THE TERCENTENARY DEDICATORY VOLUME OF THE TUPPER FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED

COMPILED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
The Tercentenary Dedicatory Volume
of The Tupper Family Association
of America, Incorporated,

Compiled by

The Executive Committee
THE TERCENTENARY DEDICATORY VOLUME
UNVEILED AUGUST 18TH, 1939

THOMAS TUFFER
AND
HIS WIFE ANNE
FOUNDERS OF THE TUFFER FAMILY
OF AMERICA

UNVEILED AUGUST 18TH, 1939
FOREWORD

It is sometimes asked: Why not "act in the living present," instead of giving so much attention to the history and genealogy of the past?

Daniel Webster's answer to this question is as follows:

"It is wise for us to recur to the history of our ancestors. Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future, do not perform their duty to the world."

In the Magazine of American History, the Chairman of this Committee published the following article entitled "Why Study Genealogy?"

Because this study furnishes one way of honoring "thy father and thy mother"; it broadens one's horizon; it links us to our Kinsmen of the present and the past; it awakens and deepens an interest in history. It brings out family characteristics that may reappear, points out special talents that may well be cultivated, and family failings that must be guarded against. It sometimes settles questions of inheritance. It ministers to that honorable pride that all ought to feel in the grand accomplishments of one's ancestors. It is an incentive and an encouragement to the performance of similar
deeds. The great historic events of the ages are personal matters to us, if someone of the same name took part in them. How delightful to find that one has Kinsmen over all the land and even in foreign countries! How charming the correspondencies that sometimes the ties of family bring about! When one comes of a long line of honorable ancestors, with what superb and "beautiful disdain" can he answer the implied challenge of "upstart wealth's averted eye!"

As one's interests in genealogy increases; as one goes from one's immediate family to other families connected by marriage, the interest grows so real and so great that the brotherhood of Man and the fatherhood of God—the two cardinal doctrines of Christianity—become instinct with life and beauty.

Committee on Publications

Frederic Allison Tupper, Chairman
Franklin E. Smith
Frank Tupper
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REVIEW OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE TUPPER FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED

During the summer of 1910, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, New York, and her brother, Mr. Edward E. Tupper, Cambridge, Massachusetts, visited the old Tupper home at Sandwich, Massachusetts, which had been occupied for 267 years by Thomas Tupper and his descendants, and found that it had been sold and was occupied by Italian laborers. Subsequently, Mrs. Nash had a number of conferences with Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper concerning the formation of a family Association, which resulted in a meeting of Thomas Tupper descendants on October 5th, 1915, at 4 p.m., at the Boston Public Library.

This meeting, called to effect the organization of a family Association for purposes stated in the circular call, was attended by Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Edward Everett Tupper, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Miss Nonie Davis Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Frederick E. Tupper, Quincy, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, New York. The purposes of the proposed organization were:
1. To buy, repair and maintain the Tupper House
2. To complete and publish the Tupper Genealogy
3. To erect suitable memorials to Captain Thomas Tupper and other members of the Tupper Family
4. To hold annual meetings at Sandwich or other designated places

After discussion, those present resolved themselves into an Executive Committee, appointed Frederic Allison Tupper Chairman and Mrs. Charles White Nash Secretary. Through the activity of this Committee, Mr. George L. Tupper of Duluth, Minnesota, secured an option on the Tupper property at Sandwich, and Mr. Nathan W. Tupper of New York City subscribed funds for its purchase. The property was purchased on July 20th, 1916, and recorded at the Court House, Barnstable, Book 347, Page 454, on August 12th, 1916.

The Tupper Family Association of America was organized at a meeting held at the New England Historical Genealogical Society's building, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, at 3:30 p.m., December 3rd, 1915. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Brighton; Vice President, Mr. Nathan W. Tupper, New York; Secretary, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, New York; Treasurer, Dr. George W. Tupper, Brookline. In addition, there were present at this meeting Mrs. Frederic Allison Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Edward E. Tupper, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Miss Nonie Davis Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Henry Alden Belcher, Randolph,
Massachusetts; Mr. William L. Nye, Sandwich, Massachusetts; Mr. Clarence E. Tupper, Worcester, Massachusetts; Dr. and Mrs. Augustus W. Tupper, Rockport, Massachusetts; Mr. Sanford J. Tupper, Waterville, Maine; Mr. Frederick L. Tupper; Miss Lida A. Tupper, South Braintree, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lucy Tupper Whitley, South Braintree, Massachusetts; Miss Frances B. Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Alton F. Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. George C. Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Mr. Alfred F. Whitman, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mrs. Martha Tupper Carpenter; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tupper; Mrs. Elizabeth Barton, Boston, Massachusetts; and Mr. William O. Tupper, South Braintree, Massachusetts.

