Sandwich Celebrates Her 250th Anniversary

Sandwich has been a center of activity for 250 years. The celebration of this anniversary was marked by a parade, a speech by the mayor, and a visit from Gov. Long. The event was attended by many local residents and tourists from across the country.

The history of Sandwich is rich with stories of its founding and growth. The town was incorporated in 1669 and has since become a hub of culture and commerce. The town's history is closely tied to that of the nearby Cape Cod National Seashore, which was established in 1961.

Sandwich is known for its beautiful beaches, vibrant arts scene, and historic sites. It is a popular destination for both locals and tourists alike. The town's celebration of its 250th anniversary was a testament to its resilience and continued growth.

Governor Long's visit was a highlight of the celebration. He spoke about the importance of preserving our natural resources and the value of community. The event was a fitting tribute to the town's storied past and promising future.
Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.

Mr. Chamberlain began: In speaking to our venerable ancestors, we lay claim to our own natality among the hinterland of those people, and hold both our souls and them, for they only are able to transmit a full civilization to posterity who are able to learn wisdom at the grave of their forefathers. Certainly the history of a nation is as long as, in this sense, seven generations; and thus, still, we find ourselves among the last of the line that was created in the time of our ancestors, that is, in the year 1620, when the Puritans first landed in this land of the mayflower, and continued nearly two hundred years. And then, as the last remains of that line, we are the vanguard that the future generations will number in the context of the history.

The once contained 18 names beside the 18 names of our ancestors.

The line of march was from the Old Colony, which is on the street near to the main residence of J. T. Paunce, these corner for the town, then along the Teal Street and Water Street, and then to the residence of President Lincoln, a shop, and then through the house to Freemen, where there was a meeting room, then to the street to Avery street, and then to Main Street near the courthouse is the next.

There are a few of the more striking dates and events in the life of our ancestors, the line of march, which is about two miles long in length.

The line of march was from the Old Colony, which is on the street near to the main residence of J. T. Paunce, these corner for the town, then along the Teal Street and Water Street, and then to the residence of President Lincoln, a shop, and then through the house to Freemen, where there was a meeting room, then to the street to Avery street, and then to Main Street near the courthouse is the next.

The line of march was from the Old Colony, which is on the street near to the main residence of J. T. Paunce, these corner for the town, then along the Teal Street and Water Street, and then to the residence of President Lincoln, a shop, and then through the house to Freemen, where there was a meeting room, then to the street to Avery street, and then to Main Street near the courthouse is the next.
OLD SHAWME’S BIRTHDAY.
Sandwich Celebrates Her 250th Anniversary.
Sons and Daughters of the Cape Town Come Home in Large Numbers – Procession, Banquet and Ball – Addresses by Ex-Gov. Long and Others – Many Notable Persons Present.

(SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON HERALD)

SANDWICH, Sept. 3, 1889. This is a gala day for the residents of this ancient town and their many guests, the occasion being the celebration of the quarter-millennial anniversary of its settlement as a municipality. Clear skies and a warm southwest wind greeted the opening of the day which was to make an important epoch in the history of this town. The people were astir at an early hour, dressed in holiday attire, and on every hand were presented scenes of activity in preparing to carry out the day's programme. It was not long before strangers began to pour into the town, and soon the streets were thronged with people who had come to assist the residents in commemorating this important event. This occasion also brought together many of the sons and daughters of Sandwich, who took this opportunity to visit the home of the childhood and renew old acquaintances, and to testify their regard for their native town. Throngs of visitors arrived on the morning trains. That from Provincetown arrived at 9:30, and was crowded with Masonic lodges, Grand Army posts and citizens from the Cape towns. The New Bedford people came on a special train of eight cars, which was crowded so that many passengers were clinging to the steps. The Middleboro train arrived at 10:40, nearly one hour late. The 11 cars were crowded. Over half of the passengers alighted here, the remainder continuing to Yarmouth to take part in the celebration there. A special train, which arrived from Boston at 9.50 o'clock, brought a large number of prominent personages, among whom were ex-Gov. Long of Hingham, Congressman Charles S. Randall of New Bedford, ex-Congressman Robert T. Davis of Fall River, Hon. William R. Russell of Cambridge, Gen. John L. Swift of Boston, and others. The festivities of the day were ushered in amid the ringing of the bells of the several churches and the booming of cannon. At 8:30 o'clock an open-air concert was given by the Bourne band in Post-office Square.

