

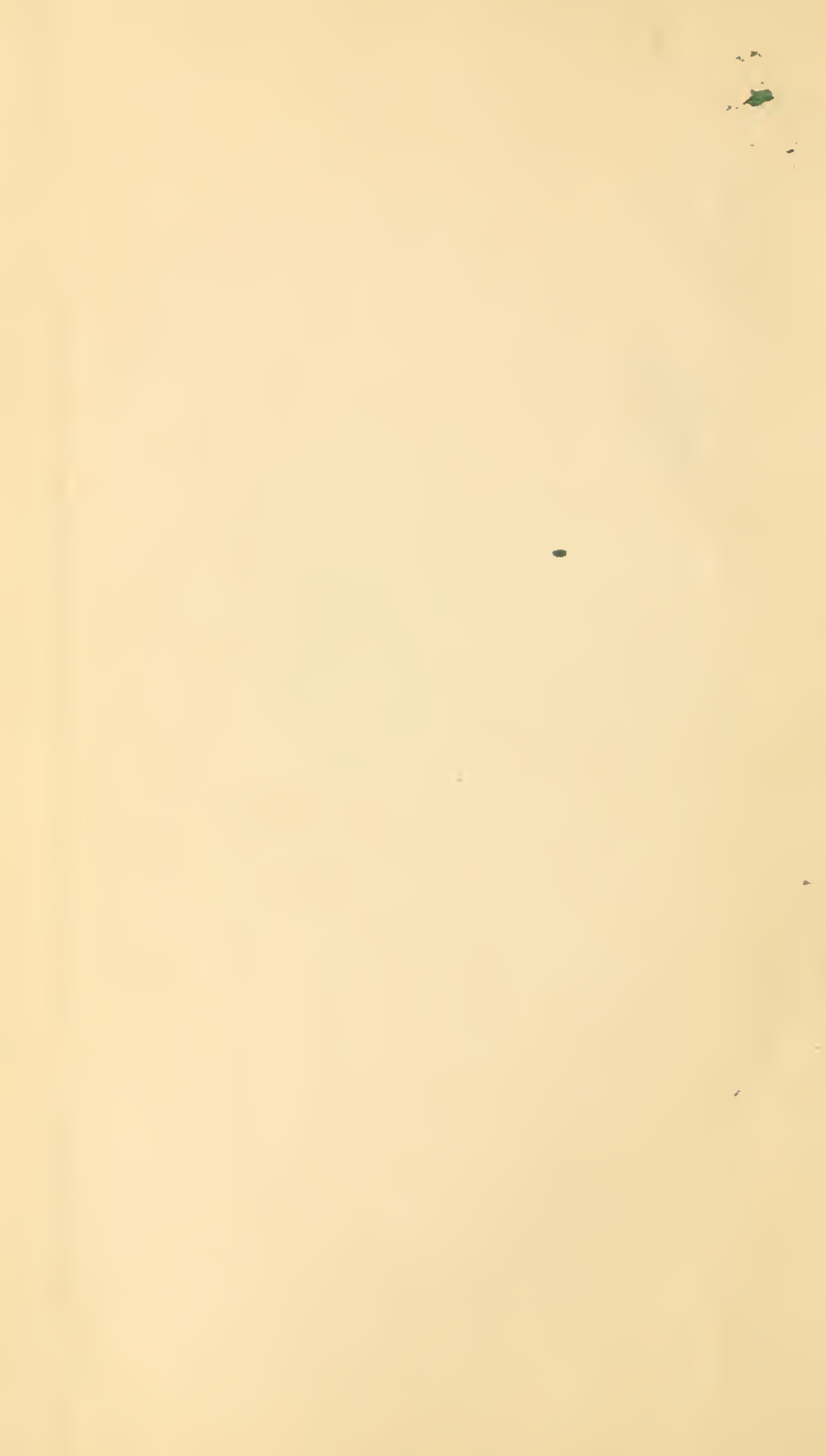
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D. S. Res. 6th July, 1840
No 1018

THE CAPE COD

Centennial Celebration,

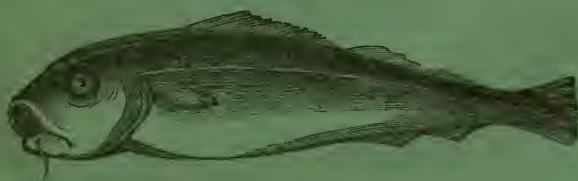
AT

BARNSTABLE,

SEPT. 3, 1839,

OF THE INCORPORATION OF THAT TOWN,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1639.



RESERVE
STORAGE
COLLECTION

Barnstable :

S. B. PHINNEY,

.....
1840.

Reserve Storage
Collection

*Deposited in his Office
Barnstable, Mass. 4th March April 1844*

THE CAPE COD

See Vol 154

Page 242

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT BARNSTABLE,

Sept. 3, 1839,

OF THE INCORPORATION OF THAT TOWN,

Sept. 3, 1639.

GIVING A FULL DETAIL OF THE PRELIMINARY PROCEED-
INGS OF THE COMMITTEES, AND THE SPEECHES
AND TOASTS AT THE DINNER.

CORRECTLY REPORTED AND REVISED.

BARNSTABLE:
S. B. PHINNEY,

1840.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839,
By S. B. PHINNEY,
In the Clerks Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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Printed at the
BARNSTABLE PATRIOT OFFICE.

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PREFACE.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL AT BARNSTABLE,
DEDICATED TO THE PRESENT GENERATION,
AND TO THEIR POSTERITY
IN 1939.

Is it not befitting that the relics of this ever memorable festival should be gathered up and preserved, as a memorial of those who partook of its intellectual bounties, to be transmitted to their descendants, when another Century shall have rolled away? With what delight should we have discovered an ancient pamphlet or manuscript, detailing the doings of the natives of Cape Cod, at the first Centennial observance of its settlement in 1739. No such record exists. Let it be our care that a third Centennial shall not be without such a document, establishing, as we believe this little pamphlet is destined to do, a precedent for all coming time, and going forth, with the force of a decree to posterity "in no case to let that day pass without solemnity, but to celebrate, in every hundredth year, the third day of that ninth month called September."

These considerations and the very general call to preserve the doings of the 3d of September, 1839, in a more acceptable form, than through the scattered files of newspapers, have induced the Publisher to collect all the materials of interest, connected with that occasion, and embody them in a pamphlet, trusting, at least to defray the expense of the labor through those who par-

ticipated in the pleasures of that day, and others who would have been but were not present. As a proof of the liberality and promptness with which the arrangements were concerted and carried out, it is proper to record the fact, that after paying every expense incurred, a surplus of about \$500 remained of the subscriptions that had been raised to give effect to the celebration.

The following pages contain every thing of interest that occurred on that memorable occasion, which gave universal pleasure, and which has been pronounced, by all who witnessed it, as the most fortunate and effective public observance within their recollection. Nor was the pleasure which was so universally enjoyed and so entirely unmarred on that day, trifling or evanescent. The farther we shall be removed from it by time, the more gratifying will it be to recur to it, and read over its details, to revive associations that we shall love to cherish in the pleasant memory of the past.

In addition to the Speeches and Toasts that appeared in the newspapers, the Publisher is indebted to several gentlemen for sentiments and remarks that have not before been published, and he is now able to offer the public a full and corrected account of the entire proceedings.

It was indeed a proud day for Cape Cod, and its moral influences will long be felt in the increased estimate abroad, of the persevering industry and substantial worth of her sons and daughters, which had before been formed rather from the barrenness of her soil, than the developement of her social virtues. We do not know of a better recommendation that an enterprising son of the Cape could carry abroad, than one of these pamphlets, with the right to claim Cape Cod as his native soil. May another hundred years find her a hundred fold advanced in frugal prosperity, substantial virtue and social happiness.

Barnstable, Jan. 1, 1840.

NOTICE.

☞ *A meeting of the citizens of Barnstable, will be held at the Court House, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON next, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration such measures as may be thought expedient, preparatory to the celebration, in June next, of the second Centennial year of the settlement of Barnstable.*

April 23d, 1839.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Pursuant to notice published in the Barnstable Patriot, a meeting of the citizens of Barnstable without distinction of party was held at the Court House on Saturday afternoon last, for the purpose of taking measures preparatory to a celebration of the second Centennial year of the incorporation of Barnstable. The meeting was called to order by David Crocker, Esq., and Henry Crocker, Esq. was chosen Chairman, and Nathaniel Hinckley, Esq. Secretary. After some discussion, on motion of David Crocker, Esq., Rev. George W. Woodward, Messrs. Josiah Hinckley, Zenas D. Bassett, Zeno Scudder, and Henry Crocker, were chosen a Committee to procure more particular information relative to the settlement and incorporation of the Town, and report at the adjournment of this meeting. On motion of Mr. David Bursley, Voted, that the proceedings of

this meeting be published in the Barnstable and Yarmouth papers.

Adjourned to meet at this place on Wednesday, the 8th of May next, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chairman.*

NATHANIEL HINCKLEY, *Secretary.*

PUBLIC MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Barnstable, for the purpose of making preparations for the second Centennial Celebration, was held at the Court House on Wednesday Evening May 8th.

The Rev. Mr. Woodward of a Committee appointed at a former meeting, presented the following

REPORT:

That they have been much embarrassed in their investigations by the short time allowed them, it being but ten days, in connection with the fact that no books were to be found in town which would afford any light on the subject. They were obliged to obtain them, by letter, mostly from those valuable institutions whose object is to treasure up the remnants of by-gone days. And they would take this opportunity to say that but for the kind aid and investigations of that venerable Antiquarian, Doctor THACHER, of Plymouth, they must have failed, situated as they were, even of that success which they have been able to meet with.

The only positive authority which they find for the date of the incorporation of this Town, is that of the Rev. Mr. Mellen, in a paper communicated to the Mass. Hist. Soc. and published by them in their

collections for the year 1794, (vol. 3. p. 15,) entitled "A Topographical description of the Town of Barnstable"—He says, "There is no account to be found of the first settlement made in this Town. Probably there was none made much before its incorporation, which was September 3d, 1639; but two persons are named in the original grant." The author does not state his authorities, but we may infer, from the last clause, that he had the "original grant" before him, and we find that which confirms his statements strongly, in every particular, though no other authority for the exact day.

Baley, in his "Historical Memoir of Plymouth Colony," gives an account of the settlement of several towns, going back generally to the original purchases from the Indians, but when speaking of Barnstable [vol. 1. p. 299] he begins his account with the removal of the Rev. John Lothrop, with most of his Church, from Scituate to this place, as though this were the first considerable settlement of the town, as it probably was. This removal took place October 11th, 1639, [vide, Mr. Mellen's account—also, Dean's History of Scituate, p. 171—also, Holmes' American Annals, v. 1. p. 311, who says, "Yarmouth and Barnstable, in Plymouth Colony, were settled this year—1639," and adds in a note, "the Church at Scituate was in a broken condition several years. The Rev. John Lothrop, with a part of that Church, removed to Cape Cod, and settled Barnstable, 11th Oct. 1639," and refers to Lothrop's M. S. Records, and President Stiles' M. S. S.]

Baley likewise when speaking of the law, passed

in March 1638-9 [v. Plymouth Colony Laws, p 63] authorising the town to send deputies to the General Court, thus changing the government from a pure democracy to a representative form, says, [v. 1. p. 298] “ At the time of the passage of this law there were only three towns in this little Commonwealth, viz : Plymouth, Scituate, and Duxbury. Roxham or Mashfield, was yet a part of Duxbury, and Cohannet or Taunton, although settled, and a Church either gathered or about to be gathered, was unincorporated. After the passage of the law, and before the next meeting of the Court, three important settlements were established on Cape Cod, viz : one at Mattacheest or Cummaquid, called Barnstable, one at Pocassett, called Sandwich, and one at Mattacheest, called Yarmouth.” And then, farther on, speaking of “ the first representative legislative assembly in General Court,” who met June 4, 1639, [v. Colony Laws, p. 63] the first meeting after the passage of the above law, he gives the names of the deputies, or representatives, from Plymouth, Duxbury, Scituate, Taunton, Sandwich, and Yarmouth, and says, “ Barnstable was not represented in this Court until December, and then Mr. Joseph Hull and Mr. Thomas Dimmack, appeared as deputies.”

We find, from the Plymouth Colony Laws, [p. 63-64] that there was a General Court held in September of this year, and an order passed at the same, “ allowing the townships within the government to meet together, and to make such orders as shall be needful for the maintenance of good neighborhood, and to set penalties upon delinquents.” All of which, taken in connection with the abstract and imperfect

form of these published doings of the Court, affords a strong presumption that this might have been the precise time of the incorporation of this town, thus confirming the statements of Mr. Mellen as above.

In conclusion, your Committee would simply say, that they have met with no one fact, or authority, which would serve to invalidate the authenticity of this date, Sept. 3, 1639, given by Mr. Mellen, as that on which the town was incorporated. All the evidence which they have met with, serves to show that there could have been very little of a settlement before that date ; none sufficient to mark any prominent point in the history of the town ; and also, that it must have been incorporated not far from the date which he gives. These facts, together with the very respectable authority of the Rev. Mr. Mellen, seem to them fully to warrant the fixing upon the said Sept. 3, 1639, as the date of the incorporation of this town, the earliest prominent date in its history, and therefore the one which should be taken, on which to celebrate its anniversary ; and also, equally to prohibit the selection of any earlier, or other day for that purpose.

All which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. W. WOODWARD, *Chairman.*

On motion of David Crocker, Esq. it was then

Voted, That the *two hundredth* anniversary of the settlement of the town of Barnstable, be celebrated on the *third day of September next*. And it was thereupon

Resolved, That a Committee of ten be appointed on the part of the citizens of the town of Barnstable to make the necessary arrangements for an appropriate celebration of the 200th anniversary of the

incorporation of said Town on the 3d of September next—and that said Committee have full power to make selection of an Orator, and to make all other arrangements for the occasion, without calling another meeting of the citizens, unless they shall think such meeting expedient—and, whereas much interest has been manifested by many natives of Barnstable County, now resident in Boston, in the contemplated celebration of the settlement of the shire town of their native County, therefore

Resolved, That the said Committee be requested to invite the co-operation of such citizens of Boston, by a Committee, or otherwise, in making selection of the Orator, and in all the arrangements for the said celebration.

Voted, That the citizens of the other towns in this County, and the residents of any other towns or cities, who are natives of Barnstable County, are invited to join in the celebration.

Messrs. Eben Bacon, Zeno Scudder, Warren Marchant, S. B. Phinney, and Isaac Chipman were appointed a Committee to nominate the aforesaid Committee of Arrangements—and they subsequently nominated for that Committee

Messrs.

DAVID CROCKER,	NYPHAS MARSTON,
HENRY CROCKER,	S. B. PHINNEY,
EBEN BACON,	STEPHEN C. NYE,
ZENO SCUDDER,	WILLIAM LEWIS, and
ZENAS D. BASSET,	WARREN MARCHANT,

and they were chosen.

Messrs. Josiah Hinkley, David Bursley, and David Crocker were appointed a Committee to report a list of citizens of Boston, with whom the Committee of Arrangements be directed to correspond relative to the celebration—and they subsequently reported the names of Messrs. William Sturgis,

Benjamin F. Hallett, Thomas Gray, George Hallet, Joshua Sears, Francis Bacon and John L. Dimmock, which report was accepted.

Voted, That the Committee of Arrangements be authorised to fill all vacancies that may occur in their number.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, together with the Report presented by the Rev. Mr. Woodward, be published in the County papers.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chairman*.

NATHANIEL HINCKLEY, *Secretary*.

FOREFATHERS OF BARNSTABLE.

