

Thanksgiving Day banquet of the American Society in London : Hotel Cecil, London. November 26th, 1896.

Contributors

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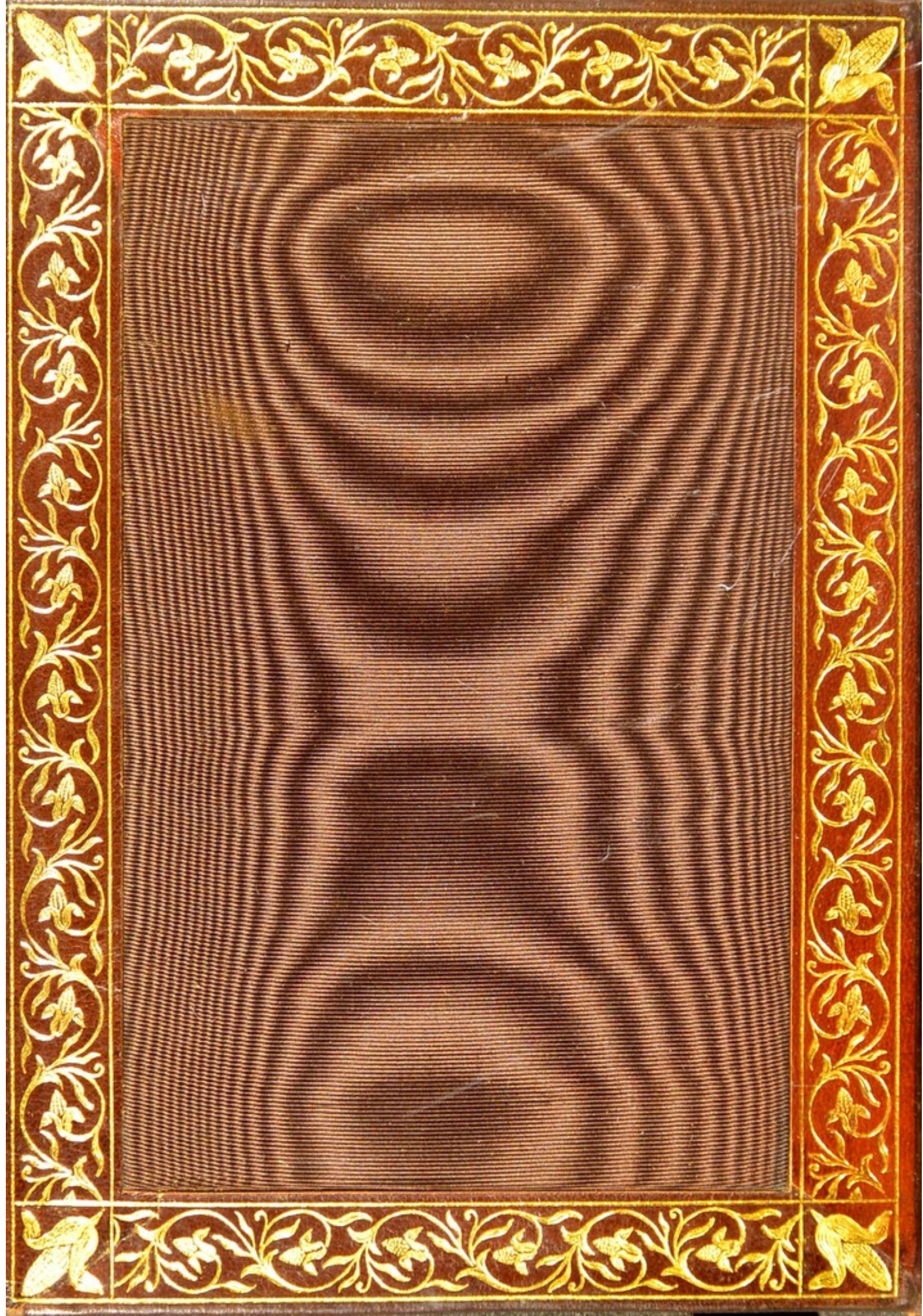
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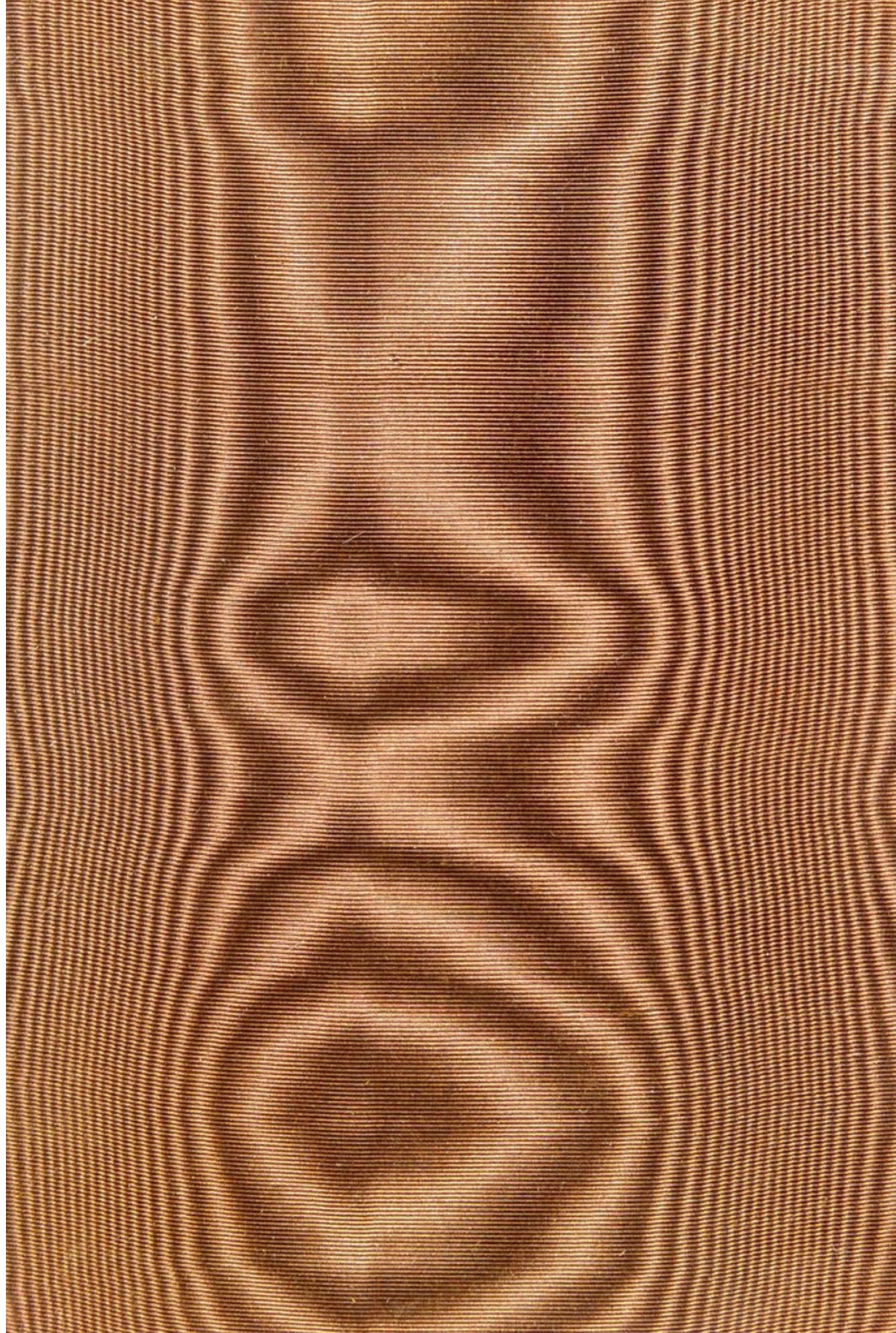
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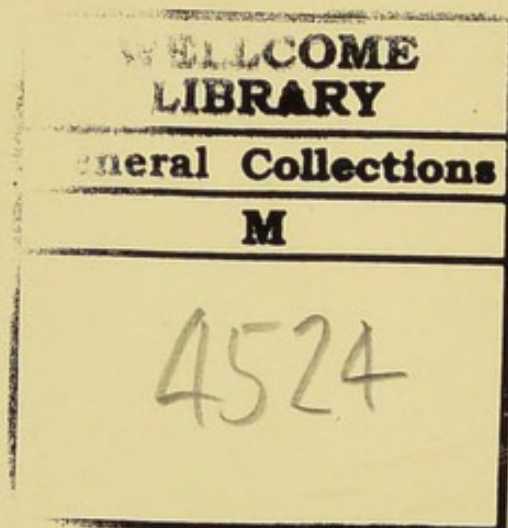
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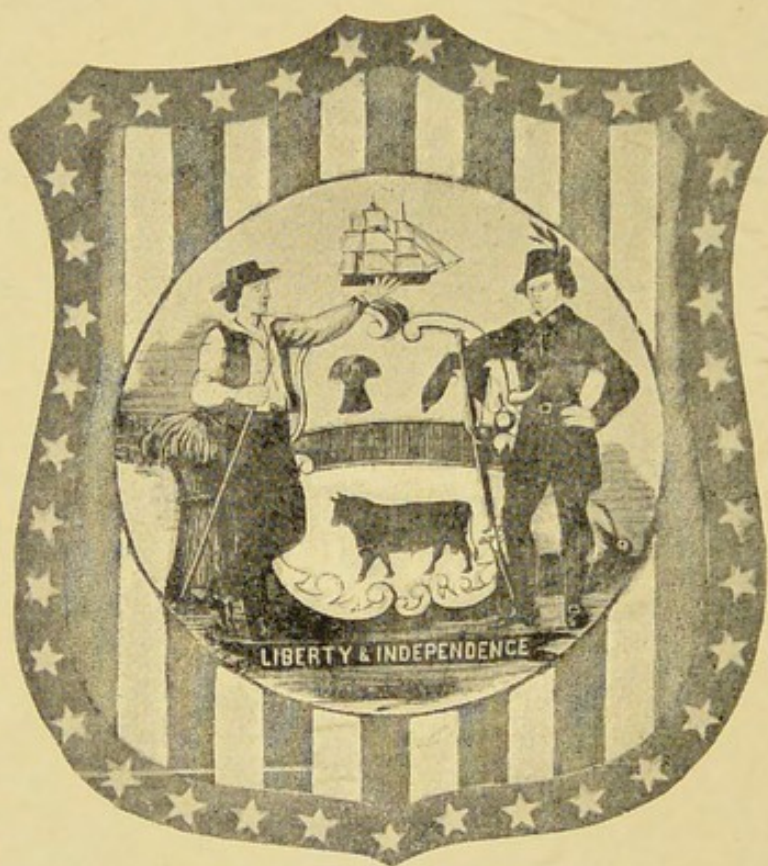
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" Dear old Thanksgiving,
Whose arms are a turkey roasted,
and a pumpkin,—*or*."

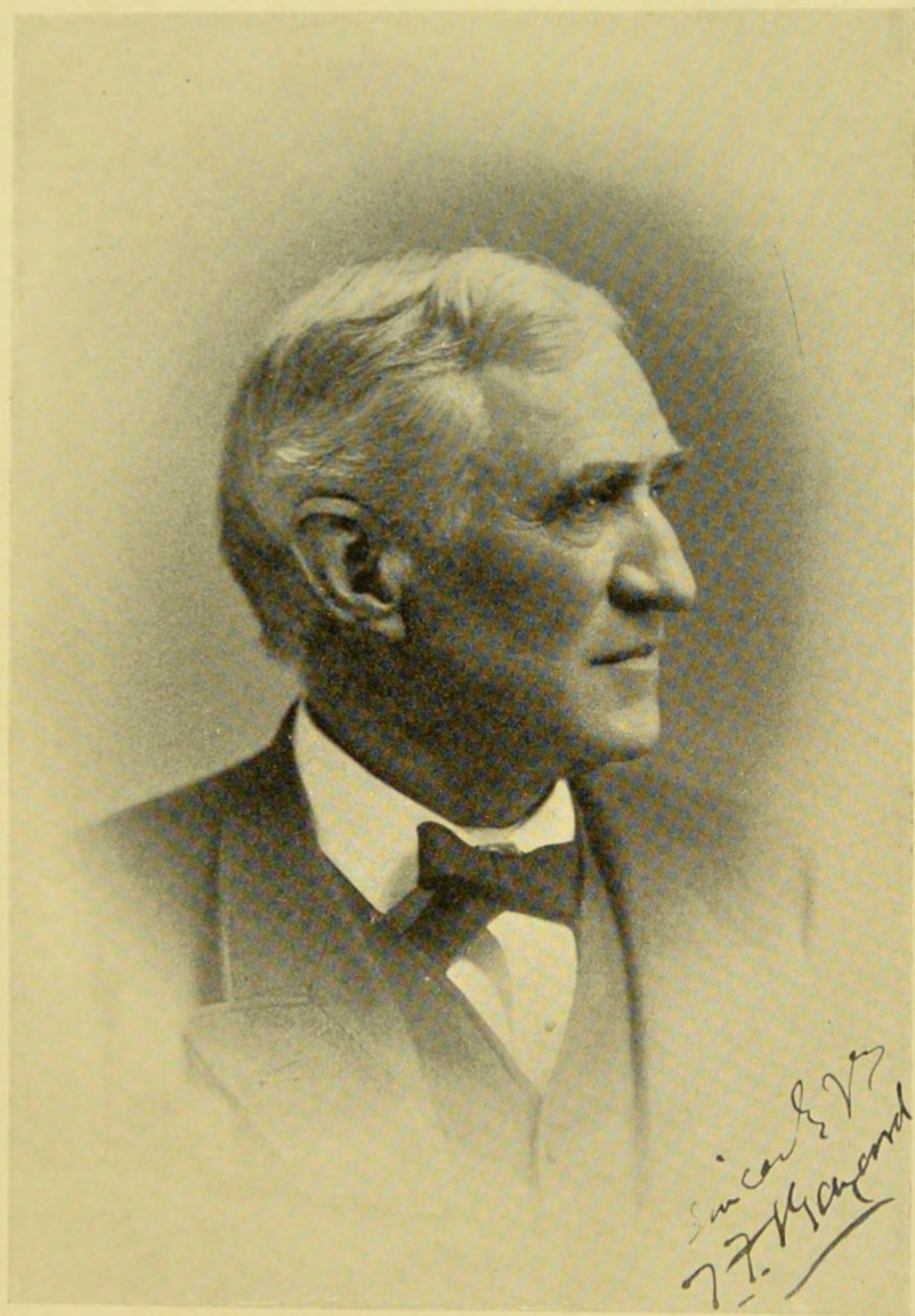
SOUVENIR
... OF ...
THANKSGIVING DAY.

LONDON:
1896.

WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
CHAIRMAN.



ARMS OF DELAWARE.



"Our Ambassador."
HIS EXCELLENCY THE HON. THOS. F. BAYARD.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FLORENCE K. UPTON.

THANKSGIVING DAY
BANQUET
OF THE
AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.



HENRY S. WELLCOME
(Chairman of the Society)
IN THE CHAIR.

R. NEWTON CRANE
(Vice-Chairman of the Society)
IN THE VICE-CHAIR.



HOTEL CECIL, LONDON.
NOVEMBER 26TH,
1896.
(Copyright.)

GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Ex-Officio Members.

THE AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE SECRETARY, AMERICAN EMBASSY.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ.

THE AMERICAN NAVAL ATTACHÉ.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL.



HENRY S. WELLCOME,	Chairman.
R. NEWTON CRANE,	Vice-Chairman.
JAMES L. TAYLOR,	Hon. Treasurer.
J. WALTER EARLE,	Hon. Secretary.

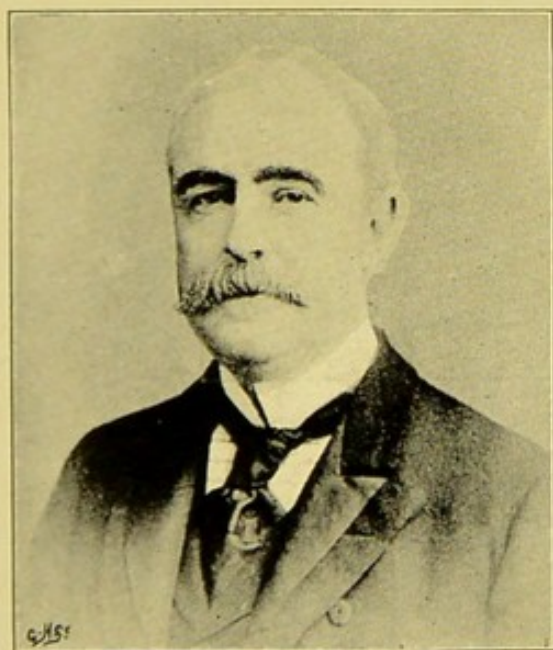
POULTNEY BIGELOW.
FRANCIS S. BLAKE.
FRANK E. BLISS.
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.
ANDREW CARNEGIE.
MONCURE D. CONWAY.
ROLAND R. DENNIS.
THOMAS L. FIELD.
JOHN A. FERGUSON.

DONALD C. HALDEMAN.
JOHN G. MEIGGS.
GEORGE A. MOWER.
J. MORGAN RICHARDS.
BALLARD SMITH.
BENJ. FRANKLIN STEVENS.
FREDERIC C. VAN DUZER.
HENRY WHITE.

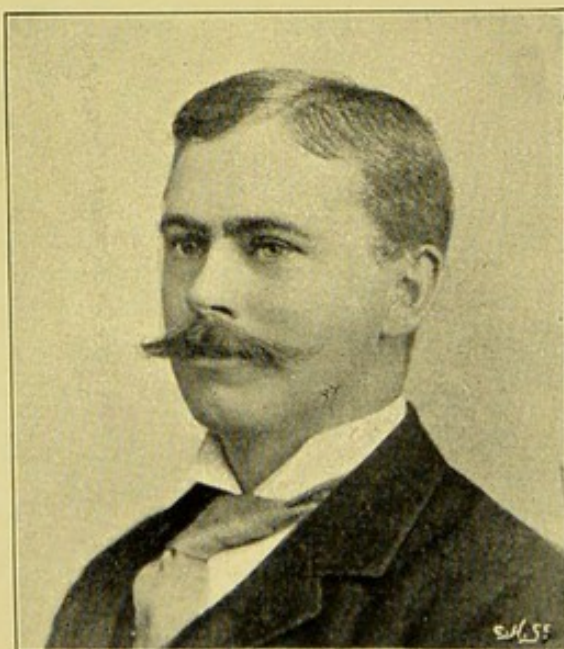




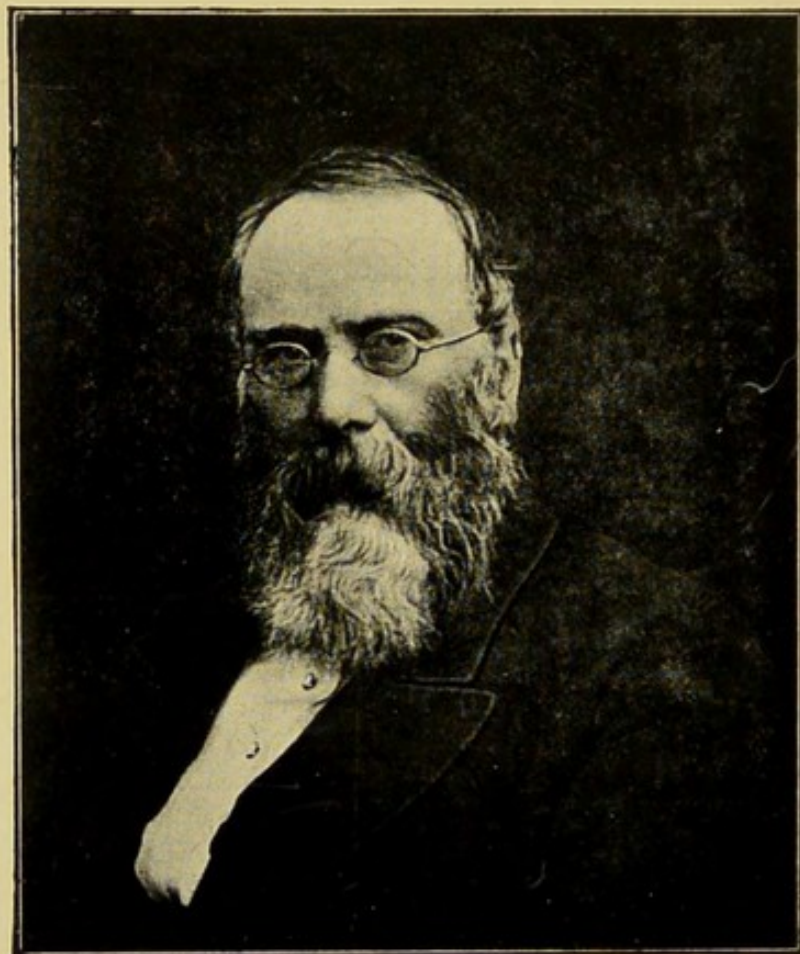
The Vice-Chairman :
R. NEWTON CRANE.



The Hon. Treasurer.
COL. J. L. TAYLOR.



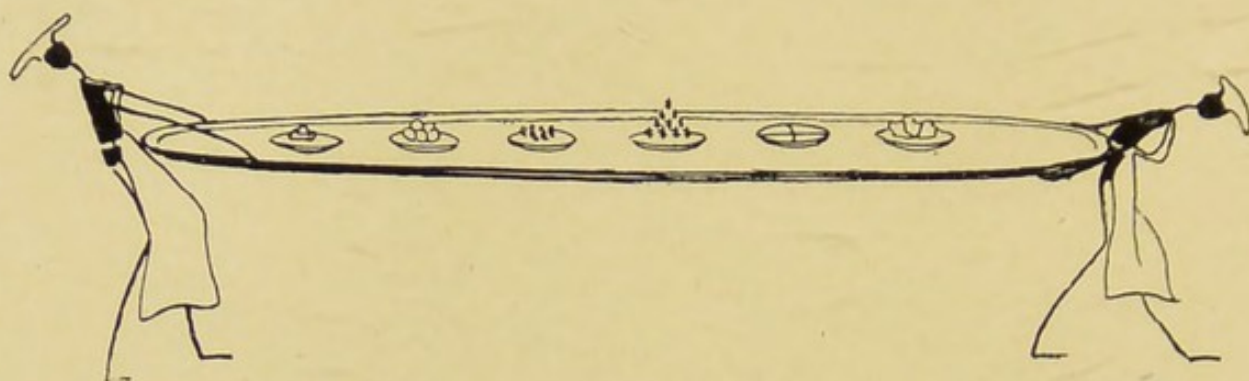
The Hon. Secretary :
J. WALTER EARLE.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEVENS.

First Chairman of the American Society in London, and the
Patriarch of the American Colony in London.

MENU.



Hors d'oeuvres.



Canapes de caviare

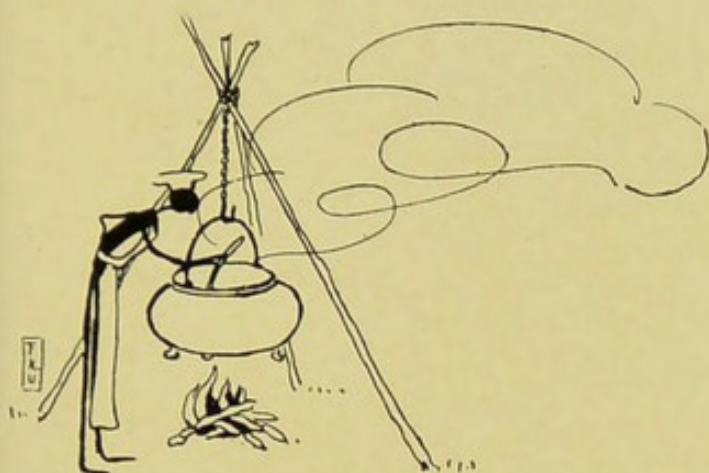
Olives Farcies.

Salades d'anchois.

Crevettes a l'Americaïne.

Petits Canapes Cecil.

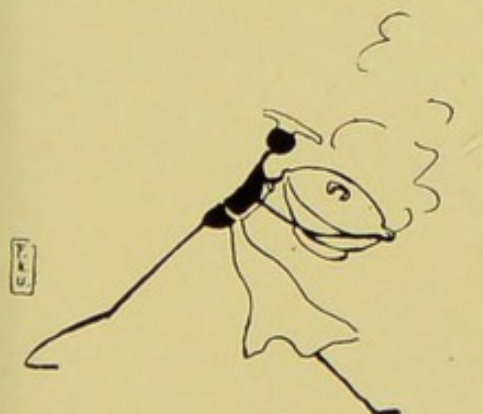
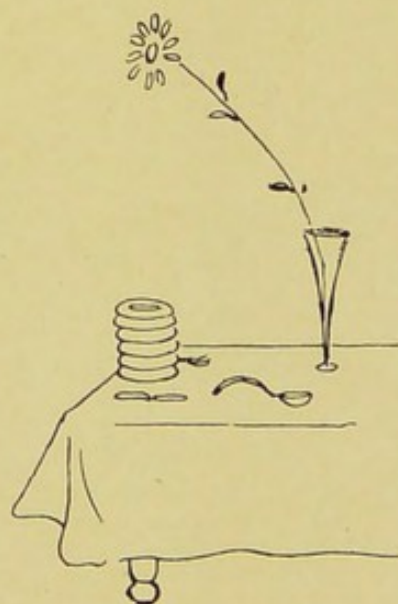
Salades a la Russe.



Potages.

Consomme Saratoga.

Fausse Bisque.

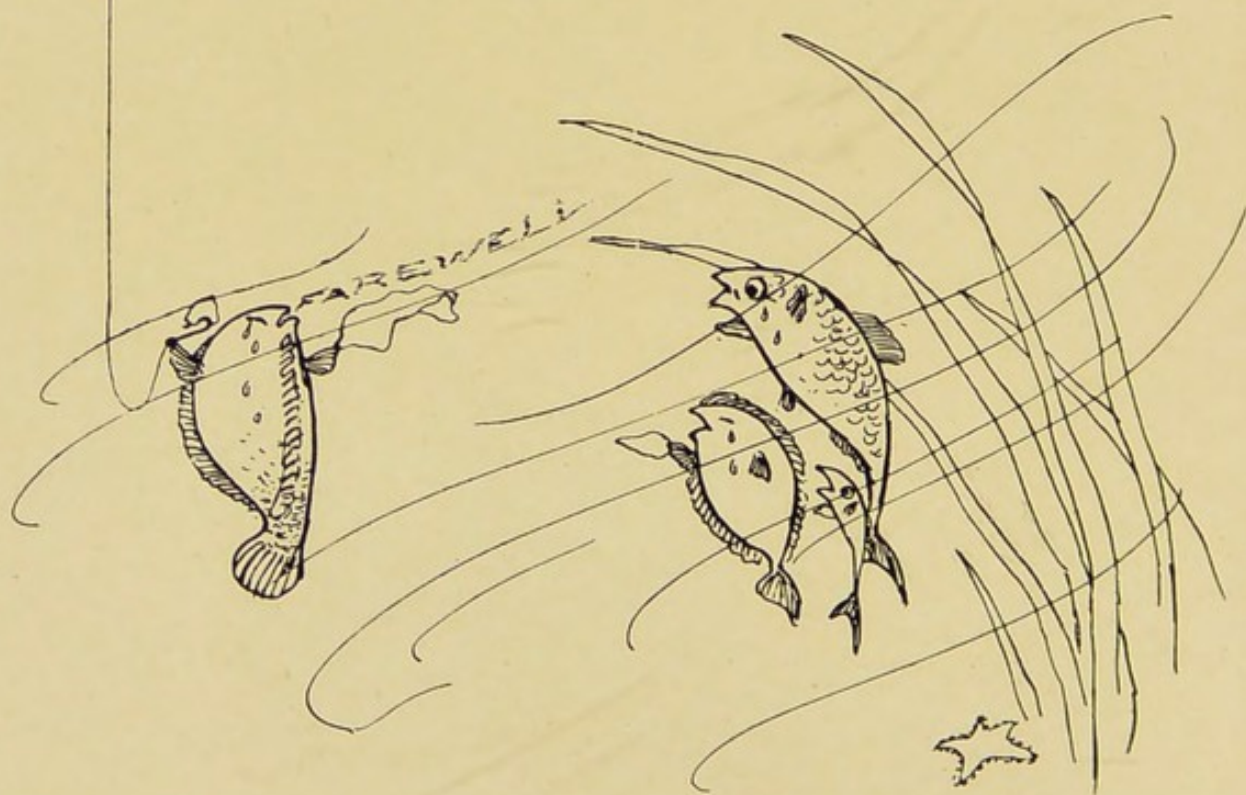




Poissons.

Turbot. Sauce Hollandaise.

Queues de Homard a la Delmonico.

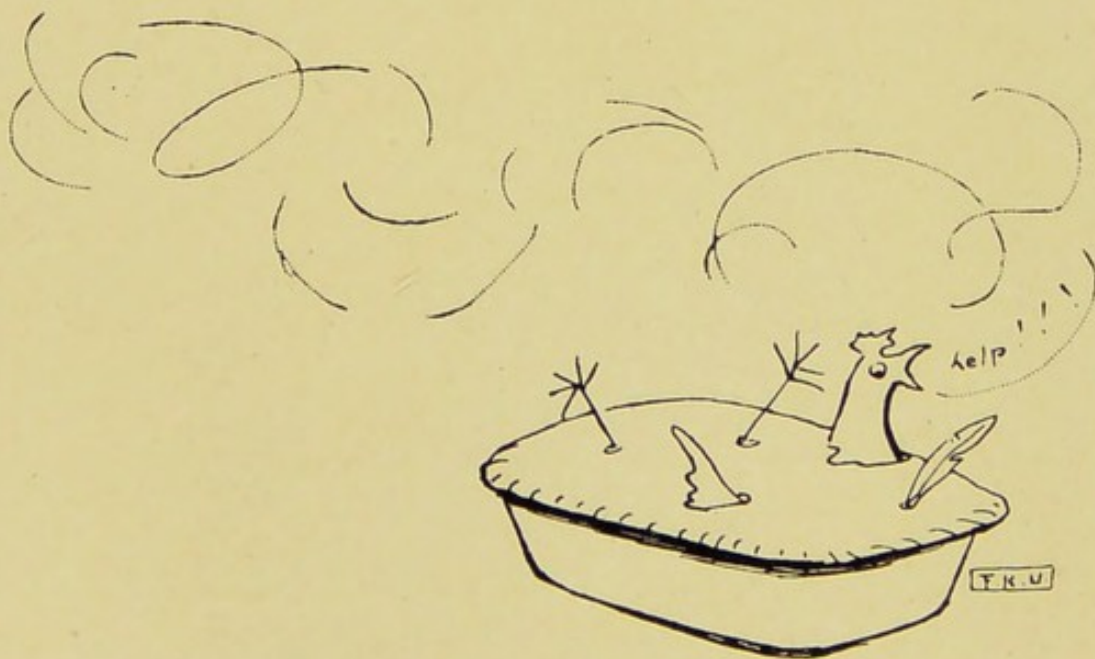


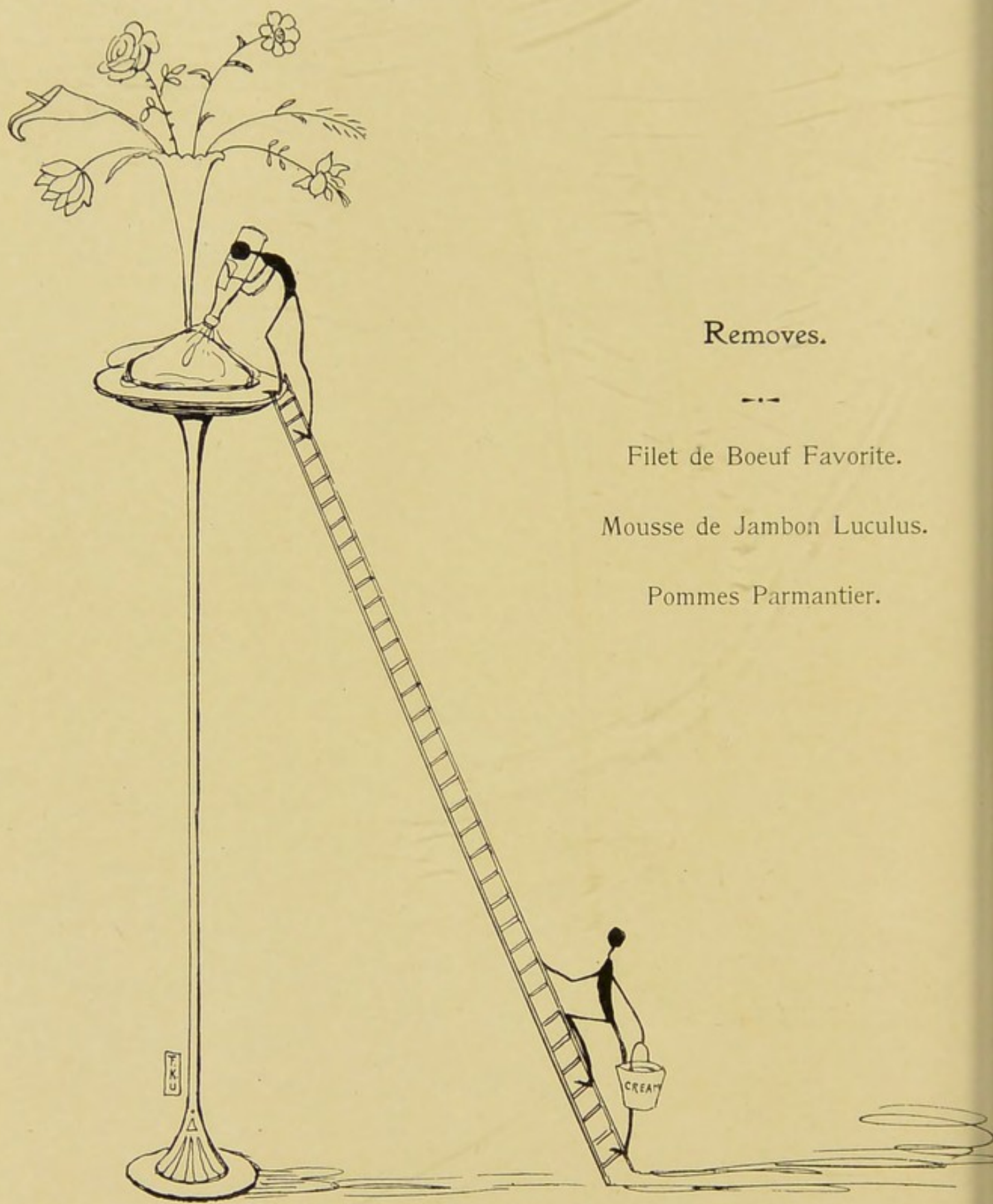


Entrees.

Terrines de Poulet Paysanne.

Croustades de Ris de Veau St. Georges.





Removes.

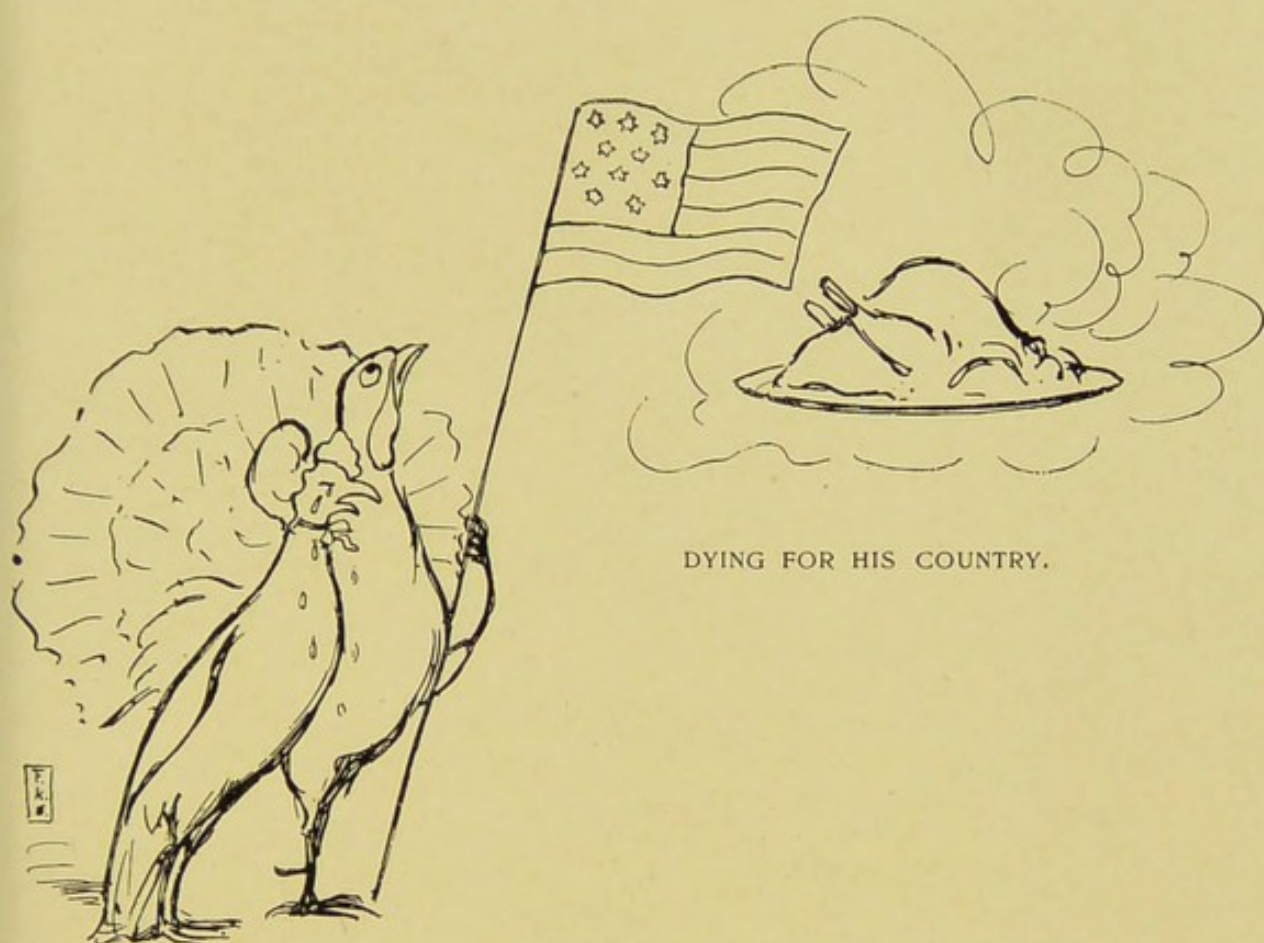


Filet de Boeuf Favorite.