In October, 1916, President Frederic Allison Tupper appointed a House Restoration Committee consisting of Miss Nonie D. Tupper, Chairman, William L. Nye, Edward E. Tupper, and Russell E. Tupper. Through the efforts of this aggressive group, funds were raised for restoring the Old House according to plans submitted by Strickland and Law, Architects, Boston.

On the morning of April 9th, 1921, the Tupper Family Association suffered an irreparable loss through the destruction of The Old Tupper House at Sandwich, Massachusetts, by incendiary fire. Although the Tupper Family Association and the Town of Sandwich each offered fifty dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of those connected with the burning of the house, the criminals were not found.
A motion "That the Tupper Family Association incorporate at the earliest possible moment" was carried unanimously at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association held in the First Parish Church, Sandwich, Friday, August 12th, 1921. The Association was incorporated at a meeting held at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, on January 4th, 1926. The incorporators were Frederic A. Tupper, Mrs. Charles White Nash, George W. Tupper, Russell E. Tupper, Miss Nonie D. Tupper, Frank Tupper, George C. Tupper, Mrs. Theresa Perkins, and Franklin E. Smith.

Under the supervision of Russell E. Tupper, the gravestones of Thomas Tupper 2nd, Eldad Tupper and wife, Roland Tupper, Samuel Tupper and wife, in the Sandwich Cemetery, were restored during the summer of 1926.

In August, 1927, The Tupper Lot was cleared of rubbish, graded, and the site of the Old House marked by a small boulder.

Family Reunions

1. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 11th and 12th, 1916
2. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 11th, 1917
3. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 9th and 10th, 1918
4. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 13th and 14th, 1920
5. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 12th and 13th, 1921
6. Hotel Bellevue, Boston   October 30th, 1923
7. Hotel Vendome, Boston    January 4th, 1926
8. Sandwich, Massachusetts  August 11th, 1928
9. Hotel Vendome, Boston    April 12, 1929
10. Sandwich, Massachusetts August 18th, 1939
The dedication of the Memorial Boulder and Tablet in honor of Thomas Tupper and his wife, Anne, at Sandwich, Massachusetts, Friday, August 18th, 1939, was an important feature of the Sandwich Tercentenary program.

ERECTED 1637
DESTROYED BY INCENDIARY FIRE
APRIL 9, 1921
TUPPER FAMILY CO-OPERATES IN SANDWICH TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION

The Congregational Church of Sandwich, founded in 1638, afforded a significant historical background for the reunion of the Tupper Family, on Friday, August 18th, 1939, at 10 a.m. Representatives were present from all the New England states, New York, New Jersey, Iowa, Illinois, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario. Letters of regret from many distant members of the Family were received by Mr. Frank Tupper of Worcester, Chairman of the Committee on Invitations.

The Reception Committee included Mrs. Frederic Allison Tupper, Brighton, Chairman; Mrs. Silas W. Anthony, Brighton; Mrs. Richard B. Gregg, (Nonie Davis Tupper), Boston; Mrs. Ida Nye Lloyd, Sandwich; Mrs. Franklin E. Smith, Newton; Mrs. George C. Tupper, Wakefield; Mrs. Clarence E. Tupper, Worcester; Mrs. Henry G. Perkins, Brookline; Mrs. George W. Tupper, Boston; and Mrs. Russell E. Tupper, Beverly.

An exhibition of family mementoes arranged by a committee of which Mrs. Russell E. Tupper was chairman, attracted marked attention. Included in the col-
lection were a pen and ink drawing of the first church and minister's house in Sandwich and the Tupper House erected there in 1637, an original 1714 deed by Martha Tupper and her children signed by them, and the Revolutionary War sword of Lt. Col. William Tupper of Middleboro.

Following the reception and examination of family mementoes, members of the organization registered and held a business session. Of the important votes taken at this session, the decision to publish a genealogy of the Family was noteworthy. The responsibility of publication was given to the Executive Committee of the Tupper Family Association.

The following officers were elected: President, Mr. George W. Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts; Vice President, Clarence E. Tupper, Esq., Worcester, Massachusetts; Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, New York; Secretary, Mr. Frank Tupper, Worcester, Massachusetts; Clerk, Mr. Russell E. Tupper, Beverly, Massachusetts; Treasurer, Mr. George C. Tupper, Wakefield, Massachusetts, Executive Committee, the officers and Mrs. Silas W. Anthony, Brighton, Massachusetts; Mrs. Richard B. Gregg, (Nonie Davis Tupper), Boston, Massachusetts; Mrs. Henry G. Perkins, Brookline; Franklin E. Smith, Esq., Boston, Massachusetts; and Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Honorary President and President Emeritus, Boston, Massachusetts.