The following interesting sketch of the first settlers of Barnstable, who were also among the most prominent men of the first New England Colonies, is taken from the Boston Mercantile Journal, the editor of which says, that it was written by "a friend who is familiar with the early history of the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies." It cannot fail of being acceptable to all who feel an interest in the history of men and matters connected with the settlement of this or any other of the Cape towns. We have some reason to feel a degree of pride in those sterling men who were the progenitors of Barnstable. They belonged to that noble band of christians and patriots who were the founders of New England, and to whom she owes, by the blessing of God, her present moral and intellectual superiority, as well as much of her wealth and enterprise through the medium of commerce and agriculture, which they promoted. If the forefathers of

Barnstable were among the distinguished of their day, so have been some of her sons. The Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, Rev. Professor Palfrey, Chief Justice Shaw, the late lamented Attorney General Davis, are natives or immediately descended from natives of the town :

“Barnstable was incorporated in 1639, but had then been settled some time by a few families.—Rev. Mr. Lothrop removed there in that year from Scituate, where he had resided over four years, with most of his church ; the following named were among them :—Anthony Annable, one of the first settlers of Scituate, Henry Cobb, who had lived sometime before in Plymouth, George Lewis, J. Cooper, Isaac Robinson, son of the celebrated John Robinson, Pastor of the Leyden Church, B. Lombard, Henry Bourne, Samuel Hinckley, father of Gov. Thomas Hinckley, Thomas Dimmock, William Parker, John Allen, Henry Ewell, Robert Shelly, J. Crocker, Isaac Wells, Edward Casley. Mr. Lothrop was a learned and pious divine. Thomas Hinckley was chosen an assistant in Plymouth Colony in 1653, and in 1681, was elected Governor, on the death of Josiah Winslow. Mr. Hinckley was an able and faithful Chief Magistrate of the Colony ; and when Plymouth was united with Massachusetts, 1692, he was appointed one of the Council. He was also one of Sir Edward Andros’s Council in 1686, ’7, ’8—and some one has expressed surprise, that he occupied the trust under that arbitrary Governor. But he did not consent to the measures of Andros, and very seldom attended the meetings of the Council after the first. This was also the case with Bradford, Barnabas Lothrop, and John Walley, who were the other Councillors from Plymouth Colony. They never attended more than one or two of the meetings. Most of the Councillors of Massachusetts also absented themselves, as they did not approve of the conduct of the Governor. It was said that all was

planned and ordered by Andros, his creature Randolph, and four others, were also the tools of his will. J——, D——y was one of them.

“ Gov. Hinckley died some time in the year 1706, at the age of 85 or 88. Gov. Hutchinson says, aged 74, but it is a mistake, probably a typographical error. One writer says he was 88, and another 85—one of these is probably correct, and might be five, or five eight. If either of these be correct, he was then born in 1618 or 1621. If this be admitted, then Rev. Mr. Mellen in his history of Barnstable, is mistaken in saying he was a native of that town. Then also is the writer of a history of Scituate mistaken. The father came to New England with or about the same time with the Rev. Mr. Lothrop, which was in 1634. Even then, if Hutchinson is correct, Gov. Hinckley was not born in New England. Rev. Thomas Prince, the New England Annalist, says he was 85, and he is the best authority, for he was very accurate and had possession of Gov. Hinckley’s papers after his death, and was I think, his grandson. Gov. Hinckley long had the care of the Indians on the Cape, and was always anxious for their improvement, and the protection of their rights, and they were numerous there in early times. Gov. Bradford, in 1622, describes Janough, the Sachem, as of a mild and gentle spirit. Rev. Experience Mayhew father of the celebrated Dr. Jona. Mayhew, married a daughter of Gov. Hinckley—but the mother of Dr. Mayhew was a Bourne, and his second wife.

“ Major Walley was an able and brave man, second in command under Sir Wm. Phips, in the expedition against the French in Canada, 1690—1691. Walley was also in higher civil office for several years. He removed to Bristol R. I., but then within the limits of Massachusetts, and afterwards to Boston, where he died in 1710, or 1711. The sons of Rev. Mr. Lothrop were very respectable—one or more moved to Connecticut, (Norwich,) and their descendants have been useful and eminent citizens.

James Otis was a native of Barnstable. His father, James Otis, was also a public character, and an ardent patriot. His character was self made, for he was a mechanic in early life—but rose to be a Judge of a Court, a Representative, and one of the Council for several years. He was a leading character in the Old Colony in 1775—1776. His son is well recollected as the most eloquent advocate for the rights of the people, at that critical time, and one of whom the British agents stood most in fear. For he was learned, as well as eloquent, and could show that their measures were arbitrary, and an infringement on the rights of British subjects.

“In olden times, the West parish was the most populous; it was indeed the first, and for many years the only one in the town. It was called Great Marshes, on account of very extensive salt marshes there, which was one great inducement with Mr. Lothrop and his people, to settle there. But the East part of the town is now the *court end*—there is the Court House and the other public buildings of the County, and it is now far the most compact and populous.”

B.

BARNSTABLE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

We give annexed, the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of Boston, and vicinity, who are natives, of Cape Cod, held at the Supreme Court Room, Boston, on the 5th June, for the purpose of adopting measures of co-operation with the resident citizens of Barnstable for celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation.

At a meeting of the citizens of Boston and vicinity, native-born of Barnstable County, and their descendants, held at the Supreme Court Room, June 5th, 1839, with reference to the observance of the

200th Anniversary of the Incorporation of Barnstable, Hon. WILLIAM STURGIS was chosen Chairman, and B. F. HALLET, Secretary. The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That as Cape Cod Bostonians we dearly cherish the good old frugal soil of our nativity, and will most heartily co-operate with our fellow citizens of Barnstable, in the observance of the 200th anniversary of its settlement on the 3d of September, to which they have so kindly invited us.

Resolved, That a Committee of nine be appointed to take the necessary measures to give efficiency to the true meaning and intent of the foregoing Resolution; and Messrs. William Sturgis, B. F. Hallet, Thomas Gray, George Hallet, Joshua Sears, Francis Bacon, John L. Dimmock, Lemuel Pope, and Benjamin Burgess, were appointed the Committee.

Resolved, That we tender to our fellow citizens of Barnstable, all the facilities we can afford them, in enabling them to give effect to the day.

Voted, That the Committee communicate the proceedings of this meeting to the Committee at Barnstable.

Voted, That the Committee call an adjourned meeting to report progress when they think proper.

Voted, That these proceedings be published in the papers of this city and of Barnstable County.

WILLIAM STURGIS, *Chairman*.

B. F. HALLET, *Secretary*.

[Extract from the Barnstable Patriot of July 31.]

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

As the time approaches for our Grand Jubilee, the interest therein increases. The preparations

making are intended to be commensurate with the company expected, and the hilarity which the occasion calls for. The Address, which is to be by Professor PALFREY, will be at the Meeting House, which is to be fitted for the occasion. The large windows of the same are to be removed and additional wings on either side to be added. We learn that the Committee for procuring the erection of a Pavilion for the Dinner, have contracted to have one erected near the Court House for the accommodation of from 1000 to 1200 persons, for the lease of which for the occasion they have agreed to give \$800. It is to be 112 feet long by 88 feet wide.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Ball in the evening, have also contracted for the erection of another Pavilion for dancing merely, to be 75 feet long and to be attached to the south end of the Court House, of the same width with the Court House, 40 feet. For the lease of this building for the occasion, they are to give \$325. The builders of these Pavilions are to remove them directly after the day of the celebration—the above sums are only for the use of the buildings on the occasion. The Ball Committee have also procured the liberty of the County Commissioners to use the numerous rooms of the Court House for saloons, dressing and refreshment rooms, &c. for the Ball—and the building to be attached is for dancing exclusively.

The escort duty of the day is to be performed by the New England Guards of Boston, accompanied by the Brass Band. The same Band is to perform at the Ball in the evening.

Tickets for the Dinner are deposited with the following persons for sale, viz :

Henry Crocker,	}	Barnstable.
Eben Bacon,		
S. B. Phinney,		
Stephen C. Nye,		West Barnstable.
Z. D. Basset,		Hyannis.
Warren Marchant,		Osterville.
Luther Hinckley,		Marston's Mills.
Joel Powers,	}	Sandwich.
William Loring,		
Richard S. Wood,		Falmouth.
Amos Otis, Jr.		Yarmouth.
Nehemiah Baker,		South Dennis.
Judah Paddock,		East Dennis.
Jeremiah Mayo,		Brewster.
Simcon Higgins,		Orleans.
Samuel P. Bourne,		Harwich.
Samuel Small,		Chatham.
Ebenezer S. Smith,		Provincetown.
Scudder & Parker,		Nantucket.

Persons who intend participating in the celebration, are requested to purchase their tickets without delay, as the number is limited, and no tickets will be sold after the 20th of August. No provision can be made to accommodate a greater number of persons than has already been made. All persons having tickets on sale, are requested to make returns to Eben Bacon, Esq. on or before the 29th of August next.

Tickets for Gentlemen, - - \$1 50

Do. for Ladies, - - - 1 00

[Extract from the Barnstable Patriot of Aug. 7.]

CENTENNIAL.

The interest in our grand Jubilee increases daily. The Pavilion for dining and that for dancing, are both going up. The Committee of Arrangements finding the sale of tickets for the dinner more rapid than was anticipated, and fearing that their preparations for the accommodation of the guests would not be sufficient, have contracted for the erection of the Pavilion on a larger plan than was first anticipated, so as to accommodate three or four hundred more persons. We advise our friends, far and near, to secure their tickets early.

The arrangements for the Ball in the evening are also being made on the most liberal scale.

The Collation is to be provided by the Committee in Boston, who have contracted, we understand, to do the handsome thing in that respect;—as also to furnish the refreshments for the Ball, &c.

Our young ladies are also on the *qui vive*—and are making preparations for dressing and decorating the dancing Pavilion and Saloon in a tasteful and appropriate manner.

The Steamer Bangor is to leave Boston on the Saturday previous to the celebration, with the New-England Guards, the Brass Band, and other guests, and will return on Sunday, to leave again for Barnstable on Monday, with those who shall seasonably procure passage in her. She will leave here again on Wednesday after the celebration, for Boston.

List of the Committees for the arrangements to celebrate, and of the Officers who are to participate in the Jubilee on the 3d of September.

Committee of Arrangements.

David Crocker,	Z. D. Bassett,
Nymphas Marston,	Josiah Hinckley,
Henry Crocker,	Eben Bacon,
Stephen C. Nye,	S. B. Phinney,
Warren Marchant,	Zeno Scudder,

of Barnstable.

William Sturgis,	Lemuel Pope,
Benjamin F. Hallet,	Benjamin Burgess,
Thomas Gray,	John L. Dimmock,
George Hallet,	Francis Bacon,
Joshua Sears,	

of Boston.

Chief Marshal,

HENRY CROCKER.

Aids.

John L. Dimmock,	Z. D. Bassett,
William A. Lewis,	S. B. Phinney.

Marshals,

David Bursley,	Watson Freeman,
Nathaniel Hinckley,	Thomas W. Sears,
Isaac Chipman,	Lemuel B. Simmons,
Enoch T. Cobb,	Thomas Holmes,
Job Handy,	Sidney Ainsworth,
Freeman Howland,	John C. Crocker,
Daniel Basset,	Barnabas Davis,
Thomas Stetson, Jr.,	Samuel S. Crocker,
Thomas B. Pope,	Joseph A. Davis,
Charles C. Barse,	Albert Alden,
George Jenkins,	Seth Parker, Jr.
Elisha Atkins,	Thomas Crocker, Jr.
William Hawes,	Frederick Lewis,
Luther Hinckley,	Ferdinand G. Kelley.
Warren Marchant,	

President of the Day,

HON. NYMPHAS MARSTON.

Vice Presidents,

David Crocker,	Benjamin Bangs,
Robert Bacon,	Prince Hawes,
Benjamin Rich,	John Munroe,
William Lewis,	Josiah Sampson,
Lemuel Pope,	Daniel C. Bacon,
Ezra Crocker,	Josiah Hinckley,
George Hallet,	Walter Crocker,
Ezra A. Bourne,	Charles Marston,
Benjamin Burgess,	Thomas Thacher,
Thomas Percival,	Stephen C. Nye,
Matthew Cobb,	Zeno Scudder.

Orator,

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, D.D.

Chaplain,

REV. GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

Toast Master,

BENJAMIN F. HALLET.

Toast Committee,

Benjamin F. Hallet,	Zeno Scudder,
Henry Crocker,	John L. Dimmock.
Joshua Sears,	

Committee to procure Collation.

William Sturgis,	John L. Dimmock,
George Hallet,	Eben Bacon.
Benjamin F. Hallet,	

Managers of the Ball.

Francis Bacon,	S. B. Phinney,
Thomas Gray,	Warren Marchant,
F. W. Crocker,	Eben'r. H. Eldridge,
Adolphus Davis,	Jacob G. Hallett,
Horace Scudder,	James Davis, Jr.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Committee of Arrangements for the 2d Centennial Celebration of the 3d of September next, respectfully give notice to their constituents and fellow citizens, that they have agreed on the following plan:—All persons wishing to join in the Celebration, will assemble at the *Old Court House* and its immediate vicinity, punctually at 9 o'clock, where Marshals will be in attendance to form a procession, which will move to the Meeting House, where an Address will be delivered by Professor JOHN G. PALFREY. The best and most extensive arrangements have been made, for the accommodation of the largest number possible at the Church. Marshals will be in attendance at 9 o'clock, at the Church, to conduct Ladies, and aged and infirm Gentlemen who are unable to join the procession, to seats reserved for them. Although *all* cannot obtain seats at the Church, the Committee trust and hope *all* will join in the procession on this most interesting occasion. HENRY CROCKER, Esq. has been appointed Chief Marshal, and the order and route of the procession will be duly made known by him. After the ceremonies at the Church, the procession will again be formed, composed of those persons who are to partake of a Collation in a spacious Pavilion erected for the occasion; the order of this procession will also be made known by the Chief Marshal.

DAVID CROCKER, *Chairman.*

EBEN BACON, *Secretary.*

Aug. 21st, 1839.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BARNSTABLE, SEPT. 3d, 1839.

FIRST PROCESSION.

The Committee of Arrangements, and those Gentlemen to whom have been assigned offices for the day, and invited Guests, will assemble at the

Old Court House; and all those who intend to join the Procession, will assemble in the street East of the same, where a procession will be formed *precisely* at 9 o'clock, by the Marshals, and when formed will move up the street, and counter-march and proceed to the Meeting House, agreeably to the following order.

Having appointed JOHN L. DIMMOCK, WILLIAM A. LEWIS, Z. D. BASSET, and S. B. PHINNEY, Esqr's., as Aids for the day, their orders, as such, are to be respectfully obeyed.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chief Marshal.*

Order of First Procession

(From the Old Court House to the Meeting House.)

Escort.

Chief Marshal and Aids.

Marshal.—President of the Day, Orator and Chaplains.—Marshal.
Sheriff of the County of Barnstable.

Marshal. { Governor of the Commonwealth and Aids. } Marshal.
Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer, and
Secretary of State.

Marshal. { Adjutant General, and Speaker of the }
House of Representatives,
Chief Justices and Associate Justices of
the Supreme Judicial Courts,
and } Marshal.

Marshal. { Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, }
Senators and Representatives in
Congress, and other invited
Guests, four abreast. }

Marshal. { Vice Presidents, four abreast, }
Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, } Marshal.
Committee of Arrangements. }

Marshals. { Natives and descendants of Cape Cod, } Marshals.
Citizens and Strangers. }

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH.

I

VOLUNTARY BY THE BAND.

II

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER,

BY REV. GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

III

ODE.—THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS. *Tune—Pilgrim Fathers.*

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tost ;

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
 They, the true hearted came,
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea !
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home !

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
 —They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God !

IV
 PRAYER,

BY REV. FREEMAN PARKER, OF WISCASSET.

V
 HYMN.

*From the Collection of Sternhold and Hopkins, A.D.
 1609, as used by the Pilgrims.*

TUNE—Coronation.

1. Attend my people to my lawe,
 and to my words incline ;
 My mouth shall speake strange parables,
 and sentences diuine ;
2. Which we our selues haue heard and learnd,
 euen of our fathers old,
 And which for our instruction,
 ovr fathers haue vs told,—
3. That they and their posteritie,
 that were not sprung vp tho :
 Should haue the knowledge of the lawe,
 and teach their seede also.

4. That they may haue the better hope,
In God that is aboute :
- And not forget to keepe his lawes,
and his precepts in loue.
5. For of his holy couenant,
aye mindful was he tho :
- Which to his seruant Abraham,
he plighted long agoc.
6. He brought the people forth with mirth,
and his elect with joy :
- Out of the cruell land, where they,
had liued in great annoy.
7. And of the heathen men he gaue,
to them the fruitfull lands :
- The labour of the people eke,
they tooke into their hands.
8. That they his holy statutes might,
obserue for euermore :
- And faithfully obey his lawes,
prayse ye the Lord therefore.
9. Giue prayes then to God the Lord,
and call vpon his name :
- Among the people eke declare,
his workes to spread his fame.
10. Sing ye vnto the Lord I say,
and sing vnto his prayse :
- And talke of all his wondrous workes,
that he hath wrought alwayes.

 VI

ADDRESS,

BY JOHN G. PALFREY, D.D. L.L.D.

VII
 ORIGINAL ODE—BY A NATIVE.
 TUNE—Old Hundred.

When o'er th'horizon's utmost verge
 With straining eyes, a pilgrim band,
 Devoutly, ere another day,
 Prayed they might see "the promised land;"—
 What rapture thrill'd throughout their souls,
 As with the earliest streak of light,
 These barren shores and snow-clad hills,
 Broke on their long expectant sight!