Mousse de Jambon Luculus.

Pommes Parmantier.

VERY MUCH REMOVED.



Rotis.

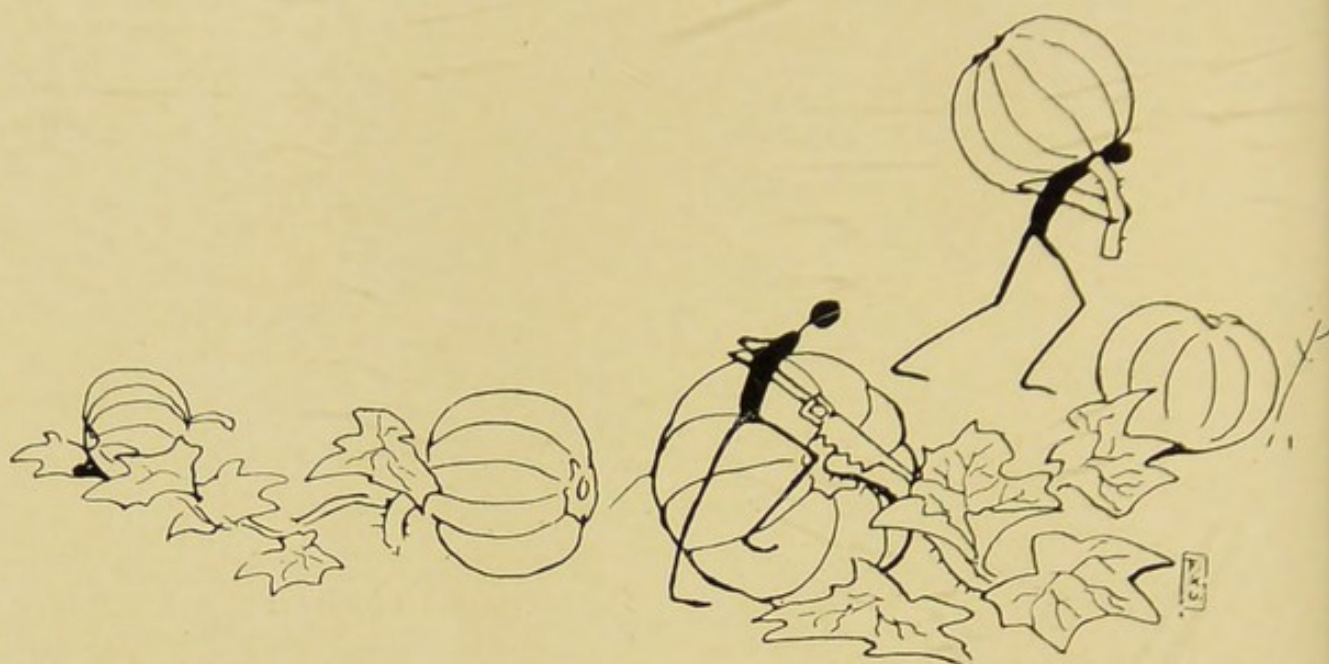
— — —

Turkey with Cranberry Sauce.

Perdreux Roti.

Salade de Laitue.

Haricots Verts Panaches.



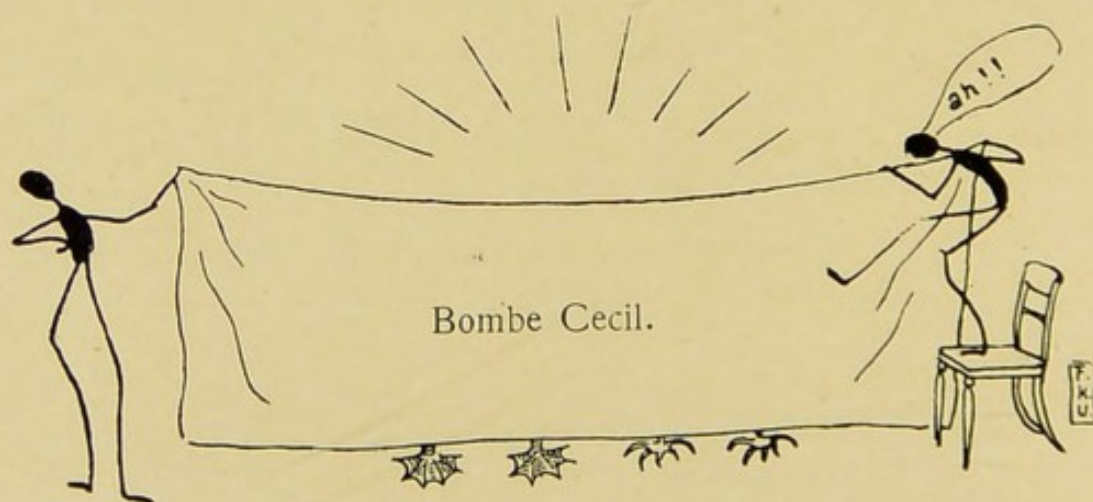
Entremets.

Pumpkin Pie.

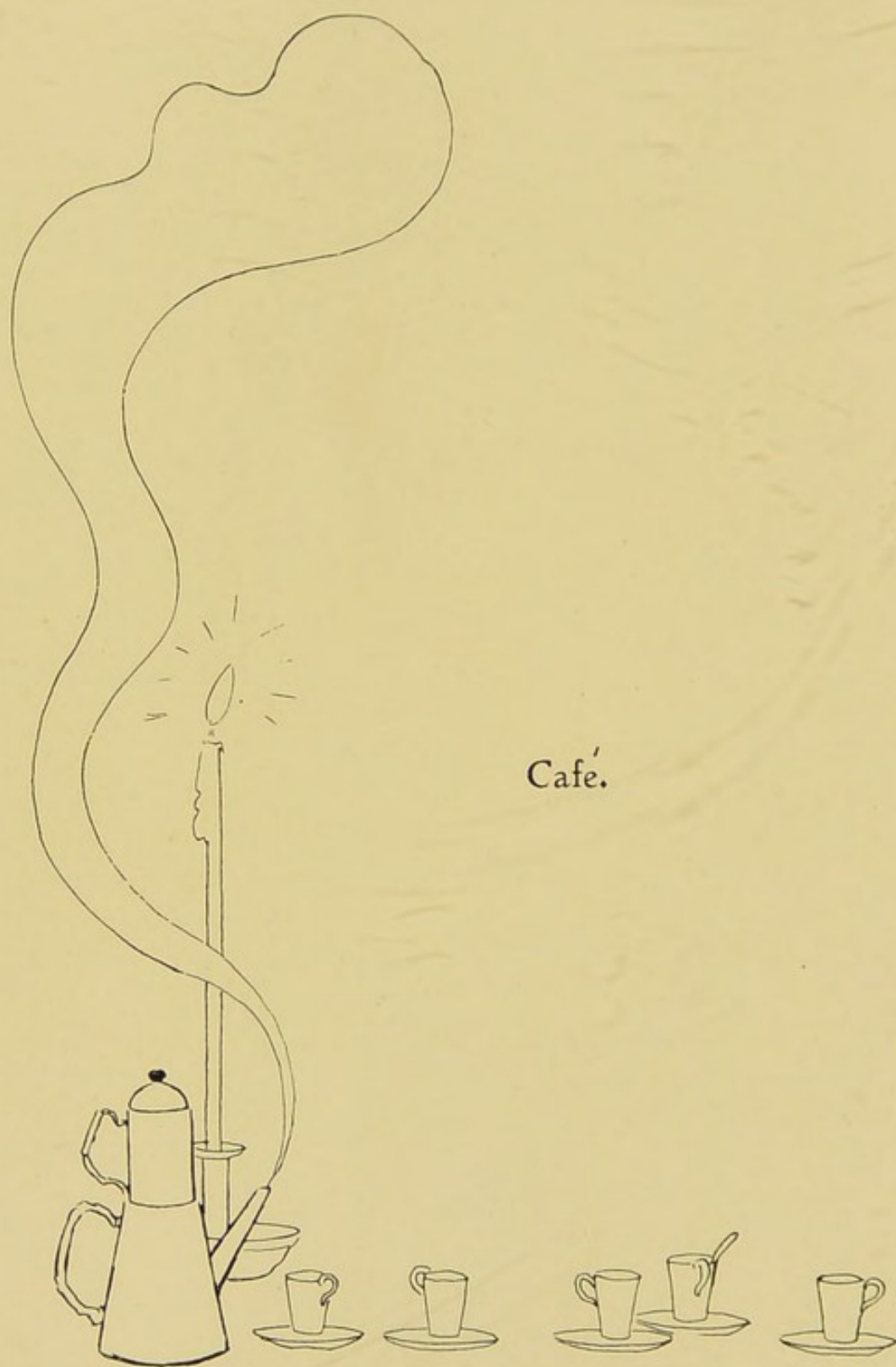
Poires Bourdaloue.

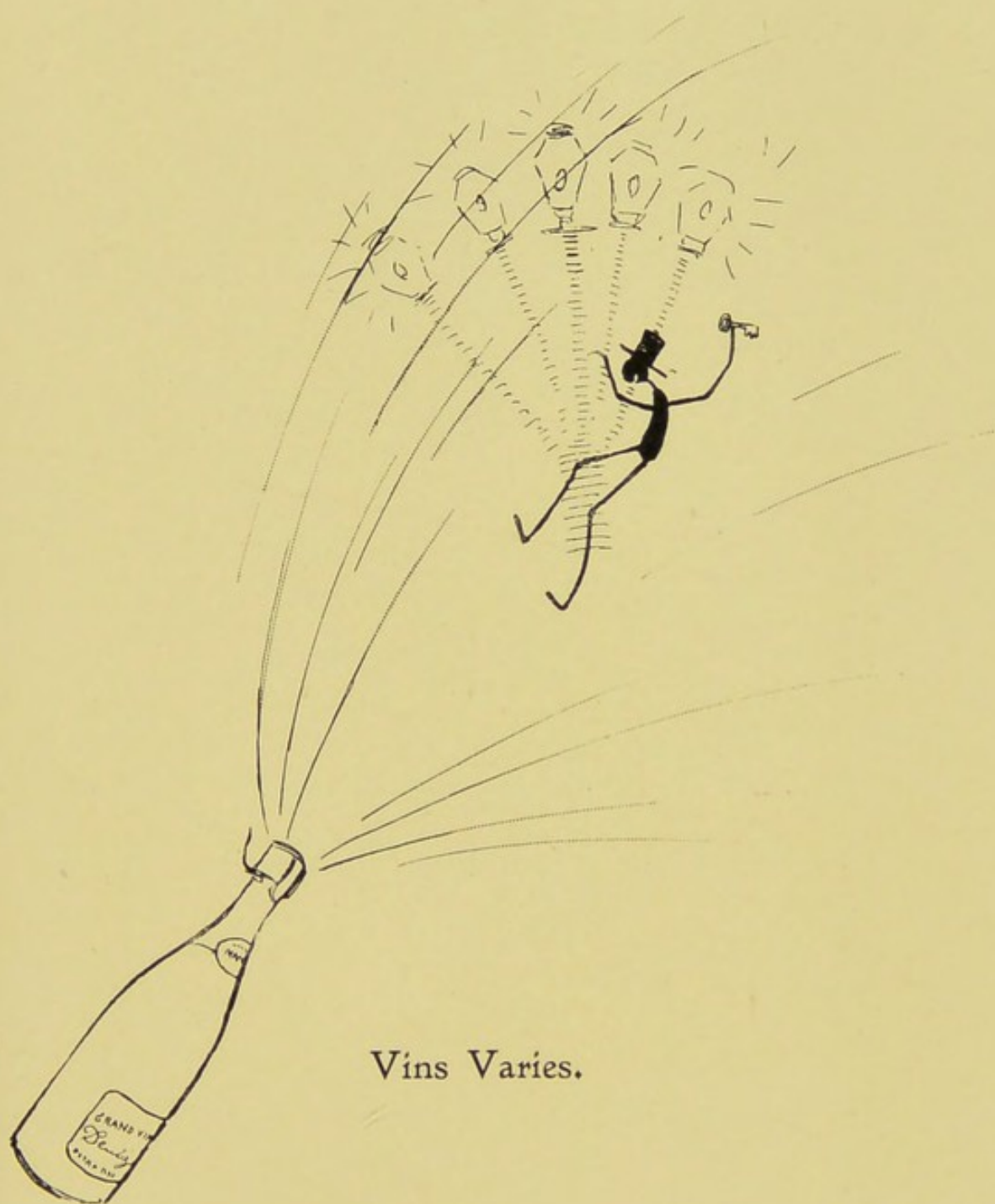
Biscuits.

Petits Fours.



Bombe Cecil.





Vins Varies.

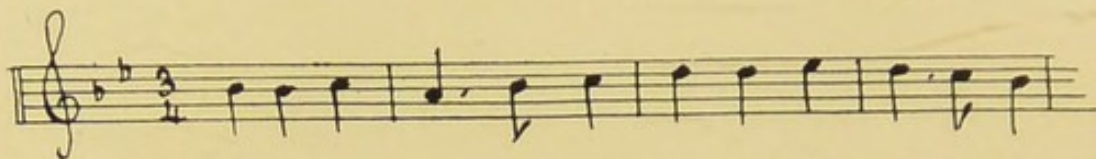
DANGERS OF
THE DEEP—
DRAUGHT.



By kind indulgence of the Ladies,
AFTER the toast to the Queen.

TOASTS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



God save our gracious Queen, long live our noble Queen.
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

THE QUEEN.



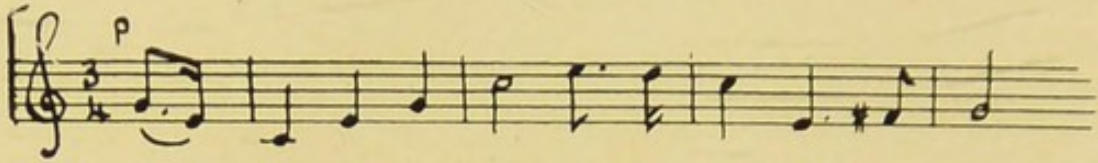
THE LONGEST REIGN.



A GLORIOUS REIGN.

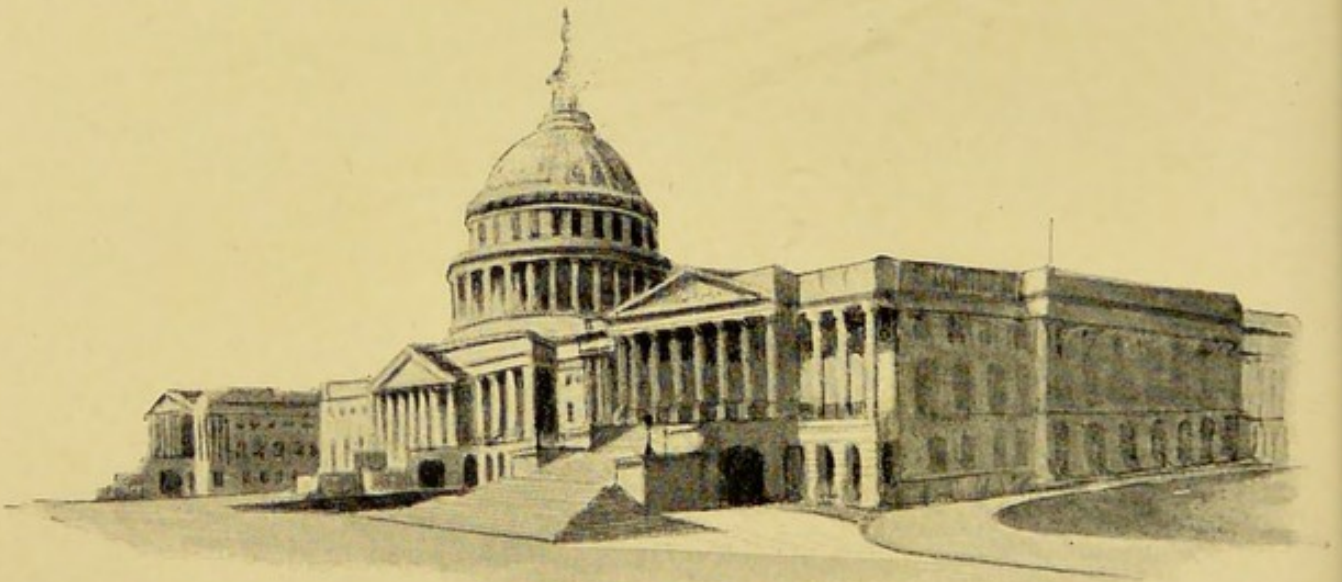
Columbia joins Britannia in doing honor
to the Noble Queen.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

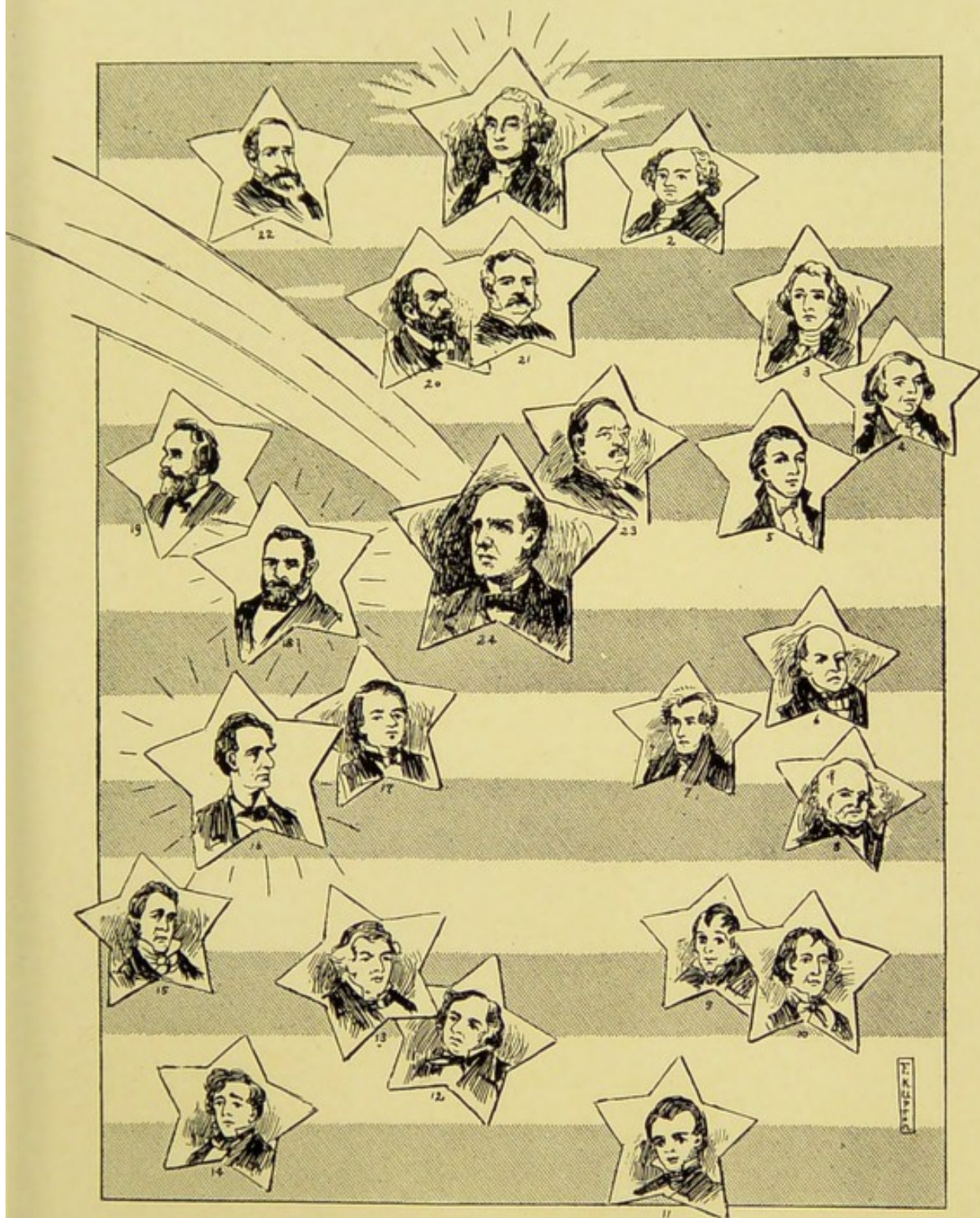


O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

THE PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

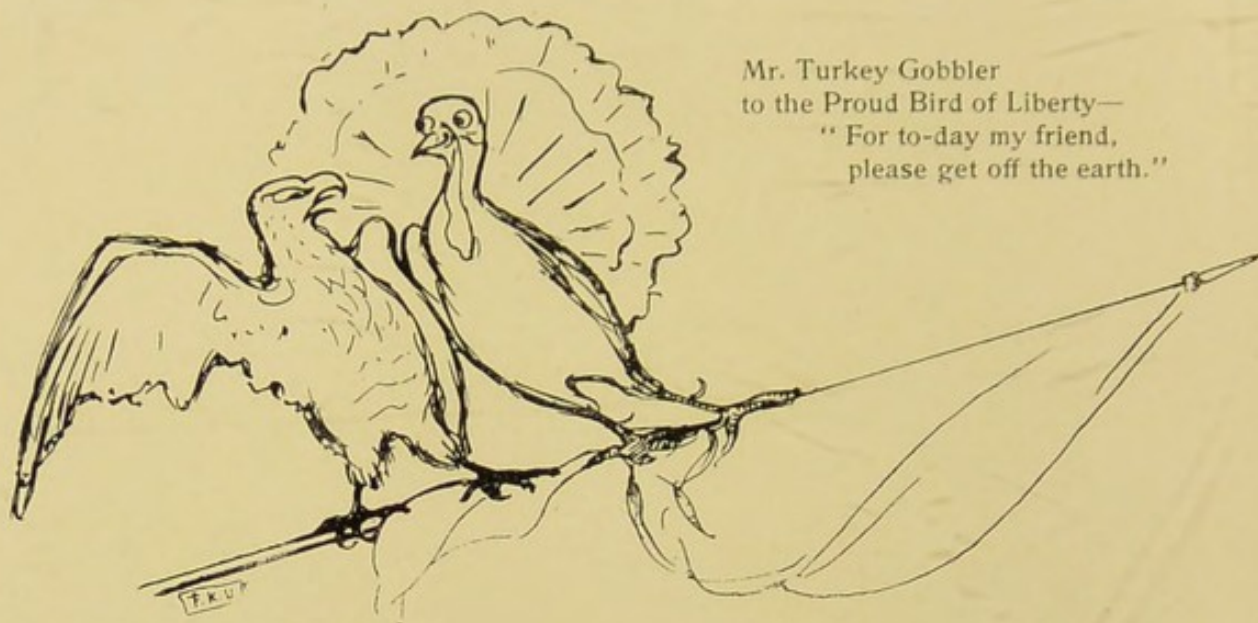


THE CAPITOL.



OUR PRESIDENTS.

“Peace on earth, good will towards men.”



Mr. Turkey Gobbler
to the Proud Bird of Liberty—
"For to-day my friend,
please get off the earth."

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY.

HOME SWEET HOME.

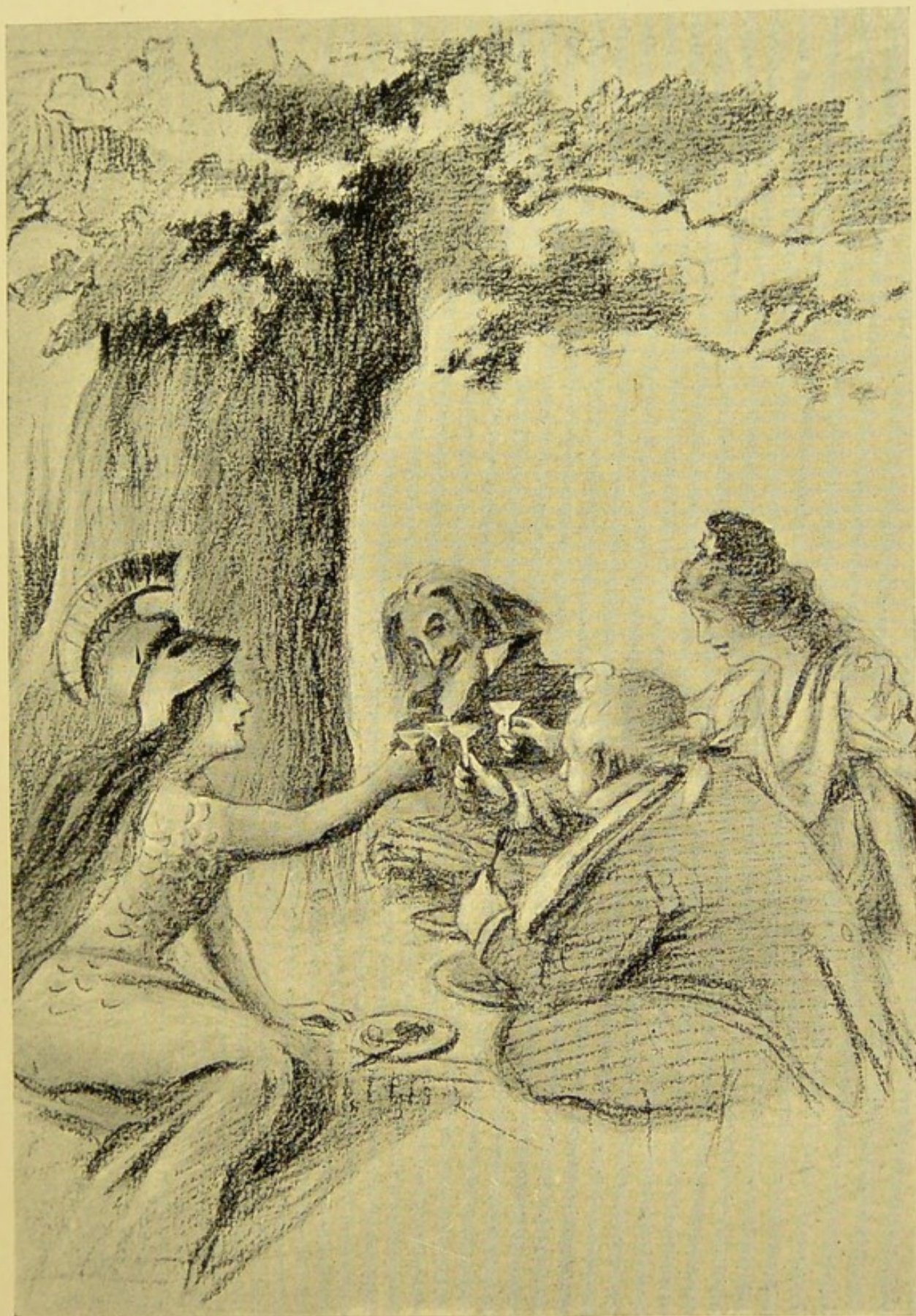
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!



Home!

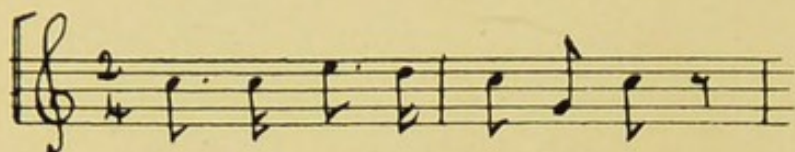
Home!

sweet, sweet, Home!



AMERICAN THANKSGIVING DAY UNDER SHELTER OF
THE ENGLISH OAK.

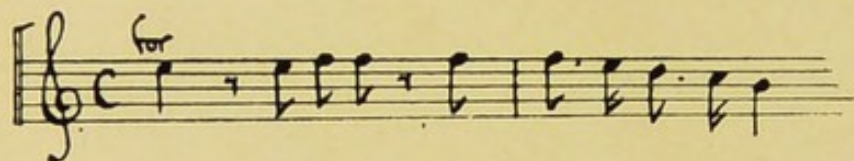
HAIL! COLUMBIA.



Hail! Columbia, happy land,

Hail Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye Heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause;
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

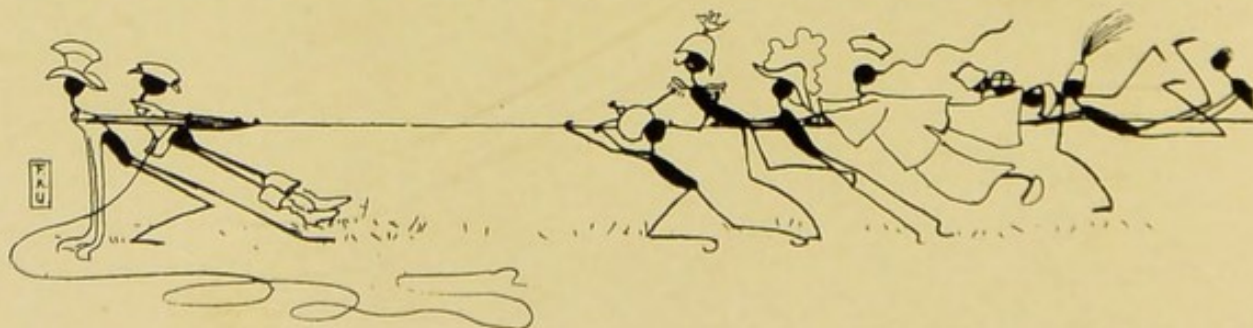
RULE BRITANNIA.



Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,

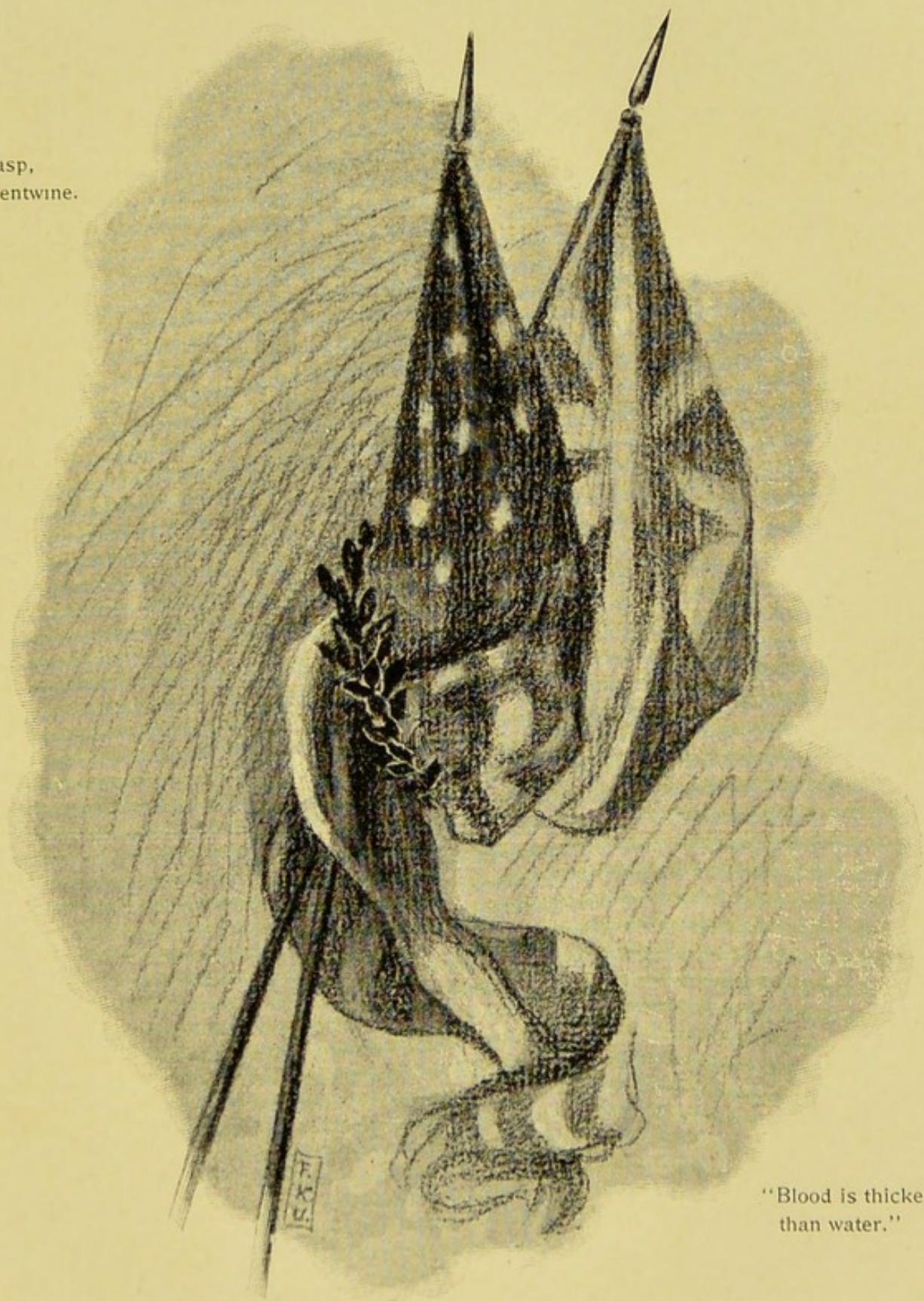
When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose from out the azure main:
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

THE COMMUNITY OF ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES;
May Peace and Progress attend them.



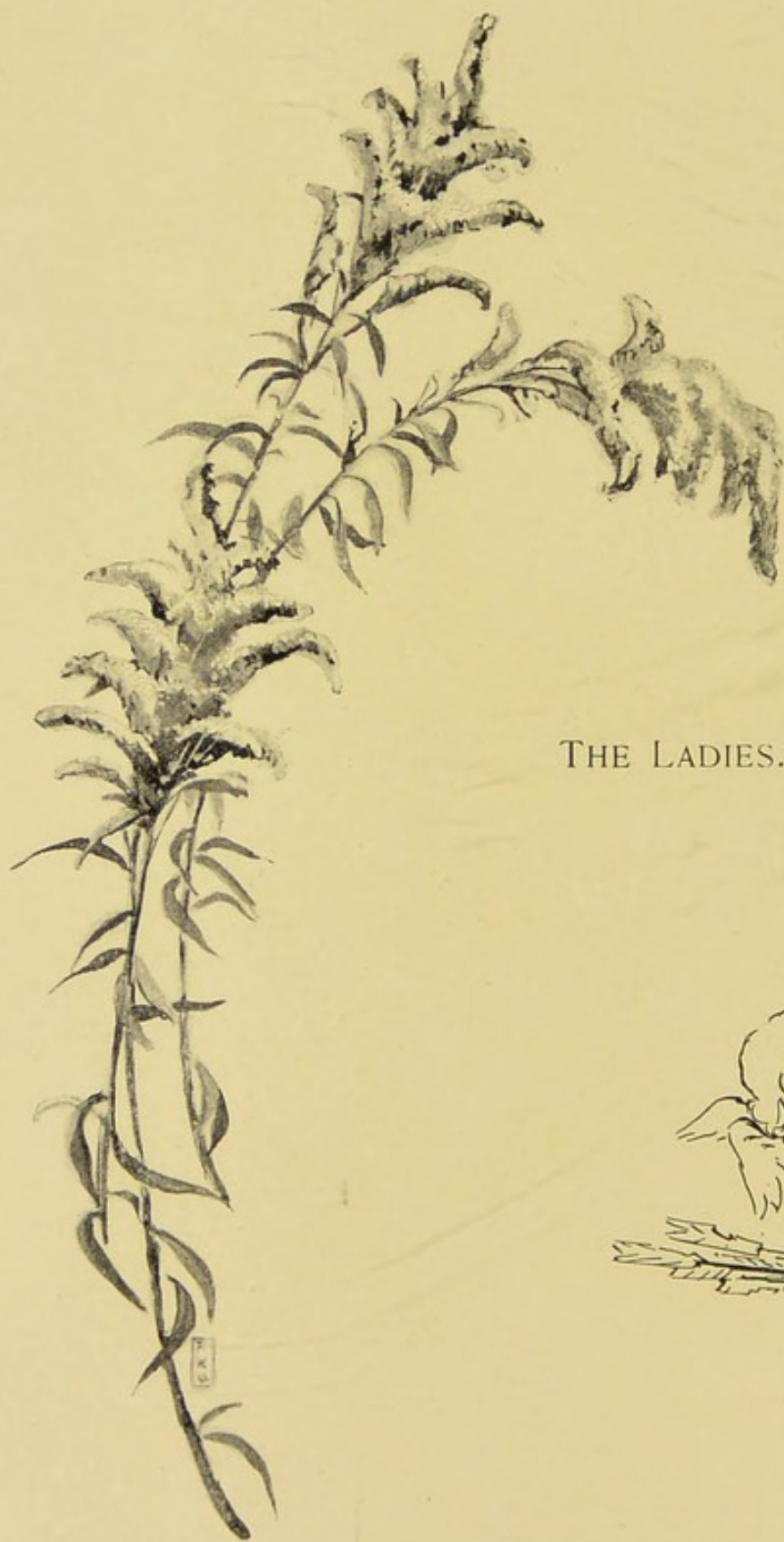
WHEN WE PULL TOGETHER, WHO CAN PULL AGAINST US!