At 1 p.m., members of the Association adjourned to
attend the clambake held at Casino Field promoted by the Sandwich Tercentenary Committee.

Following the clambake, Professor Frederick Tupper, University of Vermont, delivered the following address on “Puritans in Sandwich”.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR FREDERICK TUPPER
AT CLAMBAKE

PURITANS IN SANDWICH

Nathaniel Hawthorne, son of the Puritans, makes this heartfelt comment upon the men who founded New England in the seventeenth century: “Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of the ages.” However that may be, here we all are—as I said on a like occasion twenty odd years ago—back for an hour in the old home of our race, gathering at ancient shrines and glimpsing the sites of ancestral hearths and roof-trees. In thus looking to the rock whence we are hewn—even though it be a little less famous than Plymouth Rock—we are conscious or at any rate half-conscious of a twofold aim and end. First we are paying our tribute to tradition—that reverence of the old which we of the youngest people display
somewhat fitfully. Like those South Sea Islanders who whittled a god out of wood in five minutes, we are the arch-creators of the sham antique. The academic institution whose doors opened yesterday is "the dear old college", the unseasoned hostelry, smelling of fresh paint, is "Ye Olde Inne"; and the Veneerings for all their varnish are exalted as Vere de Veres. But happily we know and confess by our presence here the worth of genuine antiquity—as of an old shingled house that once stood in the meadows yonder.

Oddly enough the chief contributor to the presence of Puritans and the spread of their gospel in New England was a High Church Prelate, William Laud, Bishop of London and later Archbishop of Canterbury. Wholesale emigration was encouraged by his policy of persecution of the Puritans. Laud was backed by a foolish king, who was ruling high-handedly in Church and State. An oft-cited illustration of the feeling held at first by the Puritans toward the Anglican Church is Cotton Mather's relation of the following incident in the voyage of Francis Higginson, a prominent Puritan Minister who came to Salem in 1629:—He called the passengers of his ship into the stern to take the last sight of England: "We will not say, as the Separatists (that is the Pilgrims of Plymouth) were wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell, Babylon! Farewell, Rome!' but we will say, Farewell, dear England, Farewell the Church of God in England and all the Christian friends there. We do not go to New England as
separatists from the Church of England."—But a few years changed all that—and in every town of the colony, in the sixteen-forties was a Congregational Church.

In this America of ours, where few men die in the homes of their birth, old ties are so easily loosened, old traits are so speedily forgotten, that a family is seldom governed by a tradition. Some of you will recall the Irishman’s earnest wish to be buried in a Hebrew burying ground, because “the divil would never look for an Irishman there”. That sulphurous, cloven-hoofed, forked-tailed personage, who was so flaming a reality to our Puritan forbears, and against whom they battled so valiantly for souls on the shores of Herring Pond—would hardly, in quest of sundry seventeenth-century blows and batterings seek their posterity among royalists of Canada and Confederates of Carolina. And yet—though old houses may have passed in flames—the old town stands here to remind Britisher and Southerner alike that they have Yankee traditions.

Today when scientists and novelists join hands in proclaiming us creatures of heredity as well as of environment—we can hardly claim any fulness of self-knowledge, unless we trace to its fountain-head the Puritan strain in our blood. Some of us by distance of space, all of us by distance of time, were bred in surroundings that our steeple-hatted progenitors would have denounced in apocalyptic speech. We have worshipped at shrines from which they shrank. The English book of Common Prayer they now rejected utterly. John
Winthrop, leader of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, tells us that his son had in his chamber a large number of books. Among them was one wherein the Greek Testament, the Psalms, and the Common Prayer were bound together. He found the Common Prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and no leaf of the two others touched nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand. Now, as Moses Coit Tyler says, "the extraordinary proceeding on the part of the mice in singling out the Prayer Book for destruction was indeed an ominous fact. Winthrop's manner of telling the story intimates that, in his own mind, ravages of those little animals upon the Episcopal Prayer Book were expressly directed by the Almighty and contained a strong hint of the divine disapprobation of the very objectionable book that was devoured by them."

It is all very confusing—this relation of different sects, and the strong feeling on the part of each that "orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is other people's doxy." I find this interesting footnote—in Freeman's book (II, 20-21). "It is strange that while the English church and government were charged with intolerance, they should have been engaged in overturning a system of exclusiveness on the distant shores of America. The tyranny of the Established Church drove the Puritans to America. The tyranny of the Puritans forced malcontents to found fresh colonies, and urged the Episcopalians to insist upon possessing religious and civil liberty for themselves in America, and by so doing threw open in
It was easy for a clever member of the King's party like Samuel Butler to laugh at his Puritan neighbor:

“For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
’Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.”