What aspirations then arose
 Of mingled gratitude and prayer,—
 And how pealed forth their hymns of praise,
 Upon the frosty morning air :—
 Their perils on the stormy sea,
 Their homes beyond the heaving main,
 Were all forgotten in the joy,
 With which they greeted land again.

Lo! after Centuries have passed
 Since they were gathered to the tomb,
 Another and a numerous host,
 To the same shores doth gaily come ;—
 Those were our Sires! that host are we!
 Of all their toil and thrift the heirs,
 God grant our memories be blest'd,
 As we this day do hallow theirs.

No empty tribute do we bear,
 No cold and heartless homage bring,
 For round their altars and their graves,
 Our earliest recollections cling :
 Look down then, spirits of the just,—
 Ye who here lived and toiled and died,
 We greet anew our native soil,
 And ye, its glory and its pride.

VIII
 BENEDICTION.

Second Procession.

The Committee of Arrangements, invited Guests, and gentlemen who have accepted offices on the occasion, and Gentlemen accompanied by Ladies, will assemble at the Meeting House; and all others who are provided with tickets to the Collation, will assemble at the Masonic Hall, and at the rooms under the same. The Procession will be formed *precisely* at ONE o'clock, by the Marshals, in front of the Meeting House, and will be divided into *four* divisions, each to be headed by a Marshal and numbered. As soon as formed, it will move down the street, Eastward, there counter-march, and proceed to the enclosed ground of the Pavilion. The head of each division will halt opposite the entrance numbered to correspond with it; and will enter the Pavilion two abreast under the particular direction of the Marshals, *delivering their tickets to the officers stationed at the entrance.*

The Pavilion is so constructed that all can be well situated, and every person will be seated within a convenient distance of the center, and facing the same. There will be no occasion, therefore, for any haste and pressing for seats; and as the arrangements will be much interrupted by such haste, and confusion ensue, the Marshals respectfully request the co-operation of all present in maintaining that decorum and good order for which the natives and descendants of Cape Cod are every where distinguished.

The following will be the order of Procession.

HENRY CROCKER, *Chief Marshal.*

Order of Second Procession

(From the Meeting House to the Pavilion.)

Escort.

First Division.

Chief Marshal and Aids.

Marshal.—President of the Day, Orator and Chaplains.—Marshal.
Sheriff of the County of Barnstable.

Marshal.	{	Governor of the Commonwealth and Aids. Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer, and Secretary of State.	}	Marshal.
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Marshal.	{	Adjutant General, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Judicial Courts, and Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, Senators and Representatives in Congress, and other invited Guests, four abreast.	}	Marshal.
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Marshal.	{	Vice Presidents, four abreast, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, Committee of Arrangements.	}	Marshal.
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Second Division.

Marshal.

Marshals. Gentlemen and Ladies, four abreast. Marshals.

Third Division.

Marshal.

Marshals.	{	Natives and descendants of Cape Cod, four abreast.	}	Marshals.
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Fourth Division.

Marshal.

Marshals. Citizens and Strangers, four abreast. Marshals.

Note.—To prevent confusion, and particularly to guard against accidents, owners and drivers of all horses and carriages are requested to remove the same from the street on the routes during the passage of this as well as the preceding procession.

THE CAPE COD CENTENNIAL AT BARN- STABLE.

The following account of the day, appeared in the Barnstable Patriot of September 4th, written by B. F. HALLET, Esq., Toast Master.

The day has passed in all its brilliancy and beauty, and gloriously animated spirit, and in a manner worthy to make it the connecting link between the present and the past, and to be remembered until our posterity shall seek to emulate it at the end of another century. It gives a new date to the history and the fame of CAPE COD, and if her sons were before proud of their origin, they will henceforth stand a tiptoe in the exultation of honorable and manly pride, when this day is named in connection with their participation in its brilliant and thrilling enjoyments.—Not a spec obscured the horizon, and the softness and splendor of the atmosphere which seemed to have been given by a beneficent Providence as an approval of the pious, filial duty we were paying to the memory of our illustriously *untitled* Ancestors, was only equalled by the smiles and the brilliancy of the thousand charming daughters of the Cape, and their friends from abroad, who on this occasion so delightfully participated in the festivities, as our pilgrim mothers did in the trials and heroic endurance of the *physically* stronger sex.

We hail this as a new and interesting element in our public celebrations, and as restoring to woman her equal rights to *enjoy* as well as to *suffer* with man. It was most happily and felicitously alluded to by several of the eloquent speakers during the festivities.

But we must go back to detail. And where to begin or end in the midst of materials to fill a volume, of delightful recollections in which all the taste of beauty, and the full force of manly energy and liberality were employed and well employed in adding or-

nement and zest to this high moral and intellectual entertainment ; this charming "family party," this great "Centennial thanksgiving," as it was happily styled by the President of the day. We can only say, in general terms, that all were happy because each was resolved to make others happy. From this time forward, we shall be the advocate of union with the ladies in all public celebrations as well as in all domestic relations.

The severe storm which preceded the time set apart for this festival, but added to its enjoyments by the agreeable contrast in the weather and in the expectations of the participators of the scene. It was like the genial summer that followed the dreary November landing of the Fathers at Paomet on the end of the Cape, and was as thankfully received.

The storm of Saturday unavoidably prevented the Steamboat Bangor, Capt. Howes, a true Cape Codman, from making her proposed trip on that day ;— but the only inconvenience arising from it was that the New England Guards with the Brass Band were obliged to charter a packet on Saturday, in which they arrived from Boston on Sunday, having seen pretty severe service in the Bay. This, however, did not damp their ardor nor diminish the effect their gallant escort gave to the day. They were received without salute or parade, from a just respect to the Sabbath. The like propriety was observed on the arrival of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, Captain Sturgis, the same day. The Guards encamped on Sunday evening, some distance east of the Meeting House, where they held their head quarters during their encampment.

Monday presented a gay and gallant scene. In the forenoon a national salute was exchanged between the citizens and the Cutter, the old Barnstable field piece being used by the former. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Steamer Bangor arrived, having left Boston at 9 o'clock, A. M., and came majestically into the harbor. Salutes were fired

from the field pieces on shore, and by the Cutter in the harbor, and were answered from the Boat with her gaily crowded decks. The shores and hills and wharves were lined with spectators and vehicles that gave life to the beautiful picture presented by the smooth waters of the bay and harbor, on which rested the Steamer, the Cutter, and other craft, with their flags flying and waking the echoes with the smart reports of the cannon. What a contrast with the landing on the 11th of November, 1620, in Provincetown harbor! The moment the Steamer dropped her anchor, Captain Sturgis, with the admirable promptness and precision which distinguished all his movements on this occasion, received Governor Everett and two of his Aids with other gentlemen, in his gig, and landed them at the wharf, which was within a short distance from the anchorage.— Chief Justice Shaw and other guests, with the Boston Committee of Arrangements soon followed. The disembarking was speedily accomplished in large flat bottomed boats, provided by the Committee for this service, which was most conveniently performed.— There was a cordial greeting and hearty shaking of hands on the landing, between the returning emigrants and the permanent natives of the soil, and there were also hundreds there, of the former, who had anticipated the passage in the Steamboat, and who had come from almost every section of the Union, to mingle congratulations upon their mother soil.

The Governor was conveyed to the residence of Captain Daniel C. Bacon; Judge Shaw to that of David Crocker, Esq.; and every door was opened in hospitable welcome to the 'coming guests.' The Cape Cod ladies, God bless them! had not only devoted all the taste and assiduity required in decorating the Hall, and in adding elegance and ornament to the general preparations for the day and evening, but the neat and quiet housewifery, in which they cannot be surpassed, was employed, in liberal profusion, in

providing for the strangers the comforts of home, which they so well knew how to dispense.

In the evening of Monday, the Brass Band gave some of their most spirited touches, upon Meeting House Hill, where the Parish Company was trained, preparatory to their march for Lexington, on the first news that British musquets had drawn American blood.

Tuesday morning, the day (which opened gloriously and continued benignly to the last ray of sunlight, followed by a night as lovely as ever smiled on earth) was signalled by a grand salute and the ringing of the village bells; and then the great gathering began. Never were the quiet streets and fields of Barnstable so densely populated. It was a living, moving mass, as if Boston Common on a great gala day had been dropped down among us; but the scene and the associations, as well as the admirable order and propriety of the great assemblage, made up, we must be allowed to say, a more attractive and morally sublime picture.

The arrangements for the celebration were perfect and ample in all their parts. The Dining Pavilion, was on the plan of the great Pavilion on Boston Common in 1835, upon which it was an improvement in convenience. It was erected under the superintendance of Capt. Zenas D. Basset, to whom great credit is due for the perfect manner in which every part of it was arranged. To his care in its erection the company were indebted, that all the arrangements for the day were not frustrated by the destruction of the Pavilion in the terrible gale of Friday night, which prostrated fences and buildings all around it. It was almost marvellous that the vast roof was not lifted by the fury of the storm, and scattered to the four winds. Some injury was done to the canvass, but it was readily repaired on Monday, after the storm, toward which, and its decorations by National flags and mottoes, Captain Sturgis of the Cutter, (whom we also claim as a genuine Cape Codder)

most essentially contributed, with the volunteer aid of his gallant crew of seamen. To these last are due an honorable mention for their volunteer service in keeping night watch at the Pavilion, and in performing, in fact, the whole police service of the day.

Can stronger proof be given of the self respect which preserved universal decorum among the congregated thousands, than that this little body of seamen were the only semblance of a police or guard employed to keep order. And yet not an impropriety or an act of rudeness occurred that can be remembered. But the fact is, the *ladies* were the real *police*, and to their presence is mainly to be attributed the admirable propriety and decorum of the festival.

The Dining Pavilion covered an area on a well selected spot, west of the Court House, of 130 feet square, containing tables with single seats, arranged in eight sections in a circular form, so that all the occupants were seated fronting the platform. The pillars were wreathed with flags, which also encircled the railings of the platform for the officers and guests, and the Orchestra raised in the centre for the Band. Mottoes were hung around the sides bearing the names of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Warren, Hancock, Jefferson, Lafayette, Kosciusco, &c., to which should have been added the names of some of the Pilgrims who first landed on Cape Cod. The names of the thirteen Cape towns were also conspicuous, with the mottoes, '*Our Country and our Constitution,—What our Fathers achieved may their sons ever protect.*'

At 9 o'clock the *masculine* procession began to be formed at the Old Court House, in the form designated in the orders of the day, and proceeded in an extended line, under escort of the New England Guards, Captain G. T. Bigelow, through the main Street to the Meeting House, which however, was much better occupied by the ladies, except a few reserved seats. Temporary wings were erected on

each side, which accommodated some hundreds, besides the entire mass condensed inside, while thousands covered the hills and streets, who could find no entrance. This difficulty it was impossible to avoid as no building could hold the assembly, and the Pavilion could not be used for this purpose. We believe it was the universal observation of all strangers that the department of this crowded auditory, was a model in propriety for similar assemblages.

The order of exercises in the Meeting House, were a voluntary by the Band, introductory prayer, by Rev. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, pastor of the Parish; Mrs. Heman's Ode on the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, by the Choir; Prayer by Rev. FREEMAN PARKER of Wiscasset, Me., a native of Barnstable; and an old version from a veritable edition of 1609, of Sternhold & Hopkins, as used by the Pilgrims, to the tune of Coronation.

“ Attend my people to my lawe,
and to my words incline;
My mouth shall speak strange parables,
and sentences diuine.”

It was proposed that a venerable gentleman should *deacon* off the Hymn in old style, but it was found it would occupy too much time in this part of the services.

The Discourse followed, by Professor JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, (who is of Cape Cod descent by the maternal side) and occupied two hours and a half.— Yet though time was precious, not one who heard this admirable address regretted a moment spent in listening to its attractive and curious details, and its rich and beautiful passages of pure eloquence. It will form one of the richest fragments of historical collections growing out of these memorable occasions, on which the living have assembled to brush the dust from off the graves of their Ancestors, and revive pious, filial recollections of their great and good example.

The Committee have requested a copy for publication, and we trust that others will be able to participate in the pleasure those enjoyed who listened to this agreeable and eloquent discourse.

From the Meeting House the procession of ladies and gentlemen moved, under escort, to the Pavilion. The arrangements, by dividing off sections corresponding to the divisions of the tables, were perfect, and this great "family party" of just 1458 persons, were all quietly and comfortably seated, on arriving at the Pavilion, in less than fifteen minutes. The Chief Marshal, HENRY CROCKER, ESQ., and his Assistants, performed their parts with the precision of thorough drill officers, but they owe as much to the kind and polite disposition with which they were seconded by the company, as to their own skill, which was ample, for this usually most difficult service. Not a vehicle nor an individual interfered with the procession in its whole route.

When the company were all seated, the whole presented a magnificent picture. The ladies, about equally interspersed among the gentlemen, sat uncovered in all their brilliancy and beauty, forming a charming relief to the stiff appearance of an indiscriminate mass of broadcloth coats, which usually make up these public festivals. With the minute attention to every item that marked the accommodations for the day, hooks were provided under the seats, where the ladies' bonnets were securely disposed. There was ample room in the seats and sufficient space in the passages for the trig and attentive waiters in their white jackets, to serve the tables.

The set out was beautiful, all the service being of white china on white cloths, which made a most agreeably uniform show, the tables gradually descending from behind toward the platform in the centre, parallel with which were two seats in an extended line occupied by the Guards, who had a commanding view of the whole, and formed an imposing martial back ground to fill up the picture.

Mr. Wright, of the Tontine House, Boston, who catered for the occasion, had made most excellent and ample provision, and performed his service even beyond the expectations of the Committee, and to the entire satisfaction of the guests and company.— There was not an item of this part of the arrangement in which there was an omission or a failure.— We certainly never saw a public dinner better, if so well served up and attended, and can confidently recommend Mr. Wright for any like festival.

Grace was invoked by the Rev. Mr. Parker, and thanks returned by the Rev. Mr. Woodward. The President of the day, Judge MARSTON opened the intellectual dessert by an apt and appropriate welcome to the emigrants, of which the following is a copy:—

Friends and Fellow Citizens :

I presume that in the heart of every one who hears me, I shall meet with an affirmative response, when I say that we are here under the most pleasant and auspicious circumstances.

We are assembled to celebrate the *birthday*, if I may so speak, of this ancient town of Barnstable, and to hold a Cape Cod Jubilee.

This is called an *ancient* town, and yet it is but *two hundred years* old—a short period in the long lapse of time. But in this brief space of *two hundred years*, what wonderful changes have been wrought in this our New World. I speak not of the populous and busy cities and villages that have arisen as if by magic, but the whole land has become “as the garden of the Lord”—pleasant to look upon—delightful to dwell in—the happy abode of a free and prosperous people. How much has been done by the patriotism and enterprise of the natives of Cape Cod and their descendants, in bringing about this result, I forbear to say ; but it has been partly shown in the interesting and eloquent oration, to which we have this day listened.

In this period of *two hundred years* how numerous have become the descendants of the people of this town and County, and how widely scattered over the face of our land and the world. They are found in every country and in every clime, in every city and on every sea, in every State of our Union, and, I might almost say, in every town. Under these circumstances the happy thought arose, to invite the sons and daughters of Cape Cod home, to hold a great family festival—a New England Centennial Thanksgiving—to interchange friendly and social congratulations—to commune upon the past, and to contemplate and commemorate the virtues, the deeds, and the sufferings of our puritan ancestors, who pioneered the way to this goodly heritage which we now enjoy. How this invitation has been responded to, this assemblage shows. And is not this a goodly assembly? Our guests have come from the four winds of heaven, and every class and condition of persons is here represented. I see around me the accomplished scholar and orator, the able judge and lawyer, the learned divine, the skilful physician, the industrious cultivator of the soil, the enterprising and successful merchant, the hardy and adventurous seaman, the ingenious and active artizan and mechanic, and *lovely woman*. And here assembled, we are blessed in the splendor of the day and the beauty of the feast.

To all the sons and daughters of Cape Cod who have come, on this joyous occasion, to the parental roof, to all our invited guests, to friends and strangers, to all who have seen fit to honor us by their presence at this festival, I say in behalf of those who have arranged this celebration, we bid you welcome and offer you our warmest congratulations. And now having partaken of the bounties of Providence from the well spread board, let the swelling heart speak out its feelings; and may the collation of food and the libation of wine prove but the precursors to “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

The Toast Master, then announced the thirteen regular toasts, which were emphatically responded to.

Regular Toasts.

1. *This days' commemoration*—to link the present to the past. If history be philosophy teaching by example, it is a dictate of wisdom to consult its pages; and none can be more instructive and profitable than the annals of our ancestors.