May their hands clasp,
and their flags ever entwine.



"Blood is thicker
than water."

Whoever does aught to mar the friendly relations between
these two kin nations is a common enemy to both.



THE LADIES.



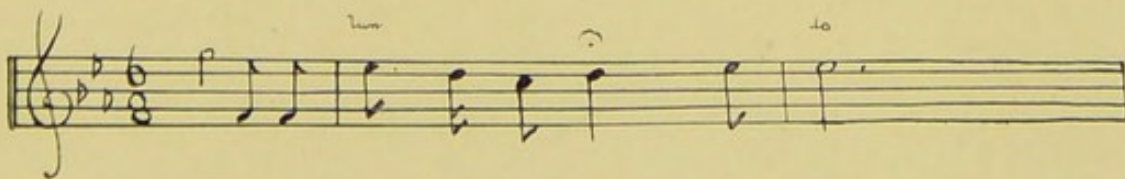


OUR AMERICAN GODDESS.

QUEEN OF MY HEART.

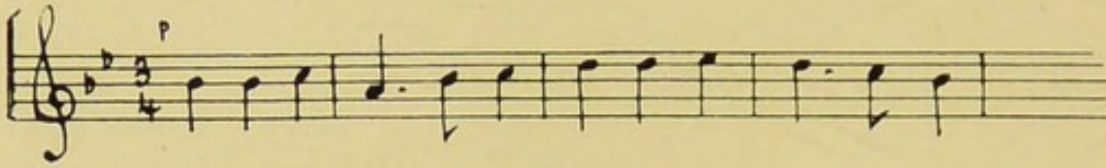
I stand at your threshold sighing,
 As the cruel hours creep by;
 And the time is slowly dying
 That once too quick did fly.
 Your beauty o'er my being,
 Has shed a subtle spell,
 And, alas, there is no fleeing
 From the charms that you wield so well

For my heart is wildly beating,
 As it never beat before.
 One word! one whispered greeting
 In mercy I implore.
 For from daylight a hint we might borrow,
 And prudence might come with the light,
 Then why should we wait till to-morrow?
 You are queen of my heart to-night.



You are queen of my heart to-night.

AMERICA.



My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,

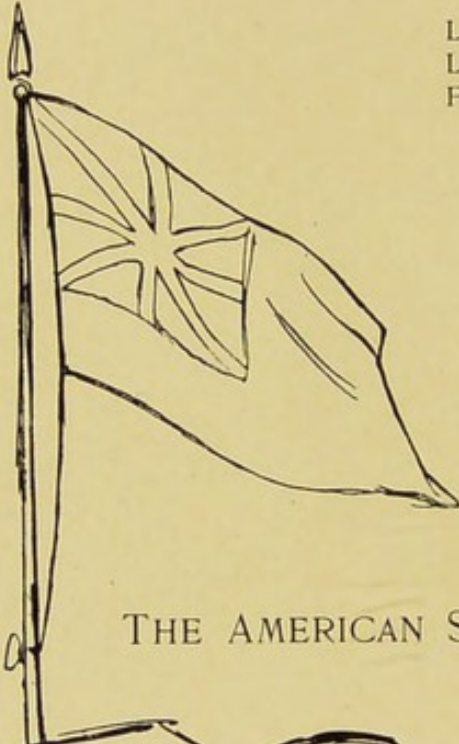
Of thee I sing:

Land where my Fathers died!

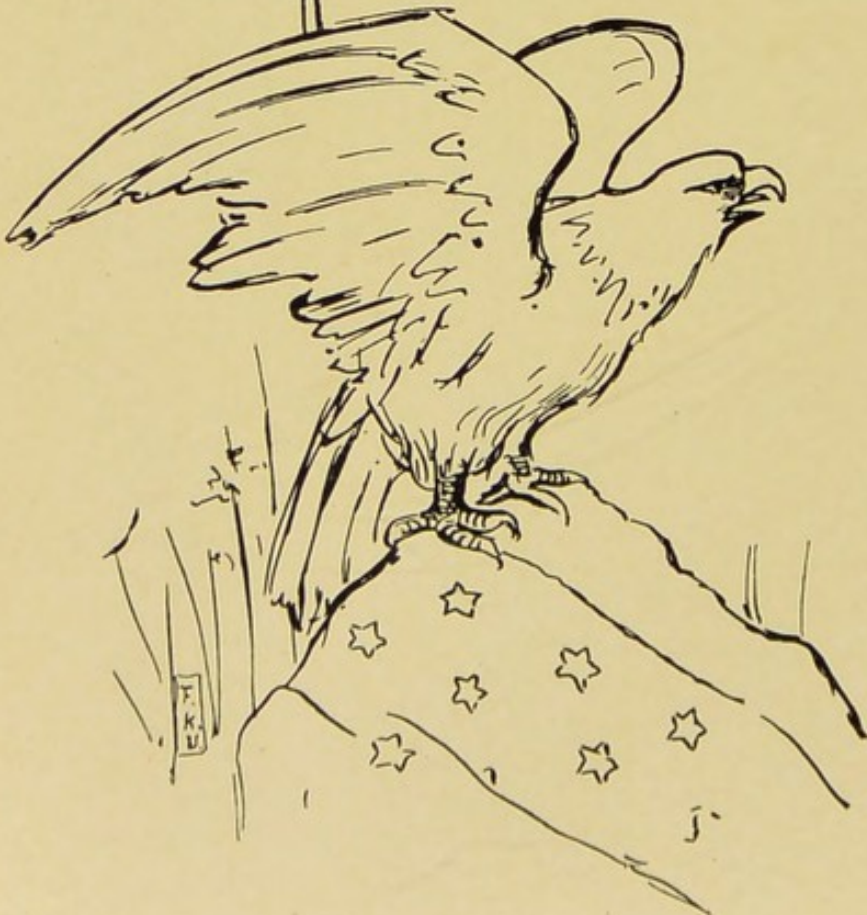
Land of the pilgrims' pride!

From every mountain side

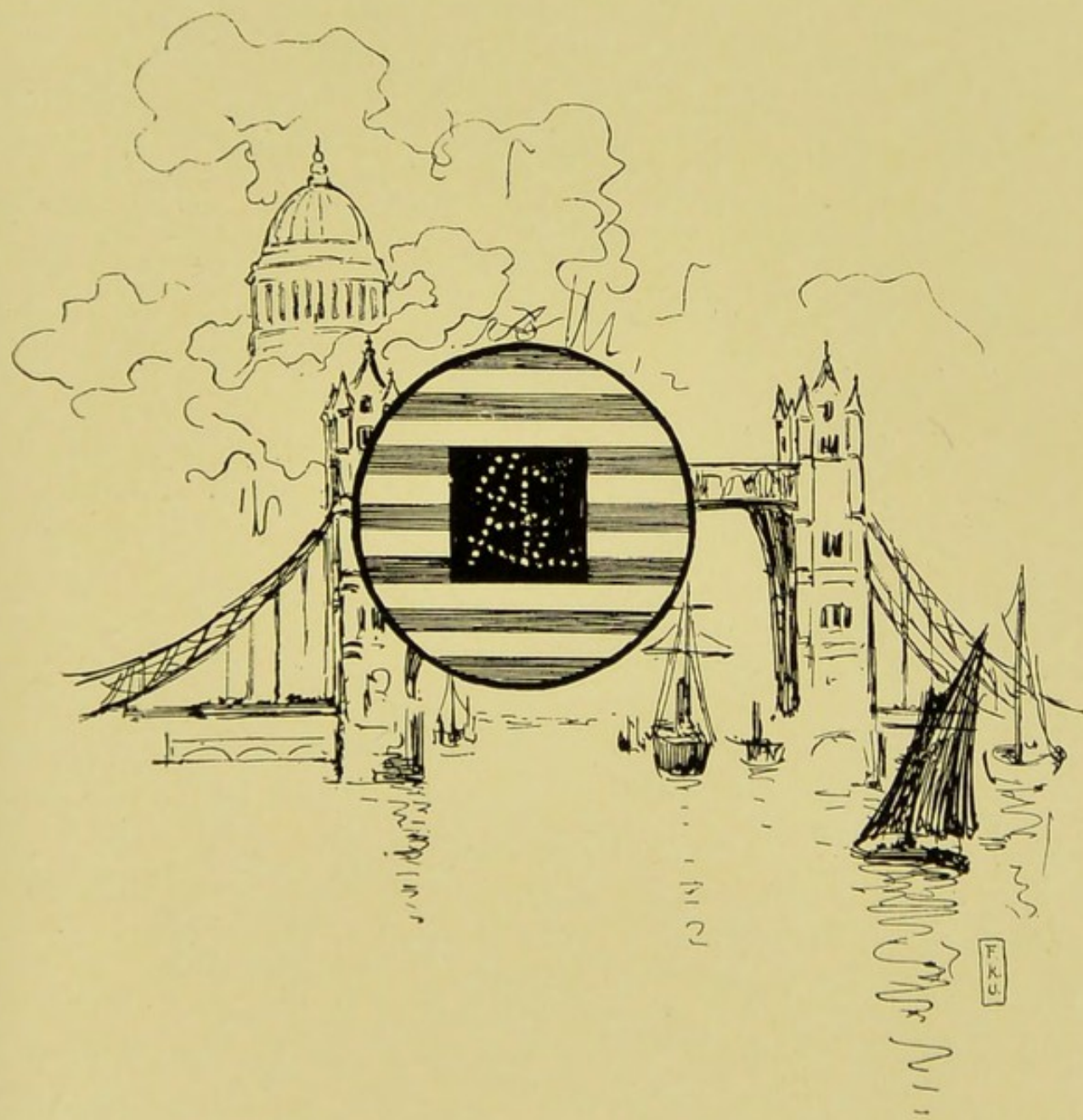
Let freedom ring!



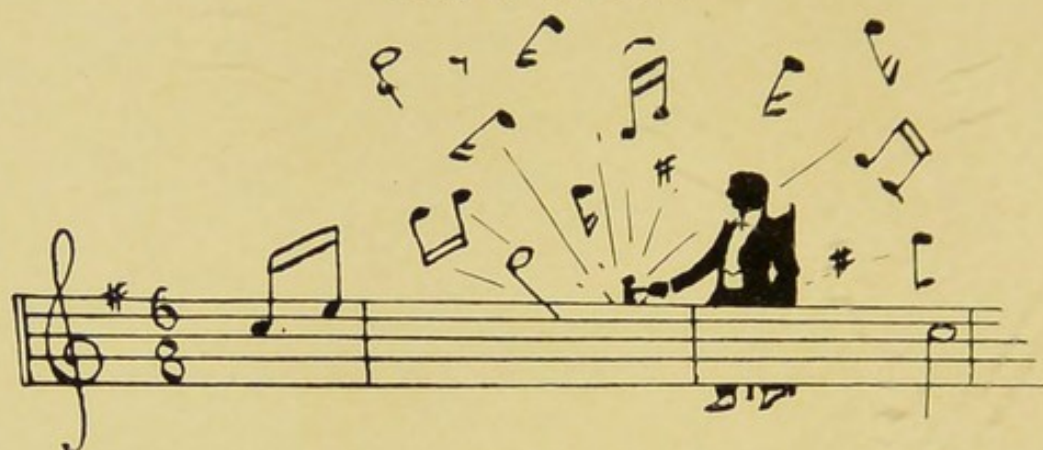
THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.



We love America—our native land.
We revere the Motherland—
the Home of our Forefathers.

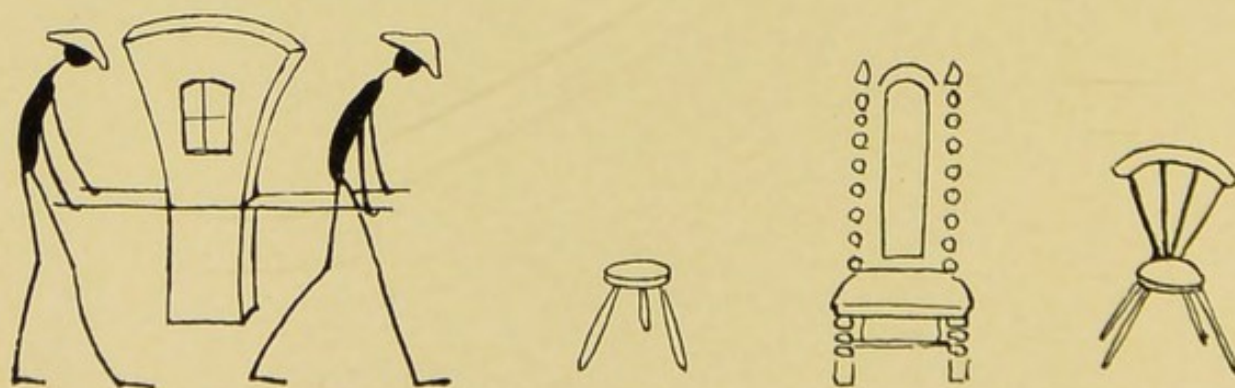


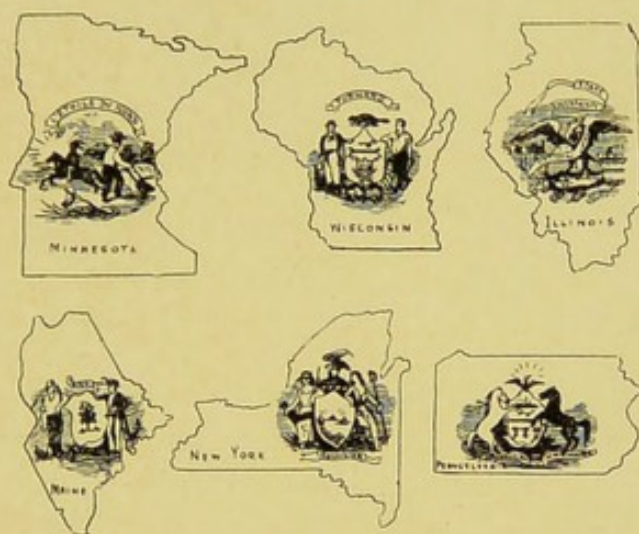
SONG OF THE GAVEL.



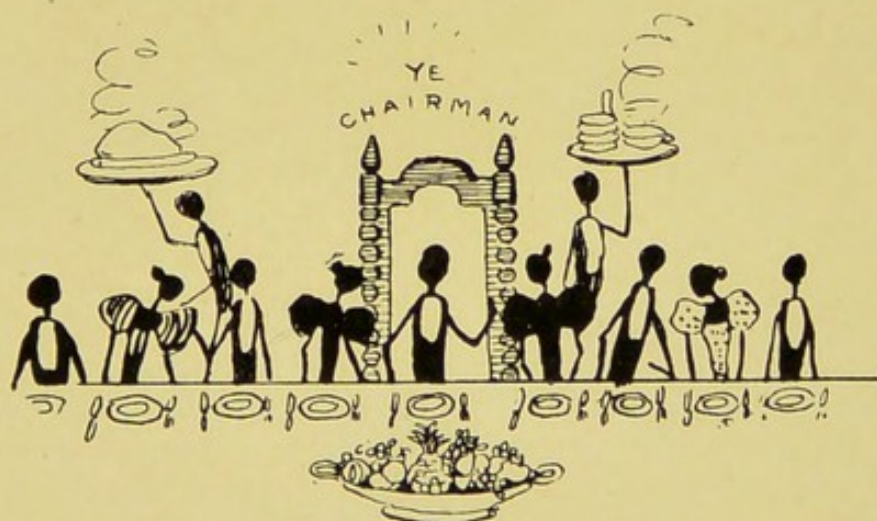
Q u a k r y a d u o p d c s w c o s c o k c o s a c m d d p h c s i i a r b d e m

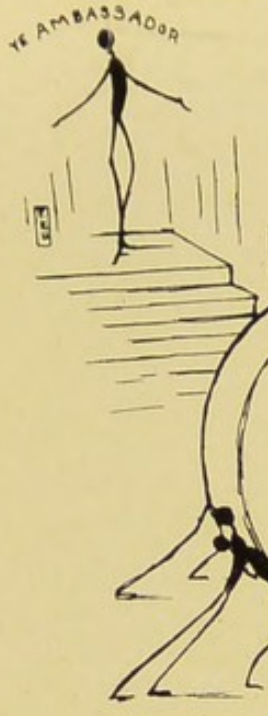
THE CHAIRMAN.





HIS SIX STATES.





THE PRESIDENT'S Thanksgiving Proclamation. 1896.

THANKSGIVING proclamation by the President of the
United States:—

The people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of Nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from dire disaster, and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices.

To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that on a day specially appointed we should join together in approaching the Throne of Grace with praise and supplication.

Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of the present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land. On that day may all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and assembled in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the

As an emblem of our countrymen's golden opinions of the Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, and as a symbolic Thanksgiving Offering in recognition of his great and golden services to his country, the United Service Club of New York has presented to his Excellency a colossal golden pumpkin, weighing 175 pounds. That his countrymen in London may enjoy it with him the Ambassador has graciously presented the pumpkin to our Society, as a decoration for our Thanksgiving Feast.

Ruler of the Universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries, for our defence against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed, for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us.

And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of Heavenly favor. Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

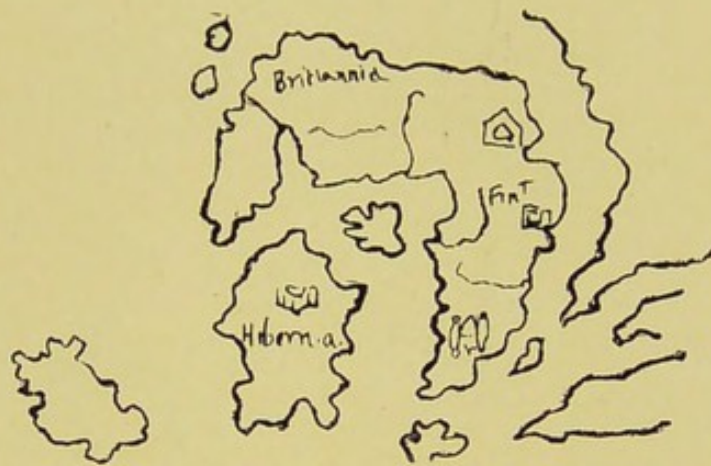
Witness my hand and the Seal of the United States, which I have caused to be hereunto affixed,

(Signed) By the President,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Richard Olney, Secretary of State.
WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 4,

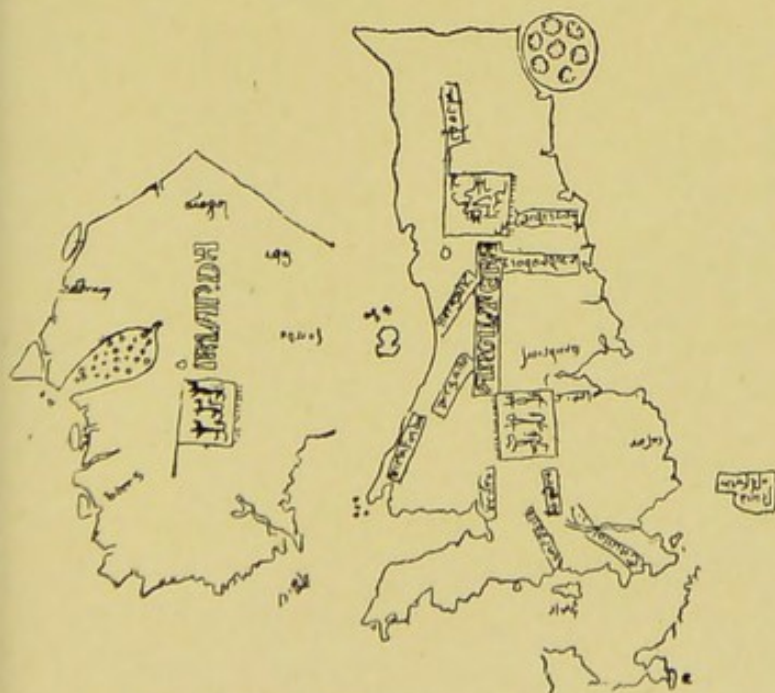
THANKSGIVING DAY

THANKSGIVING DAY is to America what Christmas is to England. Thanksgiving Day comes—the day, the children, and the profound tranquillity of content. They will go to church, for the happiness is incomplete, like love, without the pastor's blessing. . . . Then homeward to dinner, to the colossal turkey, to the vast mottled pudding, to the cider and home-made currant wine, to that wild, rollicking, after-dinner revel, when men become boys again with the boys, and women, like girls, are kissed in the corner



YE MOTHERLAND IN YE DARKSOME DAYS.

THE EARLY DAWN OF OUR MOTHERLAND.



YE MOTHERLAND PROGRESSING.



ONE OF OUR VERY EARLY BRITISH ANCESTORS.

(FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

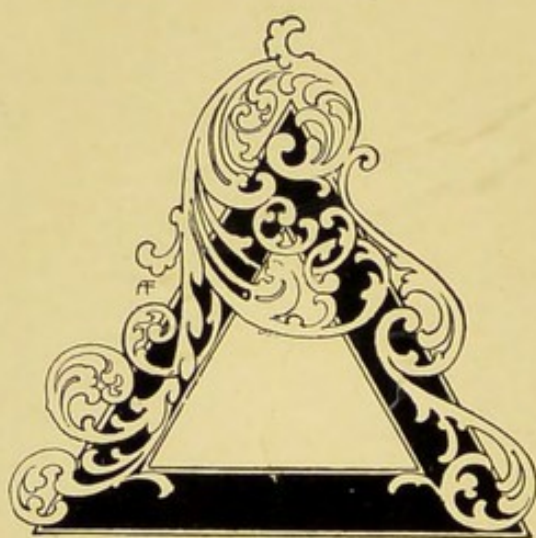
The brave VERY early Briton was a warrior bold and feared no man. His weapons, though primitive, excelled those of neighbouring nations. He defended his homeland with a valour unsurpassed in history.



A VERY EARLY BRITISH BELLE IN THE COSTUME OF THE PERIOD.

(FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

The beauteous and valiant VERY early British Belle was skilled in the chase and in the arts of war. Like the gallant Briton she decorated her body and wore an ornamented necklet and girdle of iron.



Some Glimpses
and a
Reverie.



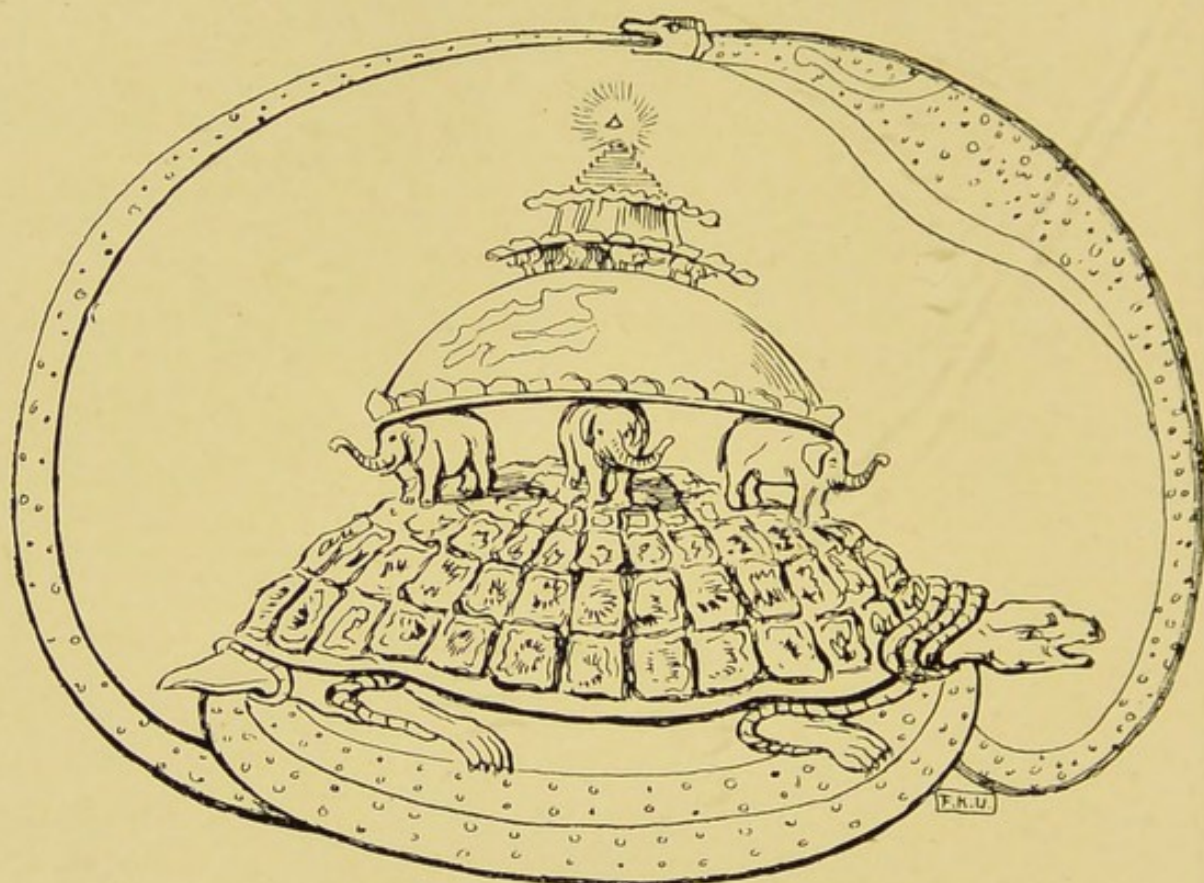


Fig. 8

THE BRAHMINICAL IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

This drawing represents the Brahminical idea of the universe. The tortoise, symbolic of strength and protective power, is supported and encircled by the serpent, emblematic of Eternity. The Hindu heaven Swarga, the abode of gods and celestial spirits, is situated on the top of a vast mountain Meru. Below is the earth under which is the "lower regions" with its seven patalas.

This World of Ours.

GENESIS.

Chapter I.

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

2. And the earth was without form, and void; and the darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

5. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day,

6. ¶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

7. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters, which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

8. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

9. ¶ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

10. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.

THIS passage from the book of Genesis represents one of the earliest human conceptions of the origin of the universe. The form which the earth took when it was made has exercised human intelligence through

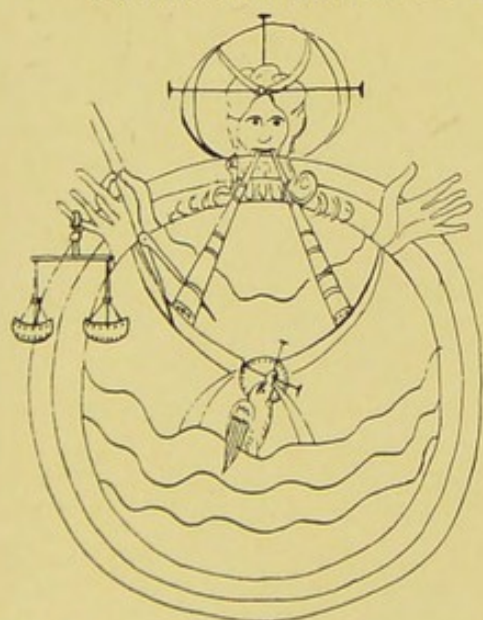


Fig 1.—Representation of Creation from MSS. 11th century.

all ages, even amongst the most primitive peoples. It represents the Semitic development of an earlier and simpler conception. The roaming Semite or shepherd of the early days was better endowed with the analytical faculty, possessed keener insight than the house-dweller having a fixed abode, and was better equipped intellectually to perform the feat of dissecting the "Creation" into its elements.

The Akkadian idea of the shape of the universe was that of a dome or hollow mound, from the roof of which the stars were suspended (fig. 2). It was supported on the backs of fabulous monsters. To the Akkadian the universe consisted of the "earth mound" with its appendages, consisting of the vault of heaven, the stars and the greater luminaries.

Their descendants retained and developed this simple idea. The Chaldeans regarded the earth as an enclosed chamber supporting the sky, and balanced on the bosom of the eternal waters.

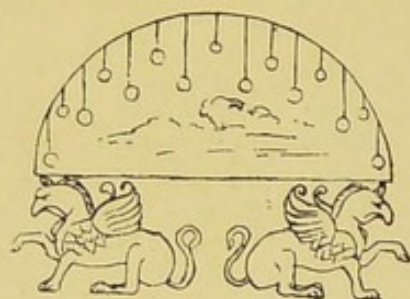


Fig. 2—Akkadian Idea of the form of the Universe.
Estimated about B.C. 8000.

It resembled in form a Chaldean monumental mound surrounded by water. Water was the pre-existent element in which a portion, shaped like a hoop, was dried up and afterwards filled with dust in sufficient quantities to form the earth mound, (fig 3). At the top of the mound was the source of the Euphrates. The earthy part was deep enough to reach the bottom of the primæval ocean, to bend under it and eventually to turn upwards and form a lofty

outer wall, enclosing the waters of the ocean, and forming at the same time an impassable barrier between the inhabitants of the earth and the

region of the gods (fig. 4).

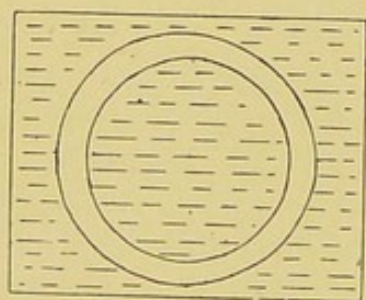


Fig. 3.—Ground Plan of Chaldean Creation (as in Fig. 4).
Estimated about B.C. 7000.

This forms a fundamental distinction between the Chaldaic and Semitic cosmology.

The Semite's divinity was approachable and occasion-

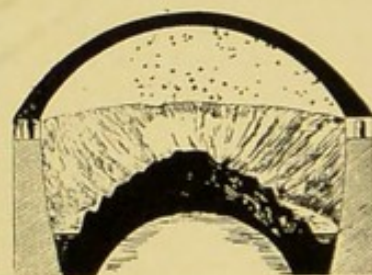


Fig. 4.—Elevation of Sectional View shewing Earth, Ocean, and Earth Wall, supporting the Dome of the Heavens.
Estimated about B.C. 7000

ally visited the earth and spoke to man, notably as recorded in respect of his appearance in the Garden of Eden, to Enoch, and to Moses in the Burning Bush.

Through the eastern door of the sky the sun emerged from a huge over-hanging tunnel, only to enter the western gate and pass the night in a cavern (fig. 4).—"He hath set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it."—Psalm xix., 4, 5, 6.

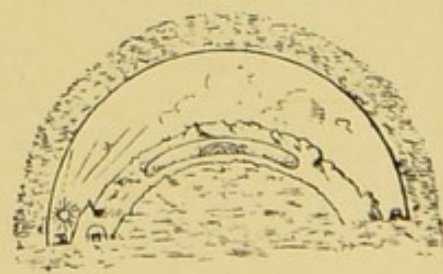


Fig. 5.—Babylonian Conception of the Universe.
Estimated about B.C. 6000.

The Babylonians depicted the mounds as surrounded by atmosphere and surmounted by a heavenly ocean beyond which the gods dwelt (fig. 5). Eastern and western offshoots from the earliest historical civilization of



Fig. 6.—Primitive Brahminical Tortoise
Estimated about B.C. 2000.



Fig. 7.—Vishnu and the
Whirling Mountain
supporting the Earth—
rotating in water.
Estimated about B.C. 2000.

Akkadia held analagous views. Oriental imagination was added to the primitive idea (fig. 2). The dome was endowed with life and became a tortoise, inside of which man lived and moved and had his being (fig. 6). This is the origin of many myths regarding the tortoise. It was thought to float on a primæval ocean, and, as such became associated Brahminism.

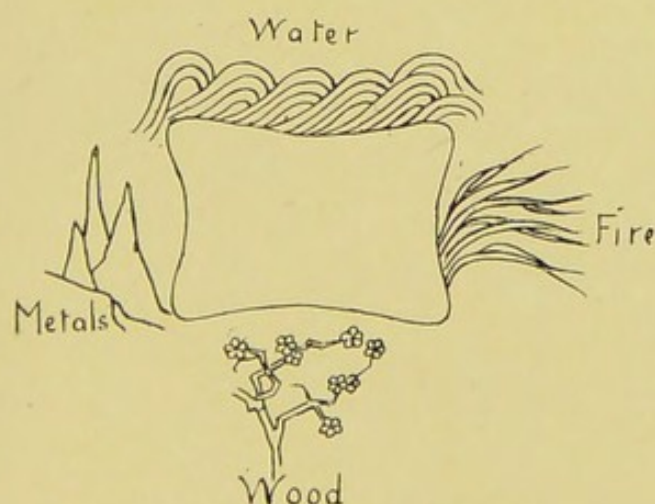


Fig. 9.—Primitive Chinese Conception
of the Earth and Elements,
Estimated about B.C. 4000

A later form of this myth indicates that Vishnu took the form of a tortoise, and lay at the bottom of the sea as a pivot for the whirling mountain of Hindu cosmography to rest upon (fig. 7).

The idea became, in later times, very complicated (fig. 8, p. 42). At the summit of the fabulous mountain, Meru, the Hindu heaven, Swarga, was situated. It contained the cities of the gods and the habita-

tions of celestial spirits, divided into seven paradises; below this the intermediate region or earth was depicted. Then followed the lower region where seven patalas were situated. The tortoise, symbolic of strength

and protective power, rests on the great serpent, emblem of Eternity. Certain American tribes regard the tortoise as the symbol of the world and the mother of mankind. The Chinese and the Egyptian ideas of



Fig. 10.—Egyptian Legend of Creation.
Estimated about B.C. 5000.

The Egyptian universe was a rectangular box, as it were, hollowed out of solid rock, with the dwelling-place of man at the bottom, Egypt being in the middle. From this time onward each nation has regarded itself as occupying the the centre of the earth, and the others as being located on its edges. The sky stretched over the box like an iron lid, having its earthward face capriciously spangled with stars or "lamps" hung from strong ropes (fig. 11). Originally the sky was supported by the trunks of four huge trees which subsequently were thought not to be sufficiently stable and were therefore superseded by four lofty peaks, called respectively "The Horn of the Earth," "The Mountain of Birth," "The Region of Life," and "The Region of the 'Very Deep.'"

The idea of the world being supported by a pivot or "hub" continued for a long period. The whirling mountain was a fantastic advance on the monsters of the Akkadians, or the trees of the Egyptians. The balancing of the earth on a "pivot" shows a distinct advance in the mechanical genius of the world. In a fourteenth century manuscript the author has given his idea of the scene

creation and of the universe present points of similarity. They represent its form as that of a complex box—the complexity itself being an index of advance in conception. At the edges of the Chinese earth their chief "elements" were located (fig 9). The stars were fixed by nails to the vault above.

According to the Egyptian idea of the creation the heavens were represented by the goddess Nut, who gave birth to the god Seb, who is the earth (fig. 10).

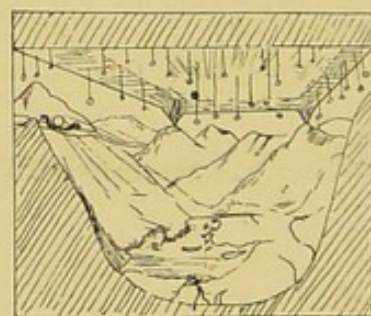


Fig. 11.—Egyptian Conception of the Universe.
Estimated about B.C. 5000.



Fig. 12.—A 14th century Conception of the Pivot of the World—
from a French MS.

in which Alexander, on his entry into Babylon, was presented with the pivot of the world (fig. 12).

The Phœnician derived his universe from the union of time, desire and height, which he regarded as three first principles. From the union of the last two, Ether, or the male air, and Aura, the female air, were begotten. They produced an egg, from which and whence the world was born. This idea of comparing the shape of the earth to an egg also existed amongst some other nations. It was specially the form of the Hindu world (fig. 13).