But there is another side of the shield. Better men than Butler have found in the Puritan, “a masterful sincerity, a noble courage of conviction, an overwhelming sense of the authority of righteousness in human life
and an everpresent consciousness of God’s personal rule over the world in spite of all its confusion.”

Indeed, on this tercentenary of Sandwich, it is easy to feel the presence of our forefathers not as dim and shadowy figures ever saintly and gentle, the visionary apostles of things as they ought to be, but as shrewd and practical men, rich in common sense, encountering with integrity, industry, enterprise, and, it must be added, with abundant disputation, things as they are. Mr. Frederick Freeman’s “History of Cape Cod” has realized them for us in the mechanical round of their days. We come to know them in all their human relations and duties, plying ax, hammer and saw, clearing roads, rearing church and house and mill, planting their fields, chasing their game. The universal appeal of their story lies in the situation which is repeated in the struggle of every American pioneer—hardy Anglo-Saxons coping successfully with the fearful order of nature through their indomitable energy and infinite resource—thoroughly human men of action, symbols of all brave spirits who stake their lives upon the red.

Mark Twain once regretted that his people were not of the first families of New England because they did not cross in the Mayflower. “The baby was sick, so they waited until the next boat.” Yet Sandwich and the other Cape settlements were under the jurisdiction of Plymouth. To Plymouth, Sandwich folk repaired over a road that must be kept open for man and horse to attend—sometimes unhappily as prisoners at the
bar—the sessions of the General Court. At Plymouth, they were bound to report for military duty. And to Plymouth Mill, for many years, they carried their sacks of corn. The distinctions between the Pilgrims and the Puritans broke down utterly, when the Cape settlers transferred not only their habitat but their allegiance from one colony to the other.

By the time of the coming of the greater number of the Puritans of New England the way was well charted. Indeed, in following the fortunes of all these early colonists one has a strong impression of a stage fully set for their action, of Indians eagerly waiting to be discovered, of towns demanding to be built. You will remember that the Pilgrims upon their arrival were familiarly greeted by the last of the Patuxet tribe, one Tisquantum (or Squanto), who had lived more than three years in London and knew London Streets better than most of themselves, very much as the present-day American discoverer of Sicily is put to shame by his Italian waiter's knowledge of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. When our forefathers came to the Cape in April, 1637, others had been long before them. Standish and his men had explored its shores from Province-town to Yarmouth and, ten years before (1627), the Plymouth colonists had established on the site of Sandwich at Manomet (Monument), a trading house which was visited by Dutch traffickers from New Amsterdam. Barnstable Bay was thus a highway of nations and the wide-stretching coastlands of sandy loam cried as loudly,
“Settle here!” as an open pasture to an aviator or a suburbanite. So, the ten men of Saugus (Lynn) came hither, led by the lure of the pleasant countryside, its own best estate agent, and planted home and church and town in due order.

It is Dr. Holmes, I think, who praises the Pilgrim Mothers for patiently enduring not only all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers but the Pilgrim Fathers as well;—and we must admit that some recollection of this saying flits across our thought as we seek to visualize the daily round of the Marthas, Mehitables, and Thankfuls, who dutifully served as wives of the Sandwich lords and masters. Our Cape historian, Frederick Freeman, writing in 1858, when a woman was still a “female”, rapturously exalts the spindle and distaff and cites insidiously this bit of unnatural history from Aristotle: “The common hen, if she has fought with and vanquished a cock, will immediately commence crowing and even her comb will enlarge and her plumage alter to such a degree as to make it difficult to determine to which sex she really belongs. Even spurs will grow, and her whole character will be changed.” Our forefathers would have applauded the delicate implication. And yet, John Richard Green is not wrong in saying “Home, as we conceive it now, was the creation of the Puritan. Husband and father saw in wife and child saints like himself, souls hallowed by the touch of a divine spirit and called with a divine calling like his own. The sense of spiritual fellowship gave a new
tenderness and refinement to the common family affections." Small danger of race suicide in the Puritan family. Hark to their favorite texts: "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver of them. They shall not be ashamed but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." In accord with David's precepts, our forefathers spread their Maker's image through the land. They were very pious and prolific people.

The Sandwich meeting house, center of that bygone village life, no longer stands, like the Old Ship at Hingham, to remind us vividly by its massive timbers, long galleries and deep pews, of the days that were. But the seating plan of the church in the middle eighteenth century has fortunately been preserved. Here in the middle of the long side are the pulpit, deacon's seat and minister's pew—and on the central aisle in front, three rows of seats:—on the one side, "for aged men, men, and males," and on the other, "for aged women, women, and females." Can anyone read the riddle of those fine distinctions? Male singers and female singers are also put asunder in the gallery and male Indians, negroes and mulattoes studiously segregated from females of the species in the elevated pews.