2. *The contrast—Cape Cod in 1639*—our ancestors fleeing from persecution, struggling with want, and surrounded by dangers. *Cape Cod in 1839*. Their descendants free and happy, in the midst of abundance, and “none to make them afraid.”

3. *The memory of the first Settlers*—Men and women worthy to be the progenitors of a nation of freemen. In their frugal virtues and pious example, they have left to us an inheritance richer than wealth, and nobler than title.

4. *Our Fathers!* Where are they? Echo answers where?—The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but their fair fame, their pious patriotism, their long suffering, their public and private virtues, are embalmed in the memory of their posterity.

5. *Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies*. The first planted in the snows of December, the second in the scorching heat of June. Both united under one governor in 1692, and ever since forming a flourishing and happy Commonwealth. In the eloquent language of the present Chief Magistrate, “Here on the spot where New England begun to be, we come in our prosperity to remember their trials, and to learn of our pilgrim fathers a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal and faith!”

This toast was replied to by Governor Everett, as follows, who charmed his hearers for more than half an hour, in the happiest strain of his ever ready and effective eloquence. He was never happier in his address on any public occasion:—

Mr. President—I rise in obedience to your call, to respond to the toast which has just been proposed. I feel gratified, that any language of mine has been thought appropriate, to express the feelings, which I am sure are common to us all on this occasion;—feelings of veneration and gratitude for our ‘Pilgrim Fathers.’ I am sure also, that I express the sentiments of every individual of this immense company, when I include, in this tribute of respect and affection, those excellent, noble hearted women, the

MOTHERS of Plymouth and Massachusetts, who bore their full share of the hardships and afflictions of the first settlements. The sphere of woman is domestic. She is not commonly called to the performance of the duties, which figure on the page of history. But who can doubt, that, amidst the wants and dangers of the period we celebrate;—under the pressure of that extremity of fortune to which the colonists were reduced,—that grim and gaunt poverty which more than once, like one of the famished wolves of the wilderness around them, forced its way over the threshold of the pilgrims,—the task which devolved upon mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters,—the task of making a destitute home comfortable, and a weary life, tolerable,—the task of stilling the impatience of children craving food which could not be obtained for them,—the task of ministering to the sick and performing the last offices to the departed,—was to the full as severe, as that of the men who bore the hardships of the field and faced the savage foe?

I feel most happy, Sir, in being present at this celebration. I cannot for myself, it is true, lay claim to a direct relationship with any part of the Old Colony. My fathers from the first settlement of Massachusetts proper, rest beneath the soil which they tilled for six generations, in the village of Dedham in the nearest adjoining County. But you will not wonder, if, on this occasion, and especially before a company graced by so large an attendance of the ladies of the Old Colony, I am disposed to boast, that a portion of that pure Cape blood, which mantles in so many fair cheeks around this board, flows in the veins of my better half at home. If I may presume to go a step farther, Mr. President, and, as you have happily called this a family party, be indulged in another allusion to family matters, I would add, that I have four hopeful scions partaking of a true, honored, Barnstable stock, of which I hope you will not think the worse for being engrafted upon a

sound though humble Massachusetts trunk. I shall feel most happy, Sir,—proud as they will be of their Old Colony lineage,—if they shall grow up to the possession of the sterling virtues, which have in all times characterized its sons, and the maidenly charms and matronly graces of its daughters. Sure I am, that if, on the great voyage of life, my children shall take their departure from the principles of Plymouth rock, and steer by the good old Cape Cod compass of industry and probity, come fair weather or foul, they will lay a straight course, and if I may without impropriety end the figure as I have begun, come to anchorage at last at the Cape of Good Hope in the Divine Mercy.

But, Sir, I did not need associations of this kind (though I value them,) to give me a deep sympathy with the feelings awakened by this occasion. I regard all these historical celebrations as highly interesting and important. I have attended many of them;—and always with the highest satisfaction. I love to see the dust swept from the graves of our fathers.—I love to see the talent and patriotic feeling of the gifted of this generation employed, as we have seen them to day, like Old Mortality in the romance, in cutting broader and deeper the inscriptions on their moss-grown monuments. I do not know how the faculty of looking before and after, which belongs to us as rational beings, can be better employed, than calling up to grateful recollection, on appropriate occasions, the toils and sufferings of those, to whom as a community, we owe our existence. It is a pious office to the past;—and who is there that can still the fond hope within him, that when the sun has again for a hundred times performed the mighty circuit of the heavens, and each of us in this thronged and happy assemblage,—from that aged head whose silvery honors demand our veneration, [Dr. Thacher of Plymouth was seated near the Chair] to the most youthful of the blooming and heaven-lighted countenances before me,—shall alike have been

for years laid low, like a weary infant at even-song in its mother's lap,—Our children's children, in returning to renew these pious rites at the close of another century, will retrace with pleasure the record of these proceedings, and feel grateful to us that we have this day lighted the torch of memory at the shrine of our Fathers?

In the anticipation of *that* day, Sir, and in the desire of transmitting a slight but not unpleasing memorial of *this*, I have taken steps to have a copy of the Original Compact, Charter, and Laws of the Old Colony, recently published by order of the Legislature, together with a copy of the splendid chart of the noble harbor where the Mayflower first came to anchor, lately executed by the engineers of the United States, suitably prepared for preservation;—in the hope that they will be contemplated with some interest by those who shall be gathered on this spot, at the third Centennial Celebration. I meant to have them in readiness to offer to you, Sir, and through you to my fellow-citizens of Barnstable, at this time; but I have been disappointed by circumstances beyond my control. As they will not be wanted till the 3d of September 1939, I suppose there is no great hurry. We will have them ready before the end of the Century.

The sentiments, Sir, to which I have been invited to respond, associates in one retrospect the sufferings of the fathers both of the Old Colony and Massachusetts, the former in the depth of winter—the latter under the scorching heats of June. All seasons, I fear, are inclement, all seas boisterous, all shores inhospitable to the afflicted and heart-stricken fugitive. It is sad indeed to reflect, that, of that portion of Governor Winthrop's party, who passed the summer of 1630, in tents on one of the heights of Charlestown, and of the Plymouth settlers who were wretchedly housed upon the hill which overlooks the harbor of that place, in the dreadful winter of 1620, the larger half, in the course of the first six

months, sank beneath their sufferings. It would be out of place to dilate, on this occasion, upon the hardships of the founders of Massachusetts; but I think it can be truly said that from the 12th of July 1620, when the first settlers of the Old Colony passed the night in tears, and in prayer at Delft Haven in Holland, with Mr. Robinson and the brethren who were to remain at Leyden, down to the ripening of the first crop in 1621, they endured as great an amount of suffering, bodily and mental, as was ever borne in an equal space of time, by the same number of men, women and children. I say nothing now of the hardships previously endured in the persecution, which drove them from their native land. In fact, sir, though we live upon the soil where our fathers landed; though we can trace them as it were every mile of the way along the shore; though we can look out upon the waves which bore the Mayflower to these uttermost ends of the earth, (as they were then regarded,) we see not, we know not, we comprehend not the dreary land and the pathless sea, whose united perils struck terror into their hearts. Do you think, Sir, as we repose beneath this splendid pavilion, adorned by the hand of taste, blooming with the festive garlands, wreathed with the stars and stripes of this great republic, resounding with strains of heart-stirring music, that, merely because it stands upon the soil of Barnstable, we form any idea of the spot as it appeared to Captain Miles Standish and his Companions, on the 15th or 16th of November 1620? Oh, no, Sir. Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there, on some bleak ungenial morning, in the middle of November of that year. The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forest interspersed with sandy tracts fill the back ground. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill-provided with what even they deem the necessaries of life, are digging with their

fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands. No friendly light-houses had as yet hung up their crescents upon your headlands; no brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor; no charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a gravelled road through a lawn, no comfortable dwellings along the line of the shore and in your well-inhabited streets spoke a welcome to the pilgrim; no steeple poured the music of Sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience's sake. Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land; and from the 9th of November, when, after a most calamitous voyage, the *Mayflower* first came to anchor in Provincetown harbor to the end of December, the entire male portion of the company was occupied, for the greater part of every day, and often by night as well as day, in exploring the coast and seeking a place of rest. Amidst perils from the savages, from the unknown shore, and the elements, which it makes one's heart bleed to think upon.

But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination and which they traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theatre upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil—driven from the ivy-grown churches of their mother land—escaped alas from those loathsome prisons, which were so touchingly described by the eloquent orator of the day—the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual basements of their temple. Here are the everlasting rocks of liberty, they will establish the foundation of a free State.—Beneath this ungenial wintry sky, principles of social right, institutions of civil government shall germinate, in which what seemed the Utopian dreams of visionary sages, are to be more than realized.

But let us contemplate for a moment, the instruments, selected by Providence, for this political and moral creation. However unpromising the field of

action, the agents must correspond with the excellence of the work. The time is truly auspicious.— England is well supplied with all the materials of a generous enterprise. She is in the full affluence of her wealth and character. The age of Elizabeth has passed, and has garnered up its treasures. The age of the Commonwealth, silent and unsuspected, is ripening toward its harvest of great men. The Burleighs and Cecils have sounded the depths of statesmanship; the Drakes and Raleighs have run the whole round of chivalry and adventure; the Cokes and Bacons are spreading the light of their master minds through the entire universe of philosophy and law. Out of a generation of which men like these are the guides and lights, it cannot be difficult to select the leaders of any lofty undertaking; and through their influence to secure to it the protection of royalty. But, alas for New-England; No, Sir, happily for New-England, Providence works not with human instruments. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. The stars of human greatness, that glitter in a court, are not destined to rise on the lowering horizon of the despised Colony. The feeble company of pilgrims is not to be marshalled by gartered statesmen nor mitred prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it. Had there been honors to be worn, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, mid-summer friends, godless adventurers would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise. Silken Buckingham and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But safe amidst their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation; and lauded at last on the unfriendly shore, the hosts of God, in the frozen mail of December, encamp around the dwellings of the just:—

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost.

While Bacon is attuning the sweetest strains of his honied eloquence, to sooth the dull ear of a crowned pedant; and his great rival, only less obsequious, is on his knees to deprecate the royal displeasure, the future founders of the new republic beyond the sea are training up for their illustrious mission, in obscurity, hardship, and weary exile in a foreign land.

And now,—for the fullness of time is come,—let us go up once more in imagination to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark spec, just discernable through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvass, as she creeps, almost sinking to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the *Mayflower*, utterly incapable as she was of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator, who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it, in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New-England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean of a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel. As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point at which for hundreds of miles she could with any ease have made a harbor, and this perhaps the very best on the sea-board, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural

agencies. I see the mountains of New-England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves a mighty bulwark around the heaven directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand.

Within that poor tempest-tossed vessel, there lay, on the 11th of November, 1620, a moral treasure, of value wholly inappreciable; faintly conceived of by us, its immediate inheritors, after two hundred years possession;—principles of social and moral growth and improvement, which for ages to come will not be developed in all their virtue and efficacy. There lay scarcely organized the elements of a pure democracy. On that day the first written constitution of popular government was drawn up and signed by the people assembled in Convention for that purpose. Cycles of human history may pass, before events of equal importance to humanity shall recur. And what a disaster to the general cause of freedom and truth, had this vessel and all she contained been lost! Embattled navies might contend and go down. Foundered galleons might pave the green floors of the ocean with ingots of silver and gold, and the next generation be neither the weaker nor the poorer for the loss. But if this weather-beaten *Maysflower* and her company had sunk beneath the waves, which so often seemed opening to engulf her, (decisive as the event would probably have been, for an indefinite period, of all further attempts to colonize America) there would have been inflicted a wound, which might never have been healed, on the great cause of Conscience, Free Government and Truth.

I meant, sir, to have said a few words on the principles and institutions of the fathers of the Old Colony, as the direct sources of those blessings which we have inherited from them. I meant to have

spoken briefly of the two great pillars on which they rested the temple of liberty ;—freedom in the churches, as opposed to the domination of a hierarchy ; and freedom in the state, founded on the absence of all hereditary privileges, on a recurrence to the popular will by frequent elections, and on a system of public education in free schools. This last object early received the attention of the government of Plymouth Colony. Besides requiring the towns to support schools, the proceeds of the public fisheries were appropriated to their encouragement. But I leave these fruitful topics to gentlemen around me, who are abundantly able to do them justice. There is one point only which can never be wholly overlooked, in speaking of the pilgrims, I mean their faults. They were men, and of course had faults, upon which those who like the occupation may descant. I do not, and I am sure there is no one who does. This counsel only I would give to any one, who takes in hand to rebuke the errors of the Fathers of Plymouth or Massachusetts, viz: to settle with himself at the outset, considering what human nature at the best is, whether precisely the kind of virtues, the unyielding, dauntless, all-enduring, all-daring spirit necessary to accomplish the great work of founding a new state, under every imaginable discouragement, could have subsisted without something of that austerity and sternness, of which it must be admitted there are lamentable memorials in the pilgrim annals.

Besides, Sir, our poor fathers were pestered with troubles, and had to provide against evils, of which in these latter days we know nothing. It seems that it was thought necessary, in the early legislation of the Colony, to enact that “no man shall strike his wife, nor any woman her husband, on penalty of such fine, not exceeding ten pounds for one offence, or such suitable corporeal punishment as the Court may direct.” I see by the smiling faces of both sexes around me, that there is no occasion at the present day in the Old Colony for any such legislation as

this; that, law or no law, that man is held to be a villian, on Cape Cod, who raises his hand toward a woman except in kindness;—and that, in return, no man is in danger of being smitten by the gentler sex, with any other weapon, than the bright glance which heals while it wounds. Again, the learned and eloquent orator of the day has reminded us that it was deemed necessary to provide, among the first acts of legislation in the Old Colony, that “if now or hereafter any were elected to the office of Governor, and would not stand to the election, nor hold and execute the office for his year, that then he should be amerced in twenty pounds sterling fine.” All trouble upon this score, I believe has disappeared; at least since the happy period when the Old Colony was united with Massachusetts. But I cannot answer for it, Mr. President, that this will always be the case, if things continue to be managed, as they have been to-day,—I must candidly tell you, that, when I found myself moving along to this pavilion in solitary grandeur, excluded from that part of the procession which was honored by the presence of the ladies, and when I perceived that my position here, on this elevated platform, was to be one of like privation, (to say nothing of the natural misgivings which may well come over one, who finds himself directly in front of his honor the Chief Justice and the Sheriff) I say, Sir, when I found that these were the consequences of official dignity, I had some thoughts of taking advantage of the Old Colony law, and paying my fine.

A single sentence more, Sir, and in the serious strain which perhaps better becomes the occasion.—In all that concerns the history and character of the Old Colony, the people of Barnstable have a peculiar interest. Your shore was pressed by the feet of the Pilgrims before they rested on Plymouth rock.—When the good seed raised around the chosen spot began to be cast abroad, one of the first handfuls fell on your genial soil;—and from that time to this,

through two centuries of humble beginnings and rich fruits,—of trial and hardship—of success and glory, you have grown up a living, leading, intregal part of that illustrious “OLD COLONY” with whose annals commences, if I may so express myself, the New Testament of civil and religious liberty.

With your permission I would say, in taking my seat,—

THE CAPE; God bless her! The sons and daughters of Barnstable are among the fairest jewels in her crown of honor: wherever dispersed, there is not one of them who will not exclaim,

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.

6. *The love of our Native soil.*—Always strongest where nature has been least bountiful. If any wonder why we love the barren sands of old Cape Cod, tell them that in 1623 it was the unanimous resolve of the first settlers in these parts “that seeing by God’s providence this place fell to their lot, they would not leave it, nor languish after other places, though they had discovered more rivers and more fertile places than where they were.”

7. *Paomct, (now Provincetown)*—The birth place of popular constitutional liberty; where the first written compact for a government of “just and equal laws” was made on board the May Flower, Nov. 11, 1620—by John Carver, and forty others, “in the name of God” and for “the general good.”

8. *Cape Cod.*—Though she has few lawsuits of her own, she is justly proud of having furnished the distinguished head of the Judiciary of the Commonwealth, to settle the disputes of her neighbors.

This toast was responded to, in an impressive and deeply affecting manner, by Chief Justice SHAW, who recurred to his early associations as a Barnstable boy, with heartfelt emotion, of which the following is a sketch:—

Mr. President.—It would be mere affectation in me, not to understand at once, that the sentiment now expressed, alludes to myself. Such an expression of kind and respectful remembrance, by such an assembly as the present, on an occasion so full of deep and solemn interest, fills my heart with unmin-

gled gratitude, and I can do little more than to express to the company my heartfelt thanks.