Fig. 13.—Outline of Hindu Map of the World
Shows the Mountain of Meru
with Heaven on the summit.
Estimated about B.C. 600

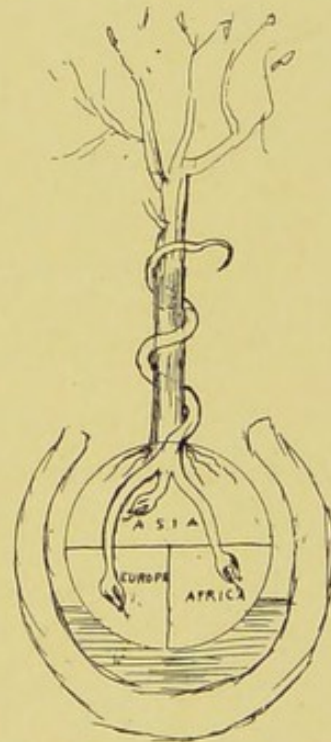


Fig. 14.—Scandinavian Conception
of the relationship between the
three kingdoms—
Heaven, Earth and Hell.

The inhabitants of Finland likewise took their idea of the cosmogony of the universe from the egg. With them the yolk represented the solid earth, the white the ocean surrounding it, and the shell the ethereal regions beyond which space existed, inhabited by divinities. The Venerable Bede, who lived from 673 to 735 A.D., reverted in his description of the world to this very primitive idea.

The old Scandinavian mythological cosmogony regarded the earth as lying in water with a tree springing out of it and reaching to the heavens. A

many-headed snake was entwined round the tree and gnawing at its roots (fig. 14).

In the course of the history of the world an infinite variation of ideas existed regarding its shape, structure, and manner of formation. In each case this depended upon the nature of the particular religious cult.

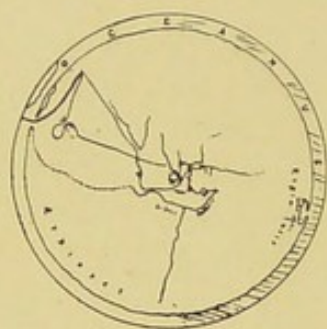


Fig. 15.—The World according to Homer—
10th century B.C., showing
Britain (Cimmeria), in the upper
left-hand segment.



Fig. 16.—The World as drawn by
Ephorus. 4th century B.C.

The idea of the "disc earth" was adopted by the Greeks, and is probably referable to the Mycænean or pre-Homeric period. The world as described in the Homeric poems was regarded as a flat circular disc, surrounded by the



Fig. 17.—The World as shown by Hecateus,
a native of Mytilene, not long
before Pompey the Great, who
was born B.C. 106.

river Oceanus, forming the "lake of the sun" in the east, and in the west shutting off the Cimmerians (Britons) who dwelt in the land of the shadow of death and in perpetual darkness (fig. 15). Of Hecateus (fig. 17), Herodotus remarks, "Many geographers have ridiculously presented the earth as a circular disc;" and Aristotle also sarcastically admired those who represented the habitable earth

in a round form, for, he said, "reason and sight attest that it is not so."

Knowledge of the earth's surface was making progress. Erasthenees began carrying out scientific measurements.

It was conceived of in a yet different form by Periegetes who forms like a kind of bi-convex disc, (fig. 18).

The Alexandrian or Ptolemaic epoch closes the development of the geographical systems of the ancients. Ptolemy's map (fig. 19) is a projection, which, for the first time, approaches modern ideas of the sphere.

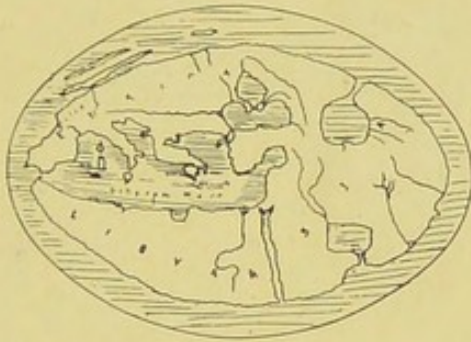


Fig. 18.—Map of the World, by Periegetes, naval commander in the Ptolemaic Era, 3rd century B.C.

He regarded the earth's shape more as that of a cone (fig. 20) set upon a hemispherical base.

The retrograde period of topography, as it was represented in the dark ages, finds an expositor in the learned traveller Cosmas, who gave the earth a rectangular form. Cosmas died in 550 A.D. Whilst he lived he exercised his talents in an attempt to

refute the Ptolemaic notions of the form of the earth as erroneous and impious, and out of all harmony with divine and Christian teaching. He went so far as to hold that the earth should properly be represented in the form of the Mosaic tabernacle, reverting indeed to the Egyptian "box" idea, slightly altering the shape. Cosmas stoutly maintained that the earth had the form of a table, whose length was double its width (fig. 21). The characters at the top of the map signify "land beyond the ocean where man dwelt before the flood"; the inscription to the south reads "land



Fig. 19.—The Shape of the World as known to Ptolemy 2nd century B.C.

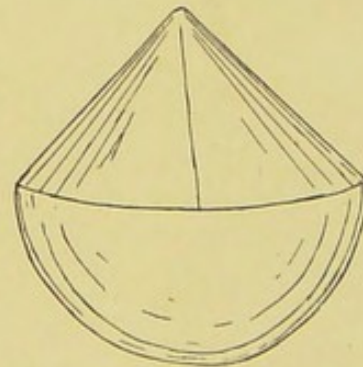


Fig. 20.—Ptolemy's Conception of the Form of Earth.

beyond the ocean." In his system the planets do not turn round the world but take their course round a conical mountain of immense height, placed towards the north side of the earth.

place, in the middle ages, to unreasonable and wild statements. Fancy took the place of geographical research, and the dim recesses of the cloisters were substituted for the Chaldean observatory towers and for the wonderful philosophy of the Greeks.

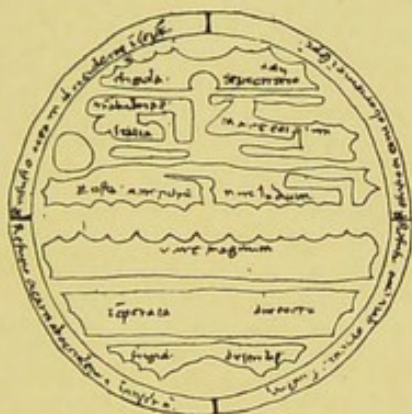


Fig. 23—Map by Macrobius showing Water Communication and division of the Earth into Zones. 10th century.

Thus, in 557 A.D., Brandan, the Abbot of Cluanfert, speaks of having seen an island upon which birds talk, and a place of execution where Judas was tortured. In the course of his travels he also came upon places which he describes as islands of the saints, or terrestrial paradises. Even in the twelfth century, Omons, in his "Image of the World," described the harmony of the heavenly spheres, and believed that an earthly paradise existed in the East with its tree of life, its four rivers, and the angel with the fiery

sword guarding its gates. To him, Hecla was the purgatory of St. Patrick, and he located it in Ireland. His physiographical explanation of the action of volcanoes was that they were nothing more than so many air-holes and mouths of hell. In the thirteenth century, Robert de St. Manen maintained that the world was square as Cosmas had done; but there were many geographers who, at that time, held the circular-disc opinion. The fourteenth century saw a return to the Greek ideas of a period prior to the work of the brilliant Alexandrian school. The earth was again drawn like a disc. The sky was a vault supported on the edges of the disc. The fourteenth century maps represent the world of Homer with the addition of the plurality of the spheres, as Bede had described them.

The conventional maps of the early fifteenth century showed advance in the knowledge of the water-ways (fig. 24); and of the configuration of continents and islands, and represent Asia as the largest continent united to Europe and Africa.

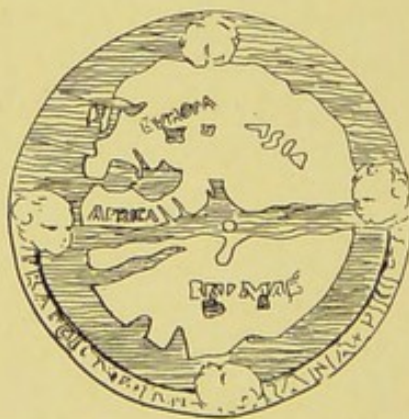


Fig. 24.—Old notion of the World from a 15th century Medal. A.D. 1405.

In the fourteenth century activity of mind and quickening of intelligence led to a series of voyages and explorations, especially by Venetians, Genoese, and Portuguese in the pursuit of mercantile enterprise. Geographical knowledge was considerably enriched by the accounts given by the voyagers.

The marvellous character and profitable nature of these adventurous expeditions aroused men's minds to the greater possibilities of fresh effort and acted as a potent stimulus to enterprise. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century fearless mariners sought and won fame and fortune by daring voyages on hitherto unknown seas. They brought back not only more or less correct particulars of the seas and coasts they had discovered, but also information leading to much greater accuracy in the maps and charts of their day.

But although during this period progress had been continuous in the laborious attainment and systematic arrangement of exact knowledge of the earth's surface, the flash of genius that was to reveal the truth had yet to come. As the horizon was broadened the haze of mystery that hung about it had been partially lifted, but no man had yet arisen strong enough to overthrow old theories and formulate new. The shape of the earth was still regarded as flat, the Atlantic Ocean was a darksome sea as full of terror as the dismal Dark Continent before it was opened up to the light of civilization by the heroic exertions of Livingstone and Stanley.

Columbus, the man who was to double the size of the world, was born about this period. From a study of his life it may be gathered that his genius owed as much, perhaps, to piercing intuition as to an "infinite capacity for taking pains." Early in life he seems to have devoted himself to a thorough study of such branches of knowledge as were within his reach, and it is known that the special attention he devoted to natural philosophy and navigation, enabled him to devise certain technical instruments for use at sea. His mastery of existing geographical knowledge was complete. His conception that the earth was a sphere was rather the outcome of intense devotion to laborious investigation than to sudden inspiration. Of course, his belief was vigorously and bitterly opposed by most of his contemporaries, but in spite of all difficulties he set sail on August 3rd, 1492, and laid his course due west into the Vast Unknown. Of the maddening hopes and superstitious terrors of that, the most epoch-making voyage in the history of the world, little is known. The imperious enthusiasm of Columbus conquered in the end. On the moonlit evening of October 11th, a mysterious moving light met his eager gaze, and was to him a veritable beacon. On the morning of the 12th, the landfall of the New World burst upon his vision, and he realised the great project of his life.



BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD.

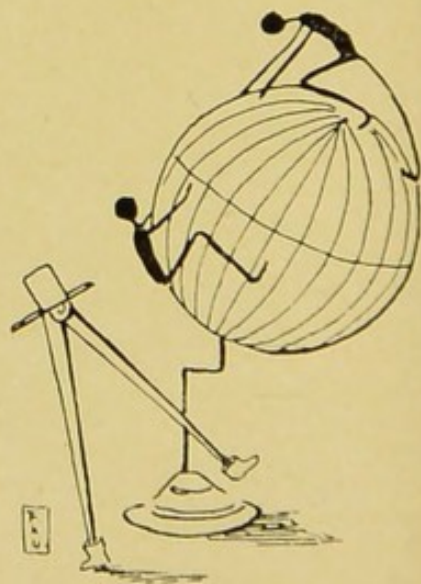


Columbus refutes the theory
that "The World am Flat."

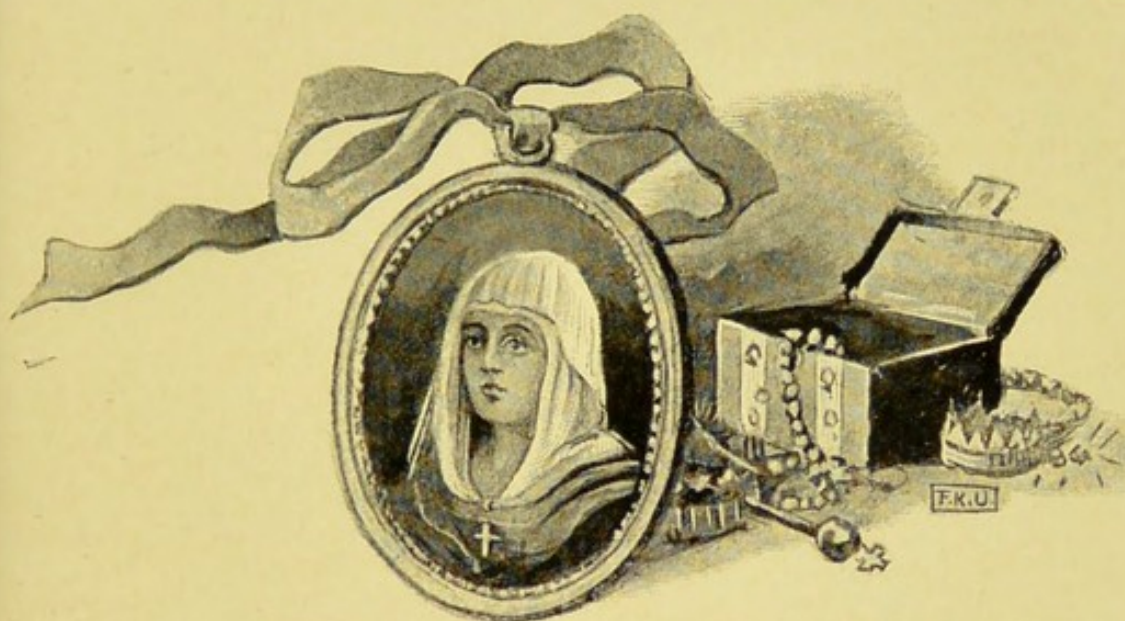
Columbus.

(LOWELL.)

Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
Of the world's scorn are the right mother-milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled :
Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts ;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Ciangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe,
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief.
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.



"ROUND AS A BALL."



QUEEN ISABELLA.

Columbus and Isabella,

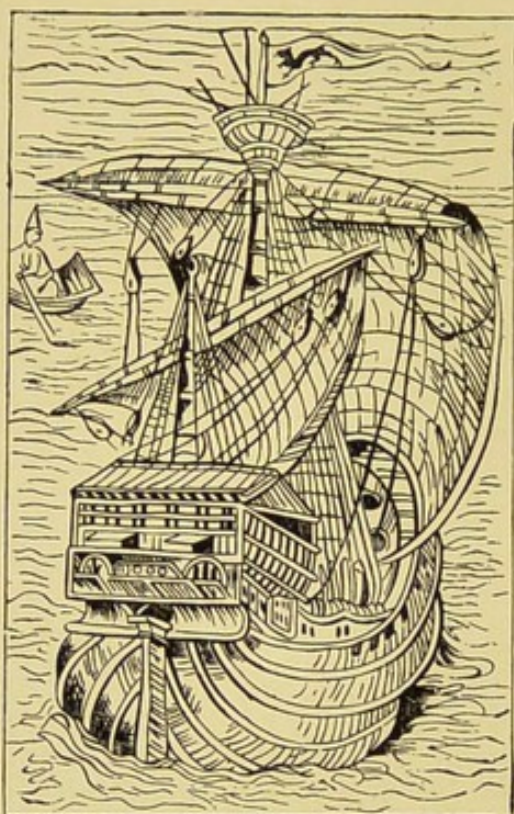
1492.

At first the project of Columbus found no favor at the Spanish Court, and when, disappointed, after long waiting, he turned his steps toward France, Queen Isabella recalled him,—won over to the idea of glorious discovery—even offering to sell her jewels if the necessary funds could not otherwise be obtained. It was in 1492 that Columbus after years of weary waiting, sailed with his caravels for the unknown continent, on which he landed October 12th.



LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

(Florence, 1493.)



A DRAWING ATTRIBUTED TO COLUMBUS, REPRESENTING HIS FLAGSHIP, "SANTA MARIA."

Man's Ingratitude.

Columbus, the Admiral of the Indies, wrote the nurse of Prince Don John of Castile, in the year 1500, when he was returning from the Indies as a prisoner :—

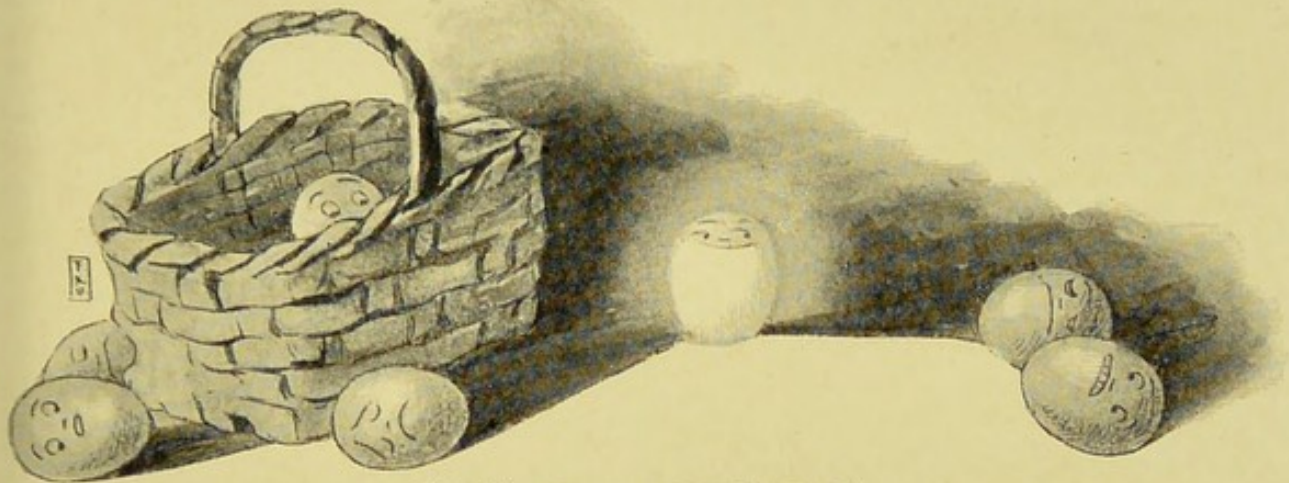
"Most virtuous Lady,—Though my complaint of the world is new, its habits of ill-using is very ancient. I have had a thousand struggles with it, and have thus far withstood them all, but now neither arms nor counsels avail me, and it cruelly keeps me under water. Hope in the Creator of

all men sustains me ; His help was always very ready ; on another occasion and not long ago, when I was still more overwhelmed, he raised me with his right arm, saying O man of little faith, arise, it is I ; be not afraid."

"I assert that the violence of the calumny of turbulent persons has injured me more than my services have profited me ; which is a bad example for the present and for the future. I take my oath that a number of men have gone to the Indies who did not deserve water in the sight of God and of the world ; and now they are returning thither, and leave is granted them.



A DRAWING ATTRIBUTED TO COLUMBUS, REPRESENTING HIS "CARAVEL" AT THE ANTILLES.



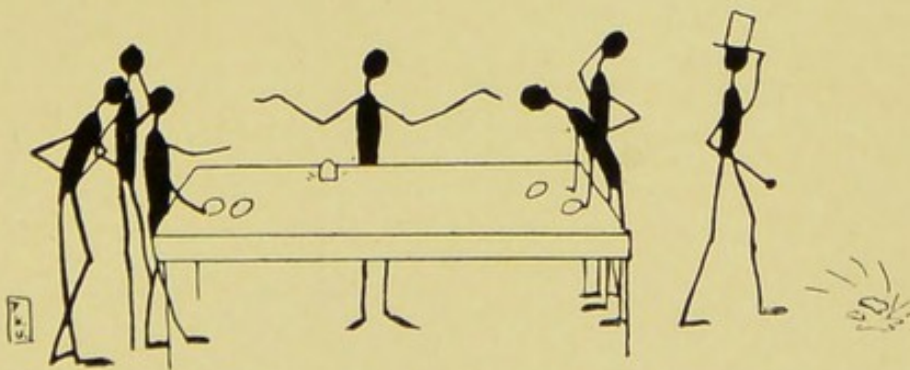
"WE REPRESENT THE EARTH."

Columbus's Egg.

Detractors are found,
In modern times, too;
For a deed that's once done
Seems quite easy to do.

These scoffers of Spain
Couldn't find e'en a leg,
As ashamed they all gazed
On Columbus's egg!

B. U.



"IT'S VERY EASY—WHEN I'VE SHOWN YOU!"

ndæ noie amen: *este estis. l. 6*

bien & fiel ment pamb. & vna rōptima rōptu en pād gani
 & creio en lēngua latina. Et pilla du un du pello & rōp
 vlorada metub en vna taxa & muleza. pendete en vna
 ante & pda & l. Et pūtu de & firmada & nō nō
 apostolio. pūtu pōrta pūtu. Et pūtu pūtu
 qual & uerbo ad uerbo de pūtu q pūtu.

Petrus garfic. Dei et aptice sedio gñ

Ep̄s Barcinon Regius auditor et consiliarius.

Universis & singulis pntes lras Sive pns publicum
Instrumentum visuris lecturis pariter & audituris. Sa
lutem in dno sempiternam & prosperos ad uoca successus
nobis & cuilibet vrum notum facimus p pntes quod
nos in nris manibus habuimus tenuimus palpaui
vidimus & diligenter Inspeximus. Sanctissimi In xpo
pns & dni nri domini Alexandri divina prudentia
pape sexti lras aplice eius vera bulla plumbea
in filijs siccis Rubei croceiq; Coloris more Roma
ne Curie Impens. Sanas signis et integras: no
viciatas no cancellatas: nec in aliq sui parte sus
pectas sed omnimoda suspectior Carentes ut in eis
apparebat. Quare quid hanc tenor & continetia
de verbo ad verbum. Sequitur et e talis. **Alexandi.**

Ep̄s suus suoz dei Car^{mo} in x̄ filio fernando Regi
 & Car^{me} in x̄ filio elisabeth Regine Castellæ
 legiois aragona sicilie gramate illustribus. Salu
 & ap̄tiam ben. Intre cetera diuine magestati bene
 placita opera et cordis n̄ri desiderabilia. illud
 p̄ffeto potissimum existit ut fides catholica & ame



ST. COLUMBUS, THE CHRIST-BEARER.

(From Map of Juan de la Cosa.)

Columbus was canonized early in the sixteenth century, because, through him, the first knowledge of Christianity was carried across the deep waters to the New World.

There is remarkable significance in his names, Christopher signifying Christ-bearer, and Columbus, dove.



VERY EARLY AMERICANS BEFORE THEY WERE "DISCOVERED."

The Indian Harvest.

(LONGFELLOW.)

Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardours,
Watted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and ripened
Till it stood in all the splendour
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining

Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

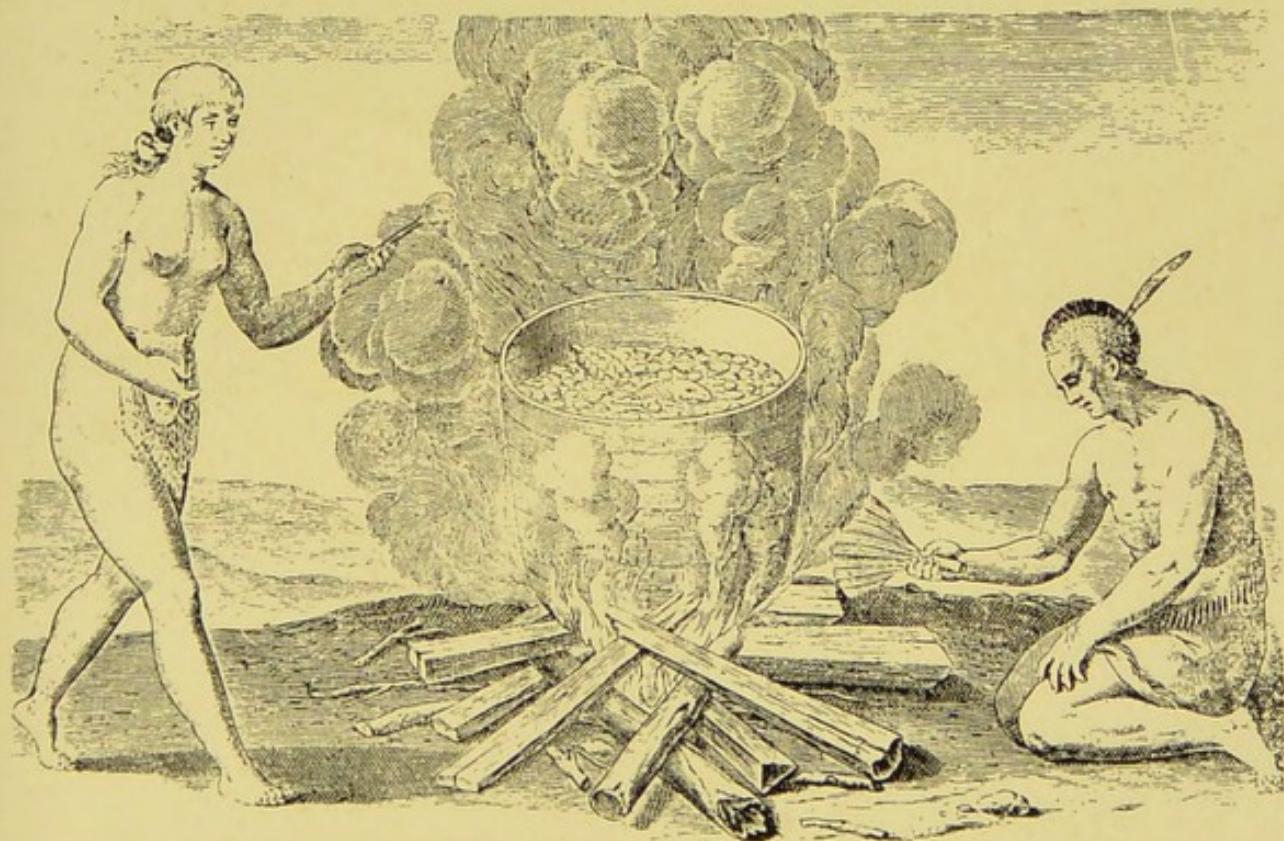
* * * * *
'Tis the moon when leaves are falling;
All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garment green and yellow!

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the corn-fields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women ;

Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
" Nushka ! " cried they all together,
" Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband,"
" Ugh ! " the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.



VERY EARLY AMERICANS PREPARING A THANKSGIVING BANQUET.



AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

1497 (?) to 1503.

Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine, made several voyages to the New World, an account of which was published by the monks of St. Die, near Strasbourg, in 1504, on one of those “newly invented and marvellous machines.” The Author, an enthusiastic admirer of the traveller—through ignorance most likely—gave to the new Continent the name, America, claiming for Amerigo the discovery.

The fact of Columbus’s discovery of the New World was little known outside Spain for some years, and other adventurers got credit and honour for his achievements.

Tales of Columbus’s achievements which had gained circulation were by many regarded as myths, like unto alleged voyages to the moon.



CABOT.

In 1496, under King Henry 7th, Cabot sailed in search of the North-West Passage. He discovered the mainland of North America.

The record of the reward granted him by the King reads: "To hym that founde the New Isle, £10."



YE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Ponce de Leon,

1512.

Ponce de Leon having subjugated Porto Rico, travelled northward in search of gold and precious stones, but more especially to find and drink of that Fabled Fountain whose waters could dispense perennial youth. Instead of magic waters, he found the land of flowers—Florida. At the age of eighty the thread of the old Cavalier's life was cut by a poisoned arrow.





"When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco; to be a lone man's Companion, a bachelor's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial, a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of Heaven."—Kingsley.

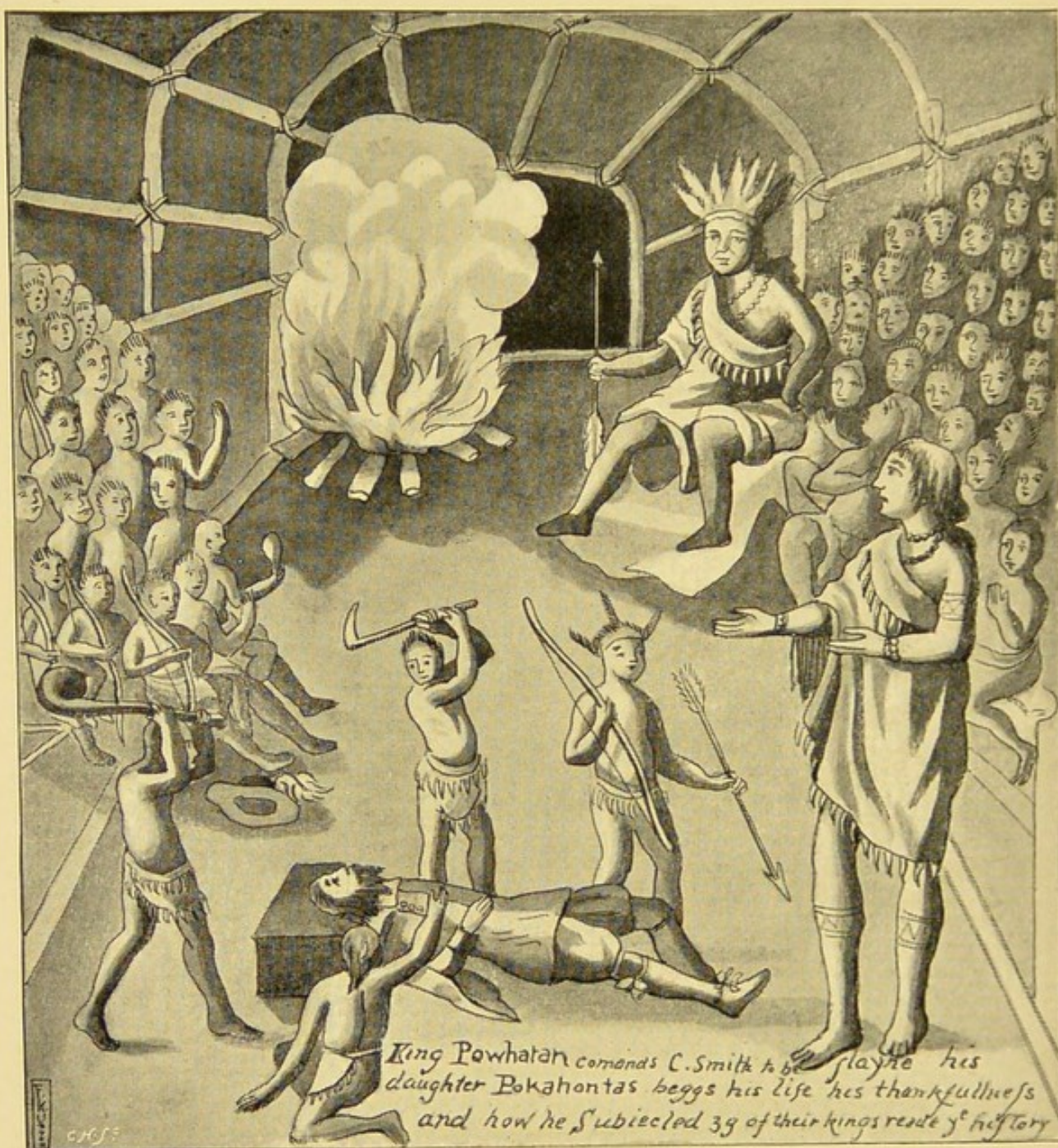


SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



These are the *Lines* that shew thy *Face*; but those
 That shew thy *Grace* and *Glory*, brighter bee:
 Thy *Faire-Discoveries* and *Fowle-Overthrowes*
 Of *Salvages*, much *Civilliz'd* by thee
 Best shew thy *Spirit*; and to it *Glory* *Wyn*;
 So, thou art *Brasse* without, but *Golde* within.

If so; in *Brasse* (too soft *Smiths* *Acts* to beare)
 I fix thy *Fame*, to make *Brasse* *steele* out weare.



POCAHONTAS PLEADS THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.
(From an old print).

Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, 1607.

Captain John Smith wrote: "At last I was ushered into the presence of Powhatan.

"On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along each side of the house were two rows of men, and behind them as many women all with their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads were bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one wore something in their hair, and a great chain of white beads about their necks."

“When I made my entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout, and to do me honor brought water, wherewith I might wash my hands, and another brought me a bunch of feathers wherewith to dry them, instead of a towel, and then they seated me in the best manner they could, which after all was but barbarous.

“They then held a great consultation about me, which I could not altogether understand, but the conclusion was that I was to die; a fate which, in truth, was near coming to pass, but for God’s goodness, as you shall hear. And, indeed, it did seem as if my last hour was at hand, for as many of the savages as could, laid hold of me, and having brought two great stones, which they placed before Powhatan, they dragged me to them and laid my head thereon, making ready with their clubs to beat out my brains.

“But now, mark the mercy of God towards me, when in this evil case, for surely it was His handwork. Their clubs were raised, and in another moment I should have been dead, when Pocahontas, the King’s dearest daughter, finding no entreaties could avail to save me, darted forward, and taking my head in her arms, laid her own upon it, and thus prevented my death. She thus claimed me as her own, and for her sake Powhatan was contented that I should live, and that I should henceforth spend my time in making him hatchets and bells, and beads and copper ornaments for Pocahontas.”

Pocahontas died in England and was buried at Gravesend.



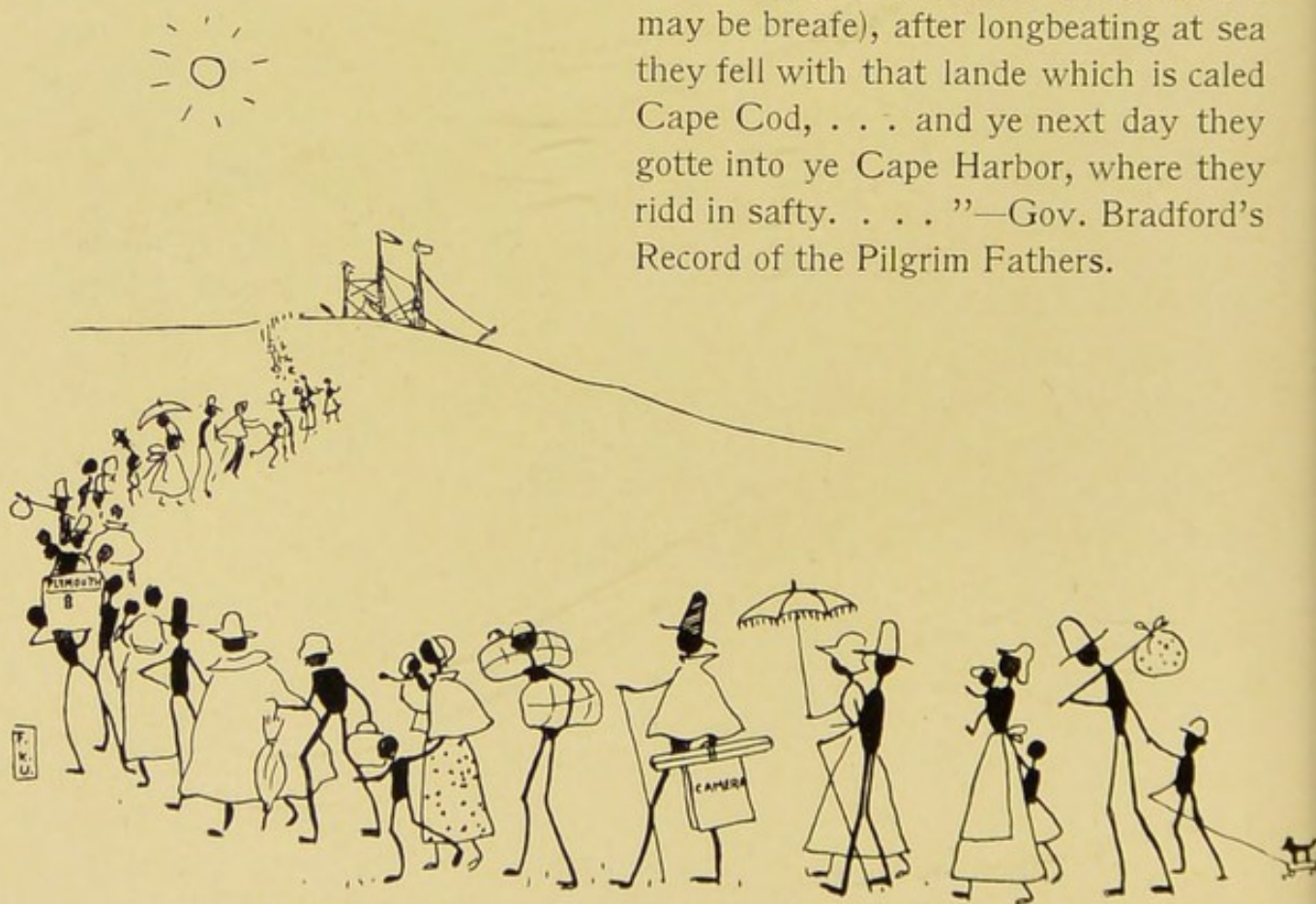
POCAHONTAS,
Daughter of the mighty Powhatan.

The Mayflower.

Founding of the New England Colony, 1620.

"A smale ship was bought and fitted in Holand . . . another was hired at London, and all things got in readiness . . . and ye time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of ye citie unto a towne sundrie miles off, called Delfes-Haven; . . . the next day, ye winde being faire, they went aborde, and their freinds with them, where truly dolfull was ye sighte of that sade and mournful parting, to see what sighs and sobbs and praies did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches peirst each harte; . . . but ye tide (which stays for no man) caling them away, yt were thus loathe to departe, . . . with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of another, which proved to be ye last leave to many of them.