The Procession.

After the arrival of the trains a procession was formed in the square in front of the depot, in the following order:
Detachment of Police.
Chief Marshal, William A. Nye.
Escort.
Plymouth Rock Band.
Standish Guards of Plymouth, Capt. Herbert Morrisey commanding
Hilbs' band of New Bedford, 25 pieces.
Charles Chipman post 132, G.A.R., of Sandwich, W. C. Gifford commander
Frank D. Hammond post 141, G.A.R. of Harwich, Dr. George S. Munsell commander.

FIRST DIVISION.
Marshal, B. B. Abbie
Sagamore band, 22 pieces.
Calvacade of 100 horsemen.
SECOND DIVISION
Arthur Braman marshal.
Middleboro cornet band.
DeWitt Clinton lodge, F.A.M.
Plymouth lodge, F.A.M., of Plymouth
Marine lodge, F.A.M., of Provincetown
James Otis lodge, F.A.M., of Barnstable.
Visiting brethren from other Masonic lodges in 29th district.

THIRD DIVISION.
Sanford I. Morse marshal.
Bourne band, 25 pieces.
Citizens and visiting sons of Sandwich.
Pupils of public schools.
Invited guests in carriages.

Along the route of the procession the residents made many displays of their sympathy with the occasion. Yards and yards of gay bunting and hundreds of flags of the United States and other nations, with hundreds of bright-hued lanterns are hung about the lawns and on the residences of the pretty town. The visitors found the depot festooned with the national colors. Close by on Jarvis street a solidly built arch of evergreen spans the roadway bearing in huge letters on its eastern front "Welcome." Handsome banners symbolizing science and commerce are on either hand, and beneath the arch are the dates "1639," "1889." The rear of the arch bears the United States coat of arms at the apex, surmounted by an American eagle. Carleton Hall, the headquarters of the Sandwich Mutual Club, is dressed in American colors, and shows the Irish green banner bearing the motto: "Welcome to our sons and daughters." Just around the corner on Main street is a banner with the words: "250th Anniversary of the Settlement." The Central House, formerly the old Fessenden tavern, which antedates the revolutionary war, has broad belts of bunting of the national colors, a very
handsome American flag across the street, and strings of small flags from the elevated points to the roofs of the portico and piazza. Just beyond is the Unitarian Society's Church, which has a tablet lettered “1639, First Church, 1889.” The old Newcomb house tells it age by a shield dated “1703.” Fred S. Pope's wears flags and bunting, and the date “1794.” Frank H. Burgess’ home on Water street shows the date 1656, and has streamers of the national colors and flags in profusion. The old Smith house (the oldest building in town), in the rear of the old Sandwich Academy, is completely covered with ship signals. Across Main street near the postoffice is the motto, “1639. Grateful for the past, hopeful for the future. 1889.”

These are but a few of the more striking decorations, there being many others along the line of march, which is about two miles in length.

The line of march was from the Old Colony station up Jarvis street to Main, near the residence of J. T. Faunce, thence countermarch on Grove to Main street, thence through Water and School streets, and via Main street, to the residence of Leander Chamberlain, thence countermarch to Liberty, thence through Factory to Freeman, State and Church streets to Jarvis street, and thence via Main and School streets, to the Casino, where the column was dismissed.

The crowd slowly pressed into the Casino and filed into the large building, filling all seats and all available standing room. The decorators did their work well in the interior of the building. The roof was hung with long streamers of bunting festooned gracefully to the sides. American colors predominated, but harmonizing shades of pink and pale yellow were also used with good effect. Around the sides the broad belts of colors were caught into A-shaped openings at the windows, which were ornamented with state coats of arms. Similar devices were on a line of large banners which hung over the centre of the hall.