To be held in cherished remembrance by my earliest associates, the friends of my beloved parents, the companions of my infancy and childhood, by those who cherish an ardent love for my dear native land, whatever may be their pursuits, or whatever their residence—this indeed affords me a gratification, which I would not willingly exchange, for any advantage which rank or distinction could confer.

Sir, you have been pleased to allude to the eminent judicial office which I hold. I have indeed, been honored by my native state, greatly beyond any merits which I can claim. I have been entrusted with an office of great responsibility, dignity and honor. I can only express the earnest and sincere wish, that I had the ability to discharge the duties of this office in a more worthy and acceptable manner. But, Mr. President one thing I can say, in all truth and sincerity,—that whatever of honors and distinctions my fellow citizens have been pleased, in their generosity, to bestow upon me, I can make no better use of them—I desire to make no better use of them, than to present them here, on this occasion, as a grateful tribute to the land of my birth—to add them to the beautiful garland which we are all this day contributing to make up, to deck the venerable brow of our beloved native town.

Here, on such an occasion, all minor distinctions of occupation, of condition, of fortune and residence, vanish before the one deep, absorbing sentiment which binds our hearts indissolubly to our native soil. Here the merchant may rejoice to come, leaving behind him, for a time, his ledgers and accounts, leaving his ships, his stocks, and his merchandize to take care of themselves;—the clergyman, in perfect consistency with his holiest duties, may for a short time leave his pulpit, and his flock;—the farmer may well leave his fields and his marshes;—the seaman his vessel—the shoresman his fish-flakes—and judges

and lawyers are glad to tear themselves away from the wrangles of the courts, and the turmoil of judicial controversy, to indulge together, for a few brief hours, in the cherished recollections of by-gone years; recollections always dear, though often sad. But joyful or sad, prompted by the better principles of our nature, and deepened by a common sympathy, we know and feel that they bind thousands of hearts, in one common feeling of mutual attachment.

And why should it not be so?—Indeed, it is good for us to be here—to be here upon such an occasion, and to yield to the thoughts and feelings which come thronging upon us. Sir, there's pleasure and profit in it—there's wisdom, philosophy, and religion in it. Was not this the home of our infancy and childhood? Here we first felt the dear delights of parental love—here the first thoughts and feelings of our social and intellectual nature were enkindled and developed—here we first felt the pleasures of friendship and the joys of social existence, when every feeling carried with it the purity, the ardor, and the joyous freshness of youth.

Why sir, every house, every field, every grove has its history, and brings back a clustering throng of recollections. Almost within sight of the place where we are, still stands a modest spire, marking the spot, where a beloved father stood to minister the holy word of divine truth, and hope, and salvation, to a numerous, beloved and attached people, for almost half a century. Pious, pure, simple-hearted, devoted to, and beloved by his people, never shall I cease to venerate his memory, or to love those who knew and loved him. I speak in the presence of some who knew him, and of many more, who I doubt not were taught to love and honor his memory as one of the earliest lessons of their childhood. But I must not dwell on a theme like this; I may have gone too far in saying thus much; though in alluding to it, I am sure I touch a chord, which will vibrate through many a heart.

Indeed, my friends, every local object is a talisman, which revives its long train of remembered joys, or sorrows, amusements and occupations; the school, the wedding, the funeral, the social circle, the play-ground, the meeting-house, the burying ground:—time would fail me in naming a mere list of the thousand objects, which awaken vivid recollections of the past, and above all—more than all, remind us of those who participated in our early affections and friendships.

And is it not good thus to be moved sometimes, by a noble feeling of generous sympathy and affection? Does it not teach us all,—the merchant, the seaman, the farmer, the lawyer, each and all of us, whatever our employment, or whatever our success in life, that there is something worth living for, beside profits and wages, and fees and salaries:—that there is something in the joys of memory,—of hope and imagination—in our social affections and sympathies—in the consciousness of our moral and intellectual being, which rises above the ordinary routine of cares and labors, whose object is bounded by the acquisition of mere worldly goods. May it not even inspire a holier thought? If, as we feel and know, these attachments and sympathies so closely connect the past with the present, may it not lead us to indulge the hope, and to rest on the assurance, that there shall be some similar connection between the present and the future—that the affections of the soul, so pure and perennial, are not destined to have their full accomplishment here, and shall not be crushed and annihilated by the termination of our earthly existence; but that, surely, there is another and a better life.

But sir, let us not be thought wild or visionary, or to depart, too widely, from the spirit and feelings of the occasion. Indeed the very spirit of the occasion is, to perceive in the persons and objects around us, not the mere visible and sensible images, but the recollections and feelings which they suggest. Take

a single instance. Did we not observe, as the procession was moving on to day, a long range of sand hills skirting the town? You and I, sir, know it by the name of Sandy Neck. And what does it present to the eye of the casual observer? Why a range of sterile sand hills, interspersed with a few patches of brown woods and swamps, and surrounded by marshes. Who of us, has not heard the tremendous roar of the surf, as its mountain surges lash the long line of beach, back of those hills? But to the eye of a native Cape Codman, what does it suggest?—a barren waste of waters, a barrier to his exertions, or a confinement to his sterile soil? Not at all; it reminds him of the ocean that lies beyond;—the ocean, with all its grand and beautiful associations. He looks at it not only as the field of his fame and of his glory, but as the field of his industry and enterprise, of his enjoyment and improvement, aye, even of his social and intellectual improvement. It connects him with all lands—with all that is magnificent in nature, or polished in art—with all that is valuable in knowledge, refinement and civilization. His neighbors are not those only, who live in the next town, or state, or kingdom;—wherever there is commerce, there he has neighbors and friends. He not only repeats the words of the seaman's song, but imbibes its spirit,

“In every clime we find a port,
In every port a home.”

But the home of his memory and his affections is here;—to his native land, amidst all his wanderings, he looks with a steady eye;—and whatever acquisitions of property or pleasure, of hospitality and friendship, he finds elsewhere, he regards them all as the means of comfort and enjoyment on his return. The land and the sea are alike fertile to those who have the hardihood, the skill and the enterprise to improve them, and the hearts to enjoy them;—and they are alike sterile to the idle, the dissolute and the heartless. Indeed, that soil can never

be deemed sterile, which yields a large and steady growth of intelligent and enterprising men, and of amiable and accomplished women.

But I am encroaching on precious time, and will only propose as a sentiment,

“*Cape Cod*—our beloved birth place—may it long be the nursery and the home of the social virtues—a place which all her sons and daughters, whether present or absent, may for centuries to come, as in centuries past, delight to honor and to love.”

9. *The characteristics of the first settlers of Mattacheest**—Frugality, enterprise, temperance, and independence—the tools with which any able bodied man in this country can get an honest living off a rock or a sand bank. May they ever be kept bright and transmitted from father to son, to the latest generation.

10. *Banks and Banking*.—We wont quarrel about U. S. Banks, Ten Million Banks, nor Suffolk Banks, so long as the great charter of nature secures to us our Clam Banks, Sand Banks and *Grand Bank*; the only Banks that have stood a run of two hundred years and redeemed all their drafts in the same solid *species*.

11. *The men of reverend age* who have survived to witness this day. They have preserved in their lives and habits, and we trust impressed on ours, the simple virtues of the Pilgrims. May the rising generation never forget to cherish and imitate their example.

To this toast, a reply was read, by Professor Palfrey, on behalf of the venerable octogenarian, Dr. Thacher of Plymouth, a native of Barnstable, who was present. It was pleasant to see him and many other of our venerable sires, who had been active sharers in the dangers of the revolutionary struggle, present on this day, surrounded by the present and the rising generation, in their manhood and youthful promise. Ever cherished be their memories, and ever active our respect and veneration for the “men of reverend age,” who shared with us in this honored festival!

*Now Barnstable.

Memorandum from Dr. JAMES THACHER, of Plymouth.

I rejoice that I am permitted once more to visit the place, where my pious ancestors for generations past devoted their lives to their Creator, and where their remains are deposited.— This occasion, so interesting to all, is peculiarly so to me. My emotions are truly unutterable. I drew my first breath in this ancient town more than 85 years ago, and in this great assembly I seek in vain for the companions of my childhood and youth. With such preparation as the town schools of Barnstable, afforded, I pursued the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. Abner Hersey, of this town, a Physician of great celebrity in that day, whose circle of practice was limited only by the bounds of his county. His eccentricities, and few men had more, are forgotten, but the memory of his good and generous qualities, will not soon pass away. His donations to the churches of his county, and in aid of the Hersey professorship of Anatomy and Surgery at Cambridge, evinced his attachment to Religion and Science, and entitled him to honorable remembrance. The first sound of the revolutionary War interrupted my peaceful pursuits, and with the ardor natural to that age, I joined my countrymen in arms. Perhaps I need not add that I followed the fortunes and shared the hardships of Washington's army until the liberties of the country were established.

An incident of that period which occurred on this spot, as it shows the spirit of the times, may be worth relating. My spirit is animated by a view of your meeting-house, on Training hill, and the recollection that on its summit your patriotic Fathers, who composed the Militia of the parish, were arrayed, on the day when tidings were received, that the blood of their countrymen had been shed at Lexington. The company immediately marched for the post of danger, and on passing from the village, an elderly man, Mr John Annable, came tottering down the hill near the Jail, where his house stood, to bid adieu to his only son, who was a soldier in the ranks, and not without emotion, yet with Spartan heroism, he said, "Joseph, my son, if you go into battle, behave like a man, or never see my face again—God be with you all my friends!" A distinguished native of this town, the late Solicitor General Davis, then a lad, officiated as Fifer of the Company on this occasion. Joseph survived many years after the Revolutionary War. I proffer my respectful acknowledgments for the kind attentions which the Committee have been pleased to bestow upon me, by their invitation to participate in the pleasures of this highly interesting occasion, and beg leave to propose as a toast,

The memory of the puritan founders of the ancient town of Barnstable, and their worthy compeers, who, exiled from their own land, and subjected to a perilous pilgrimage, achieved for

posterity a rich inheritance, a land of civil and religious freedom. May it ever be honored and sustained by wisdom and justice in our rulers, disinterested patriotism and frankness in our citizens, and pure religion in our sanctuaries.

12. *Boston and Cape Cod*—Often doubled, but never run down. The first has furnished the capital, the second the industry, and both together have made a strong firm whose mutual relations have always been a source of profit and pleasure. May succeeding centuries continue to enlarge the stock and increase the dividends.

13. *Witchcraft*.—We pretend to be wiser than our Fathers in this matter, and deny its existence, although every *man* of us is in imminent danger of being *bewitched* to day. But the conjurations and spells we have to encounter are the pleasant words and bright eyes of beauty, and the only way we propose to *hang* the Cape Cod witches is—*about our necks*.

After the regular toasts, (the 10th and last of which were received by three lively cheers) the President of the day read the following, to which Hon. William Sturgis, of Boston, a native of Barnstable, responded in his best manner, and with many pleasing allusions to the co-operation of the ladies in the festivities of the day :

The emigrants from Cape Cod.—Found every where on sea and land, the busiest among the busy of the “universal Yankee nation.” A hearty welcome to those who are here to day, and good luck and good will to the absent. May none in the wide world ever show themselves ashamed to claim Cape Cod, and may Cape Cod never have cause to be ashamed to claim them.

For want of time Mr. Sturgis’s remarks were somewhat abridged in their delivery, but were in substance, as follows :—

“As Chairman of a Committee of those who originated here, but have taken up their abode elsewhere, it is my duty, Mr. President, and it would be my pleasure, to respond to the toast just given, did I feel sure that I could offer a response worthy of the occasion. But I do not recollect that, in the course of a somewhat adventurous life, I have ever undertaken

a task with less confidence of accomplishing it in a satisfactory manner than when I attempt to address my Cape Cod friends upon their own soil, a few yards only from the spot where I was born, amidst the well remembered scenes of my childhood—with the recollections of early days, when here was my home, and of the changes since I left this home, pressing upon me, and calling forth mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. But I must not dwell upon these feelings: Let me rather proceed at once, in behalf of those emigrants who have the good fortune to be present upon this occasion, to tender our warmest thanks for the frank and cordial welcome you have given us, and to assure you, Sir, that we reciprocate with heartfelt sincerity, your friendly wishes, and kind expressions of good will.

Were proof needful to support the assertion in your toast, that “Emigrants from Cape Cod are found every where,” I would offer testimony founded upon personal observation. In early life it was my lot to visit every quarter of the Globe, and some of its remotest regions. Wherever I went I met those who claimed their origin here. They are literally “on every sea and in every land, the busiest among the busy.” In truth, Sir, I know not the spot, ever whitened by the sails of commerce, that has not been visited by the intrepid sons of Cape Cod, nor do I know the honorable and useful pursuits in which they have not successfully engaged.

From every quarter we have come, Sir, at your summons to visit once more the homes of our fathers; to renew the associations of early life, and to unite with our friends here in a suitable observance of this day, so interesting to every true-hearted native of Cape Cod. We bring with us, not only the feelings, implanted in every human bosom, of attachment to the place of our birth—where the days of childhood were passed—but many of us come with this feeling deepened and strengthened by experience, which has taught us to appreciate the advantages we have

derived from, and made us sensible how much we are indebted for success in life, to the circumstances of having been born, and brought up, in this favored region.

I call it a "favored region." Should any one cast a look of incredulity upon our parched hills and sandy shores, I would tell him we boast not of the rich productions of a bounteous soil, but of something better, for

"MAN is the nobler growth our realm supplies."

I would ask him to follow the steps of the distinguished Orator of the day, (no easy task, Sir, in the paths of learning and eloquence) to go where he has lately been, from one extremity of the Cape to the other—see the flourishing appearance that every where meets the eye, and the evidences of prosperity that are every where visible—and then I would challenge him to point out any other place under the broad canopy of Heaven, with an extent of country, and a population equal to this County, where for two hundred years the sound principles, and virtuous practices, of the early settlers have been more uniformly adhered to and followed; where the comforts of life are more universally diffused, and the means of rational enjoyment more easily secured, by all those who have fixed an abode in the land of their birth; and whence a greater number have gone forth qualified and prepared, to take an active part in the busy scenes of life, and make their own way in the world by their own unaided efforts. Sir, this is no idle declamation; I give the challenge in sober earnest, and if any one accepts it, I am ready, in the language of your profession, to "file a bill of particulars," and go into the proof.

I have alluded to the advantages enjoyed by those who originated here. Some of these advantages are common to the whole New-England sea-board, others are in a degree peculiar to this section. Were this to be a four-days'-meeting instead of four hours, I would gladly go fully into this subject; would enu-

merate these advantages; trace them back to causes, and forward to effects. I would not do this in the spirit of vain boasting, which Americans are, perhaps justly, charged with displaying when speaking of their country and its institutions; with those who know me, I scarcely need to disclaim so unworthy a motive. My object would be to influence the rising generation. I would speak to the younger part of my auditors, and if possible would address every youth—every young man just coming into life, from one end of the Cape to the other. To inspire them with hope I would call their attention to what may this day be witnessed—would tell them that all those present whose situation may appear desirable, began life but a few years since, with even fewer advantages than are enjoyed by young men of the present day. I would refer them to the history and present condition of every State of the Union. In nearly all of them they may find natives of Cape Cod, filling places of trust and honor—distinguished in the learned professions as they are called—prominent among the most intelligent and skillful of those engaged in manufactures and the mechanic arts—standing high among enterprising and successful merchants, and in the front ranks of industrious and thriving farmers. But in the greatest numbers they will be found engaged in nautical pursuits—there they early took the lead and they have kept it. Born, as most of them were, within sight of the ocean—many of them upon its very borders—they are familiar with it from infancy, and thousands embark upon it long before the years of boyhood are passed, and there they are at home. Look at your fisheries—so valuable to Massachusetts, so important to the whole Union—whether to pursue the Mackerel, the Cod or even the great Leviathan himself, can you, Sir, can any man—tell me where to find those who would be preferred to the fishermen of Cape Cod? Examine the coasting trade! now employing nearly half the tonnage of the country. Within my recol-

lection one of the most important branches of it in the Commonwealth, that which is carried on with the Middle and Southern States, has sprung into existence, and grown to its present magnitude, under the management of natives of this County, and at this day it is almost exclusively in their hands. Look at the navigation employed in foreign trade—from the smallest West India craft to the largest freighting ship—at the New-York packets, those “floating palaces” as they are justly called—at the splendid steamboats upon all our waters—at the valuable ships employed in the East India and China trade. In all these there are millions of precious lives, and many millions of property, annually entrusted to the vigilance, skill and prudence of their commanders; and among the foremost of these commanders are the native sons of Cape Cod. Many of them still claim their residence among you; and while we are this day enjoying the delights of social intercourse, they are engaged in arduous duties on the ocean, or in distant lands, with their thoughts turned to what is passing on their native shore—their hopes, their wishes, their affections centering here, and clustering round the spot where dwells the dearest objects of their love. Were it proper to do so, Mr. President, I could give the names of a host of such as I have described, who began their career in humble stations—names now known far and wide, respected and confided in by the whole community; names familiar to the ears, and dear to the hearts of many who now listen to me. I would thus call the attention of my young friends to the past and the present, and would animate them to exertion by the assurance that what has been done by the sons of Cape Cod, may, and must, be done again by their successors. That the same, nay, a broader field of enterprise, a more extended sphere of action is before them; and that by superior education, they are better prepared to enter upon this field and exert the energies that God has given them. I would tell

them what many of us have experienced, that, thanks to the well-earned reputation, and fair fame, which our fathers secured by their labors and their virtues, the birth-right of every child of Cape Cod is an inheritance more precious than silver or gold ; and that wherever they go, or wherever they seek employment that requires integrity, industry, energy and perseverance, the best letter of recommendation they can carry, is a certificate of their birth-place—evidence of their Cape Cod origin. With this they will be sure to find the employment they seek, and in the exercise of the qualities I have enumerated they can scarcely fail, with God's blessing, to command success. While I thus give encouragement to youthful aspirants for fame or fortune, I would impress upon their minds the high responsibility that these advantages impose upon them ; I would remind them that they owe much to the past, and the future, as well as to the present, and would bid them remember the motto before us, " What our fathers obtained, may their sons ever protect." I would tell them that the best return they can make for the rich inheritance they have received, is to use it faithfully and wisely, and transmit it unsullied, unimpaired, to those who are to come after them, so that when another Centennial wave of time shall have rolled into the boundless gulf of eternity, and a future generation assembled here, or elsewhere, to celebrate the return of this anniversary, they may think, and speak of those who in this interim shall have been gathered to their fathers, with the same honest pride with which we cherish the venerated memory of those who have already passed away.