These were the days of "godly, learned and painful preachers." On the day of the Pilgrims' departure from Leyden, their pastor, John Robinson, taking his text from the eighth of Ezra, spent (so Bradford tells us) a good part of the day very profitably and suitably to the
present occasion. The godliness and the endurance of the minister were alike attested by exhortations, during which the sandy hour-glass ran not once, but three or four times, and good Mr. Leverich of Sandwich had doubtless all the staying powers of his tribe. And the fortitude not only of the preacher, but of the pious as well, was thus made manifest. In the unheated building, on a January morning, the breath of the congregation rose, like wreaths of smoke from Dutch farmers' pipes, during a long discourse on a Holland sabbath. Woe to the unlucky wight who slumbered! The tithing man is at hand with his foxtail wand—to arouse women with the furred end and men with the butt end—the same tithing man who enforced the learning of the catechism by the children of the ten families under his care, who watched to see that no young people walked abroad on the eve of the Sabbath (all the Puritan world didn't love a lover), who marked and reported all those who profanely behaved, lingered without doors at meeting time on the Lord's day, "sons of Belial, strutting about or sitting on fences—and otherwise desecrating the day." "Strutting about or sitting on fences"—what sacrilege, richly meriting the parish stocks or the cage on the meeting-house green!

I find in the Sandwich records of 1767, the petition of two misses to be relieved from a fine imposed for laughing in meeting. These girlish giggles ring on the ear after nearly two hundred years—symbols of our fallen humanity, with which the Puritan had so little sym-
pathy. Far more loudly ring the ten tunes of the Bay Psalm Book—you may count them all on your fingers. “—In the echoes some discord—squeaking above or grumbling below,” says Samuel Sewall who was wont to tune the psalms in the Boston church: “I intended Windsor and fell into high Dutch, and then essaying to set another tune, went into a key much too high. So I prayed to Mr. White to set it, which he did well—Litchfield Tune. The Lord humble me and instruct me that I should not be the occasion of any interruption in the worship of God.” One can picture the self-complacency with which Thomas Tupper would have “set the psalm” until, in the quaint Puritan speech, “God in his providence called him off, his voice being enfeebled.” Here, I, too, for your sake, submit to providence and make an end.
TO OUR KINSMEN EVERYWHERE

Do You Know

That the Tupper Family Association of America, Inc. invited 2,500 people to The Dedication and Unveiling of the Memorial Boulder with Bronze Tablet in honor of our common ancestors, Thomas Tupper, and his wife, Anne, at Sandwich, Massachusetts, Friday, August the 18th, 1939?

That Clarence E. Tupper, Esq., Vice-President, introduced Dr. Frank E. Wing, President of the Wing Family of America, Judge Mayhew R. Hitch, representing the Mayhew Family, and Franklin E. Smith, Esq., Treasurer of the Nye Family Association?

That Mrs. Charles White Nash, Honorary Secretary of the Tupper Family Association, described the rare historic documents and antique objects presented to the Organization, and that Russell E. Tupper, a direct descendant of Thomas, who built the Old Tupper House in 1637, gave a graphic picture of life in the ancestral home?

That Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Honorary President and President Emeritus of the Tupper Family Association of America, Inc., read an original
poem dedicated "to the ever sacred memory of Thomas
Tupper and his wife, Anne, founders of the Tupper
Family of America?"

That Professor Frederick Tupper, University of Vermont, gave a brilliant historic address on
"Homes of the Tuppers" and another address at the
Tercentenary program of the Town of Sandwich on
"Puritans in Sandwich?"

That the Tupper Family Association is
publishing a Dedicatory Volume of 125 pages, which
contains cuts of the Old Tupper House and the Me­
morial Boulder and Tablet, and unabridged copies of
all dedicatory addresses?

That you can obtain this volume for $1.00
by sending a check made out to The Tupper Family
Association of America, Inc., 311 Main Street, Worces­
ter, Massachusetts?

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Frederic Allison Tupper, Chairman
Franklin E. Smith
Frank Tupper
THE ASSOCIATION

Organization

The Tupper Family Association of America, Inc. was organized at the New England Historic Genealogical Society Building, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, December 3rd, 1915.

Purpose

The purpose of the Organization is (1) to buy, repair and maintain the Old Tupper House; (2) to complete and publish the Tupper Genealogy; (3) to erect suitable memorials to Captain Thomas Tupper and other members of the Tupper Family; (4) to hold annual meetings at Sandwich or other designated places.