The exercises opened with music by the Middleboro band, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel F. Upham, D.D., LL.D., president of Drew Theological Seminary of Madison, N.J. Mr. Charles Dillingham, the president of the day, then delivered an address of welcome. He said:

Mr. Dillingham’s Oration.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: It has fallen to me to welcome you to the celebration of the quarter millennial anniversary of the founding of Sandwich. Two hundred and fifty years is but a short period in the world’s history; but in the history of Sandwich it takes us back to within two years of the time when the 10 men from Saugus, with their wives and children, commenced their struggle for existence on the shores on yonder bay, founding the first permanent settlement by Europeans in Barnstable county. Did time permit, we might speak of the patriotic stand the fathers took in resisting the oppressive laws of the mother country, the poverty and sore distress they endured during the seven long years of war which followed; and later, when the country was rent and torn by internal strife, of the prompt action of our people in taking up arms in defence of the
government which was purchased at such a price. We cannot point to any remarkable growth in wealth or population. The attractions of the cities and fertile prairies of the West, offering such fair promise of bettering fortune, have proved stronger than the attachment to native soil or the ties of kindred. Our sons and daughters are found in every state in the Union, from the shores of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific, carrying with them always, wherever found, those principles so dear to our fathers – civil and religious liberty, planting side by side those symbols of New England civilization, the church and the “free public school.” To all the sons and daughters of Sandwich who have come home to the maternal roof, to friends, neighbors and strangers, to the distinguished representatives of the nation or state who have honored us by their presence, to all our guests, from whatever quarter they have come, we bid you a cordial welcome, and open to you our hearts and homes. Now, friends, I have the honor of introducing to you the orator of the day, Rev. N. H. Chamberlayne of Boston, a native of the old town of Sandwich.

The band then rendered another selection, and President Dillingham introduced Rev. N. H. Chamberlayne of East Boston as the orator of the day. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chamberlayne’s Speech.

Mr. Chamberlayne began by saying: In paying homage to our venerable ancestors we lay claim to our own heraldry among the hierarchies of the people, and honor both ourselves and them, for they only are able to transmit a full civilization to posterity who are willing to learn wisdom at the graves of their forefathers. Certainly the history of a Pilgrim town like this, seven generations long, must stimulate us all to a new sense of the dignity of duty of American citizenship, and urge on the Puritan blood especially, wherever it may inhabit, to imitate the persistency and loyalty of their forefathers in behalf of man, of whatever color and creed.

The orator then proceeded to sketch the history of Sandwich. Mr. Chamberlayne pointed out the sturdy obedience to law which characterized the early settlers, and also the fact that, as the represented all the English shires, the legends, laws and customs of all were curiously mingled in the community. The stocks and the whipping post, the Quaker troubles (the Sandwich quarterly meeting is the oldest in the world) and King Philip’s war, in which No Cape Ann Indian participated, were alluded to, and the orator urged the erection of statues to Richard Bourne and Thomas Tupper for their labors in behalf of the doomed and vanishing race. He pointed out also that at this period of Massachusetts history there was a tendency to a decadence in personal character, and that in such a state of affairs the connection of the people with the British crown was a positive blessing, because it kept them, especially in political centres like Boston, in contact with the civilized world elsewhere; it compelled them to keep the run of European politics when a new war might imperil every Cape Cod fishing smack to become the prize of any foe to England, witness the repeated refusal of the General Court of the Province to vote any governor a salary
except for one year that they might hold the purse in their own hands. All this made Massachusetts bay a training school.

Of course, Sandwich people in general married at home. I may assume that every one who won a Sandwich bride drew a prize. The marriages were most frequent between Sandwich and Barnstable.

Our merchant service, at least in foreign parts, as well as our navy, is at present in abeyance. I take it as a good omen of our coming naval estate, and also as a matter of national and certainly local price, that when a few years ago those same Englishmen challenged our shipbuilders and seamen to an international yacht race, and the country was able to answer with a victorious Puritan and Volunteer, designed by the brain of a young man of very old Sandwich stock, Mr. Edward Burgess. Your sailors have been found on every sea and in every war. Their story is one of romance, perseverance, hardship and loss of life; sometimes of rich reward.