Mr. President, after hearing the interesting and eloquent addresses that have been made, and in the expectation that we are to be favored with more, I feel that in barely touching upon these matters, I have already occupied time that might have been better spent in listening to others. But whatever may be the consequence, I cannot refrain from adverting

to one circumstance in this celebration which has given me more gratification than I shall attempt to express. The occasion itself brings up so many interesting associations that it could scarcely fail to call forth the best feelings and emotions of our nature—to inspire us with grateful sentiments for the past and the present, and with cheering hopes for the future. But the circumstance to which I allude, gives life and animation to the whole, and throws a charm over it that nothing else could impart. I need not name this circumstance, for sure I am there is something in the bosom of every MAN which will tell him what it is. Can any one survey the scene before him—can he listen to WOMAN'S gentle voice, and gaze upon her cheerful smile, and not feel in every vein a warmer glow? Is there a man—gathered as we are with all our social sympathies awakened, to commemorate an event which has tended to secure to us so many social blessings—is there a man, aged or youthful, whose bosom does not swell—whose heart does not expand with a more joyous feeling, to find himself surrounded by, and mingling at the festive board, with that *brighter* and *better* portion of Heaven's creation, without whose participation and sympathy, all the blessings, all the blandishments of life would be cold and valueless?

I am not, Sir, by any means a thorough going disciple of the Miss Martineau school, but I do so far concur in some of the views of that distinguished lady, as to believe that even in this favored country, Woman is not yet in possession of all her *rights*;—and I doubt not the time will come, (and at no distant day too) when important changes will be made in the laws relating to her rights of property, and her personal rights. But this is neither the time nor the place to revise the Statutes. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not one of those visionary enthusiasts who profess to believe that no distinction should be made in the employment and pursuits of the sexes—who propose that husband and wife

shall change work, and in sailor's phrase take "spell and spell" at hoeing corn and tending baby. On the contrary, Sir, I believe that the great Creator has imposed upon woman appropriate and peculiar duties; and that there is marked out for her a proper sphere of action from which I would not have her deviate. I should regret to see her enter the political arena, engage in party struggles, or participate in party triumphs. Her proper place is not the Hall of Legislation, nor the tented field. I wish not to see her presenting reports, nor presenting arms (hostile arms, I mean Sir,)—and above all, I deprecate the practice, which I fear is becoming too common, for woman, under the influence of an excited imagination, to leave her domestic circle, abandon the care of her family, and go forth, roaming about the country, making addresses to crowded and mixed assemblies, and striving to excite and agitate the community. I would not have her do this for any purpose, in any cause; no Sir, not even in the sacred cause of human freedom, the noblest cause to which human energies can be devoted. But upon occasions like the present—at all celebrations of the birthday of our National Independence—whenever the event to be commemorated is one in which all have a common interest, I deem it proper that woman should share in all that is proper to be done. I rejoice that Cape Cod has set so good an example, though I should expect no less from her, for the records of history show, that for the first hundred and fifty years after the settlement of the country, the women of Cape Cod were "ever ready to set, and to follow, a good example," and for the other fifty years, I want no record, for I can bear testimony to the fact myself. I trust that the example will be widely followed, and that ere long no such celebration will take place without the full participation of those whose presence gladdens every heart. And why should it not be so. If these celebrations are designed to commemorate the toils and sacrifices of the early settlers, did not

woman take full share in such trials? and could our fathers have endured their privations and sufferings, but for her sympathy, and the support her presence gave? If they are designed to commemorate the Independence of our country, does not the pure flame of patriotism burn as brightly in woman's gentle bosom as in the sterner breast of man? I believe that her love of country, and of the institutions of our country—silent and unobtrusive as it may seem—is as deep, as sincere, aye, Sir, and as *disinterested* too, as that which is felt by the most clamorous Patriot who writes himself MAN. I may be told that such scenes are not suitable for woman—that excesses are oftentimes committed which would shock her delicacy, and wound her feelings. I admit that excesses are too often indulged in, upon these occasions, but can any man devise a more effectual check upon them than the presence of woman? I believe that in this way she can do more to promote the righteous cause of temperance, than by all the pledges of total abstinence that *she* can sign, or all the memorials *she* can prepare to enlighten Legislatures on the subject of license laws.

But, after all, Mr. President, the power is in her own hands if she chooses to exert it. We know, Sir, that it is customary at these celebrations to have an address, a dinner, and a ball. It has been usual to permit the ladies to hear the address, (and seldom has the indulgence been so great a boon as on the present occasion) dull or eloquent as it might chance to be. They are then virtually sent home “solitary and alone” to attend to domestic cares, while we, self-styled “lords of creation” set down at the convivial board, and after indulging to satiety in all the luxuries we can gather round us, we condescend to summon the ladies to the ball room and favor them with our company for the rest of the day. Now, Sir, I propose to the ladies to take this matter into their own hands, and address our sex to this effect—

Gentlemen—“We have a common interest with

you in the object of this celebration—we feel this interest as deeply as you do, and are disposed to unite in a suitable manifestation of it, and to join in *all* festivities proper for the occasion. But we must share in *all* or *none*—if you choose to exclude us from the dinner-table, we choose to exclude ourselves from the ball-room—if you *dine* alone, you may *dance* alone, and then you may retire alone, and indulge in “sweet or bitter fancies” as they may chance to come.” Try this, my fair friends, for a single year; let your motto from one end of the Union to the other be, “dine together and dance together,” or “dine alone and dance alone,” and trust me you will have no further cause to complain in this matter.

Mr. President, upon such a topic one scarce knows when to stop. I will not, however, trespass longer upon your indulgence, but with your permission will propose a sentiment which I have cherished from my youth upward—one that I hope to cherish to the last hour that may be allotted me on this side eternity. It is a sentiment in which there is no mingling of party spirit—about which there can be no party strife—for its truth is felt and acknowledged by whig and tory—by “barbarian, scythian, bond and free.” It is stamped upon the heart of every human being who claims to be a *man*. Nerveless be the arm that will not fill a bumper—sealed in unbroken silence be the lips that will not respond when I give you

Woman ! lovely woman.—The guardian of our childhood—the companion of manhood—the solace of declining years, and through life the source of our highest, and holiest earthly joys.

“The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit sighed, ’till woman smiled.”

The remarks of Mr. Sturgis were followed by a neat original *Yankee* Song for the occasion, rhyming the changes with ready wit, on the Cape towns and

Cape names, which was sung by Mr. Richardson, of Boston, to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Song for the Barnstable Celebration.

BY WILLIAM HAYDEN, JR. ESQ.

Our Pilgrim Fathers started off,
 Two hundred years ago, sir—
 To seek their fortunes o'er the sea,
 And anchor'd down below, sir—
 And, as they had no other food,
 Considered worth the dishing,
 They got their sinkers, hooks and lines,
 And went right out a fishing—
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up—
 Yankee Doodle Dandy—
 At catching fish, or sailing ships,
 Our Cape men are quite handy.

They pulled the Cod and Haddock in,
 And fished without a rod, sir—
 And, for the first big fish they caught,
 They named the Cape, "CAPE COD," sir—
 And, as they had amazing luck,
 The fishing was so handy,
 They thought they'd settle on the Cape,
 Although 'twas rather sandy.

And though our sand won't raise much grass,
 It renders us some sarvice—
 It is the sand which makes the glass,
 That's made by DEMING JARVIS.
 The Oyster-beds around our shores,
 They serve to make the land rich—
 East-ham and Chat-ham are as good
 As any hams for Sandwich.

'Tis truly wonderful, I'm sure,
 I can't tell how it happens—
 We furnish all your Ships with mates,
 And almost all your Cap'ins.

You can't expect much wealth down here—
 We live by waves and surges—
 But yet, sometimes, a Cape Cod boy,
 Gets rich like WILLIAM STURGIS.

To trace your debt to old Cape Cod,
 It needs no brush or pallet—
 There's DIMMOCK, GRAY, and THACHER too,
 The SEARSES and GEORGE HALLETT.
 Some service we have done the State—
 From us you get your law, sir—
 There's Mr BASSETT, he's your clerk,
 And there's CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW, sir.

There are as good fish in the sea,
 As from it e'er were draw'd sir—
 And so, we've some as good men left,
 As those who've gone abroad, sir.
 Among the nice men left behind,
 Of MARSTONS' we've two brothers—
 The SWIFTS, the CROCKERS, and the COBBS,
 And yet a host of others.

Our lot is something like Lot's wife,
 When on this spot we halt sir,—
 Our only monument must be
 A pillar of good salt, sir—
 Your richer lands, and fertile soils,
 We will not waste a wish on—
 We find our own quite good enough,
 For us to dry our fish on.

When we get through our toasts and songs,
 We'll go to t'other Hall sir—
 We mean to finish off the thing,
 By giving you a Ball, sir ;
 And if the Cape Girls want to dance,
 'Till morn puts out the taper,
 Let every Cape man show that he
 Is ready for a Caper.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up—
 Yankee Doodle Dandy—
 At catching hearts, and keeping them
 Our Cape Girls are right handy

By the First Vice President. The Orator of the day. In his eloquent and impressive address, he told us, among many other most excellent things, that in 1690 Ichabod Paddock went from Cape Cod to Nantucket to teach them how to *kill* and try whales. We thank him that in 1839 he has come to Cape Cod to learn us how to *immortalize* and appreciate our ancestors.

Professor PALFREY, the Orator of the day, made a few brief acknowledgments, in the course of which he gave a vivid description of the wooing and wedding of a Yarmouth beauty, wife of Josiah Quincy, of Quincy, and mother of Josiah Quincy, Junior, the eminent revolutionary patriot, and concluded by proposing the following toast :

The daughters of Cape Cod; worthy to be wives and mothers of good and famous men.

By a Vice President. “ *The younger Winthrop of Connecticut.*”—A pure example for modern Statesmen. When Charles 2d, wishing to advance him, wrote thus—“ the world shall take notice of the sense I have of your merits in promoting the happiness of your country,” the disinterested man thought not of himself, and asked favors only for the community of which he was a member.

To this toast, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives, briefly replied, as follows :

I cannot fail, Mr. President, to feel highly gratified at being called on to respond to the sentiment which has just been given ; and at thus being introduced to this large and most respectable assembly as a descendant of the distinguished settler of Connecticut, to whose memory so handsome a tribute has been paid. Nor were the services of the younger Winthrop confined entirely to Connecticut. Were I standing on the opposite shore of this noble Bay, I might

point, I believe, to a large and flourishing town, no less than one of the shire towns of old Essex, as the fruit of his enterprise within the Colony with which his father was more prominently connected.

But while I heartily thank the company for the respect they have shown for the name of a venerated ancestor; while I tender, too, my most sincere acknowledgments to the Vice President, from whom the sentiment proceeded, for taking so kind a mode of calling me up, I cannot refrain from saying, that it is to other names than that by which it is my humble birthright to be called, that this occasion belongs. It is to the Bradfords and Carvers, the Brewsters and Hinckleys, the elder and younger Robinsons, the elder and younger Winslows, the elder and younger Otises, and not to the Winthrops, whether elder or younger, of Connecticut or of Massachusetts, that the honors of this day are exclusively due.

I may be pardoned, also, for suggesting, in explanation of the sentiment which I propose to offer, that it is to no hereditary claim that I am indebted for the distinction of a seat at this table,—that it is not to name or blood, but to the relation which I have the honor to hold to the Legislative Department of the State, to the station to which I have been called in the service of the Representatives of the People, that I am indebted for the privilege of being present on this occasion. And let me add, Sir, that I felt as if I should have been almost faithless to that station,—as if, now, if never before, I should have neglected one of its plainest and most peremptory obligations, had I disregarded the kind summons which was served upon me by Mr. Sheriff, to participate in the festivities of this anniversary.—There is at least one eye, Sir, in the Hall which is the sphere of my official duties, always open, or certainly never sleeping;—there is at least one representative, if not of any portion of the people themselves, certainly of a great and leading interest of

the people, a representative which depends on no party distinction, either for his annual return—I should rather say, for his perpetual presence there—which I should scarcely have dared ever again to confront, had I failed, on any score but that of imperious necessity, to make an appearance at this Cape Cod celebration.

The company have already been informed of the origin of the name by which this Cape is designated. The Orator has told them that Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, having found great store of Cod fish here, denominated the Cape accordingly. But they have not yet been told of an attempt which was made not many years after to alter this appellation. When John Smith, the famous founder of Virginia, wrote an account of his voyages to New England in 1616, he dedicated his book to “the High Hopeful Prince Charles,” afterwards King Charles the First. And in that dedication he made it his humble suit to his Royal Highness, that he would be pleased to change the barbarous names which had been hitherto attached to the various points along the coast, and to substitute for them some genteeler and more elegant English appellations—“so that posterity might ever be able to say that Prince Charles was their godfather.”

Prince Charles, accordingly, appears to have tried his hand at christening the Capes and Bays and Rivers along the coast. And some of his names remain to this day. To Cape Tragabigzanda, for example, for such was the truly barbarous title of the Northern headland of the Massachusetts Bay, (though there were tender associations with it which must have rendered it any thing but barbarous to Smith’s ear, and it was probably the last name that he himself would have desired to have changed,) to Cape Tragabigzanda, he gave the name of *Cape Ann*,—and it has been called so ever since. But although to Cape Cod, the Prince assigned no other name than that of Royalty itself, calling it *Cape*

James, after the dread King James, his father, the bold and noble headland, whose settlement we this day celebrate, as if in anticipation of the glorious destiny which awaited it, as if in vindication of its claim to be not only the scene of the first great original contract of Democratic self-government, but the birthplace of him also, who was to breathe the breath of life into the independence of a vast American Nation, refused to acknowledge either a Prince as its godfather, or a King for its namesake, and clung fast and forever to its old, original, homely, but plain, republican title—*Cape Cod*.

But this, Sir, is not the only instance in which a Cod seems to have proved an overmatch for a King, in this Commonwealth. In one of those letters of John Adams to Mr. Tudor, in which he describes the principal revolutionary incidents of which Massachusetts was the theatre, and of which the Orator of the day has already given us so many striking extracts,—in that very one, of these letters, I believe, in which he sketches the scene of your own Barnstable Patriot, engaged in his immortal argument against writs of assistance,—we are told that there might have been seen in those days in the Old State House, where this scene occurred, two gorgeous, full-length portraits, supposed to be real Vandykes, of Charles the II., and James the II. Those portraits have long since disappeared from our public halls.—But if any one will enter our Representative's chamber in the new State House, he will find suspended there instead of them, a full-length likeness of a fine large *Cod*. This, Sir, I need hardly say, was the *Representative* to which I alluded,—and, I say again, that, though it does not become me to rely too confidently, in the uncertain state all of things human, and still more of all things political, upon being again permitted to take a seat in that chamber, either as officer or member, yet should such a fortune be in store for me, I should hardly dare to look that fish in the face again, had I absented myself, without the

most compulsory and overruling reasons, from the celebration of this day.