Accomplishments

1. Secured funds for purchase of The Old Tupper House and Lot at Sandwich.
3. Secured funds for restoration of The Old Tupper House, October, 1916; work completed in 1917. House destroyed by incendiary fire April 9th, 1921.
4. The gravestones of Thomas Tupper, 2nd, Eldad Tupper and wife, Roland Tupper, Samuel Tupper and wife, in the old Sandwich Cemetery restored in 1926 under the supervision of Russell E. Tupper.

5. Association incorporated at Hotel Vendome, Boston, January 4th, 1926.

6. The Association has held 10 family reunions.

7. Dedicated The Memorial Boulder and Tablet in honor of Thomas Tupper and his wife, Anne, at Sandwich, August the 18th, 1939.

8. Edited material for publication of Dedicatory Volume containing unabridged addresses made on that occasion.

9. Prepared publicity for a national campaign for members and advance notices for publication of the Tupper Family Genealogy.

10. Sent announcements of plan to finance publication of The Tupper Family Genealogy to 2500 kinsmen in this country, Canada, and elsewhere.
OFFICERS

Honorary President and President Emeritus—
Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Boston Massachusetts.
President, Mr. George W. Tupper, Boston, Massachusetts.
Vice-President, Clarence E. Tupper, Esq., Worcester, Massachusetts.
Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, New York.
Secretary, Mr. Frank Tupper, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Clerk, Mr. Russell E. Tupper, Beverly, Massachusetts.
Treasurer, Mr. George C. Tupper, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The above Officers and Mrs. Silas W. Anthony, Brighton, Massachusetts, Mrs. Nonie Tupper Gregg, Boston, Massachusetts, Mrs. Henry G. Perkins, Brookline, Massachusetts, and Franklin E. Smith, Esq., Boston, Massachusetts.

HEADQUARTERS

The headquarters of The Tupper Family Association of America, Inc., is New England Historic Genealogical Society, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts.
MEMBERSHIP INVITATION

You are cordially invited to join The Tupper Family Association of America, Incorporated.

The Annual dues are One Dollar which will pay for membership until July 31st, 1941.

Eligibility to membership consists of descent through either paternal or maternal line from Thomas Tupper, one of the founders of Sandwich, Massachusetts, in 1639, or marriage to one of his descendants.

The Tupper Family is one of the oldest and most notable in this country, England, Guernsey, Canada, and other countries.

HEADQUARTERS

The New England Historic Genealogical Society, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

Prompt payment of dues of one dollar will pay for membership to July 31, 1941 whether new or old members and will also entitle those making prompt payment to a free copy of the “Dedicatory Volume.”

Please make out check to The Tupper Family Association of America, Inc., and send to Mr. Frank Tupper, Secretary, 311 Main Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
THE TUPPER GENEALOGY

Several members and friends of the family have collected material for a Tupper Genealogy. Among those who have made noteworthy contributions are Frederic Allison Tupper, Professor Frederick Tupper, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Frank Tupper of Worcester, Frank W. Tupper of California, Frank Boyce Tupper, Captain Joseph Freeman Tupper of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Henry Martin Tupper, President of Shaw University, the Rev. Dr. Charles Tupper of Nova Scotia and others.

There is a tradition among the Toppers of Guernsey, England, Canada, and elsewhere that their ancestors emigrated from Hesse-Cassel, Germany and settled in England previous to 1522. The Guernsey Toppers are descendants of the Chichester, England Branch. However, somewhat more recent research makes it appear that the Toppers have had a continuous residence in Sussex, England, for more than 800 years. It is said that an old Tupper House in Sussex displays over a mantelpiece a Tupper Coat-of-Arms.

Although The Tupper Family Association of America, Inc. has given its executive committee power to publish a genealogy, it remains with members of the
family to decide whether or not this book will appear in the near future. The Tuppers in many lands are interested in its production.

On this firm foundation, a limited edition of 500 copies of the family history will be printed.
THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL BOULDER AND TABLET IN HONOR OF THOMAS TUPPER AND HIS WIFE, ANNE

The Invitation to the unveiling of the boulder with tablet was as follows:

The Tupper Family Association of America, Incorporated, cordially invites you to be present at the unveiling of the Memorial Boulder with Tablet in honor of Thomas Tupper and his wife, Anne, at the original Tupper Farm on Tupper Road, Sandwich, Massachusetts, Friday, August eighteenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, at three o'clock p.m.

All descendants of Thomas Tupper who are not already affiliated with the Association, are eligible to membership on the approval of the Executive Committee.