The exercises here were then brought to a close with a selection by the band. At the conclusion of the exercises in the Casino the ticket holders adjourned to the large pavilion in the rear of the Casino, where the dinner was to be served. The original plan of the tent provided seats for 1622 people, 42 being upon the raised platform for the invited guests, which was situated in the centre of one side. The menu consisted of an old-fashioned clambake, with all the articles which usually accompany such a feast. As the conclusion of the bill of fare was reached, President Charles H. Dillingham called the assemblage to order, and after a selection by the band he introduced Mr. Frank H. Pope of Boston, a native of this town, as toastmaster. Mr. Pope stepped to the front of the platform and spoke for about 10 minutes in a witty and pleasing manner, alluding to the event in process of observance, and, after a speech which put his hearers in excellent humor, he introduced Hon. John D. Long of Hingham, giving the sentiment “New England Towns,” and saying, “they are the nucleus of the country’s prosperity and from which came the sturdy and brainy men who have developed the land, tapped its resources, been its mental and financial prop and placed it at the head of the procession of nations.” In response to the sentiment Mr. Long said:

**Address of Ex-Gov. Long.**

This is certainly a great day for Cape Cod. The spirit of celebration is echoing all along its sandy length and illuminating the waters that lovingly embrace it on either side. On the 1st ult. we re-embalmed the Pilgrims who made this shore the stepping stone to the Plymouth threshold, and round whom, as their shattered bark came in from their perils of the deep, the Cape threw its great protecting arm. Today we again honor the Pilgrim and pay our tribute to the fathers who planted and the sons who have watered the good seed which, under the blessing of God, has had this great increase.

A few months ago we celebrated the centennial of the inauguration of our national government. And yet what we were celebrating as a beginning was itself an accomplished work, resulting not from any special cause or particular event, but from the natural growth and development of a political
and social system which had started at Plymouth and Boston and here in Sandwich a century and a half earlier. It was a system under which brave and intelligent Christian freemen, settling along our coast and expanding toward the interior, lived in simple ways, pursued homely avocations, tilled the soil, built vessels, engaged in commerce, combined hard manual labor with good social position, enjoyed a democratic church, brought education to the threshold of every child, inaugurated a republican form of government by representation, and by a thorough training of 150 years prepared the popular mind for the responsibilities which national independence brought. Thus it was that what seemed to Europe the miraculous spectacle of a people suddenly assuming self-government and a constitution of equal rights was really no stranger than that the oak, strong with the growth of centuries, should endure the tempest which sways its leafy top, but disturbs not its trunk or its roots. The institution of the New England town was the college in which these students of local self-government graduated, and every man in New England was such a study. As I think of their work, the consummation of which we celebrate today, and the story of which the orator of the morning has rehearsed, I look back through the long vista of years with a feeling of profound respect and veneration. You could today in other lands have visited shrines of grander fame, over which are temples wrought by masters of architecture and gorgeous with 

The Work of Masters of Art.

You could, in imagination, recreate from Greek and Roman and still more oriental ruins the magnificent grandeur and glory of dynasties that have ruled the world. You could, in Westminster Abbey, hold communion with the illustrious dead who won the most conspicuous glory of warrior and statesman, orator, poet, scholar and divine. But none of these suggest to us the humanity and beauty and significance of the birthplace of a town like this. For her no broken column or fallen temples tells of the magnificence and luxury of the few wrung from the poverty and degradation of the many; no statue or shrine perpetuates, nor so much the greatness of one man, as the inferiority of the body of the people. Here rather began that growth of a free people, that common recognition in town organization of the equal rights of all men, which could not endure that any child should be uneducated; or that any poor should remain unfed; or that any one caste should hold supremacy, or any other be ground under foot; or that any slave should long breathe Massachusetts air. The civilization of other peoples has been a slow evolution from misty and barbarous beginnings, aided even by the invasion of conquest of other powers. Our fathers began themselves at the summit, standing clear and self-sustained against the sunrise. There were no shadowy beginnings, no day of mean things; no semi-barbarism, out of which there has been an exodus, but rather always a spirit of advanced intellectual and national life. No more generous enthusiasm for learning goes into your schools today than they put into theirs. They dotted your landscape with the spires of churches. I love these towns, and sigh that for more than half the people of the commonwealth
they exist no longer. Think what magnificent memories and associations they embody for us, and how crowded is the record of every one of them with heroic names and with participation in great heroic events. We are no longer the new world. We are venerable with age. The world moves now so swift that a hundred years are more than a thousand in the middle ages. We look back through the vista of two centuries and a half, and it is filled with great achievements in behalf of humanity; with great names of heroic men and women who lived nor afar off, but were with us and of us; and with such great events as the success of popular government, the emancipation of human thought and faith in the abolition of slavery, and the inventions of science which have put the globe into the hollow of man’s hand and made the giant powers of nature obedient servants of human will, and which will some day scoop out