Nor being here, Mr. President, can I find it in my heart to give any other sentiment than that suggested by this time-honored emblem. And did not the horizontal beams which now penetrate the seams of yonder canvass, warn me that the dinner must be soon relinquished for the dance, I should pray leave to enter briefly but seriously into some account of the influence which has been exerted upon our Commonwealth, and our whole country, from its earliest settlement to the present day, by the branch of industry which it was designed to represent. I had proposed so to do. But at this late hour, and while so many other gentlemen remain to be called upon, I should be unpardonable, were I to trespass longer on your patience. Let me only say then, as a sentiment,—

The Fisheries.—Their emblem is in our Halls of Legislation—may their interests never be absent from the hearts of those who have a seat there.

The Toast Master, in reading the following letter of Judge Mellen, introduced it briefly by a reference to the remarkable fact that though Cape Cod furnished the least amount of litigation of any equally populous and busy community in the country, or he might add in the civilized world, yet it had furnished an unusual proportion of eminent and high Judiciary officers. Among these were our native townsman the present Chief Justice of the State, and one of the Associate Judges, (Morton) who was a descendant from Cape Cod ancestors. [His Grandparents were of Sandwich.] The ex-Chief Justice of Maine, was also an adopted citizen of Barnstable in the early part of his life. Judge George Thacher, late of the Supreme Court of this State, was a

native of Yarmouth. Daniel Davis, the late Solicitor General, his father, Judge Daniel Davis, of the Common Pleas, and Colonel James Otis, (the father of James Otis, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American Revolution) a Judge of the Supreme Court under the Colony ; were natives of Barnstable.

But though the Cape was so fertile in judges, the dockets of her Courts were scarcely more than form. Disputes were rare, and most of those were settled between the parties or left out to men. This fact was the more honorable to the people from the circumstance that there was a vast amount of active business involving every variety of contract out of which litigation was most likely to grow.

Mr. Hallett said that we should value this trait the more because we could trace it directly to the men who first landed at Provincetown. They brought it here with them, and it was one of the best among the grand *moral assets* of the inheritance they have bequeathed to us ; for it is related of them, that upon their departure from Leyden in Holland, (where they had resided for twelve years of their pilgrimage, before embarking for the new world ;) the magistrates of Leyden, in the public place of Justice, made this memorable remark concerning them. " These English have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we never had *any suit or accusation* come against *any* of them." Mr. H. concluded by hoping that the frugal people of Cape Cod might always cherish the notions their Ancestors had about going to law.

From Judge MELLEEN, ex-Chief Justice of Maine,
to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

PORTLAND, July 19, 1839.

Yours of the 13th inst. was received yesterday. Be assured, sir, that I entertain a grateful sense of the honor, which, in this instance has been conferred upon me. Your venerable town was the scene of my early years, immediately after leaving college, and a thousand delightful and interesting associations are intimately connected with the period when it constituted my home for several years, more than half a century since. It would add much to my happiness to revisit the scene, and join in the recollections and social joys of your Celebration; but pre-engagements, of a professional character, are such that I must reluctantly decline accepting the invitation. My heart will be among you: and I avail myself of the privilege of being present, *so far*, as to place the subjoined *toast* at your disposal. Be pleased, sir, to accept, for yourself, and those whom you represent, my hearty thanks and best wishes.

With esteem and respect,

Your obd't servant,

PRENTISS MELLEEN.

The Memory of James Otis.—An illustrious native of the town of Barnstable; an ornament of his country, and devoted champion of her freedom. The *lightning* of his *genius* and *impassioned eloquence*, threw a dazzling splendor on that life, which, at an after period, was instantly extinguished by the *lightning of Heaven*.

As an appropriate and interesting appendage to this sentiment, Mr. WILLIAM F. OTIS was called upon to read at the dinner, the following letter from his father, Hon. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, who is a nephew of the illustrious JAMES OTIS, whose name on this occasion as “the pioneer of American Independence,” was held in most honorable reminiscence.

Letter from H. G. OTIS.

Boston, Aug. 31, 1839.

Your polite invitation to attend the Centennial Jubilee at Barnstable was duly received; an answer has been delayed, in the hope of my being able to make it in person.

Many years have elapsed, since I found it expedient to impose upon myself the restraint of absence from all convivial assem-

blies, but the feelings of my heart dictate to me that this, should be an exception. I am, however, embargoed by the gout, and can only send you my kindest sympathies and respects.

There can be, in the course of nature, but few persons, present at your Jubilee, who retain the vivid and precious recollections which I do, of what Barnstable was in the year 1775; of its scenery, its localities, its people; and of their firmness, and patriotism, during that terrible year.

Barnstable, was not only the place of the birth and residence of my immediate ancestors for four generations, but it afforded, to my childhood, an asylum from the storms of war, and a retreat for my peaceful studies, during the siege of Boston. I had been there but a few weeks, before the news arrived of the conflagration at Charlestown. This came to us, not in the shape which it has since assumed, of a real victory, though nominal defeat; but with the unmitigated horrors, of conflagration and massacre, and as a specimen of the mode in which our peaceful villages were intended to be swept with the fire and sword.

Never can I forget the sensation of the people of Barnstable in that dismal hour; I sincerely believe, from impressions then made, and constantly renewed since, that every man, capable of bearing arms, was ready to rush to the death in revenge of his martyred brethren, and in defence of his country. The minds of the people were convulsed by all the violent passions of our nature, except fear, which seemed to be unknown.

From that time, the good people of Barnstable and Cape Cod, were harrassed by perpetual alarms. The militia were constantly on the alert, the minute men and volunteers often slept upon their arms; on one day, the British Tenders were making demonstrations outside of Sandy Neck, at other times, their larger vessels were cruising off Hyannis, and the southern coast, threatening to land, no one could tell where; and during the whole of this period, nothing was heard among the people of Barnstable, but the note of preparation, the voice of patriotism, and the universally expressed determination to conquer or to die.

These scenes, to say nothing of the part taken in them by my near relatives, were sufficiently stirring to make a deep impression, on the mind of a boy in his tenth year; but a thousand personal circumstances, concurred to inspire me with a deep and abiding interest in Barnstable and its inhabitants.

I was placed at school with the amiable Mr. Hilliard, Pastor of the East Parish, where I passed my time from Mondays to Saturdays. On the last day of the week, I was sent for and conveyed to the patriarchal mansion, and attended on Sundays the religious instructions of the pious and venerable Mr. Shaw. In these weekly journeyings, I became familiar with the location of every house and building between my points of departure, and with the younger inmates, of many of them; and I feel as if I could jot down, the principal part of them, upon a plan of the road.

At this school, I formed a friendship, which has endured to this hour, without any variableness or shadow of change, with Thomas H. Perkins, my fellow exile, whose successful enterprise, and magnificent bounty, have raised him to be an ornament to his country and profession.

I also formed other intimate acquaintances, and among others, with the, then future, Solicitor General of this State;—he was somewhat my senior, and assumed some little pretensions over his schoolmates, in consequence of having been chief volunteer Fifer to the Barnstable minute men; in the rudiments of which art, as well as of agriculture, he was instructed by a Patagonian Sybil, named Phillis, his Father's servant, who taught him alternately to play the fife, and to plough potatoes.

Barnstable was not only the scene of my earliest friendship, but of my first love. I became enamoured of a very charming young person, nearly of my own age—but the course of this love did not run smoothly. In an innocent ramble over the fields and hedges, with her and other young persons, she had the misfortune to lose a necklace of genuine gold beads; the fault was neither hers, nor mine, but of the string on which they were threaded; but still, as real mint drops were in that day very valuable, and Treasury notes greatly on the decline, the circumstance brought me into some discredit with the family as accessory to a loss, which impaired the faculty of resuming specie payments, when the time should arrive, and resulted in a future non-intercourse.

These bagatelles, I fear may seem to be misplaced, and too light for the occasion; but I feel as if I were writing to my kinsfolk, and am anxious to gain credit for sincerity on expressing my sense of the claims of Barnstable and her people upon my affectionate recollection and respect.

It would indeed be most gratifying to me, to witness the transition of Barnstable and its inhabitants from the clouds that hovered over them, in my time, to that sunshine of prosperity which enables her, this day, to present a spectacle which her Patriots and Patriarchs would have rejoiced to see, but could not have been sanguine enough to have anticipated. But I must submit to my disappointment, and content myself with hoping that whatever changes may happen in the circumstances of her people, their character, as well as that of the other inhabitants of Cape Cod, may remain as it was in the beginning, and is now.

“Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please.”

I have the honor to be, with great consideration and respect,
Your ob't serv't,

H. G. OTIS.

The following sentiment was sent by an eminent member of the Baltimore Bar, and lineal descendant of Governor Thomas Hinckley, of Barnstable, who was the Executive of Plymouth Colony from 1681 till its union with Massachusetts in 1692.

By Edward Hinckley, of Baltimore. *The Exports of Cape Cod.*—May they be, for generations to come, what they have been in generations past, *men of intelligence and integrity;—commodities which never fail to bring welcome returns.*

By one of the Marshals of the day. *Thomas Hinckley*, the last Governor of Plymouth Colony and the only Chief Magistrate that resided in Barnstable. May his numerous descendants among us, hold in reverence his exemplary piety, strive to imitate his virtuous, unostentatious and industrious life, and each of them have as good a wife and make as good a husband as he did.

The Toast Master announced the following well deserved tribute to our escort, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, which was warmly received.

The New England Guards.—A gallant specimen of an independent, self-sustained, volunteer militia. Cape Cod gives them to-day, as *friends*, what they are always prepared to give their country's enemies—a warm reception.

Capt. Bigelow, on the part of the corps, replied, in a neat and brief address, and concluded by offering the following sentiment :

The town of Barnstable.—Honored in the history of the past, distinguished in the present by the talents and patriotism of her sons. May the future see no change but that consequent upon the progress and improvement of succeeding generations.

Volunteer Toasts.

[The following is a specimen of the spirit and feeling which pervaded the whole company. We regret that we could not collect and string together all the pearls that adorned that day.]

By the Chief Marshal of the day, Henry Crocker.—*Cape Cod and her emigrant children.* Though her sterile soil and circumscribed boundaries *shall continue* to expatiate her sons to wider

fields of enterprise and into more certain paths to greatness—yet may she, *on her tri-centennial* Jubilee, gather home to her rejoicings, a like goodly family—eminent in the jurisprudence and literature of the State, and of enviable rank in the science, commerce and productive labor of *the whole world*—none of whom shall ever forget their origin, or be ashamed of their ancestry.

By the Toast Master. *The prophecy of James Otis in 1768*, verified by living history on his native soil, in 1839. “Our fathers (said he to a British advocate of the Stamp Act) were a good people, we have been a free people and if you will not let us remain so any longer, we shall be a *great* people.”

By Nathaniel Hinckley. *The next Centennial*—May it find our places filled by those, who, having heeded the injunction of the pious Robinson, “to adopt and practice upon any *new* principles of *truth* which might break forth,” shall be blessed in the exercise of perfect, civil and religious liberty and equality.

By Rev. Henry Hersey. *Inhabitants of Cape Cod*.—The purity of their love for their ancestry, is evidenced, in a remarkable degree, by the fact, that they have travelled longer than those of neighboring communities, in the good old ways of their fathers.

By Benjamin Hallet of Barnstable, a revolutionary soldier and seaman. *Revolutionary light*—May it continue to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of civil and religious freedom.

By Joshua Sears, of Boston. *The spirit of the Pilgrims*—the spirit of reasonable liberty; the liberty of conscience, and the liberty to exercise their own judgment in the management of their domestic affairs. No perils, no sufferings deterred them in the pursuit. May the same spirit animate their posterity to defend and perpetuate what their Fathers acquired.

By W. J. Dewey, of New Orleans, a Cape Codder. *Cape Cod Fishermen*—May their “*lines* ever fall in pleasant places,” for they always gain more by *hook* than by *crook*.

Tune—‘It was Sam Jones the Fisherman.’

By Capt. Josiah Sturgis, of the U. S. Cutter Hamilton. *Commerce*—May every fathom of cordage employed in its service prove a *halter*, and every yard of canvass a *pall*, to its enemies.

By Capt. Benjamin Rich, of Boston, (sent.) *The whole of Cape Cod*—When our Pilgrim Fathers wrote out the records of Liberty upon the one end, the other furnished the *sand* that kept them from blotting.

By Russell Freeman. Mr. President, much has been said and sung about the *Last Cock'd Hat*—I propose to you, sir, and I do it with reverence,

The Last White Wig—The memory of the Rev. Timothy Alden, who lived and died the minister of Yarmouth, and whose life filled nearly half the space of the time we celebrate.

By a Marshal of the day. *Civilization and Social Liberty*—Two hundred years have brought them to perfection: can any doubt it, when we see around this *festive board*, on such an occasion, the bright faces and glowing smiles of our fair country women?

By a Lady. *Chief Justice Shaw*—There is HOPE* in the Judiciary.

By Francis Bassett. Clerk of the U. S. District Court, (a native.) *Cape Cod*—The first discovered land of the Pilgrims, it will be the *last* to loose *sight* of their virtues.

By John L. Dimmock, one of the Marshals. *Our descendants in 1939*—May they *then* as we do *now*—come from the North, South, East and West, and celebrate our natal day—with an honest pride and pleasure worthy of their ancestors.

By S. B. Phinney. *The Commerce of the U. States.*—The wealth of the Indies could never repay the sons of Cape Cod, for their toils and sacrifices, to extend its bounds and perpetuate its prosperity. But the only reward they wish is the fruits of honest industry and a good conscience.

By F. W. Crocker. *The Inhabitants of Cape Cod*—Their birth place a narrow strip of earth, their homes the whole surface of the globe.

By John Henry Clifford, one of the Governor's Aids. *Cape Cod*—Her pine trees once furnished to Massachusetts the device for her flag. She has retained the prouder destination of furnishing, through all her history, the truest hearts and the stoutest arms by which that flag has been defended.

By Col. Peter Dunbar, of Boston. *The Cape Codders of 1639.*—May their descendants for two hundred years to come be as patriotic, industrious and virtuous as they were, and the inhabitants of these United States will never suffer for want of Codfish or have a prohibitory act to prevent eating them.

By E. M. Gardner, of Nantucket. *The Scholars of Barnstable County, absent and present.*—Amid the fairest flowers in the garden of our Literature, and among the noblest trees upon the hill of Science, we find *exotics* from the barren sands of Cape Cod; those sands that were early pressed by the pilgrim's feet, and are still the home of the *Pilgrim Spirit*.

By Henry J. Oliver, of Boston. *Our Forefathers*—

“The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

By B. F. Hallett, of Boston. *Cape Cod Farmers.*—One of the best samples of that frugal and virtuous class who labor in the earth; of whom Jefferson well said “They are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breast he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtues.

*The name of the wife of the Chief Justice, a Barnstable lady.

By James Harlow, of Carver. *Religious Freedom*.—A sentiment in which every true American must concur. He should wear it upon his arm, and bind it upon his heart, and guard it as the most sacred right of man.

By Thomas W. Sears, of Boston. *Cape Cod*.—The place where the wanderers in the "*May Flower*" first found a resting place. It has since been distinguished as a place of rest and hospitality to the tempest-tossed mariner, and the weary traveler.

By Walter Crocker, one of the Vice Presidents. *Descendants of the Pilgrims*.—May we act well our part in handing down in their purity, the blood bought privileges, civil and religious, which our Pilgrim Fathers, under God, handed to us, even to the latest generations—and finally meet the former with the latter, around his throne to celebrate His praises through eternity.

By J. Farris, of Plymouth. *Our Ancestors and our Posterity*.—May we never forget that the only way we can discharge our obligations to the *former* is transmitting their dearly-bought bequest of freedom, unimpaired to the *latter*.

The following alluded to the Rock, a mile west from the Court House, on the main road, where Lothrop and his Church partook of the communion on the first settlement.

By Uriel Crocker, of Boston. *The West Barnstable Church—the first independent Congregational Church in the world*.—May the adhesion of their descendants to the principles of civil and religious Liberty, *be as firm* as the consecrated *Rock* around which their Fathers worshipped with the venerated Lothrop.

By Prince Hawes, of Boston. *Cape Cod*.—Though barren in her soil, she is productive of men who honor the *Bench* and the *Bar*—who flourish in commerce—are respectable as mechanics—industrious in their husbandry—and the fame of her seamen is proverbial the world over.

By Z. D. Bassett. *The Beauty, Brilliancy and Order* of the scene before us: May Heavens richest blessing rest upon it;—and in that day when God shall make up his Jewels, not an individual be missing.