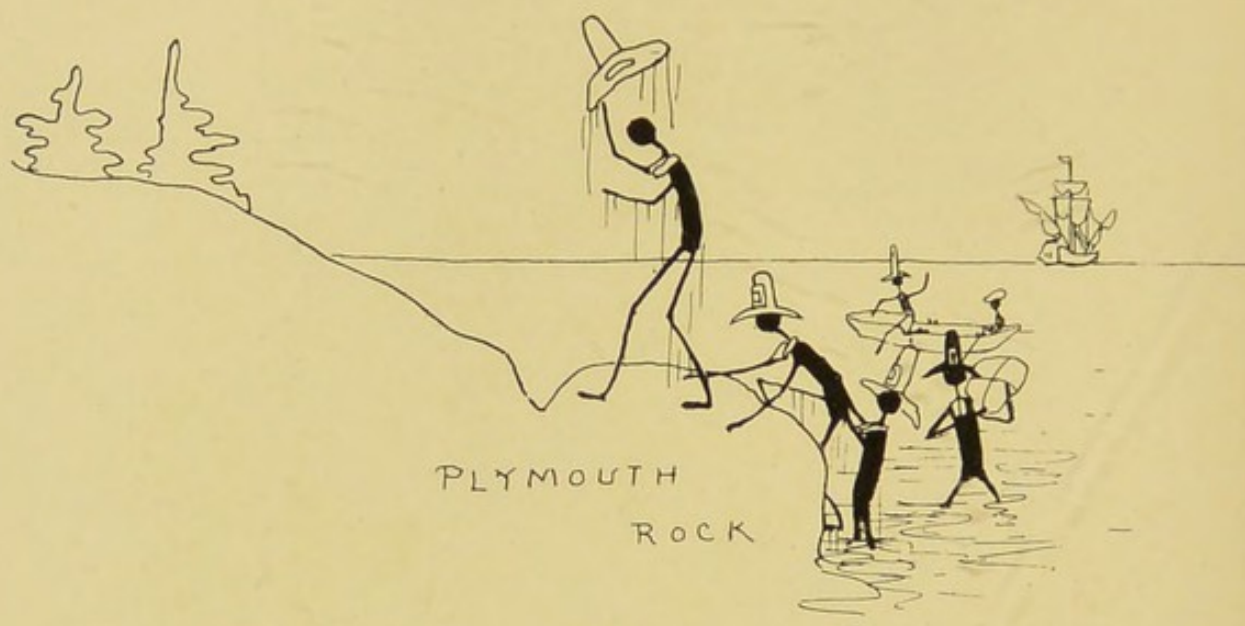
. . . But, to omite other things (that I may be breafe), after longbeating at sea they fell with that lande which is caled Cape Cod, . . . and ye next day they gotte into ye Cape Harbor, where they ridd in safty. . . ."—Gov. Bradford's Record of the Pilgrim Fathers.



YE PILGRIMS EMBARK ON YE GOODE SHIP "MAYFLOWER."



CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH AND THE "MAYFLOWER."



YE PILGRIMS LANDING ATTE YE ROCK OF PLYMOUTH.

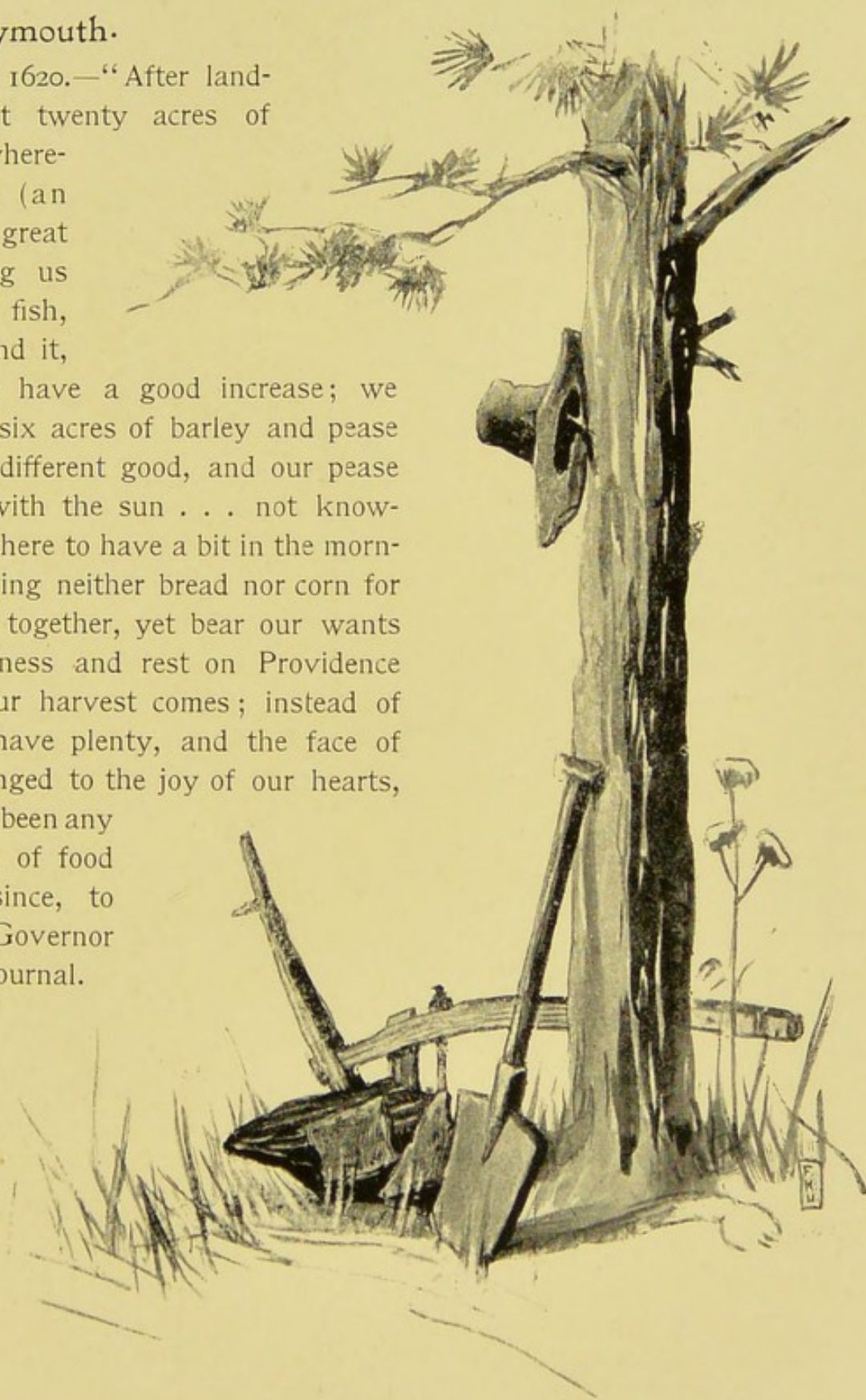
“And the appearance of it (Cape Cod) much comforted us, especially seeing so goodly a land, and wooded to the brink of the sea We could not come near the shore by three-quarters of an English mile, because of shallow water, which was a great prejudice to us; for our people, going on shore, were forced to wade, which caused many to get colds and coughs, for it was many times freezing cold weather.

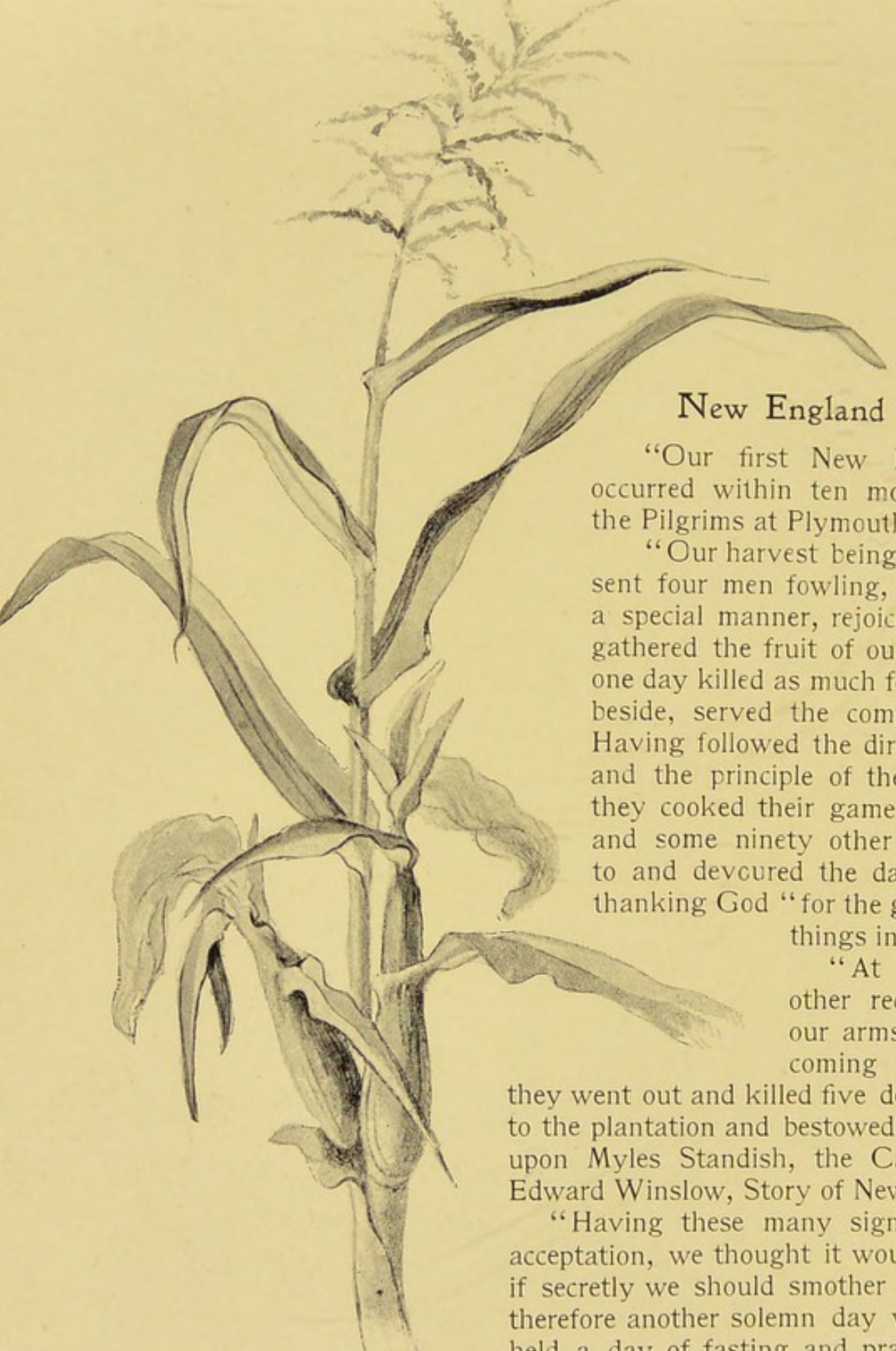
“November 11th. This day before we came to harbor, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body and to submit to such government and governors as we should by common consent agree to make and choose. We, whose names are underwritten, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. . . . In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th November, 1620. * * * *

“In all there were one hundred living to found the colony of New Plymouth.”—Young’s Chronicles.

Plymouth.

April 5th, 1620.—“After landing we plant twenty acres of Indian corn, wherein Squanto (an Indian) is a great help, showing us how to set, fish, dress and tend it, of which we have a good increase; we likewise sow six acres of barley and pease our barley indifferent good, and our pease parched up with the sun . . . not knowing at night where to have a bit in the morning, and having neither bread nor corn for three months together, yet bear our wants with cheerfulness and rest on Providence . . . now our harvest comes; instead of famine, we have plenty, and the face of things is changed to the joy of our hearts, nor has there been any general want of food among us since, to this day.”—Governor Bradford’s Journal.





New England Thanksgiving.

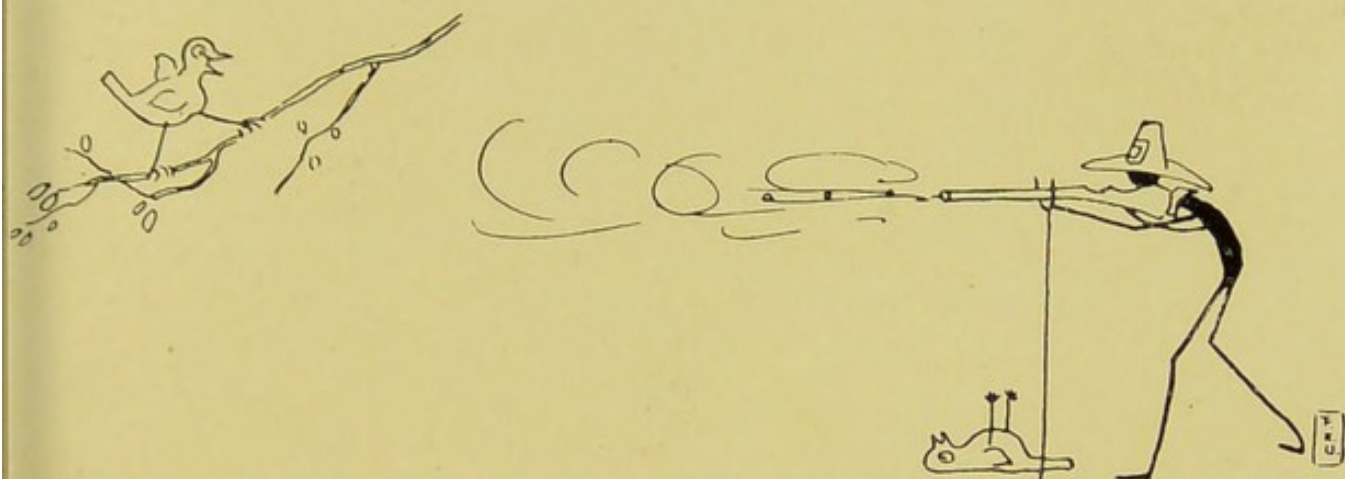
"Our first New England Thanksgiving occurred within ten months of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in the Autumn of 1621.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labours. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. Having followed the directions of the Governor and the principle of the excellent Mrs. Glass they cooked their game, and invited Massasoit and some ninety other savages, and all fell to and devoured the dainty feast of rejoicing, thanking God "for the good world and the good things in it."

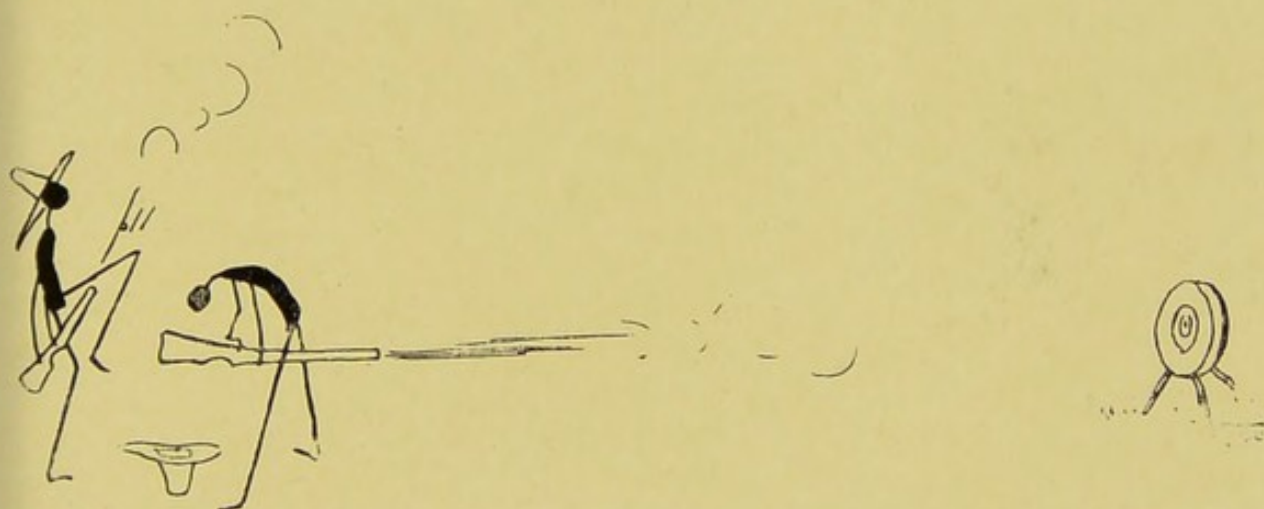
"At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, . . . and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our governor and upon Myles Standish, the Captain, and others."—Edward Winslow, Story of New England.

"Having these many signs of God's favor and acceptance, we thought it would be great ingratitude if secretly we should smother up the same, . . . and therefore another solemn day was set apart (they had held a day of fasting and prayer), and appointed for that end: wherein we returned glory, honor and praise with all thankfulness, to our good God which dealt so graciously with us, whose name for these, and for His other mercies towards His church and chosen ones by them be blessed and praised now and evermore. Amen."—Governor Bradford's History of the Pilgrims.

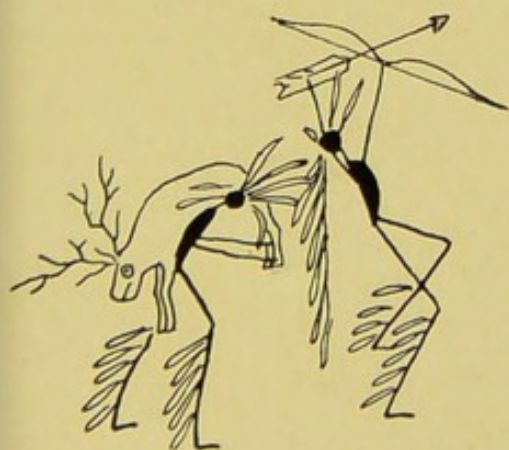
"But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!"



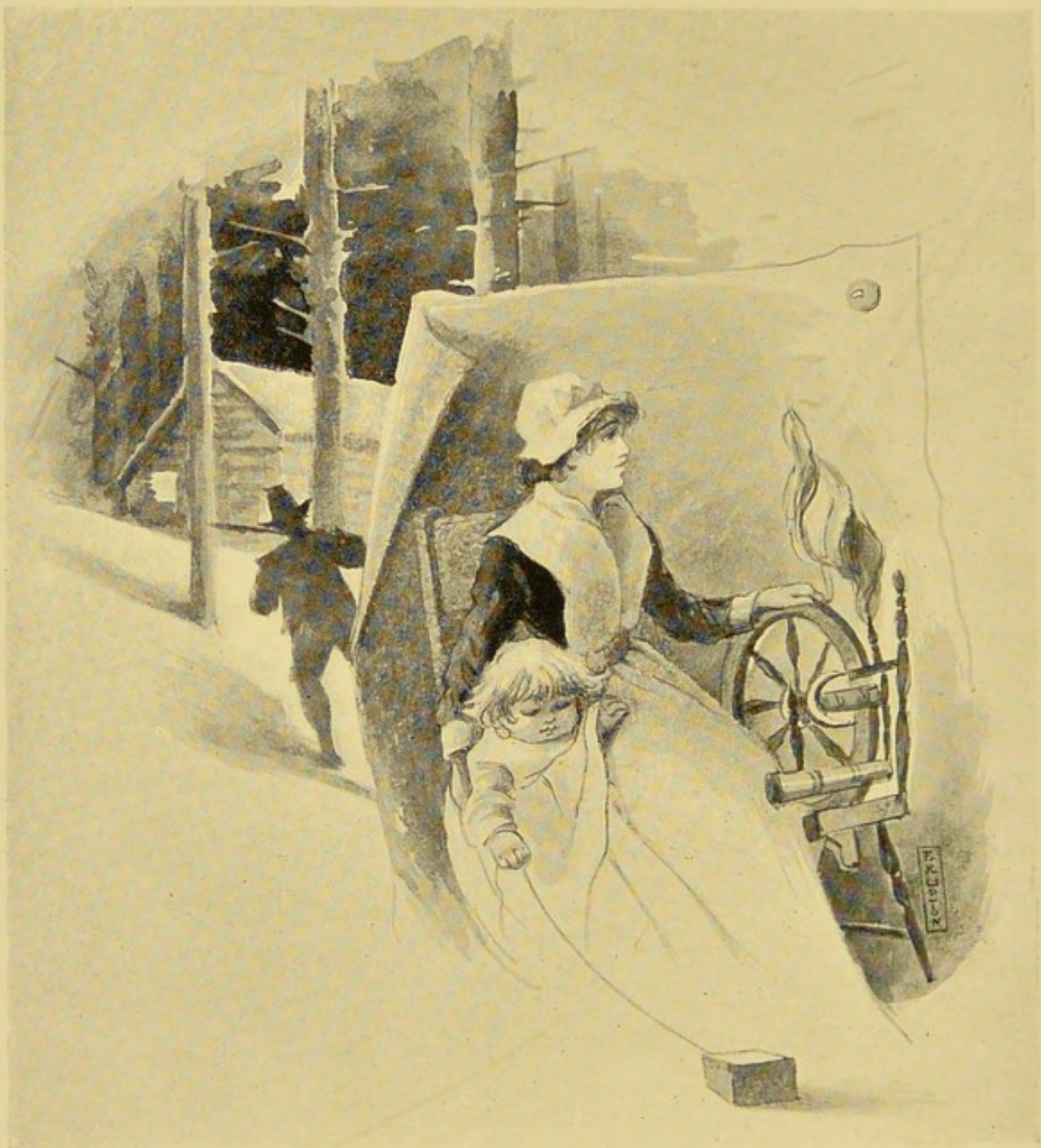
KILLED ENOUGH TO LAST A WEEK.



THEY EXERCISED THEIR ARMS.

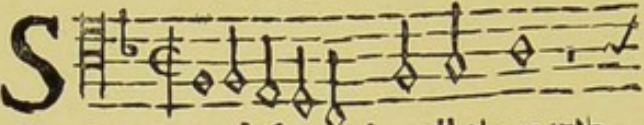
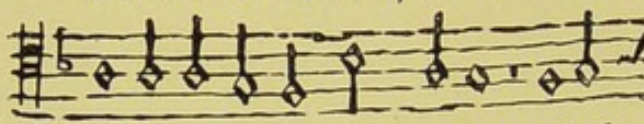
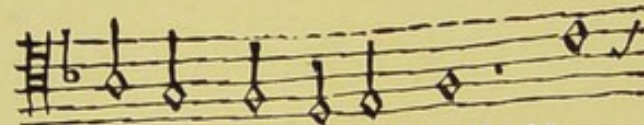
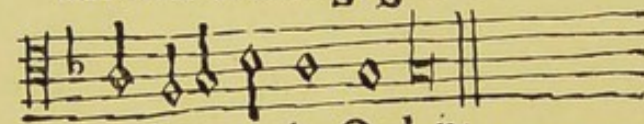


YE NOBLE RED MAN'S GIFT.



PURITAN BLESSINGS.

PSALME 100.

S 
 Howe to lehovah, all the earth.

 Serve ye lehovah with gladnes: before

 him come with finging-mirth. Know

 that lehovah he God is:

First Fixed and
 Official Thanksgiving,

OCTOBER 12, 1665.

“This court doth appoint a solemn day of Thanksgiving to be kept throughout this Colony on the last Wednesday of November, to return praise to God for His great mercy to us in the continuation of our liberties and privileges, both Civill and Eccleastick, and for our peace, and preventing those troubles that we feared by forreigne enemies, and for the blessings in the fruits of the earth and the generall health of the plantations.”— (Court of Connecticut Public Records.)



THE PUMPKIN.

(WHITTIER).

Ah ! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh—fruit loved of boyhood !—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling !
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team !



The Mayflowers.

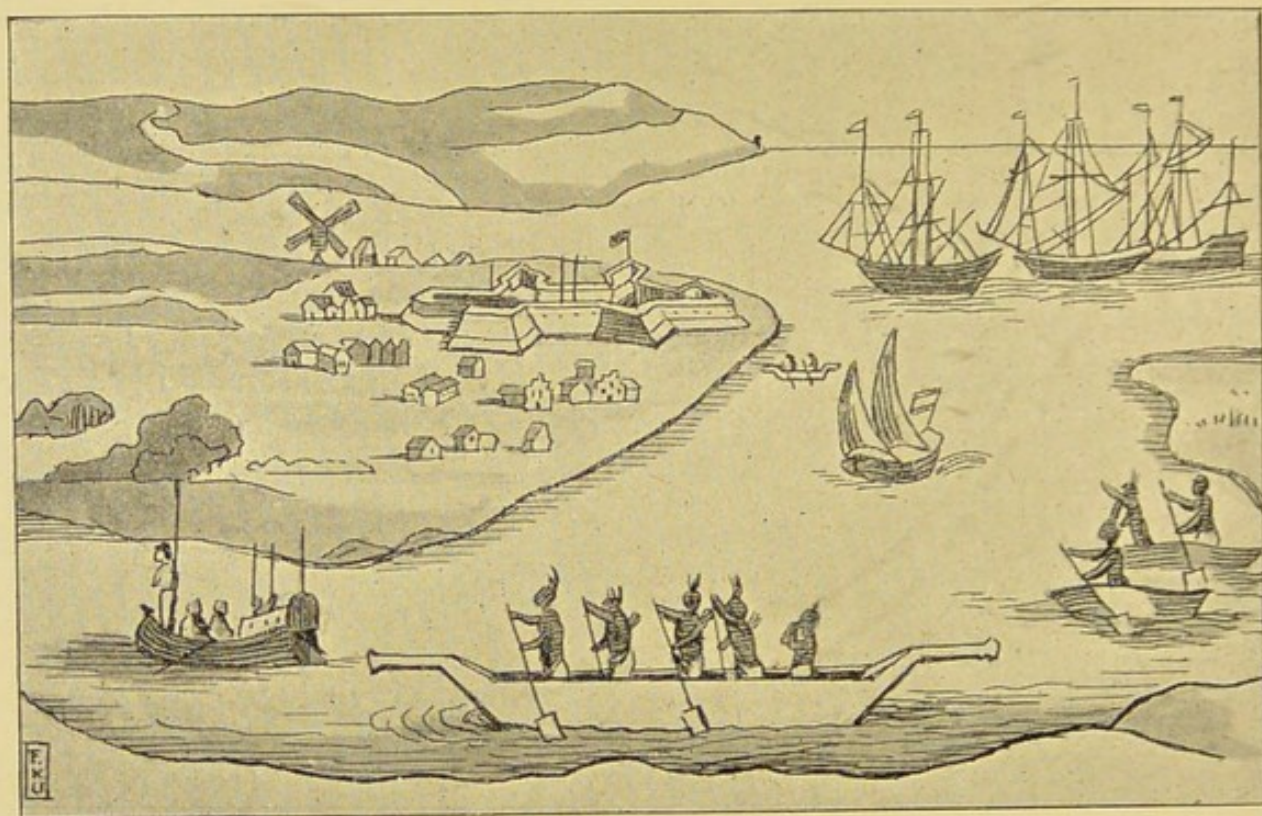
(WHITTIER.)

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

Sad Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails !

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that over runs
Its rocky strength with flowers.

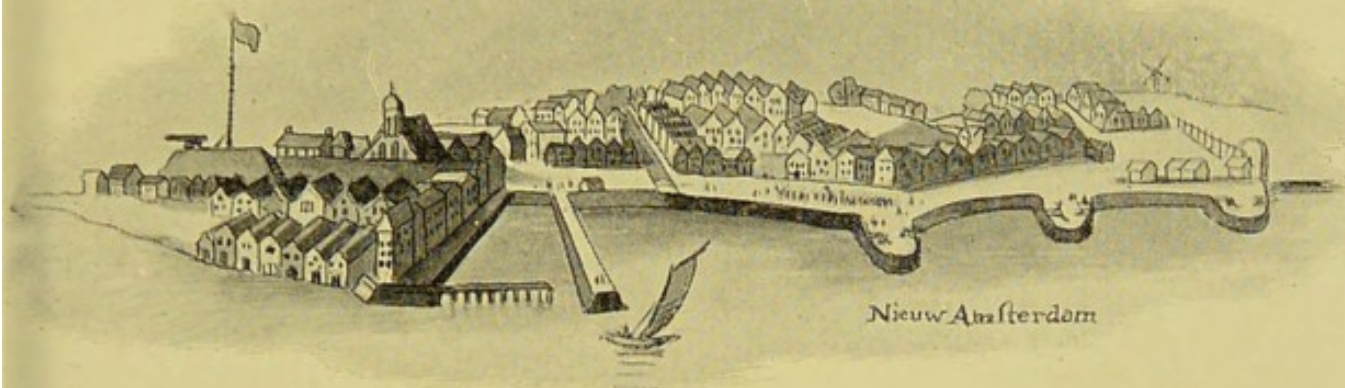


ISLE OF MANHATTAN.

(The earliest picture.)

In 1626, Peter Minuit, third Governor of New Netherland, acquired a firmer title than that of discovery by buying the whole of Manhattan Island from the Indians for sixty guilders (about twenty-four dollars, gold). The island was then a mass of tangled, frowning forest, fringed with melancholy marshes.

The settlers staked out a fort on the southermost point, and huddled near it in their squalid huts, while they closely watched their cattle, which were in imminent danger from wolves, bears, and panthers, whenever they strayed into the woodland.



New Amsterdam.

Our Dutch forbears of 1660, comfortably settled in their little colony occupying that part of the island below Wall Street, lived their simple, primitive life full of home pleasures and sober religious observance.

Under those quaint roofs the original "four hundred" exercised an unbounded hospitality.

Early afternoon teas were in order, while an occasional ball at the Sladt-Huys on

Paerel Street kept the young revellers out of their beds as late as nine o'clock, when the ancient watchman making his rounds, warned all to go home.

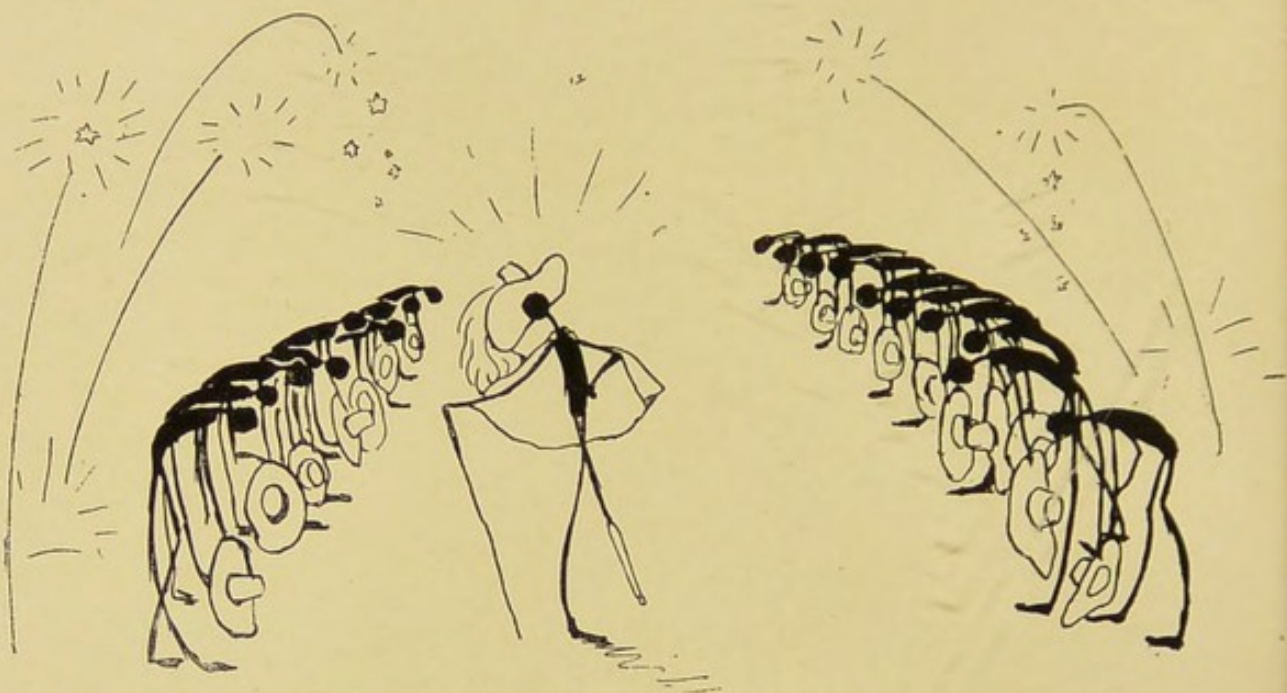
When the ferry was wanted, anyone crossing the river to Breukelein blew a horn if the boat was not within hail.

The "City of Churches" at that time was described as "a small village with an ugly church in its midst."



A NEW AMSTERDAMMER.





STUYVESANT'S ENTRY.

Peter Stuyvesant.

In May, 1647, Peter Stuyvesant became Governor of New Netherland.

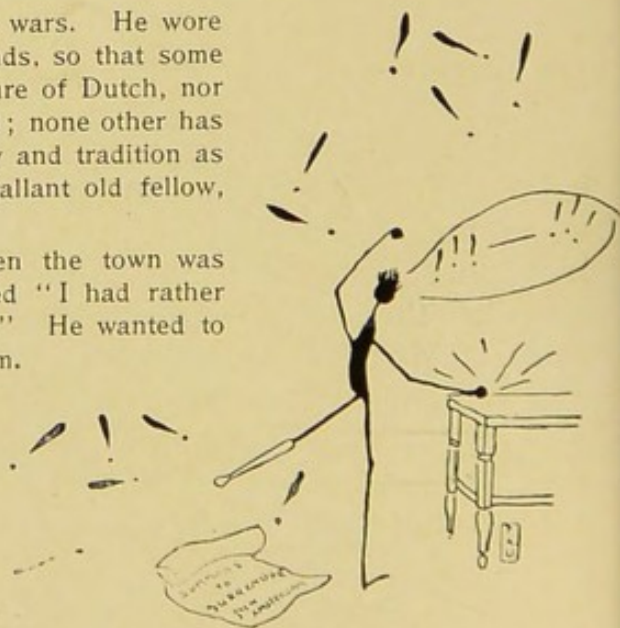
He arrived amid "shouting on all sides," and the burning of their entire stock of powder.

Stuyvesant declared "I shall govern you as a father his children," and at so kind a promise the crowd forgot the length of time he had kept them standing bareheaded in the sun, while he stalked by with hat undoffed.

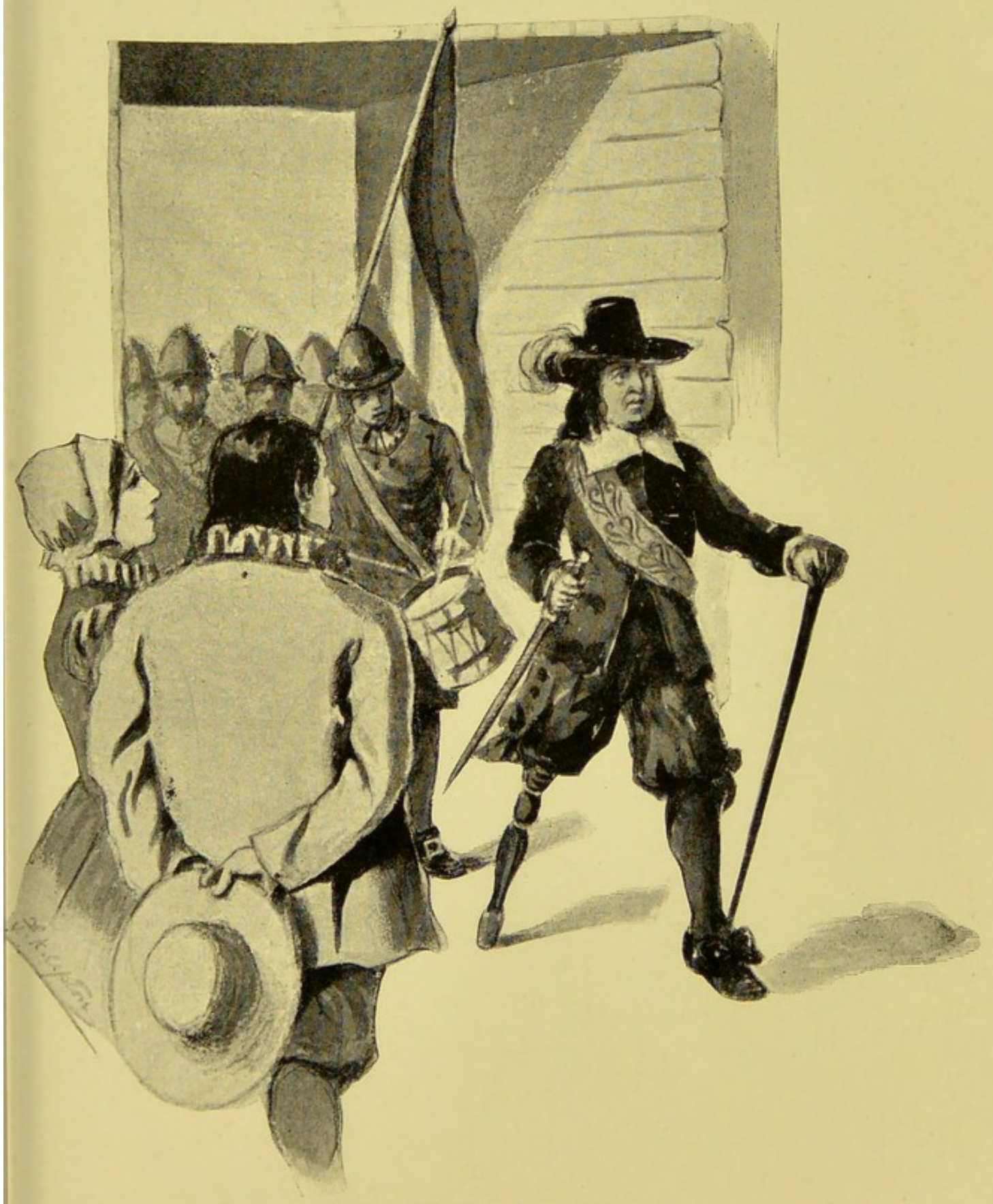
Grim old Stuyvesant had lost a leg in the wars. He wore in its place a wooden one, laced with silver bands, so that some traditions speak of it as silver. No other figure of Dutch, nor indeed of colonial days, is so well remembered; none other has left so deep an impress on Manhattan history and tradition as this whimsical and obstinate, but brave and gallant old fellow, the kindly tyrant of the little colony.