Replies may be sent to: Mr. Frank Tupper, 311 Main Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

PROGRAM

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Mr. GEORGE W. TUPPER, President of the Tupper Family Association of America, Incorporated, presiding

1. INVOCATION—The Reverend Byron Kenneth Anthony, Branford, Conn.
2. REPRESENTATIVES OF FAMILY ASSOCIATIONS

Introduced by Clarence E. Tupper, esq., Vice-President Mr. Frank E. Wing, President of the Wing Family of America, Incorporated; Judge Mayhew R. Hitch, representing the Mayhew Family; Franklin E. Smith, Esq., Treasurer, of the Nye Family Association

3. HISTORIC MEMORABILIA—Mrs. Charles White Nash, Honorary Secretary of the Tupper Family Association

4. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN THE OLD TUPPER HOUSE—Mr. Russell E. Tupper, Clerk of the Corporation

5. POEM—Mr. Frederick Allison Tupper—Honorary President and President Emeritus

6. ADDRESS—Professor Frederick Tupper, University of Vermont

7. UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL—John Nye Field, Russell E. Tupper, Junior

8. BENEDICTION—The Reverend Edwin Tupper Anthony, Hingham, Massachusetts
INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY CLARENCE E. TUPPER, ESQ., VICE PRESIDENT

It is an old saying, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which the Fathers have set," and if that is a sound admonition as to physical boundaries and monuments enclosing material possessions, how much more fitting when such a monumental boundary, stone, symbol or tablet, is set for the purpose of marking the boundaries, the effects, the stimulation, the development and the progress achieved, visible, real and fixed by the individual, and it is to that subject we are this day giving our attention and celebrating in a union of the same blood after three centuries with a resolution to perpetuate, preserve and maintain the boundaries of the influence of the Tupper family and of its integrations.

The family was definitely established during the first half of the seventeenth century, and a man by the name of Thomas Tupper, born in England, of substantial stature and rather extraordinary figure, came to Sandwich and built the Tupper house in 1637.

He had the influence of two hemispheres and two civilizations for his environment and he had a disposition of acquisitiveness characteristic of the English stock in general, together with courage and fortitude which
made him not only prominent but a leader at this loca-
tion. He seemed to possess a sound philosophic mind
and, although only a new and limited population
existed with which to carry on an organized commer-
cial life, nevertheless in a few years with the standards
and comparisons of the time, he was counted one of the
prosperous, if not wealthy, men of his period.

He was possessed of an intense desire for liberty. He
was of the Puritanic strain. He had looked ahead and
beyond the horizon of the Lords, the Magistrates and
the Statesmen on the other side of the water.

He crossed 3000 miles of the Old Ocean and had come
to a land where one lived with few laws and little re-
straint. He breathed what Lord Mansfield later called
“the pure and free air of England,” but it was New
England, and discovered one hundred years before that
great Judge uttered his famous saying.

His concepts of civilization were of an orderly and
well established state, of a Colony the objective of which
was the highest form of civilization. His views coin-
cided with every word in the philosophic statement of
man’s rights in the Constitution of the Commonwealth
of Massachusetts and throbbed and were articulate in
the Constitutional Assembly at Philadelphia.

He believed that a free, strong, progressive, wise and
benign government must rest upon the fundamental
principles of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, in-
dustry and frugality and that without them no state
or nation long exists; that eternal vigilance is the price
of liberty, was a fundamental and elemental maxim with him; that righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any People, was his thesis and his theme.

He believed in liberty and freedom under law and had anticipated Rousseau's philosophy in the "Social Contract" and the "Rights of Man" 150 years before he was born.

With such a background without university training but with a wide experience in the university of life, he came to these shores to found a state and plant the seed of government for a real Commonwealth and for a great Republic with a free people.

The indelible result upon our civilization of the concepts which he and the families with whom our stock was integrated, is seen today in every Statute, important paragraph of the Constitution, the physical monuments to their achievements in the institutions of learning, and the missions, chapels, churches and cathedrals which ubiquitously exist in New England and without consolidation or union, went parallel and mutually supported the best interests and general welfare of the people as Church and State, each hand-maiden to the other.

With the boundaries of the colonies bursting for greater expression, with the spirit and the indomitable resolution to maintain at all cost liberty and freedom, the great colonizing undertaking which began upon these shores, the force and impact of their thought in government and society had in less than three centuries
swept across the Western Hemisphere, planted the principles and the philosophy which our ancestors conceived, brought forth and engendered a government which from Mountain to Shore, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Sands of Sandwich and Plymouth Rock to San Francisco and the Golden Gate, was the dream of the ages and the Utopia of practical men.
Remarks at
DEDICATION OF THE TUPPER MEMORIAL
BOULDER AND TABLET

by

Frank E. Wing, President,
Wing Family of America, Inc.