**The Cape Cod Ship Canal**

as deftly as a lady dips a spoon. With what ancestry in the world shall we fear to compare ours? Our soil is rich with the ashes of the good and great, and our tribute goes out to them the more warmly because it goes not to the few; not to an illustrious warrior here or a great benefactor there; but to the whole body of those plain, quiet, God-fearing and self-respecting men and women who so raised the general level of their ordinary life that any distinction among them which they made was the accident of circumstance or necessity, and any distinction which we should make would be an injustice. What trust have they not imposed upon us? With them behind us, what is not our duty as the living, accountable citizens of this and other like communities today to those who shall follow us? Shall we lower the standard? Shall we not rather advance it higher? The world is pleading with us from our safe and high vantage ground to lend a helping hand, to reach down to our fellow-men and lift them up by help and by example. There never was a time when the moral instincts were more sensitive than now. Peace spreads her white wings over us. There is no field today on which to battle with bloody arms for civil freedom, for religious toleration or against beast or savage foe. Our conflict must be with the insidious forces that war upon the moral sentiment, that threaten corruption to our social and political fabric, that invade the manhood and purity and truth of men, that impair the sanctity and happiness of home, or that would subvert the institutions that have made New England a paradise of living, as it is a paradise of varied and invigorating climate, scenery and seashore. The obligations of the noble record along which you look back for 250 years with so much pride are not to seek for great opportunities remote and afar off, but to aid in the circle of our own immediate influence and ability in up-building the citizen; in eradicating the subtle evil of intemperance that is honeycombing society and the state with its rot; in diffusing the common education of the people, for which the fathers provided so sedulously; in adjusting, not so much the cold economic relation of capital and labor, as if these were distinct factors, but the warm relation of man with man in the great struggle for happiness, in which every man is a capitalist and every
man is a laborer; and in standing firm against any influence or inroad that threatens the purity of democratic government. The civilization of the future is in our own hands. These great causes of temperance, of the education of the masses, of the purity of our politics, depend upon our discharge of our neglect of our duty. If we discharge it, then are we worthy sons of worthy sires. If we neglect it, then is our celebration of these anniversaries, our praise of the fathers, our tributes to their virtues, but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

**Other Toasts.**

Toastmaster Pope, after alluding to the recent Mississippi prize fight, said that the committee had secured John L. as an attraction, gave the sentiment: “The non-resident,” and introduced Gen. John L. Swift. The general threatened dire vengeance on the toastmaster when he had attained to the other John L.’s muscular development. He said that he came down unmuzzled, not being limited by any subject. He loved Massachusetts as a whole, and especially loved that part where he was cradled, the old right arm of Massachusetts. A Cape Codder never lacks sand in his make-up. The entire Union draws on Cape Cod for its shipmasters and merchants to give it a universal Cape Cod flavor. Barnstable county cannot, of course, increase in population when there is such a drain upon it. I fear to indulge in that pride of nativity which prompts us to look down on the rest of mankind, for our esteem of the old Cape is so great that every pine cone and dwarf oak in this county will remain in memory while life lasts.

The next speaker was Col. Myron P. Walker. The sentiment was, “The soldier in time of war the bulwark of the nation.” Col. Walker said: “I like to hear these old stories of our ancestors’ trials, and whenever I read about them I become more impressed by them. We have built monuments to their memory, and in time it has become necessary to build more monuments to ourselves, to show that not alone did our forefathers have to endure hardships and trials, but that we men of later date threw ourselves between threatened destruction and our country for the preservation of that country and the good of future generations. The men who saved the nation built monuments to themselves unparalleled in the history of the world. In speaking of these men of the Grand Army, I am not unmindful of the fact that noble service was rendered by loyal men and women who did not see actual service at the front. Those of this town contributed $33,000 for the war and $20,000 in aid to families of soldiers, beside furnishing a surplus of men over the number actually demanded. Don’t forget those veterans. You won’t have them with you long.”