He governed the burghers well, and when the town was besieged by the English, Stuyvesant exclaimed "I had rather be carried a corpse to my grave than yield." He wanted to fight, but the burghers refused to stand by him.

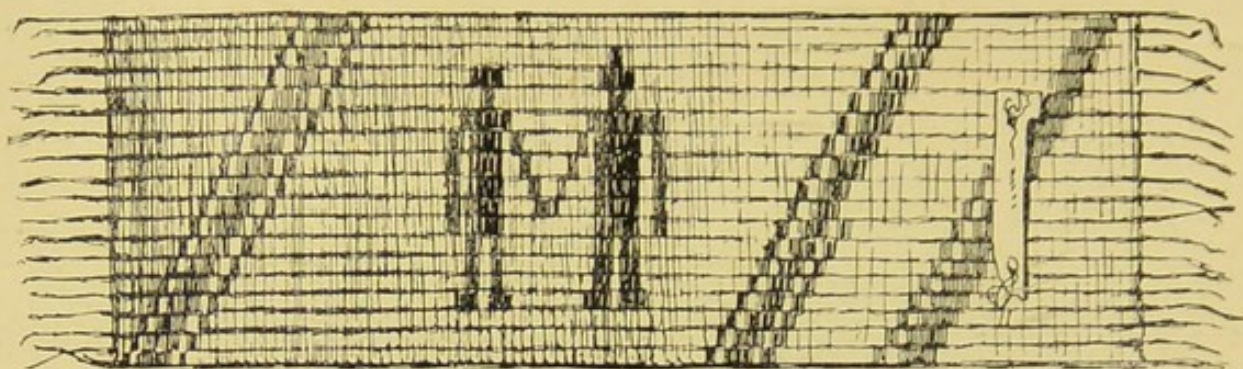
On September 8th, 1664, the stern old wooden-legged soldier surrendered and marched out of Fort Amsterdam.



STUYVESANT RECEIVES THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.



STUYVESANT SURRENDERS.



PENN'S WAMPUM.

William Penn.

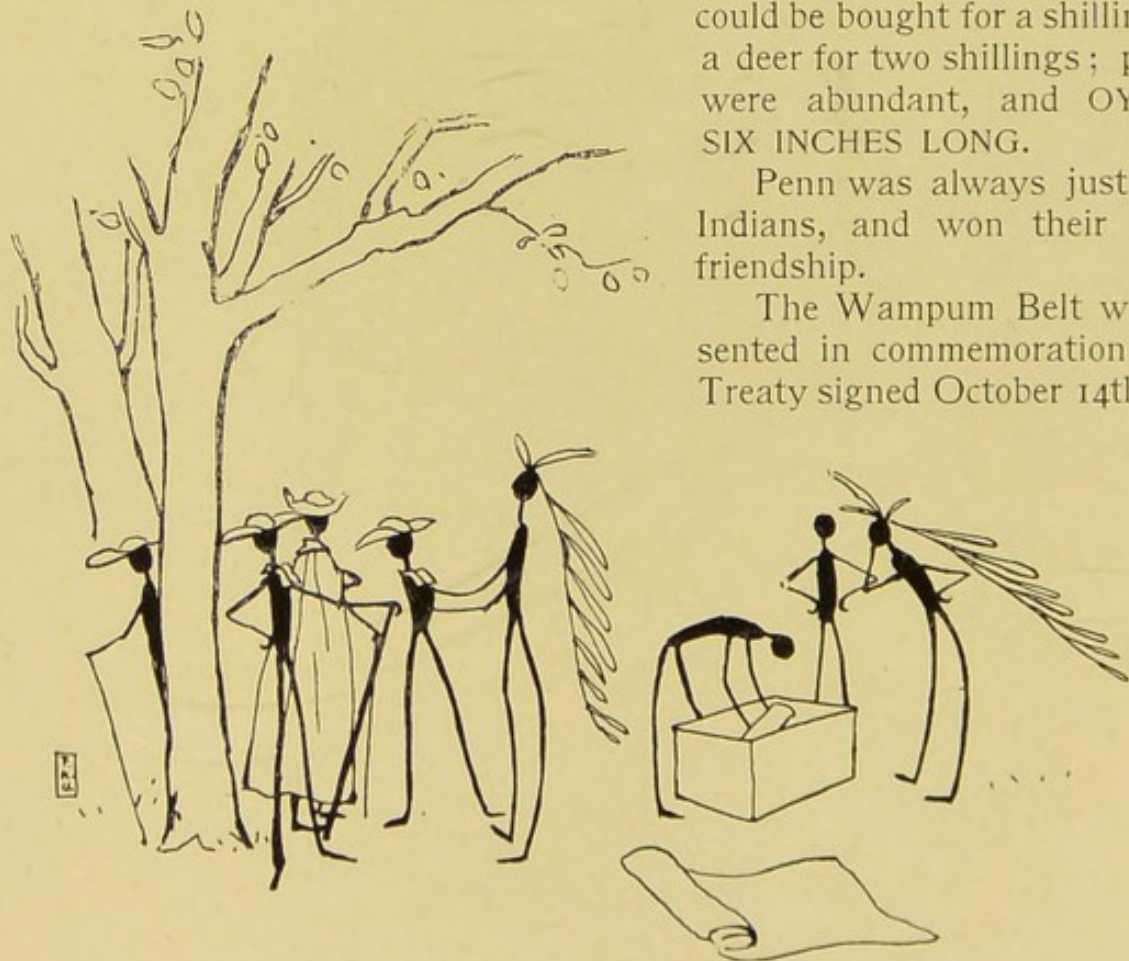
In 1681, William Penn, of the Society of Friends, received from the English crown a grant of the territory which is now the state of Pennsylvania, in liquidation of a debt of £16,000, and there founded the Quaker Colony.

Penn wrote:—"As to outward things we are satisfied; the land good, the air pure and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provision good and easy to come at; an innumerable quantity of wild fowl and fish; in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be well contented with."

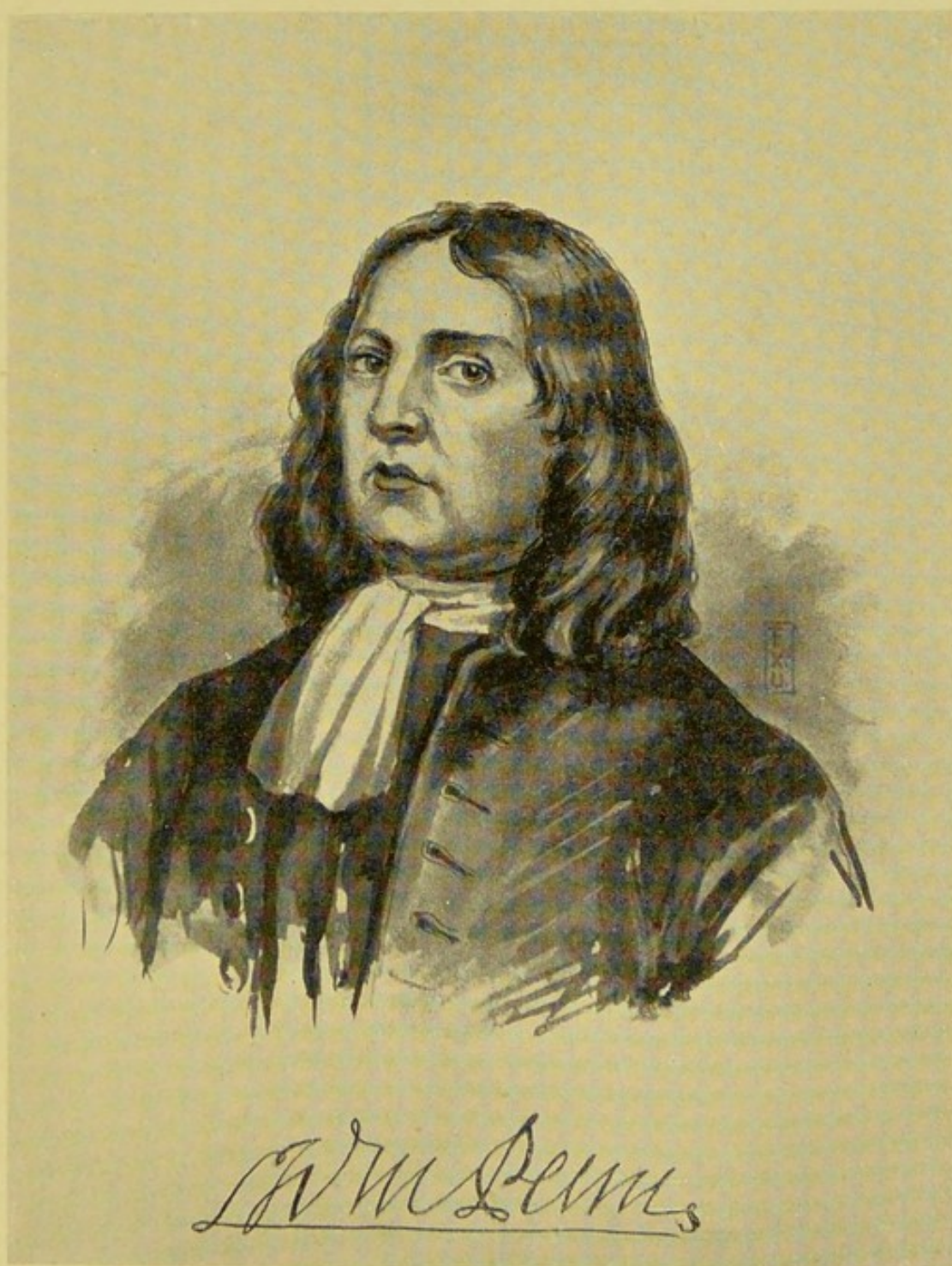
According to a record, the TURKEY WILD SOMETIMES TURNED THE SCALE AT 46 lbs.; one of them could be bought for a shilling, and a deer for two shillings; peaches were abundant, and OYSTERS SIX INCHES LONG.

Penn was always just to the Indians, and won their lasting friendship.

The Wampum Belt was presented in commemoration of his Treaty signed October 14th, 1682.



THE TREATY.





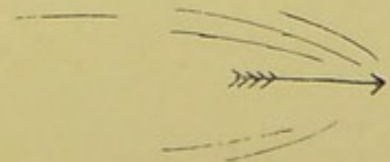
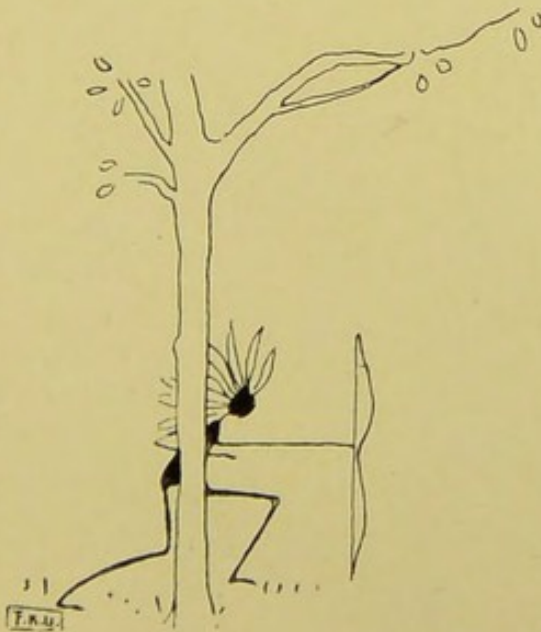
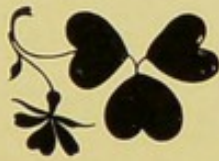
ON THE WARPATH.

“ Through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild, from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress !
A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear.”

Thanksgiving Day.

1759.

"Lieutenant Governor De Lancy wrote to the Lords of Trade, 1759, that November 22nd was observed in New York as a day of Public Thanksgiving, on the success of His Majesty's arms [in the Indian War], by prayer in the morning, firing of the guns at Fort George at noon, a dinner which the Governor gave to the council, assembly, and principal inhabitants, at which were present the whole clergy of the several denominations in New York, and the evening was concluded with illuminations and fireworks prepared for the occasion, without the least tumult or disorder."



"WHOOOP!"

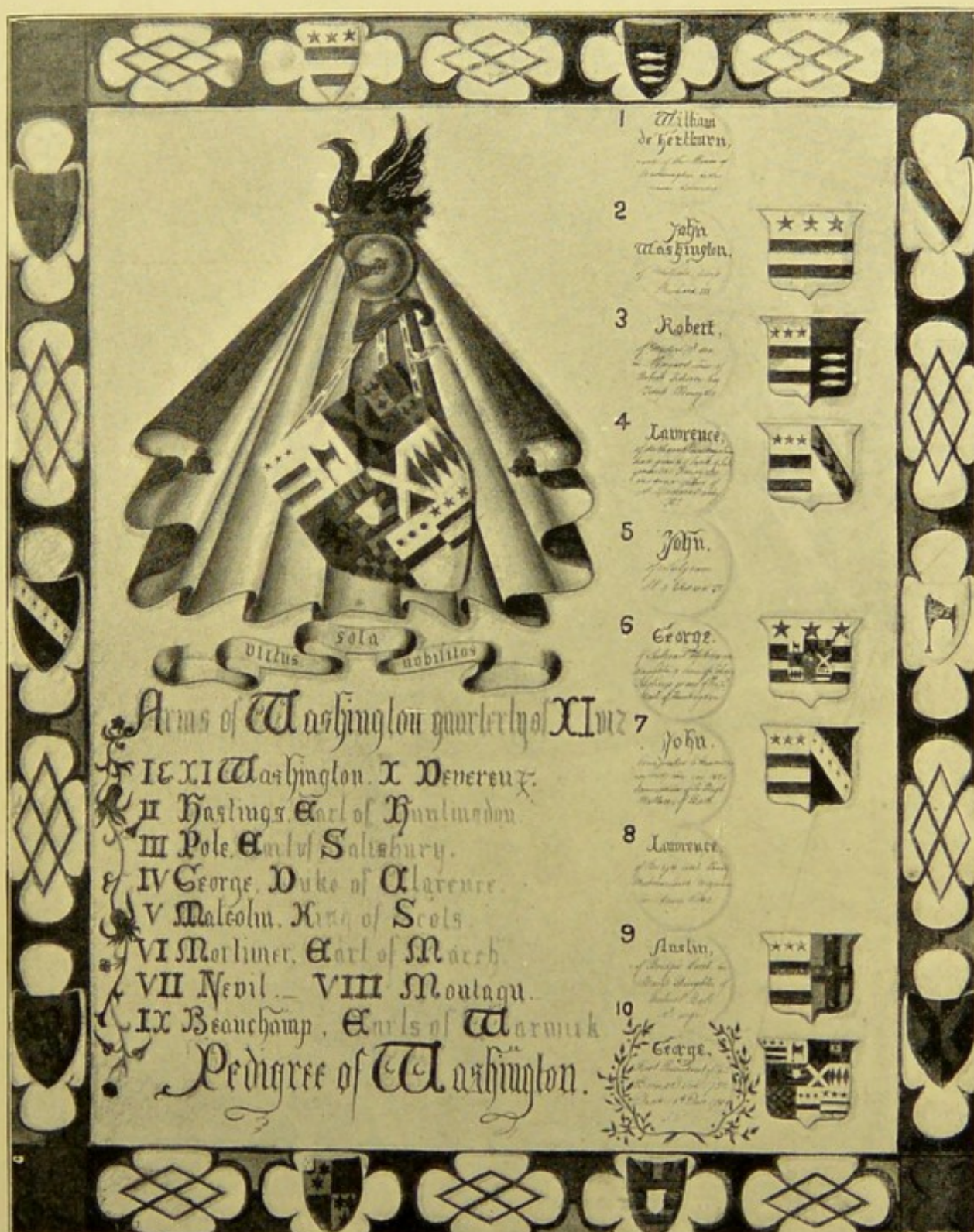


MINUTE MEN.

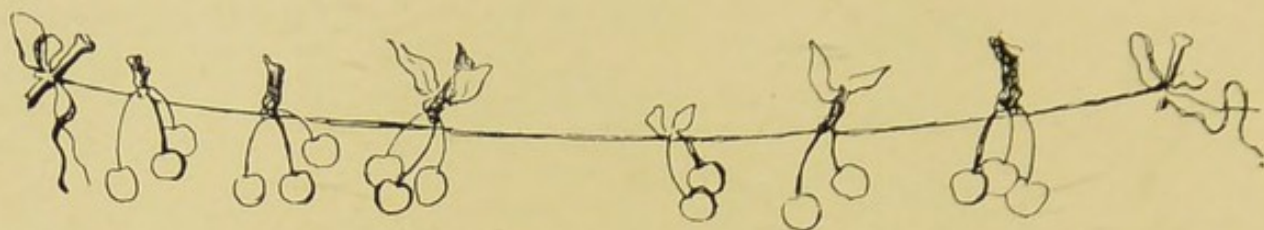
“ Swift as their summons came they left
The plow 'mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why ;
They only knew they could but die.
And death was not the worst of all !

Of man for man the sacrifice
All that was theirs to give, they gave.”



ARMS OF WASHINGTON.
 The origin of the Stars and Stripes.



George Washington.

Boy—tree,
Man see.

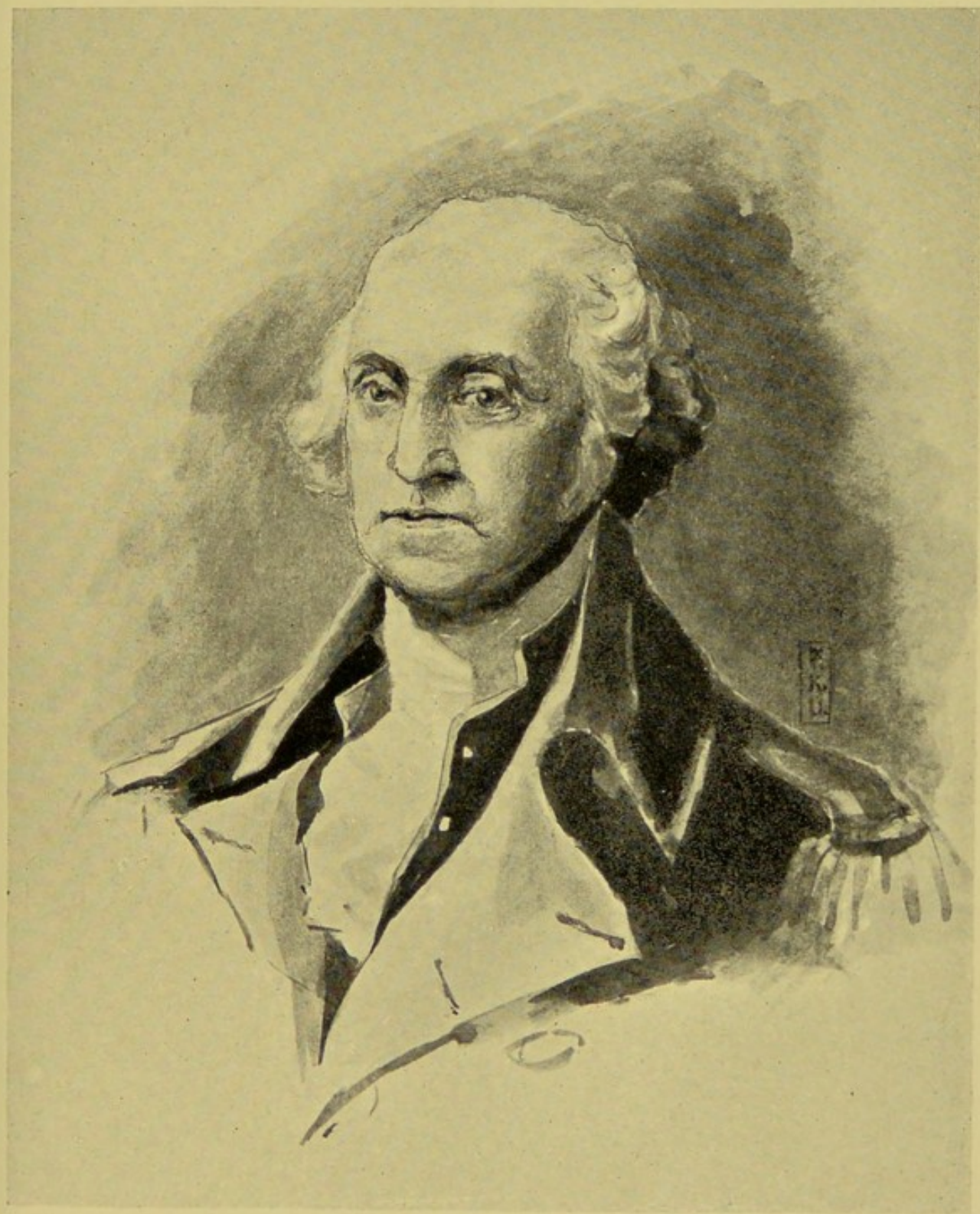
Boy—bold,
Truth told.

Dad—praise
Straight ways.

Man—great,
Rules State.

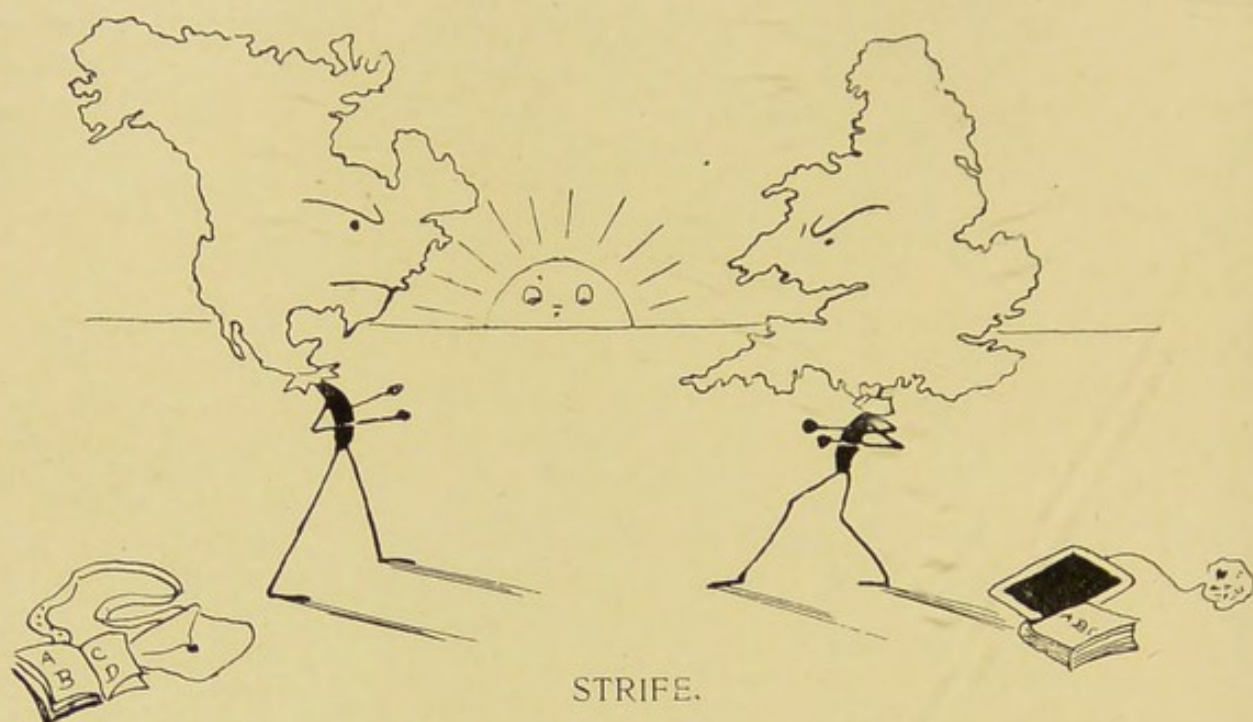
B. U.





GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“First in Peace,
First in War, and
First in the Hearts of his Countrymen.”



THE FIRST BLOW.

Early in February, 1770, the mistresses of 300 families subscribed their names to a league, binding themselves not to use any more TEA until the impost clause in the Revenue Act should be repealed. Their daughters followed their patriotic example, and three days afterward a multitude of young ladies in Boston and vicinity signed the following pledge:—

“We, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity as such, do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign TEA in hopes to frustrate a plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life.”

In various towns the women sipped “the balsamic hyperion” made from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant. the newspapers of the day abound with notices of social gatherings where foreign tea was entirely discarded.

“On night of 16th December the great meeting was held in the Old South Meeting House . . . Rowe put the question, “Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?” . . . Another voice, “Boston Harbour a tea-pot to-night!” . . . Fifteen or twenty disguised as Indians, the whole party boarding the ships being about sixty. In two hours three hundred and forty-two chest were emptied into the harbour.”

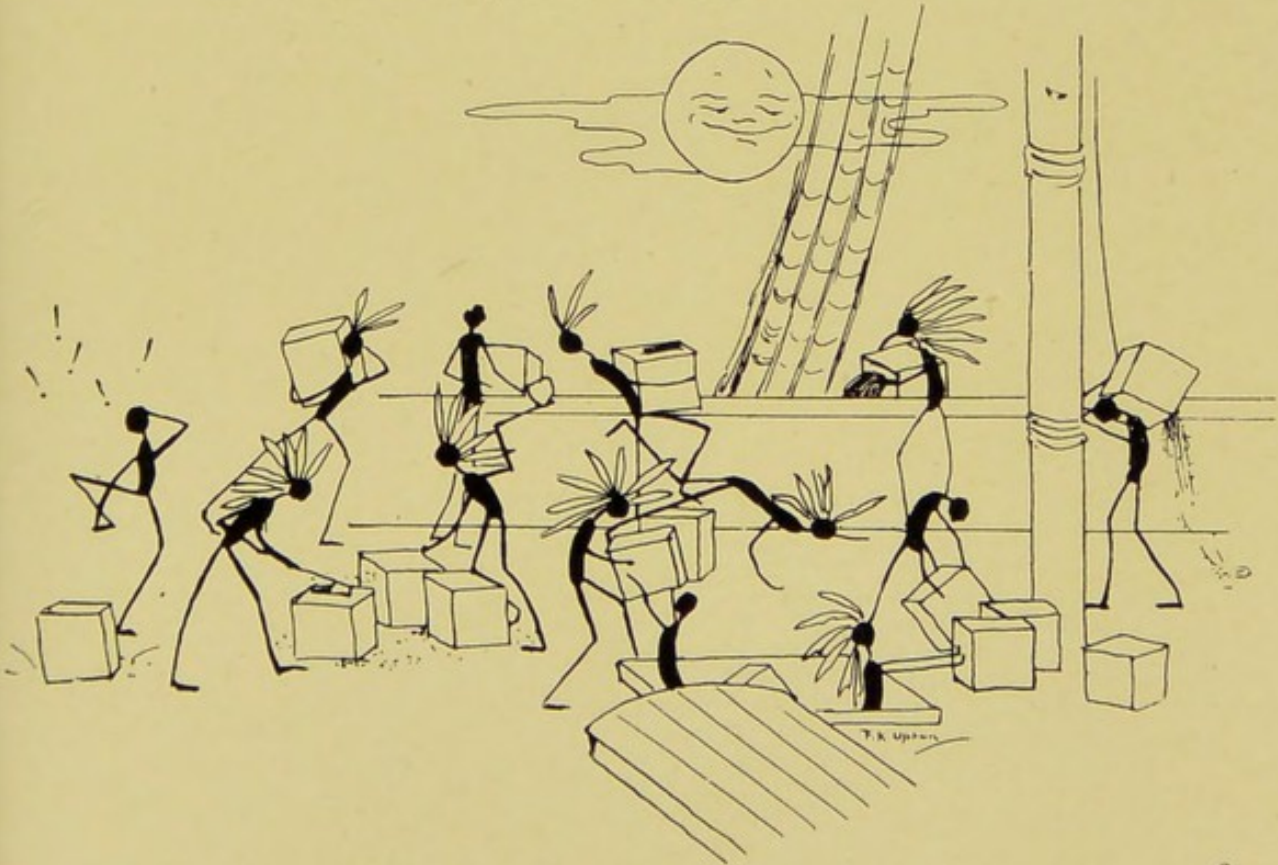
The Boston Tea Party.

(EMERSON.)

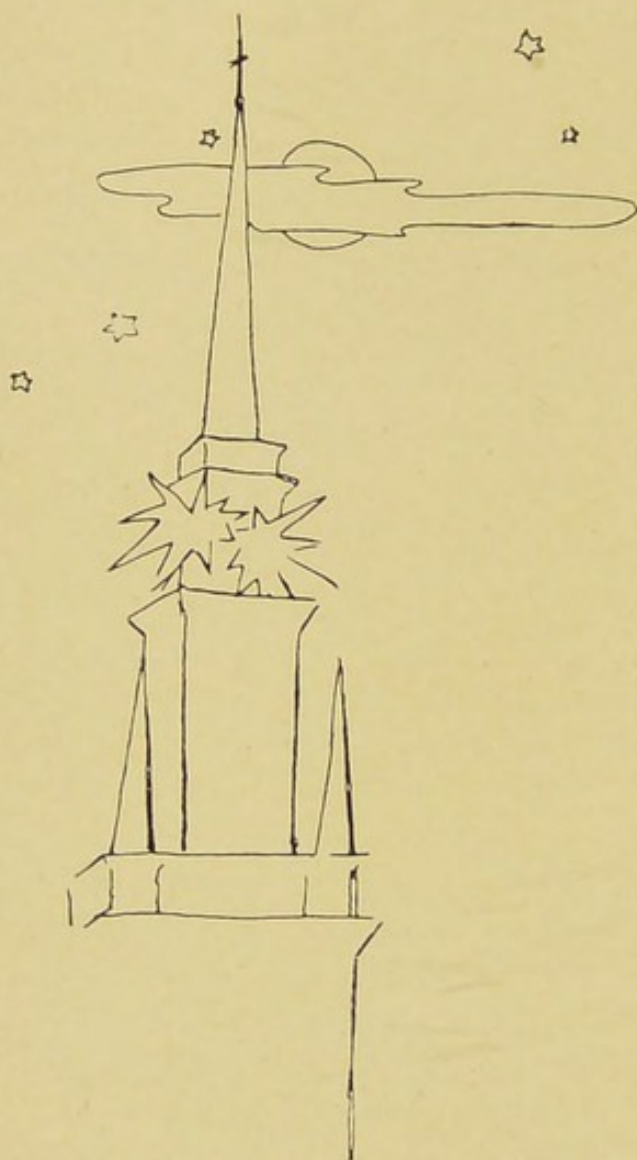
Bad news from George on the English throne ;
“ You are thriving well,” said he ;
“ Now by these presents be it known
You shall pay us a tax on tea ;
'Tis very small,—no load at all,—
Honor enough that we send the call.”

“ Not so,” said Boston, “ good my lord,
We pay your governors here
Abundant for their bed and board,
Six thousand pounds a year.
(Your Highness knows our homely word),
Millions for self-government,
But for tribute never a cent.”

The cargo came ! and who could blame
If INDIANS seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same,
Into the laughing sea ?
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail ?



YE BOSTON TEA PARTY.



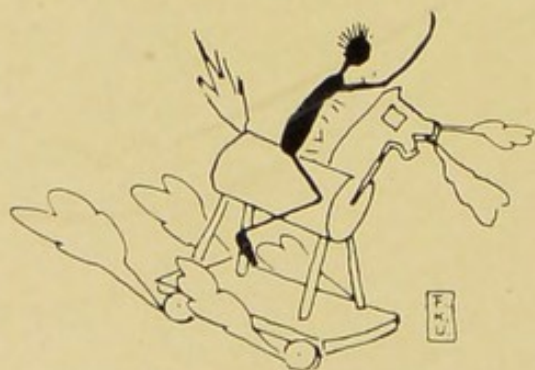
Paul Revere.

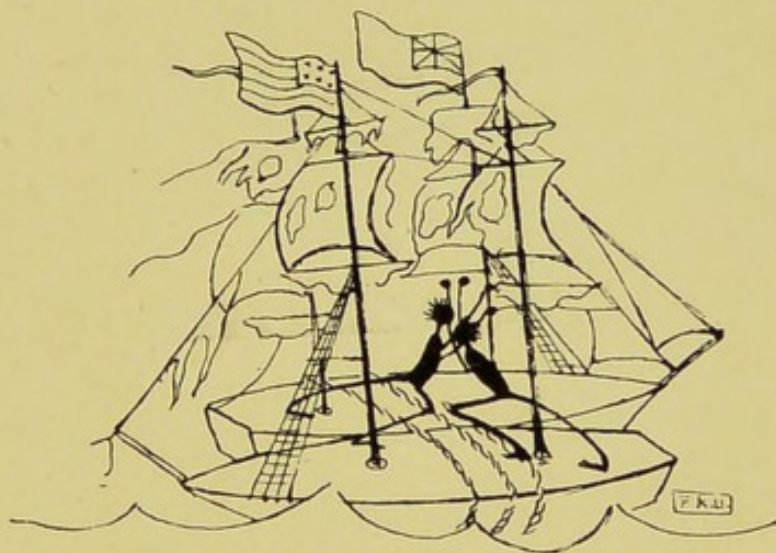
(BERTHA UPTON.)

Praise sincere
To Paul Revere,
Whose swift ride,
Horse astride,
Moon and Star
Watched afar.

Lanterns bright
Flashed forth light,
From the sky,
Steeple high,
Signal clear
Danger near.

Loud alarms
Call to arms!
Faster fly,
Do or die!
Prisoner he,
Boston free.





THE FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

Captain Paul Jones, 1775.

(BERTHA UPTON.)

Our young Republic's naval power
 With Paul Jones had its birth :
 In "terror" fame
 His awful name
 Went broadcast o'er the earth.

When "Richard" with "Serapis" met,
 Jones tied them fast I trow,
 Thus interlaced
 The ships embraced
 Holding a long "Pow-wow."



Liberty Bell.

(BERTHA UPTON.)

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto
all the inhabitants thereof."

Ring out wild bell of liberty!

Ring! Ring!

In sonorous notes through all the land!

Sing! Sing!

O glorious Independence Bell,

To each glad ear thy message tell,

Sound forth the notes we love right well!

Swing! Swing!

"Liberty Bell was cast in London in 1752 for the Province of Pennsylvania with the inscription cast on it, 'Proclaim Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof. Leviticus XXV., 10.' It was first used in 1753. At the age of twenty-four years it fulfilled its prophetic scriptural inscription. It saluted the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, July 8, 1776, proclaiming Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Independence.

(WHITTIER.)

... On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
 Its echo struck the world's great hour.
 That fateful echo is not dumb :
 The nations listening to its sound
 Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
 The holier triumphs yet to come,—
 The bridal time of Law and Love,
 The gladness of the world's release,
 When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
 The hawk shall nestle with the dove !—
 The golden age of brotherhood
 Unknown to other rivalries
 Than of the mild humanities,
 And gracious interchange of good.
 When closer strand shall lean to strand,
 Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
 The eagle of our mountain-crag,
 The lion of our Motherland !



FIRM FRIENDS.