By Joseph A. Davis. *Cape Cod Farms*.—Selected less for the *depth of their soil*, than the *depth of their soundings*.

By Adolphus Davis, of Boston. *The Chairman* of the Committee of Arrangements—*The skillful navigator to the wealth of the Indies*.

[The following were by the absent and the present without the names being appended. We have

found all so good, that not a single sentiment which came to the hands of the Toast Master was omitted.]

Cape Cod—Though she may not boast of her Colleges and Halls of Learning, she has a prouder moral monument in her nursery of hardy, industrious and fearless mariners, the *Fisheries*; the great Primary School of our gallant Navy

Our Clergy—Laborers in the good vineyard, may they inculcate temperance *in all things*, and eschew fanaticism.

Boston and Cape Cod—As inseparable in their mutual relations to each other, and as unpalatable *alone*, as Codfish and Potatoes.

A fair division—Clams, quahaugs and codfish to our friends—the shells and scales to our enemies.

The Union—May the maxim adopted by the Fathers of the Revolution, be recognized, and respected by their posterity to the last period of time,—“That *united we stand, divided we fall.*”

The County of Barnstable—She points to this assembly, and in the language of the Roman Matron of old, exclaims, “Lo! these are my jewels.”

Cape Cod Industry, Cape Cod Frugality, Cape Cod Prosperity, and Cape Cod Forever.

The Ladies of Cape Cod—Pre-eminently exemplary for *all the domestic virtues.*

By this time the last rays of the sun were passing through the Pavilion, and the ladies began to think of dressing for the ball. It was time to retire, though half the good things on hand had not been served up. There were letters to be read from several distinguished invited guests, who had been obliged to decline being present.

An Original Song by a descendant of Cape Cod, was sung by the whole company to the tune of “Auld Lang Sync,” and the gratified assembly, apparently charmed with all they had enjoyed and with each other, left the Pavilion at 7 o’clock, in the same admirable good order that distinguished every movement of this ever memorable day. “And,” in the words of the Apochraphy, “they ordained

with a common decree (for their posterity) in no case to let that day pass without solemnity.”

The following is the Song referred to.

Song.

TUNE—AULD LANG SYNE.

Across the sea for other homes,
 And leaving all behind,
 Our father's came from England's shores,
 A refuge here to find.

CHORUS.

The rolling sea, the whistling wind,
 The peril and the toil,
 Ah! what were these compared with joys
 They found on Freedom's soil!

They left the green fields of a home,
 The sympathy of love,
 The luxuries of social life,
 A trackless path to rove.

CHORUS.

They left behind all thought of wealth,
 The joys of age and youth,
 Resolved to hold a nobler aim,—
 The sacred love of Truth.

And now two hundred years have passed,—
 With grateful praise to God,
 We turn our steps to honor those
 Who sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

To HIM who staid the savage arm,
 Who made our Fathers free,
 Our hearts as brothers we would raise,
 As brothers bend the knee.

Oh! sacred be this spot to us,—
 The sons of Freedom's sires,—
 Although it teem not with the fruits
 Which grow 'mid tropic fires!

CHORUS.

Dearer its sands, than those gay scenes
 O'er which we elsewhere roam,—
 No grace it needs to make it sweet,
 For 'tis our Fathers' *home*.

The North, the South, the East, the West,
 May all declare their worth,—
 This is a spot we cherish more
 Than all the rest of Earth :

CHORUS.

And though full many years have passed,
 And time hath changed us some,
 Let all join hearts and hands as one,
 And bless the PILGRIMS HOME.

The closing scene was the Ball in the splendidly decorated hall prepared for the occasion, in the rear of the new Court House, 76 by 40 feet in extent.—The hand of taste had enriched it with every elegant decoration. The walls and roof were hung with white cloth, presented by a gentleman of Boston for the occasion, which beautifully contrasted with the wreaths of evergreens and flowers that festooned the sides and entwined the pillars and rafters in most graceful arrangement, interspersed with horns of plenty and appropriate adornments; the whole brilliantly lighted with chandeliers and side lamps in rich profusion. Over the door was the inscription in evergreen, (which also hung at the entrance to the Pavilion) "Barnstable incorporated A.D. 1639," and in front of the Orchestra in large capitals,

"WELCOME HOME."

The Court Room was transformed, as if by magic into a supper hall, and never was a place of justice filled with such a throng of beauty. The round tables of the lawyers were more graced by the fair

recipients of their delicate refreshments, than if they had been the veritable round table of King Arthur's gallant Knights. The walls were decorated with choice portraits of James Otis, Judge Daniel Davis, his son Solicitor General Davis, Judge George Thacher, late of the Supreme Court, Charles Hallett, and other sons of Barnstable.

Between the columns of the gallery was suspended a venerable *cradle*, built by the Great Grand Father of Dr. Thacher, and a blanket brought over in one of the early vessels of the settlers wrecked on Thacher's Island near Cape Ann. These relics have been preserved for more than one hundred years in the family of Peter Thacher, of Yarmouth.

The refreshments for the ball prepared by Mr. Wright, were as successfully and agreeably provided as was the dinner, and the graceful dance was continued until an early hour.

In the evening there was a shower of sky rockets, but, as if the powers above smiled propitious on this joyous occasion, the whole sky was sublimely illuminated by a magnificent display of Heaven's own fireworks, an aurora borealis, which shot up its radiant light from all the surrounding horizon to the zenith, in a galaxy of glory. And so ended this never to be forgotten festival.

Second Course of the Centennial.

We will now notice the only omissions which has occurred to us, in the general account of the day. The reception of the Boston Committee and Guests at the landing, by the Barnstable Committee, was appropriate and cordial. David Crocker, Esq. as Chairman of the latter, and Hon. William Sturgis of the former, with their fellow committeemen, interchanged greetings and repaired to their respective quarters. Among the decorations of the Pavilion, the flags that floated from the three staffs in the centre and wings, should not have been forgotten.— In the centre moved the national flag, with its *thirteen* stripes, corresponding, by the way, to the *thirteen* towns of Barnstable County. On the left was a flag, for the occasion, with the Massachusetts arms, an Indian, &c., and on the right another with the *pine tree*, which was the Old Plymouth Colony emblem, the flag under which the brave men of New England fought many a gallant battle in the old French wars.

The following letters were received by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, from invited guests, who were unable to be present :

From Ex-President ADAMS.

QUINCY, July 23, 1839.

I have received, with grateful sensibility, the invitation to attend the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable, and to participate in its festivities.

It would give me great pleasure to accept this proposal, and I regret that a precarious state of health, and the growing infirmities of age, with engagements which confine me necessari-

ly at home, deprive me of the hopes of being able to share in the enjoyments of the day.

That the inhabitants of Barnstable, at the close of every century of their corporate existence, may have equal cause to rejoice in their condition, and to glory in their ancestry with those of the present day, will be the unceasing wish and the fervent prayer of their friend and fellow citizen.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

From Judge STORY, of the United States Supreme Court.

CAMBRIDGE, August 17, 1839.

I have deferred answering your letter for some time, under the expectation, that I might possibly be able to accept the polite invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to unite with them in the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of Barnstable. It is now certain, that my engagements will prevent me from participating in the festivities of such an interesting day. I beg to return, however, to the Committee, my sincere acknowledgments for the honor which they have done me, and to assure them that I should have been highly gratified in visiting your venerable town on so joyous an occasion. If I had been able to be present, I should have asked leave to offer as a toast—

The Town of Barnstable—The sands of her shores may shift, but the principles of the Fathers remain unchanged and unchangeable in their Children.

I have the honor to remain,
Very respectfully,
Your obliged servant,
JOSEPH STORY.

From Judge DAVIS, of the United States District Court.

BOSTON, August 26, 1839.

It would be highly gratifying to me to attend the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of Barnstable.

Circumstances, not to be disregarded, oblige me to deny myself the pleasure of meeting with the happy thousands, who will be assembled on that occasion. Though absent, my heart will be with you.

These Centennial observances are of no common holiday character. A filial duty is thus honorably discharged, instructive lessons are inculcated, and considerations of salutary and abiding influence, suggested and impressed.

The early settlement of the Cape towns, with the best principles of social order, and with the gladsome light of Christianity, I have ever considered a most happy occurrence for our beloved country. The whole community, and, especially, the commercial world, have had large experience of its beneficial effects. In addition to such precious results, those settlements have, I believe, been found to afford support and comfort to their population, not surpassed in locations of greater apparent promise. Of this there is abundant evidence. It is manifested by the cordial attachment to their native home, uniformly observable in the sons and daughters of the Cape, wherever dispersed. Their own poet, *John Osborn*, of Eastham, early in the last century, indicated that sentiment, in his *Whaling Song*, when describing a departure, in that employment, at the opening of spring :

“ Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessenning sands,
While zephyr gently blows.

The effusions of that child of genius always occurred to recollection, when viewing, on some bright day, the magnificent sweep of the Cape, from the heights between Plymouth and Sandwich.

If with you, at your festival, I should ask permission to offer the subjoined sentiment, which is submitted to the disposal of the Committee.

Very respectfully
Your obedient servant,

JOHN DAVIS.

The Right Arm of Massachusetts Bay—Strong, steady, and efficient, never weary in well doing.

—
From Judge WILDE, of the Supreme Court.

BOSTON, July 30th, 1839.

I received, a few days since, your obliging favor of the 13th instant, by which, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, you have done me the honor to invite my attendance at the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable. For which I pray you, and the Committee, to accept my best thanks. I regret exceedingly, that my engagements are such that I am obliged to deny myself the pleasure of participating in the festivities of the day; but though absent from you in the body, I shall be present with you in the spirit; and on this interesting occasion, I beg leave to transmit to you my best wishes for the increasing prosperity of your good town;—may it continue not only for another century, but as long as the sun and the moon shall endure!

Among the descendants of our Pilgrim Fathers, none have done more to sustain the honor, good morals, and prosperity of our country, than the industrious, intelligent, and enterprising sons of the Cape—those of your town always taking the lead. And this, under Providence, may be principally attributed to that which may have been erroneously considered as a local disadvantage and misfortune—namely, the lightness and poverty of your soil, which have led to, and established early and continued habits of industry among the people; without which, no country can long continue prosperous and happy. For as idleness is the mother of all vices, so industry is the mother of all the virtues which adorn the human character.

With great respect,

I am, dear sir,

Your friend and servant,

S. S. WILDE.

Judge MORTON, of the Supreme Court, was also obliged to decline an acceptance of the invitation, which, in a private letter to a friend, he stated he had hoped to be able to comply with, until the last day of August. He mentions the fact of being himself almost a Cape Cod man, both his grand parents having removed from Sandwich to Taunton.

From Judge DEWEY, of the Supreme Court.

NORTHAMPTON, August 26th, 1839.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of "the Committee of Arrangements, appointed by the citizens of Barnstable, for the celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of that town, requesting me to be present on that occasion, and to participate in its festivities."

The event you propose to commemorate, is truly one of thrilling interest. If the descendants of Cape Cod are fully represented on the occasion, you will find around you a brotherhood embracing in its circle many of our wisest, most learned, and patriotic citizens, in our Commonwealth. Such men will, I doubt not, do ample justice to the day.

It would give me great pleasure to be with you on this interesting occasion, but my official duties on the Circuits call me elsewhere.

Respectfully,

Your ob't serv't

CHARLES A. DEWEY.

From Lieut. Governor HULL.

SANDSFIELD, Aug. 25th, 1839.

Your letter of July 13th, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, inviting me to be present at the proposed Celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Barnstable, was duly received, and you would have received a more prompt reply, had I been enabled, at an earlier day, to decide whether I should be able to gratify my strong inclination to visit your interesting section of the Commonwealth, on the occasion alluded to.

I regret now, that circumstances will prevent my being present and participating in the festivities of the day—but beg leave to offer a brief sentiment, which I hope may not be deemed unfitting the occasion.

With much respect,
Your obedient servant,

GEORGE HULL.

The Matron of two Centuries—Whose prolific properties increase with her years. May her *sons* always continue patriotic, and her *daughters* virtuous.

Letter from the Collector of Boston.

BOSTON, August 30, 1839.

I cannot easily express to you how much I regret my inability to be present at the great Celebration at Barnstable. My heart will be with those who commemorate the early days, when Gosnold adventurously landed on the promontory of Cape Cod; when Smith, pressing boldly from isle to isle, from inlet to inlet, made himself familiar with its streams and harbors; when the Pilgrims, enduring every hardship, and manifesting every virtue, in their settlements round the bay, and lighted the little candles, which have kindled into a brightness, that earth itself cannot overshadow. I beg leave to offer as a sentiment,

The Memory of Bartholomew Gosnold—A martyr to his zeal for America. His early death prevented his beholding his vision realized. It shall not defraud him of his well earned fame.

With every sentiment of respect,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

The following sentiment was designed to have called up Mr. Bancroft, had he been present:—

The History of the United States—In his researches into the foundation and structure of our republican institutions, the philosophical and faithful historian must make his first pilgrimage to the cabin of the May Flower, “where humanity recovered

its rights, and instituted government on the basis of equal laws and the general good.”*

Hon. John Davis, United States Senator, it was expected would have been present, and to have replied to the following:—

Commerce and Fisheries—Two centuries ago the navigation of New England consisted of a single vessel and a little shallop. To day her thousand ships, and her fleets of hardy Fishermen, penetrate every sea, secure in the protection of the General Government, and the vigilance and eloquence of able defenders of her interests in the National Councils.

Letter from the President of Harvard University.

CAMBRIDGE, August 31, 1839.

I have delayed answering your invitation, from my great unwillingness to decline joining in a celebration so appropriate and interesting. But I find my official duties, at the present period of the College year, urgent, and my presence at the University indispensable. I am compelled, therefore, with regret, to decline the proffered honor of attending your celebration. As having been once the residence of one branch of my maternal ancestry, the town of Barnstable has a strong claim on my affections, and in common with all the intelligent inhabitants of our land, I hold it in grateful remembrance as the place of the birth and education of many seamen, merchants, and statesmen, who in times past have been and at this day are among the most successful, useful, and honored citizens of the metropolis, and of the Commonwealth.

I ask leave to propose the following sentiment for the occasion.

Very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

The Town of Barnstable—Planted by the fearless spirit of the Fathers of New England, among rocks, and sands, and seas, it stands—may it for ever stand!—a monument to the prosperity and honor of those, who exemplify in their lives, the industry, fidelity, and virtues of their pilgrim ancestors.

From the Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

TREASURY OFFICE, }
Boston, July 30th, 1839. }

For your polite invitation to participate in the festivities of the second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of your town, you will please accept my thanks.

*See Bancroft's History of United States.

I regret that my engagements will prevent me from being present on that joyous occasion.

That the good town of Barnstable may enjoy Heaven's richest blessings for many centuries yet to come, is the sincere wish of your much obliged friend.

DAVID WILDER.

From the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, }
Boston, August 31st, 1839. }

I esteem it a most distinguished honor to have been invited to the Centennial Festival of your ancient town; and it is with no ordinary regret that I feel constrained to forego the pleasure of being present.

In token of my heartfelt interest in the occasion, and my respect for the people of the Cape, I ask leave to submit the accompanying sentiment.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN P. BIGELOW.

The thirteen towns of Cape Cod—Their hardy sons, in the pursuits of peace, or the conflicts of war, have nobly upheld the *thirteen National Stripes*, on every sea. The nation recognizes, with pride and honor, their enterprise and bravery.

The day after the celebration which was as lovely as the preceding, our friends from abroad embarked in the Steamer Bangor, at 9 o'clock, and returned homeward, amid the loud echo of cannon and the silent prayer for their prosperity and happiness. May our posterity, at the next centennial have as much reason to rejoice, and as many, and as good friends to reciprocate the joy with them, as we have had at this.

SONG,

INTENDED FOR THE DINNER, AT THE
Centennial Celebration at Barnstable.

BY A NATIVE.

I would not breath my latest sigh,
 Upon a foreign strand,
 And sink into my final rest,
 Within a distant land;—
 No, rather let my last repose
 Be on my native shore,
 Where the wild sea-bird's frequent note,
 Blends with the ocean's roar.

It is not that in other climes,
 I would not like to rove,
 Where fragrant flowers, and warbling birds,
 Perfume and deck the grove;
 Oh no! for life then hastens on
 Serenely to its end,
 And with dear friends 't were paradise,
 Existence there to spend.

But yet this barren sandy soil
 A cradle was to me,
 And cooling breezes fann'd my brow,
 From yonder swelling sea:—
 Therefore when death shall come to me,
 As come full soon he will,
 I'd meet him here, amid these scenes
 That speak of boyhood still.



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