Hon. Charles S. Randall was next called upon, and no sentiment was offered him, he being given “The freedom of the wide, wide world.” as the toastmaster put it. Mr. Randall produced some interesting ancient papers of his ancestors and their doings and connection with the early settlement of the town.

A poem, by Miss Mary A. A. Conroy of Roxbury, was read by Dr. J. E. Pratt.
In calling up the next speaker, Toastmaster Pope said: “The old bellman – may he long continue as the silent partner of that old bell. May he be tied to that bell rope for many years to come, and we congratulate him that he can stop its noisy tongue when he wishes.” Mr. Charles E. Pope, sexton of the First parish, made an interesting historical address, tracing the growth of Sandwich. In conclusion Toastmaster Pope dismissed the company with “the benediction of the Pope,” as he styled it.

**The Evening’s Entertainment**

began at 7 o’clock with a grand display of fireworks from the laboratories of Masten & Wells, Boston. Previous to the exhibition there was a grand boat carnival on Pleasant lake, located in the centre of the town, which consisted of about 40 boats, barges and floats, beautifully decorated and festooned with Japanese lanterns and bunting, and it, indeed, presented a scene of spectacular Venetian beauty rarely seen. As the flotilla approached the exhibition raft the boats were bombarded with water batteries, throwing colored fires of crimson, ruby and emerald in profuse quantities. Rockets, with colored heading burst and exploded on the water’s surface, fiery fountains threw up their golden spray, geysers of fire filled the air with phosphoric flames, while floating fires covered the water in all directions among the fleet from shore to shore. Immediately after the display on the lake, the exhibition proper commenced in Toby’s park, bordering on the lake, and continued nearly two hours. It is estimated that 5000 people were in the vicinity of the lake during the display. The illuminations around the lake and in many private residences were very elaborate. The ball at the Casino immediately after the exhibition was the grandest affair of the kind on record in this vicinity. The ballroom was skillfully and artistically transformed into a fairy bower of exquisite beauty and loveliness. The material employed was delicate shades of blue, pink and Nile green muslin, the colors of which blended together, and were so arranged in sections and arches, with a canopy of crimson and blue drapery above, so as to form a lovely tent of color. Music for dancing was furnished by the Germania orchestra of Boston, 10 pieces. The floor was managed by A. F. Sherman Jr., assisted by T. L. Southack, Arthur Bramans, and W. [torn], Francis Murphy, [torn] Holway, T. C. Bills, James K[torn], George E. White, W. R. Gibbs Jr., and Eben Keith as Aids. The order contained 18 numbers beside the march, and no less than 200 people participated.

The following were among those present:

Frank E. Pope, Boston.
Miss Lillie Pope, Sandwich.
W. A. Nye and wife, Bournedale.
Lieut.-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett, Boston.
Hon. William W. Crapo, New Bedford.

Col. Benjamin S. Lovell and daughter, Weymouth.
Dr. E. D. Hill, Plymouth.
J. A. Holway.
Miss Belle L. Brackett.
Miss Nellie Swift, New Bedford.
E. C. Bourne.
T. J. Southack.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braman.
Mr. Frank Murphy, Dr. George N. Munsell and wife, Harwich.
Samuel Fessenden, Mr. George W. Jones, Falmouth.
Miss Packwood, Hon. Howes Norris, Miss Norris, Cottage City.
Charles I. Gibbs, Miss Mary Gibbs, Hyannis.
E. A Buffington, Leominster.
Col. Myron P. Walker, Belchertown.
Miss Lottie Hall, Sandwich.
Miss Susie E. Chandler, Plymouth.
William A. Clark, Jr., and wife. Lynn.
E. J. Donovan, Brockton.
Miss Addie Jones, Dr. George E. White, Sandwich.
Miss Lizzie Daman, New Bedford.
F. O. Ellis.
H. P. Harriman and wife, Wellfleet.
John P. Callahan and wife, Boston.
Miss Agnes Murphy.
J. F. C. Swift, Falmouth.
Frank H. Pope, Leominster.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Belcher, Randolph.
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bearse, Middleboro.
J. Frank Reith, Plymouth.