larder goes into the olla podrida, which is very liberally seasoned with red pepper, so liberally that all the guests fell to weeping over the first mouthful, and the appearance of a pot of jam was hailed with delight. The jam was passed around by a half-naked knifeboy, and everybody took a spoonful, returning the spoon to the jam to be used by the next person. It would be regarded as a grave breach of manners to take a clean spoon.

Then the American guests saw literally the locusts and wild honey of John the Baptist. With the excellent coffee small pieces of honey in the comb were placed at each plate, and a heaping basket of crisp, brown cakes, something like the old-fashioned cookies of New England, was carried around the table by the knife-boy.

"Maco oon ca a-pan, e dill mehimo ca a-pan?" ("Do you eat locusts, or do you not care for them?") politely inquired the host. The cakes were made of locusts stripped of their wings and ground to a fine flour, which was mixed, sweetened, raised the same as other pastry, and baked a light, delicious brown. Anybody who has ever had the curiosity—and temerity—to taste a particularly brown, hard puppy cake will have a good idea of the flavor of the Filipino locust cake, except, of course, it is sweetened. Only one American had courage enough to nibble one, but all the native guests ate two or three. The omnipresent cigarette or cigar arrived with the coffee, and soon the remains of the feast were enveloped in a pale haze.

Senorita Paciencia, the daughter of the house, smoked, lolling back carelessly in her gown of rich black silk with a big cigar between her rosy lips. This same Senorita Paciencia was the innocent cause of much embarrassment to the colonel during the meal. It is Filipino custom for the hostess to feed the

treasures, and with a gracefully arched high handle which is elaborately ornamented with paper chrysanthemums and wide satin ribbons.

The fruit pies are quite novel. In the center of the treasure pie rests a watermelon of goodly proportions and most natural coloring, and on the top of the striped green and white fruit stands an exultant turkey, with real feather covered body and a wide spread tail. Surrounding this feathered monarch, who is perched on the melon throne, are smaller fruits of every description, all cleverly fashioned of paper mache and tinted in nature's colors. There are luscious bananas, ripe, rosy checked apples, golden oranges, deep red tomatoes, lemons, plums, pears; in fact, practically every variety of fruit. Inside each is a small box, whose center conceals a gift. The guests take turns at choosing the fruit they like best, and with the fruit goes the hidden gift and souvenir of the day. It may be that the gift is only a clever joke wrapped neatly in cotton wool or tissue paper and lying hidden inside the bit of fruit, or it may be a gift of real consequence and intrinsic value. This depends on the circumstances and ideas of the hostess, who may want her party to be merely a merrymaking time or one that will be remembered for other things. The outside of the basket is trimmed with a row of crackers, which never fail to add to the gaiety of the occasion, especially if it be composed of young folk. Then above the stockade of fancy paper crackers is a border of chrysanthemums, and the basket or pie is complete in every detail.

But the real Thanksgiving pie is the most striking of all. Its foundation is, of course, a round basket, but without a handle. Over the top is a covering of pumpkin colored paper, frills and flutings of the same being used for the edge finish. Then, like gigantic plums decorating the top crust, are arranged several pumpkin lantern favors, which can be lighted, and which, when extricated from their setting, bring with them Thanksgiving gifts tied up with yellow satin ribbons.

### WHY?

I've noticed on Thanksgiving day, With strangers or my own folks, That little boys can always eat A great deal more than grown folks, Of turkey or of pumpkin pie— Will some one please to tell me why?

### THANKSGIVING.

It takes one little girl or boy, Two hands to work and play And just one loving little heart To make Thanksgiving day.

### THANKSGIVING SUNSHINE.

Cherry hearts and smiling faces, Gentle speech and ways, Make a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving Sunniest of days.

### ANOTHER IMPORTANT VICTORY FOR THE CARTER MEDICINE COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES COURT.

The United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York—sitting in New York City—has just awarded to the Carter Medicine Company a decree which again sustains the company's exclusive right to use the red package for liver pills.

By the terms of the decree, it is, among other things:

Adjudged that the Carter Medicine Company is the owner of the sole and exclusive right to the use of red colored wrappers and labels upon said small, round packages of liver pills of the style described in the bill of complaint; said right having been acquired by the prior adoption of said style and color of package for liver pills by the complainant predecessors more than thirty years ago, and established by the continuous and exclusive use of the same in constantly increasing quantities by said predecessors and by the complainant, the Carter Medicine Company, itself, from the time of their said adoption until the present day.

The decision just announced is perhaps the most important and far-reaching of all, by reason of the character of the tribunal which rendered it. No Court in the country stands higher.

—National Druggist, St. Louis, Mo.

### HAS ITS GOOD POINTS.



"One nice thing 'bout shootin' pheasants durin' th' open season is that you kin bring 'em home in broad daylight, and you don't have to divvy up with no game constable so's he'll keep his mouth shut."

### ECZEMA COVERED HIM.

Itching Torture Was Beyond Words—Slept Only from Sheer Exhaustion—Relieved in 24 Hours and

Cured by Cuticura in a Month.

"I am seventy-seven years old, and some years ago I was taken with eczema from head to foot. I was sick for six months and what I suffered tongue could not tell. I could not sleep day or night because of that dreadful itching; when I did sleep it was from sheer exhaustion. I was one mass of irritation; it was even in my scalp. The doctor's medicine seemed to make me worse and I was almost out of my mind. I got a set of the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. I used them persistently for twenty-four hours. That night I slept like an infant, the first solid night's sleep I had had for six months. In a month I was cured. W. Harrison Smith, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1908."   
Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Lost in Antiquity.

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."  
"And did his father thrash him?"  
"Yes."  
A pause.

"Well, who started this thing, anyway?"—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.   
WALDO, LINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.   
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.   
This Hall's Family Drug for constipation.

### Ruled by Kindness.

Lucy Burd's success with boys at the reform school in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, she thinks, is due simply to kindness. She has reformed more than 100 boys in her term of five years as superintendent. Some of her boys are in the navy some on farms. Few have gone back to their old ways after coming under her influence.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A man will coax his wife till she gives in, and is pleased with himself when he succeeds, but when the children coax her, and she yields, he is disgusted with her.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

If a siddy woman could hear what is said about her giddiness behind her back it would knock some of the giddiness out of her.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many a man suspects his neighbor as he suspects himself.