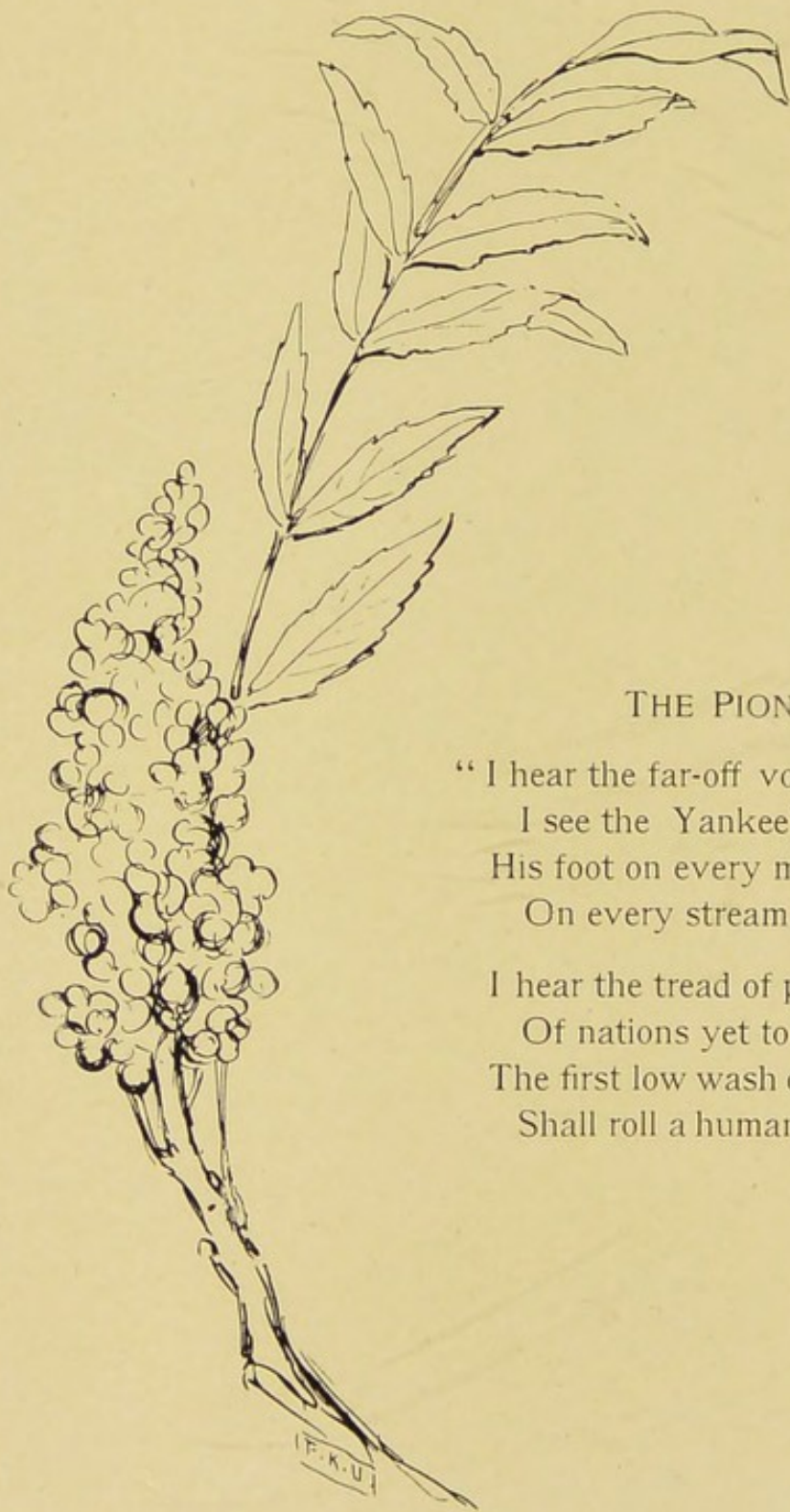
The Tie of Blood.

(KEBLE.)

No distance breaks the tie of blood ;
 Brothers are brothers evermore ;
 Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood
 That magic may o'erpower.



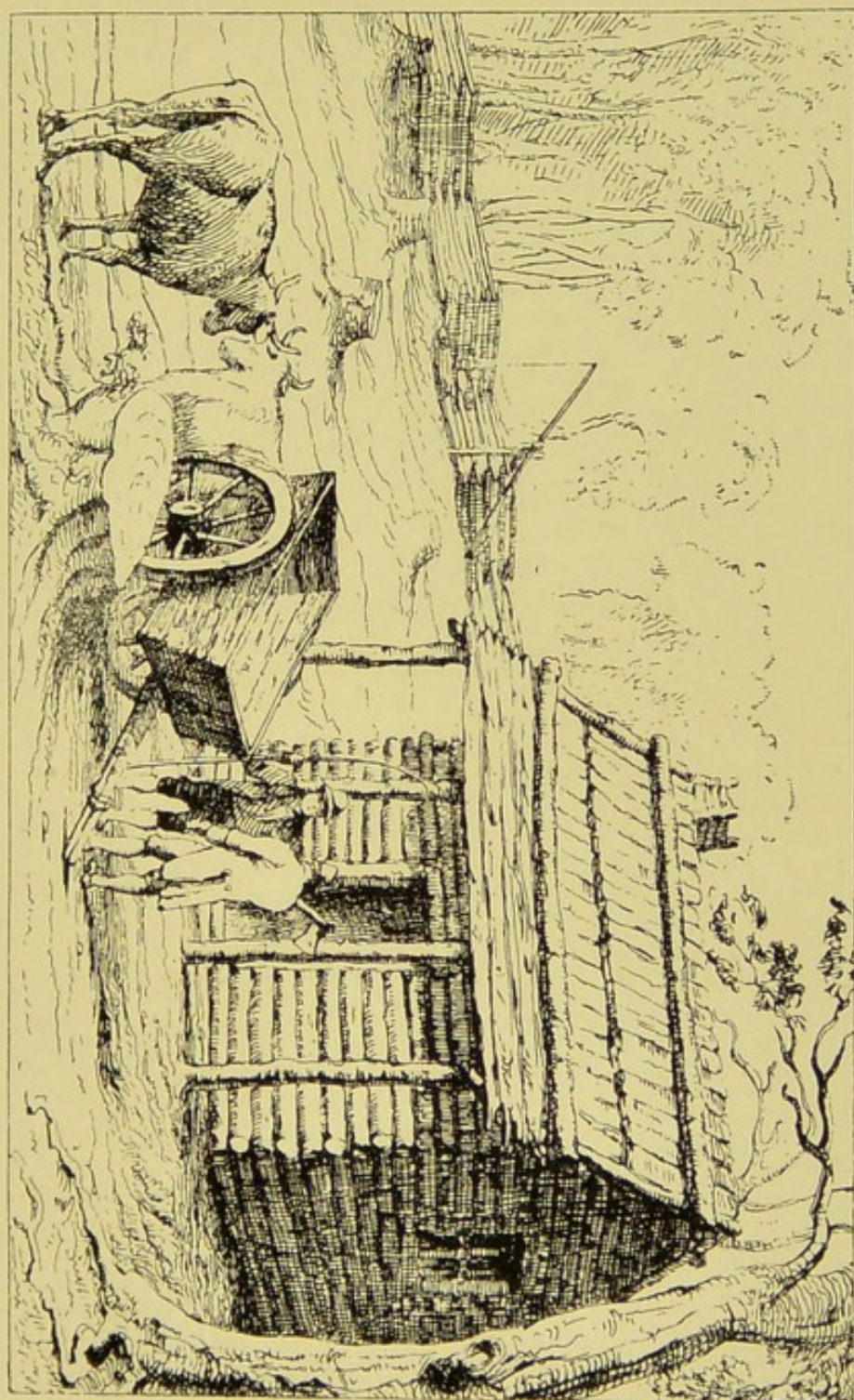
PROGRESS
FROM
THE LOG CABIN TO
THE WHITE CITY.



THE PIONEER.

“ I hear the far-off voyager’s horn ;
I see the Yankee’s trail—
His foot on every mountain-pass,
On every stream his sail.

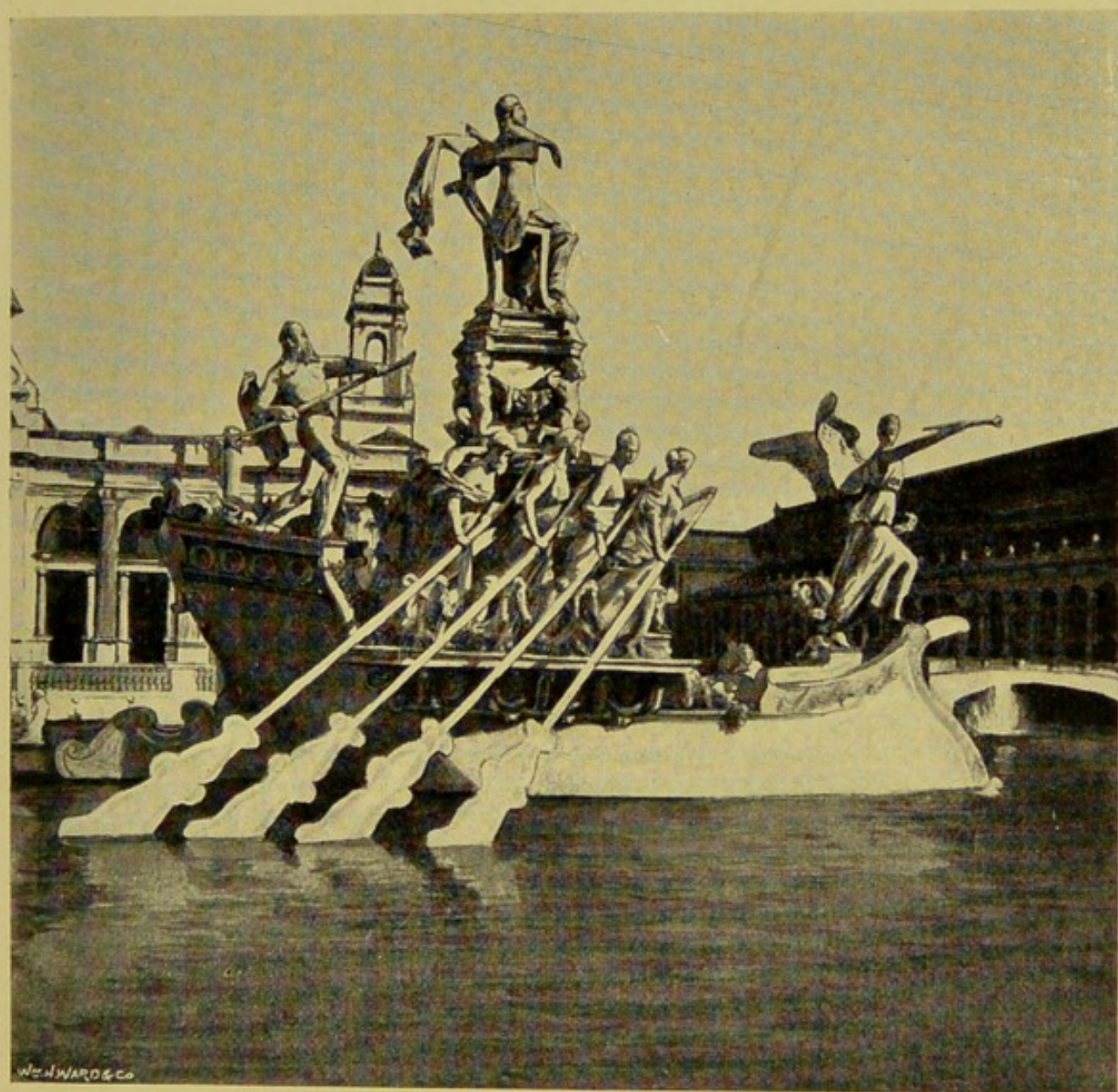
I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be ;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.”



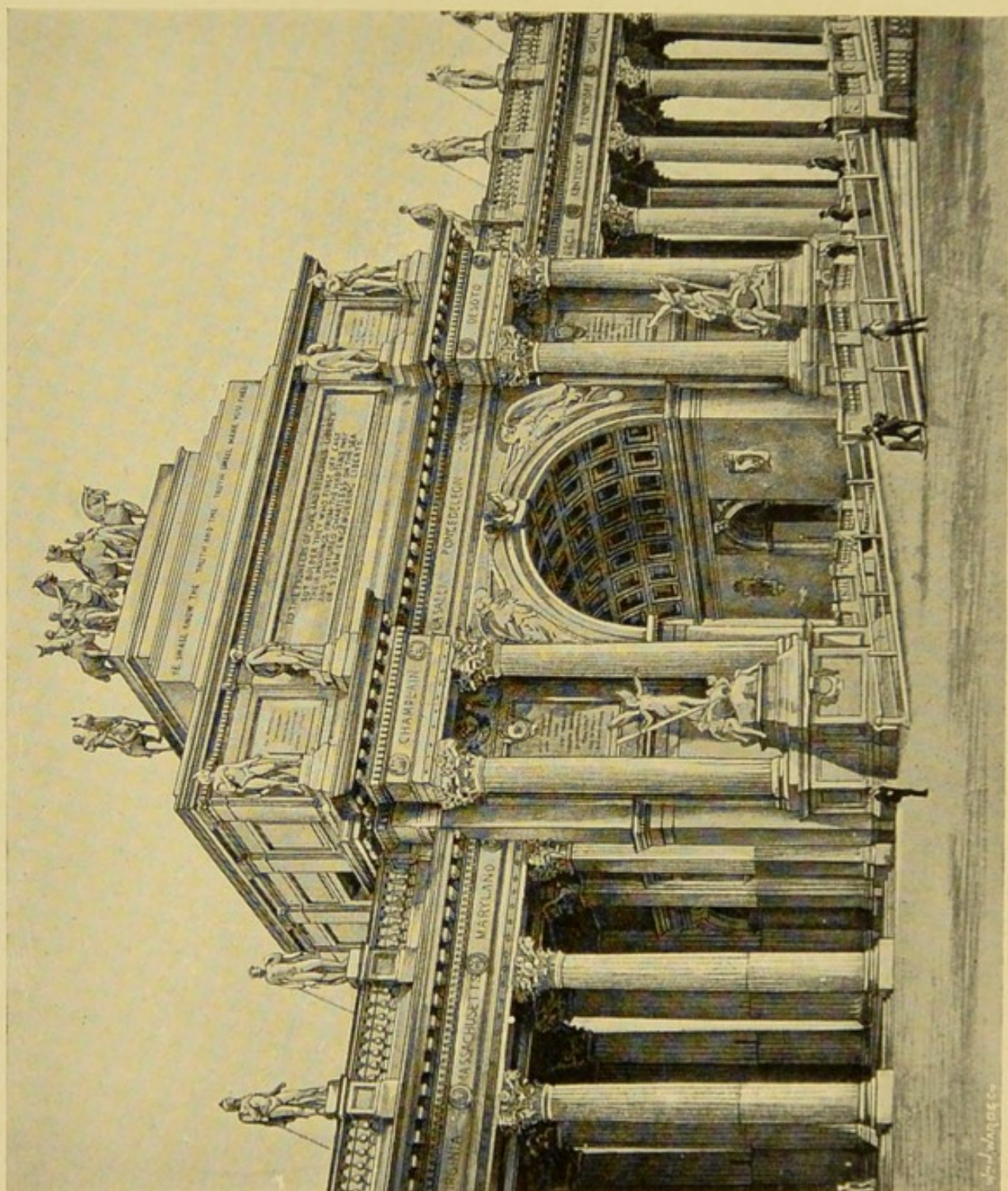
THE PIONEER HOME.



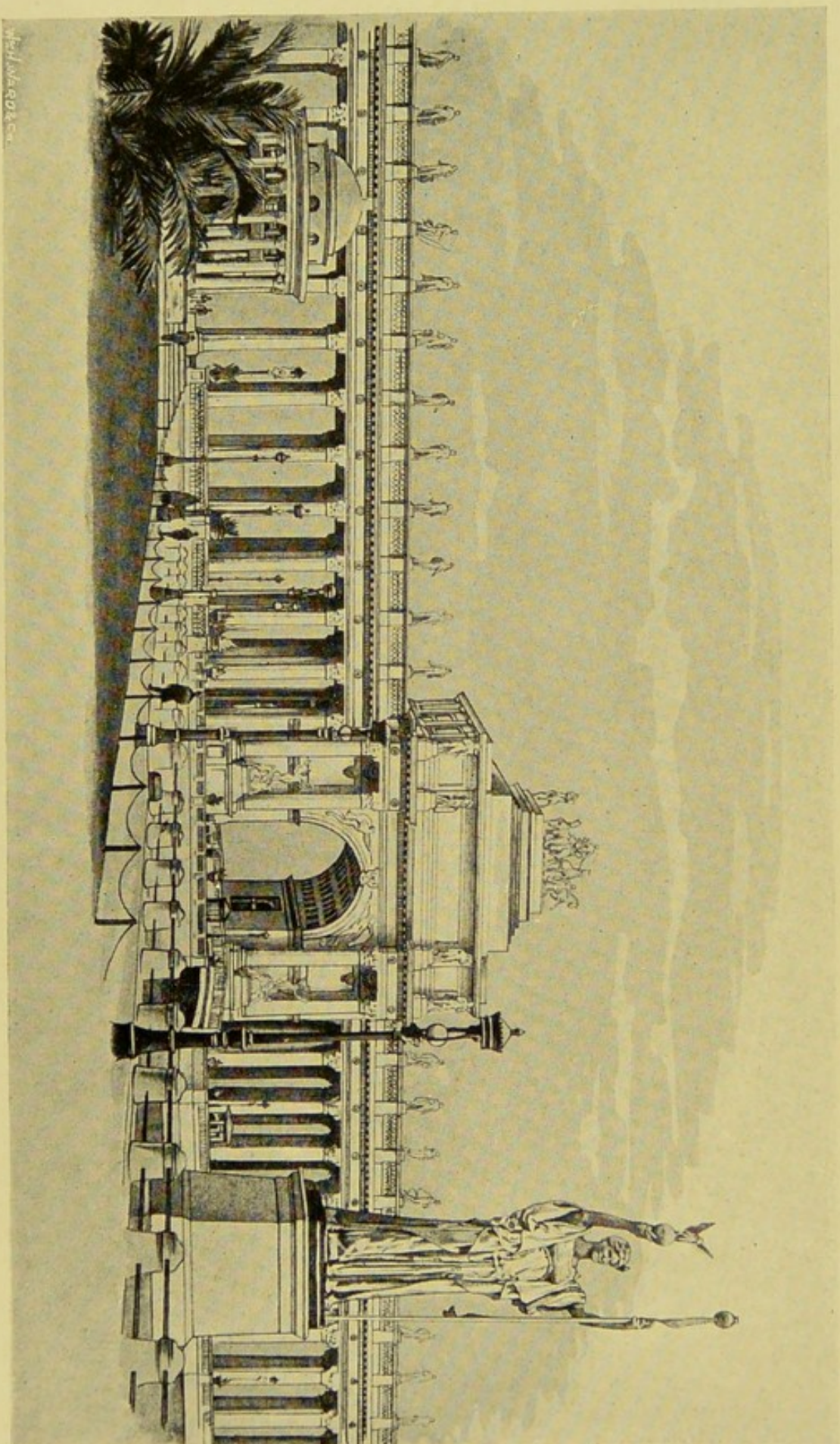
PEACE AND PROGRESS.



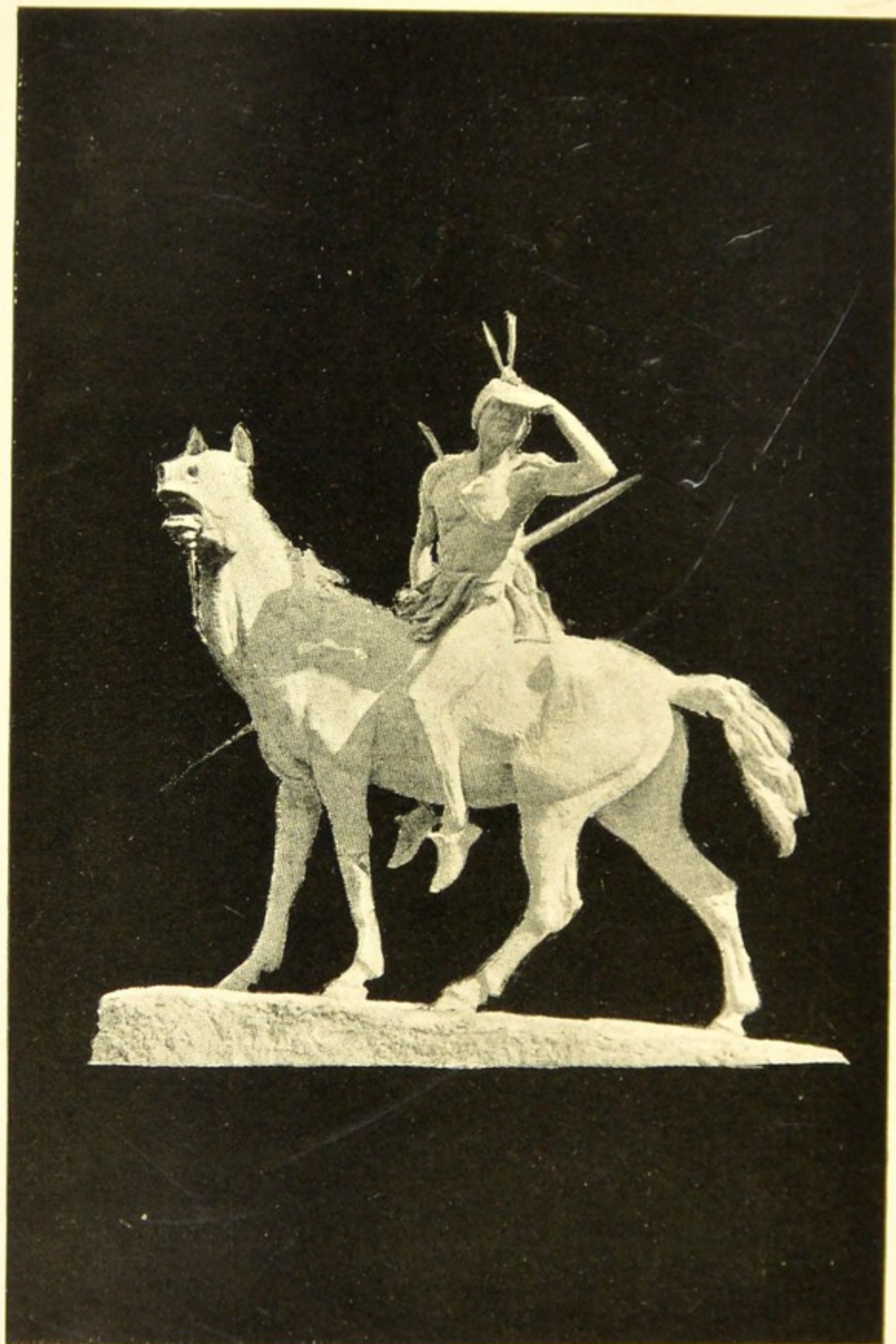
MACMONNIE'S FOUNTAIN—"COLUMBIA TRIUMPHANT."



COLUMBUS ARCH AND GATEWAY TO THE WHITE CITY.



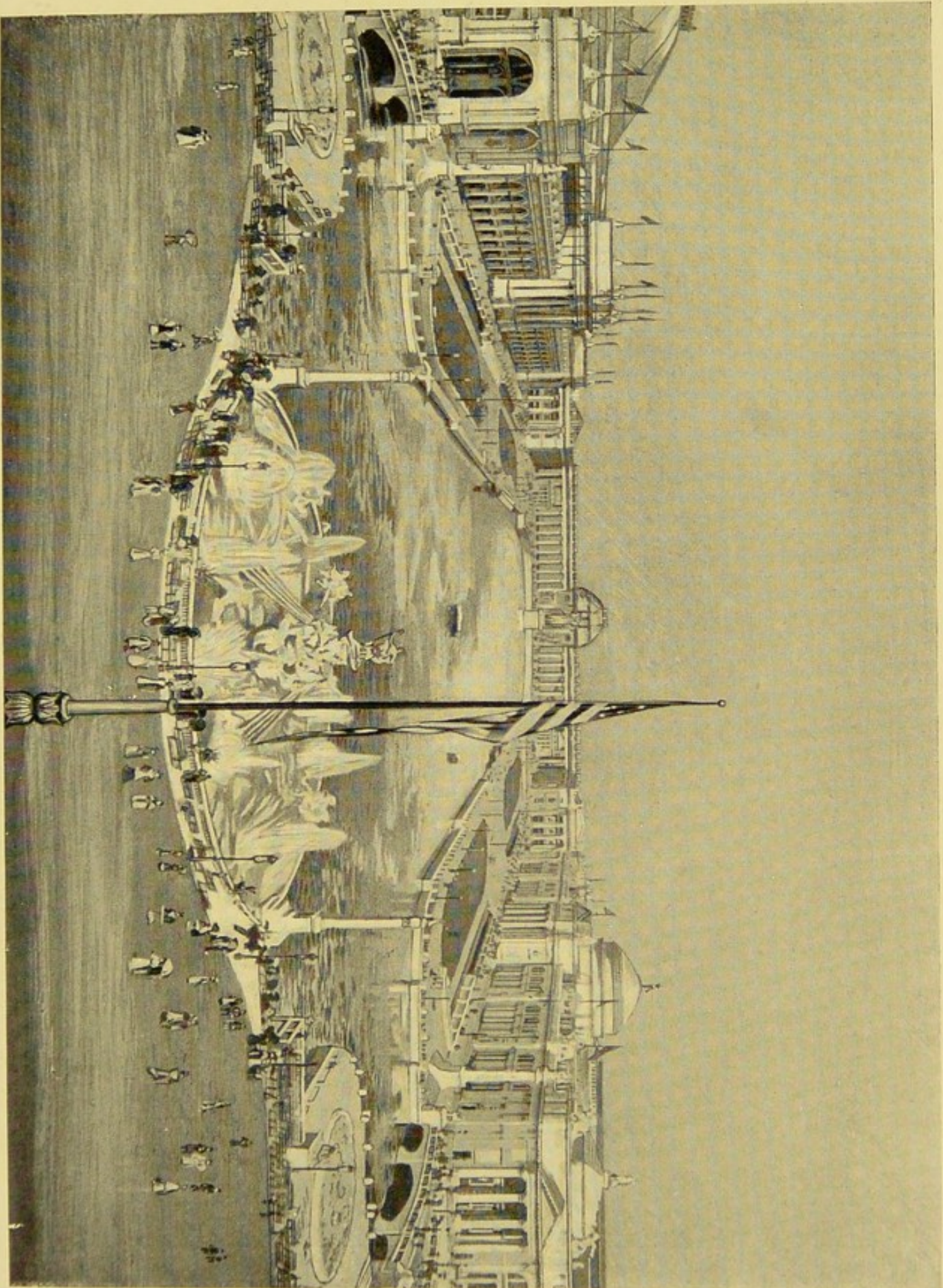
THE PERISTYLE OF THE WHITE CITY.



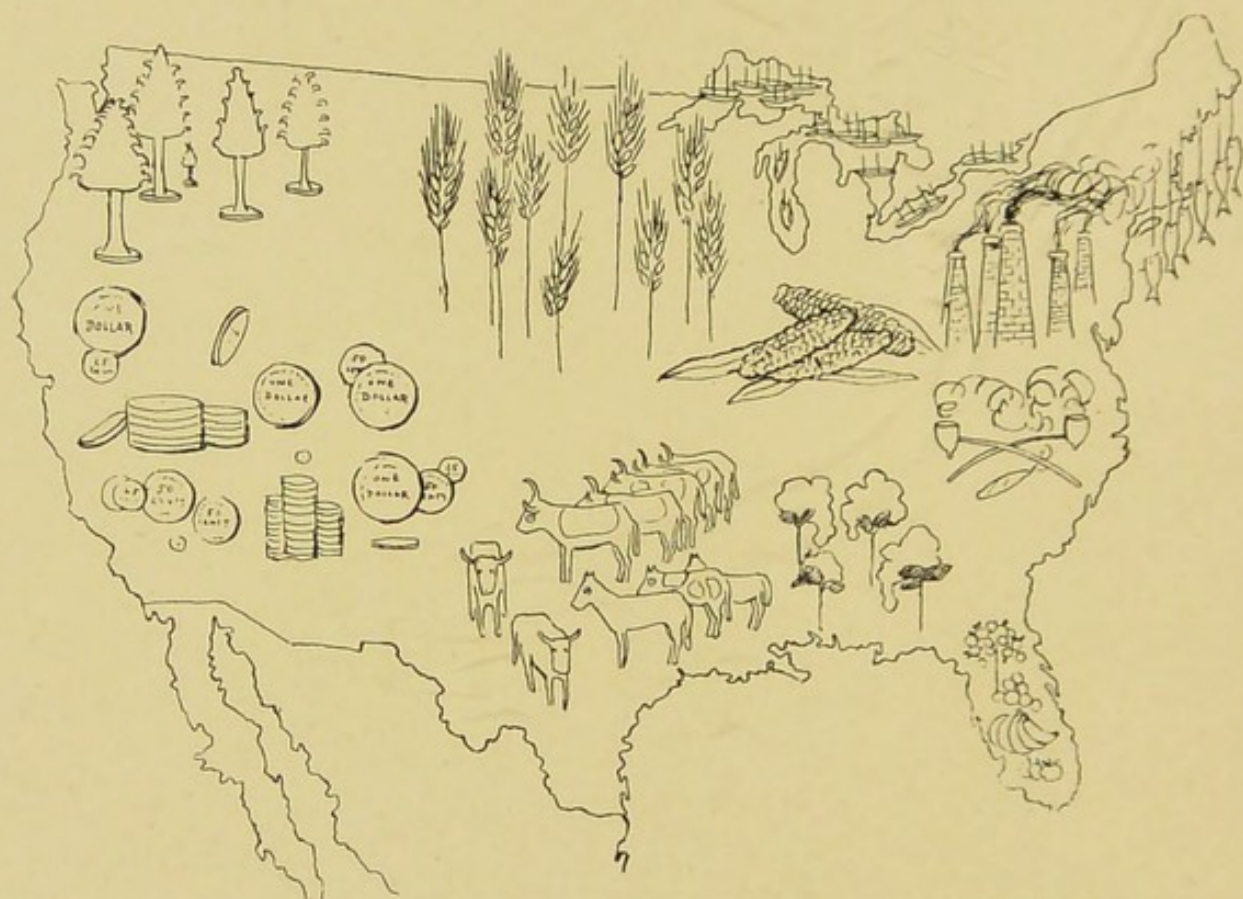
PROCTOR'S STATUE.

Alas! The White Man's glory is the Red Man's doom.

THE COURT OF HONOR OF THE WHITE CITY.



OUR
INDUSTRIES.



“ Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.”

SUPPLEMENT.



They had
a Feast
and were
Happy.



! ! ! !
! ! ! !



SUPPLEMENT TO THE SOUVENIR
OF THE
THANKSGIVING DAY BANQUET
OF THE
AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.



HENRY S. WELLCOME
(Chairman of the Society)
IN THE CHAIR.

R. NEWTON CRANE
(Vice-Chairman of the Society)
IN THE VICE-CHAIR.



HOTEL CECIL, LONDON.

NOVEMBER 26TH,

1896.

(Copyright.)

TABLE PLAN.

LIST OF SPEAKERS.

THE QUEEN.

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Proposed by SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

OUR AMBASSADOR.

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY.

Proposed by THE CHAIRMAN.

THE COMMUNITY OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

Proposed by R. NEWTON CRANE.

Response by The Attorney-General, SIR RICHARD
WEBSTER, G.C.M.G., Q.C., M.P.

THE LADIES.

Proposed by ROBERT BARR.

Response by MISS FLORENCE HAYWARD.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Proposed by J. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

Response by COL. J. L. TAYLOR.

THE CHAIRMAN.

Proposed by J. WALTER EARLE.



A GROUP AT THE FEAST.

From an original drawing by Herbert Johnson.

The Feast.

The Grand Hall of the Hôtel Cecil was specially decorated for the Thanksgiving Banquet of the American Society. As is well known, this saloon forms a magnificent banqueting hall. Its design is noble and classical, its roof being supported by massive granitic pillars of a reddish-brown tint with elaborately carved capitals and bases, and the walls panelled with rare marbles and beautified by well-wrought statues.

On this occasion the banners of the States of the Union, duly arranged according to their geographical location, were displayed upon and between the pillars. Behind the chairman's seat were draped two enormous American and British ensigns. Electric lights were placed behind the stars of the former flag, making them shine with added lustre against their dark blue background.

A large bronze reproduction of the Statue of Liberty (executed by the hand of Bartholdi), holding aloft a torch with an electric flame, was placed between the the two flags, and above these were the banners of the six States in which the chairman had dwelt. A huge block of ice moulded in the form of an American eagle, was placed behind the vice-chairman. A very proud bird with most prodigious wings and glistening eye he was at the beginning of the feast, but, when the turkey appeared, he grew thinner and thinner, and finally melted away in recognition of the fact that on this day the turkey ruled supreme.

Throughout the hall were numerous flags of the two nations draped and intertwined as suggestive emblems of the unity of the two wings of the great Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, and a large American eagle, with outspread wings, was placed in the gallery

guarding the assemblage, but in the retired position befitting the occasion.

An endeavour was made to suggest home memories by the decorative use of objects closely associated with the harvest and Thanksgiving Day in the homeland. Huge sheafs of tall, ripe, Indian corn and wheat and various products of American husbandry had been brought from America, and at the top of a pile of pumpkins the familiar old pumpkin jack-lantern beamed with goggle-eyes and gaping mouth upon the company.

Conspicuous on a pedestal near the chairman, was an immense pumpkin weighing 175 pounds. This mammoth was grown by Captain Kromer and, having beaten all records at several great prize shows in New York State, was sent by the United Service Club of New York as a tribute to his Excellency the Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, by whom it was graciously presented to the American Society in London to gladden the eyes of his fellow-countrymen dwelling in Old England and to serve as a patriotic emblem at the Thanksgiving Feast.

The table decorations were very elaborate and artistic. Dark-coloured chrysanthemums and delicate lace-like ferns were effectively blended, the rosy glow on the table-cloths from innumerable shaded candles, forming a softly-tinted background for the masses of rich colour. A tribute of praise is due to the manager, M. Bertini, and the chef, M. Coste, for the perfection of the *cuisine* and arrangements. The hand of the former manager of Delmonico's of New York was seen in every detail.

The guests numbered about 350. Mr. Henry S. Wellcome (Chairman of the Society) occupied the chair. One main table ran the whole length of the hall, and from it proceeded seven wings, presided over respectively by the vice-chairman, Mr. R. Newton Crane; the honorary treasurer, Col. J. L. Taylor; the honorary secretary, Mr. J. Walter Earle; Mr. B. F. Stevens; Mr. Roland R. Dennis; Mr. J. Morgan Richards and Mr. F. C. Van Duzer.

Previous to the toast-list being entered upon, the vice-chairman, Mr. R. Newton Crane, rose to explain the absence of the Ambassador. He said :

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The chairman desires me to read the two following communications which have been received from Mr. Bayard :—

“Dear Mr. Wellcome,—It is a great disappointment to me that the Royal summons to Windsor should deprive me of the pleasure I had so confidently anticipated of meeting our fellow-countrymen of the American Society of London at their annual Thanksgiving Dinner. The disappointment is unavoidable and I must bow to the inexorable laws of etiquette in this land, which are paramount in such matters.

Will you, as presiding officer, kindly make known to my fellow-countrymen, your guests, the circumstances which have suddenly intervened to deprive me of the great and natural pleasure of being in their midst and sharing in the patriotic felicitations? I am glad to learn that the great pumpkin has been safely landed, and I hope that its bulk will not prevent its being a welcome feature at the banquet.

Wishing good health to each and all, long life to the American Society, and Godspeed to the land we all love ;

I am, faithfully yours,

T. F. BAYARD.”

The following is a copy of the despatch sent by the Hon T. F. Bayard from Windsor Castle :—

“Windsor Castle, 7 p.m., November 26, 1896.—Henry S. Wellcome, President of the American Society of London, Hôtel Cecil.—Your charming souvenir of the day we celebrate just received, and the copy for Her Majesty will be presented before your dinner is over. All who love the United States and Great Britain will join in mutual congratulations over the peaceful relations which crown the feast of this anniversary of gratitude for the numberless blessings that surround the English-speaking people in both hemispheres.

BAYARD.”



The Speeches.

In proposing the toast to the Queen the chairman, Mr. Wellcome, said :

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I am sure we are all deeply moved by feelings of regret that we are deprived of the presence of our beloved Ambassador, but with all our disappointment we must feel gratified that he is enjoying the distinguished honor of being entertained by Her Gracious Majesty, who is to-night celebrating our Thanksgiving Festival—our day of peace and thanksgiving—in this most happy and graceful manner. You will, I am sure, believe with me that this incident is full of good omen.

We all, who speak the mother tongue rejoice in everything that brings our two great nations closer together. The incident of to-night will cause you to receive with redoubled heartiness this toast, which always appeals to us, to the noble Queen Victoria, whose beneficent reign marks one of the grandest epochs in the history of the world. The achievements of this Victorian era surpass anything in the world's history, and, above all, in the arts of peace.

The kinship of these two great English-speaking nations is a thing to be prized and held sacred. We Americans who are gathered here, feel that this country, whose kindly hospitality we enjoy, is dear to us, and doubly dear as our Motherland, as the land of our forefathers; and we have a more than affectionate reverence for the great and good sovereign who reigns over this Motherland. To-night, knowing that our Ambassador is joining with Her Majesty in celebrating our Thanksgiving Day at Windsor Castle, we will all drink with increased enthusiasm the toast to "Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, followed by the singing of "God save the Queen," and three rousing cheers, after which Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., proposed "The Health of the President of the United States of America." He said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—I feel it is a very high and distinguished honor that you have paid me in asking me to propose no less a toast than that of "The Health of the President of the United States." It has been within a few months past my good fortune to experience the kindness, the courtesy and the hospitality of the United States of America. I visited that great country in company with the Lord Chief Justice of England, and I bear a

message from the great judge to you to-night. The death of a member of his family has prevented him from joining here to-night so many ladies and gentlemen of the country which has accorded him so much honor.

One of the first questions that was put to me upon my reaching American shores was as to whether that was my first visit, and, even before I had had the privilege of putting my foot on the land, I was asked what were my impressions of America. Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you—I speak in all sincerity—that I feel that that was one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid to me. It would have been a compliment after I had seen the country, but to think that Americans were anxious to obtain my opinion before I had had any experience of their country, passed, indeed, all my expectations of the confidence which would be reposed in me. I take it as a compliment that so many of our American cousins should care as they do to know what we think of their country. You don't ask the opinion of a man for whom you have no respect. You don't care two cents what he thinks, but I take it that when we are asked, as we invariably are asked on visiting America, as to our opinions, that we are the recipients of a very high and a very distinguished compliment.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, during the time I had the privilege of being in America I had, I am proud to think, opportunities of forming an impression as to American characteristics, and may I tell you shortly what my opinion of Americans is? I believe they are a people of boundless enterprise. I believe they are a nation composed of men who do not sit down and say "I have accomplished all that is before me." I do not believe, in short, that the servant who took the talent and wrapped it in a napkin was an American citizen. I am bound to say that I speak of the servant as a man with whom I have had a certain amount of sympathy, but, as Rudyard Kipling says, "that is another story."

Ladies and gentlemen, amongst other opportunities that I had of forming impressions of America and Americans was one which I shall never forget, for with the Lord Chief Justice of England, it was my good fortune to pay a visit at his country residence to the distinguished gentleman whose health I am about to propose, and during the visit I had certain opportunities of recognising that you have in the great chief magistrate of your great country a straightforward, and honest and intelligent, and a nobly courageous man. Ladies and gentlemen, he has twice been the recipient of the confidence of his country. It is his health which I now ask you to drink, almost at the expiration of the second period of his Presidency. But I can say that which no one can forget, that during that period he has honestly and honorably discharged the duties of the high and responsible position in which he has been placed by the suffrages of his countrymen. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you his health—"The President of the United States."

This toast was also drunk upstanding, amid great cheering, and was followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The next toast was that of the day itself, but before proposing it, the chairman, Mr. Wellcome, said :

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am sure that we should feel, all of us, that we were not only going against our hearts' feelings, but neglecting our duty, if we did not interpolate to-night one toast, and that is the health of "Our Ambassador." Our Ambassador to the Court of St. James has endeared himself to us all by his splendid diplomatic work and the graceful and the truly statesmanlike manner in which he has represented our country. He has always remembered that motto, "He who serves his country best, serves his party best." I ask you to drink heartily to "Our Ambassador."

Mr. Benjamin Franklin Stevens rose and said :

Mr. Chairman, Americans, and our Cousins.—I have to-day received two exceedingly interesting letters from America of such importance in connection with this festival that I am sure everyone present will be glad to hear some extracts from them. One of the letters is from The Hon. Abner C. Goodell, the President of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. He has given us a very lucid and copious history of Thanksgiving from earliest dates (see pp. 27). The other is from the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., LL.D., of South Church, Boston, also on Thanksgiving (see pp. 25). Our chairman is so interested in these letters that he proposes to incorporate them in a supplement to the souvenir volume which he so generously presented to us to-night.

Mr. Stevens then read the letters.

The chairman, Mr. Wellcome, then proposed the toast of the evening. He said :

Ladies and Gentlemen.—In proposing the toast to "Our National Thanksgiving Day," I have been requested to explain for the benefit of several of our English friends who delight us with their presence to-night, some of the emblems amongst our decorations. The pumpkin is one of the great national emblems of America, particularly of our American Thanksgiving Day. There is nothing more dear to our homes, especially in New England, than the pumpkin and the pumpkin pie. This colossal pumpkin was sent by the United Service Club of New York, in which State it was grown, to our esteemed Ambassador, in recognition of the great services he has rendered to his country, and his Excellency has placed it at our disposal to-night that we may enjoy it with him. But, unfortunately, *he* is not with us.

You will notice that I have introduced, as a part of my design on the cover of the little souvenir volume, un-husked ears of Indian corn treated some-

what after the manner of a *fleur-de-lys*. Corn is one of the Thanksgiving emblems which we took from the Indians. You who know Longfellow's beautiful lines in "Hiawatha" know that the Indians held their Thanksgiving feasts after the gathering of the corn. It was an emblem of peace and plenty.

The turkey is another emblem which denotes peace and thanksgiving, and by the suggestion of Colonel Taylor, our honorary treasurer, the turkey has been represented in his true light in one of the illustrations contained in the souvenir. This and the other original illustrations were executed by Miss Florence K. Upton, who graces this festival by her presence. The turkey for the moment takes the place of the American Eagle. The proud bird of liberty must get off the earth on Thanksgiving Day. I ought also to acknowledge the charming verses written specially for this occasion by Mrs. Bertha Upton, the talented mother of the talented young artist.

The origin of Thanksgiving Day is known to all Americans, and you have heard something of it to-night from our friend, Mr. B. F. Stevens, who aided me greatly in the preparation of the souvenir. Thanksgiving Day was first observed by our Pilgrim Fathers. Those brave New England pioneers, together with the early Virginian settlers and William Penn's followers laid the foundation of our nation. They faced terrible hardships whilst battling manfully against fierce nature in a savage wilderness, and they created the national spirit of the American—a spirit of self-reliance, enterprise and patriotism, which enabled them to meet emergencies as they arose—a spirit which is alive to-day in our people, and which I hope and believe will ever distinguish them. I have endeavored in this little volume to remind you of some of the things for which we ought to be thankful.

For a period of ten thousand years and more, the minds of the world were struggling to ascertain the form and system of the universe. This world of ours was a great mysterious problem. Mankind wrestled unceasingly to solve it until the time of Columbus when that genius of discovery penetrated the great unknown, revealed the Western Hemisphere and determined definitely the form of the Earth.

It is but four centuries since our own country was unveiled to the light of civilisation—the two last have given birth to our nation in that land we are proud to call our home. We must not forget to be thankful to the land which gave our forefathers birth and to those heroes whose blood is mainly responsible for the unparalleled success of our nation. Our colonial forefathers laid well and strong the foundation, and when afterwards there came that great struggle for liberty they proved their right to live as a free people. They were of British blood and they showed it by the manner in which they won liberty. In those early proclamations of thanksgiving, which were issued by the continental

congress during the first few years of our Republic they showed by their moderation that they had always, in spite of the conflict, reverence and respect for the Motherland, and when the day of peace came they were ready to extend the hand of friendship and forget the days of strife. Let us remember that it is a tie of blood that binds us to the Motherland.

Our country has been blessed by a wonderful development, but we must not forget that there is a duty we all owe to ourselves, the recognition of the Omnipotent Power in the blessings which have been showered upon our land, and we must not forget to-night the old folks at home. I am sure we all want to join with this toast the dear ones we have left on the other side of the Atlantic. I ask you to join in drinking "Thanksgiving Day," especially remembering the old folks at home.

The vice-chairman, Mr. R. Newton Crane, proposed the toast to "The English-Speaking Communities." He said :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—I feel a very deep regret, shared I am sure by all of you, at the absence of our Ambassador, for you know how particularly well he would propose this toast, which had been assigned to him by the Committee. There would be a peculiar fitness in his asking you to drink the health of the community of the English-speaking people. No man is better fitted to propose such a toast than he—not simply because of his eloquence and statesmanship, but because no one in this generation has done so much to bring the two great nations of English-speaking people together as Mr. Bayard. And he has obtained his success not by any devious subtleties of diplomacy, not by invoking the abstruse science of international law, but because he profoundly feels that the pathway which these two great nations should follow hand-in-hand should be broadened into a pathway of mutual respect and confidence.

There is hardly anyone here to-night whose mind will not go back to his boyhood in America, and who has not thought to-day of the old homestead, of the tables crowded with all the good things that love and kindness have put upon the board, the paternal roof to which those who have gone out to found families of their own are returning for this one day. I cannot help thinking that Her Gracious Majesty, who has a genius for doing all things well, remembers that this is Thanksgiving Day, and has asked the representative of that community which is England's eldest child, back to the paternal roof to have his Thanksgiving dinner under it. We feel the compliment this act reflects upon us and the great American nation.

One word more. In the community of the English-speaking people there necessarily arises in our minds two great nations—one is that nation whose hospitality we enjoy, the other our own nation. As far as the first is concerned

the term English-speaking is entirely correct. I am afraid it is a misnomer on our side. If, therefore, there now and then appears to be a discordant voice from our side in the communion between these two great peoples, it should be remembered that we are annually receiving hundreds of thousands of people who are alien to us not only in speech but in blood. Now, all those people have votes, and they dominate us to a certain extent. But our powers of assimilation in the Republic are great enough to turn all her citizens in time into English-speaking people, in harmony with our laws and institutions. Now, I think, that this is one great cause for thanksgiving. We should be thankful that our political digestion after swallowing all this alien material is unimpaired. We have shown during the last month, how we can dominate those who for a time threatened our courts and constitution and the very country itself. From this contest two great and important results will flow—a healthy deference on the part of those who have been defeated for the conservative and forceful way democracy rules, and on our own part a renewed self-respect for the saving grace of our free ancestry. I ask you to drink the toast to "The English-speaking Communities."

The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, G.C.M.G., Q.C., M.P., responded to the toast. He said :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—I wish I had the eloquence and the wit to do justice to this toast, but I feel very highly the honor which you have done me in asking me to respond to such a great subject, and at such an important gathering as this. This gathering is typical of the great English-speaking people on the other side of the Atlantic. This toast means that there is a community of feeling, a community of rivalry, a community of enthusiasm, and a community of endeavor for good work on the part of the whole English-speaking community. We have long since ceased to think that there is any real danger of war between the two great peoples. I do not believe that anything could now occur within the region of practical politics that could bring about such a terrible disaster, and I think we can feel that this year marks in many ways the progress which has been made towards a rivalry in the arts of peace, in which both nations should do their utmost to be first.

I may perhaps allude to the great speech made by the Lord Chief Justice of England on the invitation of our brethren of the American bar, and I may also allude to the fact, well-known to you all, that there have been going on negotiations between the statesmen of both countries which will end in the removal from the arbitrament of war any dispute that may arise. I make bold to say that none have labored more anxiously to bring about the cause of peace—not only between Great Britain and America, but between all nations—than American citizens and lawyers.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is late and I must not detain you, but there are other ways in which there is a community of English-speaking people. There is a community of science, and we upon this side of the water have learned to honor such names as Edison, as Maxim, as Singer; and you have learned to honor such names as Faraday, Huggins, Hughes and Watts. In the rivalry of arts we can look forward to the time when American painters, as already American sculptors have done, will be our rivals and perhaps outstrip us in the great art of peace. Then in the development of English literature there has been a community in which your authors and poets, among whom stand out pre-eminently names like Holmes and Longfellow, have had their share. May this community long continue.

I have said already that I have no anxiety about the danger of a war between us, and I hope that there will always be a healthy rivalry between us in the arts of peace, and whether that rivalry be in science, or in literature, or in art, or in any schemes for the social advancement of our people, we shall always be proud of it. Proud of a rivalry in such paths, between two great nations governed by the same laws, having the same traditions, and desiring only to live in the future, as with few exceptions they have done in the past, in genuine love and affection the one towards the other."

Mr. Robert Barr proposed the toast to "The Ladies." He said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I rise to propose the toast of the evening. Most of the gentlemen who have proposed toasts to-night have imagined that they were proposing the most important one on the program. But they were wrong. We could get along without a president, without an ambassador—without even the practical politician in our country, but we could not get along without the American woman, and, what is more, we are not going to try.

You may perhaps think that I am called upon to-night because of my fitness for the task given to me, that the committee recognised the fact, and therefore have asked me to propose this toast. Well, gentlemen, that would be flattering the committee in a manner that they do not deserve. They have asked, I don't know how many men to propose the toast, and I surmise that those other men have all of them refused—knowing nothing of the subject. The committee only yesterday asked me, and therefore I know they must have asked a great many other people who refused, owing, I doubt not, to the innate modesty of the American man.

In the short time at my disposal to prepare my speech I thought I had better post myself up on this subject, and I have learned that 6000 years ago woman was invented. We have heard from our chairman to-night something about 10,000 years, so I feel safe in saying 6000 years ago. At that

time Adam found that there was no use trying to run the world without a woman. He struck. Now, from 6,000 years to-night—or perhaps it is as well not to be too exact—we have had women with us, and I find, in reading history, that there has been a good deal of trouble with women, from the time of Helen of Troy onwards.

Someone, I forget just now who it was, but he was an eloquent Englishman, once remarked that the age of chivalry is dead. Well, sir, he was wrong. The age of chivalry is not dead, it only commenced with the United States of America. It is the proud boast of America that a woman can travel from New York to San Francisco alone, and every man she meets is her slave. We have had in our country many great inventors, we have one here to-night, but, sir, no inventions, and no progress that has been made can bear any comparison with the American girl. The wisest act Mr. Cleveland ever did was to marry an American girl, practically a schoolgirl. She was called upon to fill one of the highest places that any woman can fill, and she did it with credit to herself and honor to the American girl.

There was a man in Wyoming who wanted to run as police magistrate, and his wife did not want him to do it. So she went to the opposite party and got nominated to the same office, and she was elected, because when an American girl asks for a thing American men give it to her. Her husband got drunk, and next morning was taken before his wife. Now, did she punish him? No, she told him to be good, and go home to his wife and children and leave politics alone.

Now, in conclusion, if there is one thing more than another that the American woman excels in it is in writing. One of the greatest books ever written was written by an American woman. I mean "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we have to-day many brilliant American women who write, and one of them is to answer the toast which I have to propose—the toast to "The Ladies."

The toast was responded to by Miss Florence Hayward, who gave some of the reasons why women should celebrate a thanksgiving that they were not men, or at least some kinds of men. She said, amongst other things:

There was a Pharisee once who handed himself down to fame by remarking that he thanked God he was not as other men. He has been cutting a sorry figure in history for it ever since, but for my part I have always sympathised with him as a misrepresented person who expressed, a little unfortunately perhaps, his appreciation of his surroundings and advantages. He was, when you come to think of it, a really modest-minded sort of man; he was not glorifying himself for what he was, but thanking Heaven for what he was not. And I think that in these days

of feminine big-headedness it would not be a bad idea for us women to take a leaf from his book. Once a year, say, we might give thanks that we are not as others are; and by others, of course, I mean men.

We might even give thanks that we are not American men. If we were we would have to work, and, what is worse, to know something about politics. As it is now, a woman need not have a politic to bless herself with. She need not be a Republican—though I don't know what being a Republican is, unless it is to belong to a party whose motto, as nearly as I can find out, seems to be "Success at any price—payable in gold." And she need not be a Democrat either—though I am likewise ignorant of what a Democrat is, unless it is that he is a member of a party which seems to have been created by a beneficent Providence for the express purpose, judging by recent events, of securing an overwhelming Republican majority. The way the Democratic party runs away from itself is like the description the famous old bear-hunter gave of a pair of deerskin trousers he made for himself. When he finished them, one was bow-legged and the other knock-kneed, and he said, "I give you my word of honor that when I wore those trousers I looked as if I was chasing myself off the face of the earth."

Mr. Passmore Edwards, proposing the next toast, said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—Considering the lateness of the hour I have only one sentence to utter, and that is to propose the toast to the American Society in London. To-night, our Queen has as her guest your Ambassador, and that I take it is an omen of goodwill. I give you the toast to "The American Society in London."

The honorary treasurer, Colonel J. L. Taylor, said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—The hour is waxing late, and we have listened, it seems to me, to all the eloquence that this occasion calls for, and it would ill become a man of my pretensions to endeavor to hold you even for a few minutes after all the interesting speeches which have been delivered to-night. But on behalf of the American Society I would say one word in gratitude to the distinguished speaker who has proposed the toast to the Society. It has been well said that the American Society occupies a unique position in London, and we may congratulate ourselves that we here in London can listen as we have done to all the complimentary sayings about our country and ourselves.

This Society has been inaugurated for the promotion of fraternal intercourse between Americans resident in England, and also for the purpose of sowing the seeds of goodwill between America and England. We hope the aims and wishes of the Society will be fully realised, and that it will become one of the permanent institutions of London. And where should Americans be more welcome

than in London? Although we come from a distant land, yet we are amongst our kin. I will not say more, but I would wish that my voice could go forth beyond this hall to all who understand the English tongue. I wish that all the great English-speaking countries would realise the words of the sweet singer of Israel, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The honorary secretary, Mr. J. Walter Earle, proposed the health of the chairman. He said :

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Although the hour is late, I feel sure that you will all agree with me that we would be doing ourselves a very great injustice if we were to separate without voicing in some manner our very cordial and hearty appreciation of the very able manner in which our chairman has presided over this festive occasion. Mr. Wellcome is not only the chairman of the evening, but he is the chairman of our Society, and it is owing to his interest in the work of the Society and the unflagging industry he has put forth in the interests of the Society, that we have been able to have such a successful gathering this evening.

Our thanks are not only due to him on this occasion, but they are due to him for directing the policy of the Society in such a manner that it is playing no small part in bringing the two great English-speaking peoples into a better understanding of each other, and the better we know each other, the better it will be for the prosperity of both. Those of us who are sojourners in this country will, I feel sure, pay our warmest respects to Mr. Wellcome for voicing in such a manner our feelings towards our kinsmen on this side of the water.

We have also to return thanks for the beautiful souvenir which he has presented to each of us. This souvenir will be treasured by us all for years to come, and as time goes on we will look back on this evening with the most pleasurable remembrance. I give you the toast to "Our Chairman." "Long life to him; may his shadow never grow less!"

The chairman, Mr. Wellcome, replied :

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Mr. Earle has given me too much praise. The members of the committee who have worked so vigorously to make to-night's festival a success have done the greater part of the work; the honorary secretary, Mr. Earle; our vice-chairman, Mr. Crane; the honorary treasurer, Colonel Taylor; Mr. Van Duzer and others deserve our special thanks. I thank you all heartily for your kind expressions.



Some Notes
on the
Origin of
Thanksgiving Day.



BY
THE REV. EDWARD E. HALE,
D.D., LL.D.,
AND
THE HON. ABNER C. GOODELL.



The Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

(Specially written for the Thanksgiving Feast of the American Society in London, November 27th, 1896, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., L.L.D.)

South Congregational Church, Boston,
November 17th, 1896.

My Dear Stevens,

If you will believe me, by far the most important addition made to American history by the discovery at Fulham Palace of Governor Bradford's manuscript "History of the Voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers in the 'Mayflower' and the Foundation of the Plimoth Plantation," was the great truth, before unknown, that the Pilgrims ate ROAST TURKEYS at their first Thanksgiving Dinner!!

We knew before that they had a Thanksgiving Feast, but till this happy discovery we did not know that they had TURKEYS!

You know that they had Massasoit and a lot of his braves to dine with them. I feel sure that they had cranberry sauce from their own cranberries. Let us trust that Samoset had taught them how to make maple sugar. For, if he did not, I am afraid the cranberry sauce was very sour.

The word "Thanksgiving" for a religious ceremony was at least as old as the destruction of the Spanish Armada. But I think there is no doubt that Thanksgiving Day as a festival begins with the Pilgrims' Feast Day—literally, a feast day appointed by Gov. Bradford after they had got in the harvest of 1621. There were between forty and fifty of the whites at the feast, and, I suppose, as many of the Indians. Please remind your friends in London that we know from Josselyn, a very accurate authority, that they had turkeys which weighed sixty pounds each. Imagine eight or ten such turkeys, ten or a dozen haunches of venison, four or five saddles of venison, pumpkin and squash pies AD LIBITUM, cranberry sauce, as I say, and all the partridges, quail, woodcock, ducks, and wild geese they could roast, with the forests of North America almost uncut for fuel, and you will guess that they did not need, as they did not have, the Roast Beef of Old England. They had no tea nor coffee, no beer, no cider, no potatoes, no apple pies, and no mince pies made with apples. The Festival itself was

a reminder that they had turned over a new leaf. It was a thick leaf, too, and nothing could be read which had been written on the other side.

And you remember how obdurately they refused to celebrate Christmas because it was Christ-MASS. No MASS for them! It is very clear that the year before, just after the landing, they waited intentionally for Christmas that they might begin the framing of their store-house on that day. They set every man to work riving, sawing, splitting, and framing, and, I suppose, for lack of cattle, hauling logs. And Bradford grimly closes his account of this first Christmas by saying "So no man rested all that day." To this bit of stubbornness on their part, we owe it happily that we can say that on Christmas Day 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers laid the foundations of an Empire.

The first Massachusetts Thanksgiving was nearly ten years after. Poor fellows! They had had no Thanksgiving after getting in the harvest, for they had no harvest to get in. Of the number of Massachusetts emigrants nearly one-tenth died in the first twelve months. I do not suppose anyone starved to death. No one could starve on a shore where there were such oysters, clams, lobsters, and other sea food, and where, on the land, there were deer, moose, turkeys and other birds not yet afraid of fire-arms. But they had practically exhausted the home food to which they were accustomed and the stores which they had brought with them. Mrs. Winthrop was putting her last two loaves into the oven, and the Governor and Assistants had proclaimed a "Fast Day." But before Mrs. Winthrop's bread was baked, the look-out on Fort Hill announced that he could see a ship's topmast in the outer harbour. The ship was the "Lion," Captain Pearce, fully stored, thanks to Winthrop's prescience of the summer before. And the Governor and the Assistants met hastily and changed their day of fasting and humiliation to a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

That was the first "Thanksgiving" in Massachusetts Bay. These words I dictate to a lineal descendant of the Elder Brewster.

Wishing you a very pleasant Thanksgiving, dear Stevens,

I am, always yours,

(signed) EDWARD E. HALE.

P.S.—It is worth remembering that this Thanksgiving was on the 22nd of February. The date is one which the Americans at your table are not apt to forget.

To Benjamin Franklin Stevens, Esq.,

American Government Despatch Agent,

4 Trafalgar Square, London.

Notes on the American National Thanksgiving Day.

By the Hon. Abner C. Goodell.

(Written specially for the American Society Thanksgiving Banquet,
London, November 27th, 1896.)

The observance of days of public fasting and thanksgiving by legislative or executive appointment is not, as some have supposed, of New-England origin. In our Motherland such days have ever been kept on special occasions, in addition to, or instead of, the regular fast days and feast days of the Church. Thus, on the 20th of March 1628, the House of Commons opened their list of grievances which led to the famous Petition of Rights by praying the King to set apart one or more days for a public fast, to which the Lords consented. This application, which appears in full in the "Acta Regia," states the purposes of the fast, and the manner of its observance, in language quite similar to that used by the New-England legislatures on similar occasions. Even as recently as 1855 and 1857 special public fasts were appointed in England—the former on account of war with Russia, and the latter on account of the Indian Mutiny.

In like manner public thanksgivings have been officially proclaimed in England. From the time of the defeat of the Armada, under Elizabeth, and of the victories of the Duke of Marlborough under Queen Anne, to the reign of the honored and beloved Victoria, upon the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872, such public offerings of gratitude appear on the pages of English history.

These, however, were exceptions to a general rule providing for the orderly performance of such religious duties. By the Church of England, besides a series of feast days and vigils, there were appointed four regular periods of fasting: viz. the forty days of Lent, the Ember days of the four seasons, the three Rogation days, and all Fridays in the year except Christmas. The Puritans of New England summarily discarded all these as unwarranted by Holy Scripture, and as of idolatrous tendency, and reduced the list of holy days to Sabbaths and days of Fasting and of Thanksgiving, making it a penal offence even to keep Christmas, which,

though originally a movable feast occurring about the time of the vernal equinox, had, from time immemorial, been celebrated in England in December, as the anniversary of the nativity of the Saviour of fallen humanity and the occasion for demonstrations of family and neighborly affection.

At first, in New England, public fasts and thanksgivings were special and occasional after the English pattern above mentioned ; but, in Massachusetts, for the last two hundred years they have been kept by annual appointment by the civil authorities, either the legislative or the executive—the fasts occurring some time between the first of March and the middle of May, usually in April, and the thanksgivings from October to December, usually late in November. By the annual recurrence of these occasions, therefore, rather than by any originality of the idea or in the manner of conducting them, they are to be considered as peculiar to New England, where they serve as substitutes for Good Friday and Christmas.

The first thanksgiving in New England, it is said, was kept by the Pilgrims upon their arrival at Plymouth, Dec. 20, 1620. However this may be, it is clear that the first thanksgiving for an abundant harvest was observed at Plymouth the next year.

The first general thanksgiving in the Massachusetts Colony was observed at Salem, July 8, 1630, “in view of the relief afforded by the last immigrants, to their brethren in distress, and of the preservation experienced by the former on the ocean.”

The next public thanksgiving in Massachusetts was held on the 22nd of February following. This was likewise occasioned by the timely arrival of provisions from England. A remarkable circumstance regarding it is that it was substituted for a day of fasting which had been appointed to be kept later. The story is thus related in the town record of Charlestown:—

“But now, as the winter came on, provision began to be very scarce . . . and people were necessitated to live upon clams and musels, and ground nuts and acorns, and these got with much difficulty in the winter time. Upon which, people were very much tired and discouraged especially when they heard that the Governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven ; and many were the fears of people that Mr. Pearce, who was sent to Ireland to fetch provisions, was cast away, or taken by pirates. But God, who delights to appear in great straits, did work marvellously at this time ; for before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer, about the month of February or March, in comes Mr. Pearce, laden with provisions, upon which occasion the day of Fast was changed, and ordered

to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving, which provisions were by the Governor distributed unto the people proportionable to their necessities."

This incident illustrates the serious straits of the first settlers in the vicinity of Boston. It seems incredible that there should be danger of starvation to people living between two streams emptying into a spacious harbor in front of the town when those streams at certain seasons were crowded with shad and alewives, and were frequented by herring, bass and sturgeon, and other edible fish—and where the salt water abounded with lobsters and crabs, and the flats with oysters, clams, and mussels—forming also the winter bed of innumerable fat eels—all of which crustaceans and molluscs were of great size and superior flavor; where, also, a few rods off shore, more cod, haddock and sea-perch could be taken by one fisherman in a single hour than a large family could eat in a week. Nor were the waters proportionally more productive of sustenance than the land as wild fowl in large numbers and great variety were to be found all over the neighboring marshes. The woods were stocked with deer and smaller game at all seasons, and occasionally so thronged by wild pigeons that great branches were broken off by the weight of the birds lodged there. Hickory nuts, hazel nuts, acorns and berries in inexhaustible supply, near at hand, were to be had for the gathering.

Yet, in the midst of all this abundance the settlers starved, pining for the diet to which they had been accustomed in England, the nature of which is shown by the cargo of the ship "Lion," which Captain Pearce commanded. He brought and delivered in good condition thirty-four hogsheads of wheat meal, fifteen of pease, four of oat meal, four of beef and pork, and fifteen hundredweight of cheese, butter, suet, seed, barley, rye, etc.

The author of the Charlestown narrative still further illustrates the helplessness of the immigrants, "who generally notioned no water good for a town but running springs," by adding, "though this neck do abound with good water, yet, for want of experience and industry none could be found to suit the humour of that time but a brackish spring in the sands by the water side . . . which could not half supply the necessities of the multitude . . . the death of so many was concluded to be much the more occasioned by the want of good water."

Whatever rejoicings were had over the stores brought in the "Lion," there could have been, in the distressing circumstances of those early settlers of Massachusetts Bay, little of the genuine cheer which had enlivened the celebration of Thanksgiving at Plymouth ten years before, as described by Edward Winslow.

The joyous first celebration was typical of those later thanksgivings which have continued down to the present day. What Christmas has so long been to the Homes of our dear Motherland, Thanksgiving is to her daughter, New England. To be sure we have not the Yule log, and the Christmas tales told around the comfortable hearths; but in place thereof we have the blazing forestick holding the ruddy embers against the giant back-log in the wide-throated chimney, with an ample supply of fresh wood to keep the fire roaring, while the revolving spit creaks in the "tin kitchen." For the customary festoons of holly and mistletoe and branches of evergreen, we have on the long table, overspread with the whitest linen and garnished with porcelain, daintily hand-painted by our wives and sisters, crisp sprigs of celery, tufted with delicate yellow and green standing to receive—not the the traditional boar's head ushered in with song and ceremony—but the Thanksgiving Turkey, fit theme for a new version of the ancient Christmas rhyme:—

Meleagris defero,
Laudens me cautico!

This indispensable fowl is, for this supreme occasion, king of the feathered creation! No bird of paradise, not even the American eagle, is permitted to contest his sway, as transferred from the groaning spit, and redolent of savory and thyme, he heaves his reeking and well-basted breast up from the platter laid for him in the centre of the table.

Now cranberry sauce, the Irish and the sweet potato, tenderly boiled onions swimming in melted butter, boiled squash also well buttered, support the *PIECE DE RESISTANCE*. Sweet cider flows galore, and plum pudding, mince, apple, squash and pumpkin pies vie with each other in tempting display until the fruit—the Hubbardston, Nonsuch, the familiar Baldwin, the Hunt Russet and the Snow Apple; the Beurrebose, the Duchess D'Angouleme, and the Seclé pears around the board in company with the Concord, Tokay, Catawba, and the inevitable Malaga grapes—the procession ending with nuts, raisins and confectionery, and tea or coffee.

It would be difficult to interpret this menu to the uninitiated; but if the dinner you sit down to is of the genuine New England stamp, invite any of our fair English cousins about you who do not understand the peculiarities of New-England cookery, to just try the pumpkin or the squash pie—I prefer the latter—but be sure, first of all, that your pies are the real home-made article, mixed and seasoned and baked *SECUNDUM ARTEM*. The appreciation of this dinner, like the proof of the pudding, is in the eating thereof, and I am sure something irregular must have happened in the

kitchen, if thereupon the verdict of the aforesaid fair one is not favorable to our style of catering.

But all matters of gastronomy you will have practically illustrated at the festive board, and so it becomes me to dismiss that subject with the cordial wish that "Good digestion may wait on appetite," and proceed to comment on the social features of Thanksgiving.

It is our custom, you know, next after the duties of religion in the meeting house, to devote the day to family reunions and the interchange of friendly felicitations. On that day we surely expect Arthur back from College, William from his counting-room in the City, George from his field of engineering in the far West, and the bachelor uncle from his law office bringing with him, perhaps, the orphan cousin just returned from sea. All the sisters will be present, married and single—the former with their "young ones," who on that day released from the thralldom of the nursery, are permitted to enjoy the fullest opportunity of observing social life among their elders downstairs, on perfectly equal terms. This gathering under the parental roof-tree is, save the dinner, the leading feature of the day. The old song begins:—

"Now Obadiah and Zephaniah, and all the children livin',
Paul and Sophia, Job and Maria, have come to our Thanksgivin',"

If the "sleighing is good," a sleigh ride (ANGLICÉ a drive in a sledge) is in order after dinner. On such occasions three is a crowd; so each "fellow" is permitted the exclusive company of his best girl for a spin over the highway, and as far as prudence will permit, into the country, to the merry jingle of bells attached to the shafts or to the horses' girths. In New England, it should be understood, the chaperon for either sex is a nuisance never yet introduced, much less tolerated; and since it is bad form to hint the least curiosity as to whether or not the gentleman has availed himself of his undoubted privilege of expressing his satisfaction at the motion produced by those abrupt unevennesses in the road, called "thank-ye-maams," by proper osculation, it is not at all likely that "sleigh rides" will soon become obsolete.

A savor of worldliness quite at variance with Puritan sentiments, lingers about this holiday, evidently to illustrate the distich:—

"Each pleasure hath a poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

It has been the custom from the time that man's memory runneth not to the contrary, to raffle for, or shoot turkeys before Thanksgiving, on which occasions too, there is commonly some indulgence in drinks more

stimulating than sweet cider. This unbefitting prelude to the pure festivities of the day, contrasts with another customary observance, sometimes condemned by the straitest Puritans, of the evening following Thanksgiving; that is, the meeting in balls or in assemblies, where there is more or less of dancing. Some very nice people are not restrained by prejudice from participating in these gatherings, notwithstanding the late hours to which these social functions are continued. In cities, the belated pedestrian often catches, co-mingling with the lively notes of the viol floating on the night air, the murmur of voices much like those he heard at dinner; but before he can identify any articulate sound he is rudely disturbed by the discordant slam of a coach door and the rattle of departing wheels.

Here let me pause to slip into your hand a fac-simile of the earliest proclamation, printed in broadside, for a thanksgiving in Massachusetts, at the same time wishing you a "bang up" jolly good time at the dinner of the American Society in what Pope calls that "Dear, damned, distracting town, Old London."—ESTO PERPETUA.

SALEM, 17th NOV., 1896.





At A

C O U N C I L,

Held at Charlestown, June the 20th, 1676.

Whereby God having by a long and Continued Series of his Afflictive dispensations in & by the present Varr with the Heathen Natives of this Land, written and brought to pass bitter things against his own Covenant people in this wilderness, yet so that we evidently discern that in the midst of his judgments he hath remembered mercy, having remembered his Footstool in the day of his sore displeasure against us for our sins, with many singular Intimations of his Fatherly Compassion, and regard: reserving many of our Towns from Desolation Threatned, and attempted by the Enemy, and giving us especially of late with our Confederates many signal Advantages against them, without such Disadvantage to our selves as formerly we have been sensible of, if it be of the Lords mercies that we are not consumed, It certainly bespeaks our positive Thankfulness, when our Enemies are in any measure disappointed or destroyed: and fearing the Lord should take notice under so many Intimations of his returning mercy, we should be found an Insensible people, as not standing before him with Thanksgiving, as well as lading him with our Complaints in the time of pressing Afflictions:

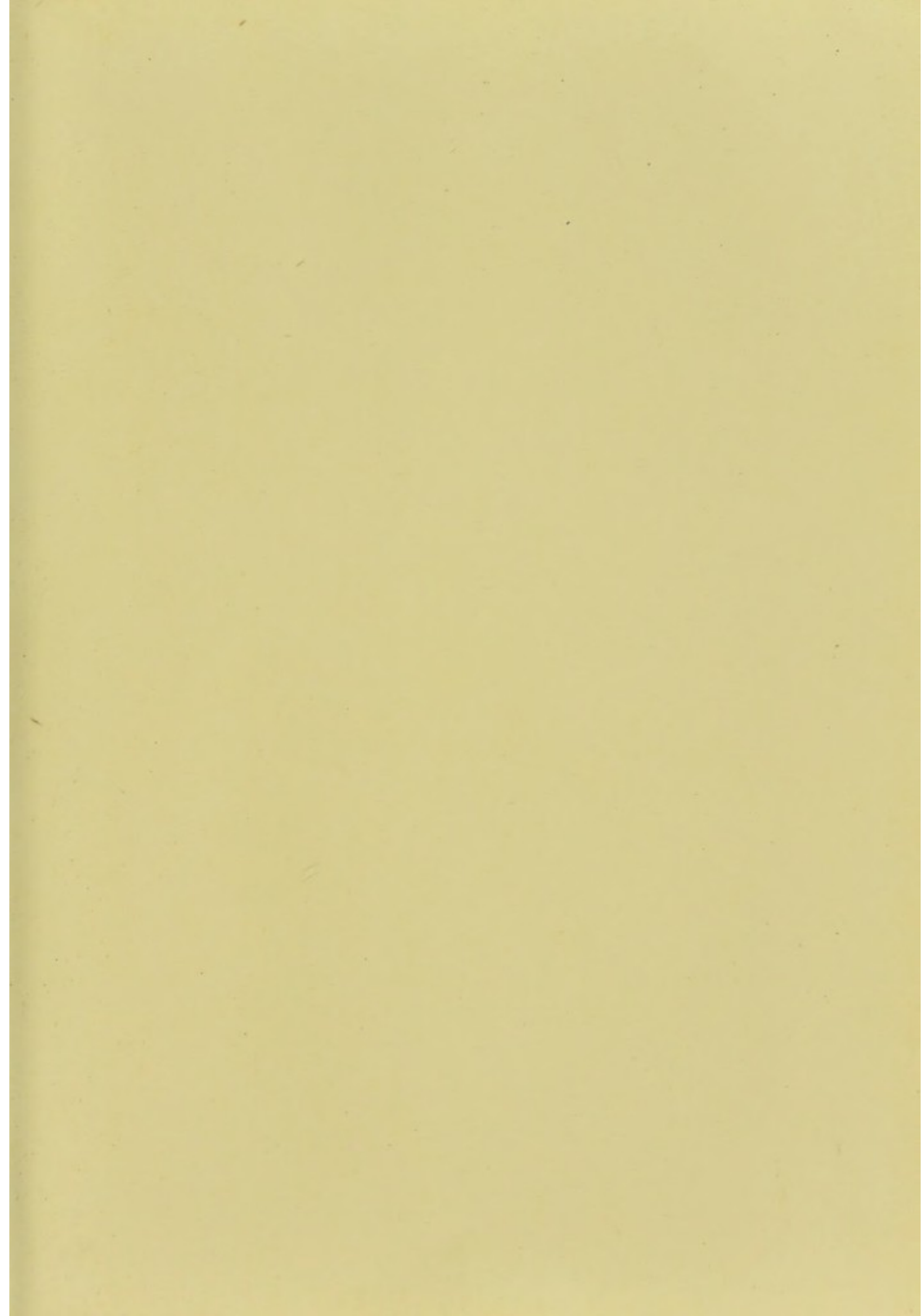
The COUNCIL have thought meet to appoint and set apart the 29th. day of this instant June, as a day of Solemn Thanksgiving and praise to God for such his goodness and Favour, many Particulars of which mercy might be Instanced, but we doubt not those who are sensible of Gods Afflictions, have been as diligent to espy him returning to us; and that the Lord may behold us as a People offering praise and thereby glorifying him; The Council doth Commend it to the Respective Ministers, Elders and people of this Jurisdiction; Solemnly and seriously to keep the same. Beseeching that being perswaded by the mercies of God we may all, even this whole people offer up our Bodies and Souls as a living and Acceptable Service unto God by Jesus Christ.

CHS.

By the Council, Edward Rawson Secy.

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