Mr. Vice-President and members of the Tupper Family of America; Kinsmen in the Family of Wing; Members of other ancestral families here assembled; I accept with pleasure the invitation of your President to represent the Wing Family of America on this occasion. We, of the Wing family, are happy to be included among those who would honor the memory of your great ancestor. For nearly 40 years, from 1637, as one of the original grantees, until his death in 1676 at upwards of 98 years, Thomas Tupper played a conspicuous part in the civic and religious affairs of this town. We are here to perpetuate his name thru the unveiling of this Tablet and the dedication of this Boulder, placed here on the ground which was his, 300 years ago—a simple and rugged reminder of the stern, yet zealous, character of a man of power in his day and generation.

The association of the names of Tupper and Wing
in the affairs of the Town of Sandwich began during the first year after its settlement. Thomas Tupper was one of the nine associates of Edmund Freeman to whom the grant was made by the Court in Plymouth in 1637. He was at that time about 59 years of age. With these men, or shortly after, from Lynn (Saugus), Duxbury and Plymouth, came forty-five others with their families: among them, John Wing, then a young man of 26, with his widowed mother, Deborah, and two younger brothers, Daniel, about the age of 22, and Stephen, a lad of 16 years. The Wings had been living in Saugus with Deborah’s father, the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, for about five years. A fourth son, Matthew, accompanied the family to Sandwich, but it appears that he shortly returned to England.

From John, Daniel and Stephen have descended the three lines of the Wing Family in America. They have been characterized as: “John, a fearless, practical pioneer; Daniel, an idealist and religionist; and Stephen, a scholar and man of affairs.”

It is natural that we should inquire what may have been the relationships between the two families during those early days; in what political and civic activities they may have been associated; what religious beliefs and experiences they may have had in common. Much reading fails to reveal the existence of many of those ties which knit families closely together because of kinship or struggle for a common objective. It does, however, reveal those everyday associations which grow out
of active participation in the civic and business affairs of the infant community.

In one of the earliest recorded land transactions, in 1640, Thomas Tupper appears as the Clerk of Record, with John Wing as Witness, to the sale of property by Thomas Hallet to Daniel Wing, comprising three to five acres in each of several sections of the Town. In 1643, the names of Thomas Tupper together with John, Daniel and Stephen Wing were listed among sixty-eight people liable to bear arms.

It should be kept in mind that Thomas Tupper was nearly 60 years of age when he settled in Sandwich and that, in consequence, he must have been looked upon as one of the wise men of the Town, whereas the three Wing brothers were still young men,—John, the eldest, being only 26, and not likely to have had close personal relationships with a man so much his senior. This probably accounts for the differences in type of civic services which they were called upon to perform. To illustrate, Thomas Tupper was “one of four who were given power to call a town meeting by giving three days’ warning.” He was appointed in 1654, with four others, a member of a Committee “to frame a petition to the Court at Plymouth for a grant to purchase Manomet.” The respect with which he was held is shown by the fact that he served as Deputy to the Court in Plymouth for 19 years from 1646 to 1665.

The younger Wings did not arrive at the stage of holding town offices until a later date. At first they
served the town in ways calling for the exercise of physical rather than profoundly mental activity. In 1652, "an agreement was made with Daniel Wing and Michael Blackwell for the taking of fish in Herring River," and it was also ordered that six men, including Daniel Wing, "take care of all the fish that Indians shall cut up within the limits of the town, so as to provide safety for it, and shall dispose of the fish for the town's use, including provision for reporting whales" and sharing the profits of their disposal. In 1652, John Wing was among thirteen men ordered by the Court to "lay out a way from Sandwich to Plymouth." Stephen Wing held the office of Town Clerk in 1669 and 1672.

For many years, the Wings, while undoubtedly religious, were not members of the established Church, although Daniel, up to 1646, is recorded as having been one of the largest contributors to the support of the then pastor, Mr. Leveridge. In 1655-1656, Thomas Tupper and Daniel Wing were among nineteen signers of a letter to an unknown clergyman, inviting him to supply the pulpit, following the departure of Mr. Leveridge.

During the troubled years of 1655 to 1658, the Church in Sandwich was split by internal dissensions. Members were being called upon by the Court to answer for not frequenting public worship. Many, including Daniel and Stephen Wing, were refusing to take the oath of fidelity—not that they declined all oaths, but because this particular oath pledged them to support an intolerable enactment. Up to 1658, they were simply
friends of toleration and resisters of an oppressive law.

The great difficulty now was with the Quakers. Christopher Holder and John Copeland were frequenting the place and holding meetings in behalf of the Society of Friends. Fines, convictions and penalties were being imposed upon any who attended the meetings or entertained or sympathized with them. According to Freeman, "some, who never adopted the peculiar tenets of the Friends, were among the sufferers. It is not surprising that many who were at first sympathizers later became converts." Among these were Daniel and Stephen Wing, who helped to establish the first Friends' Meeting in America. John had previously moved further down on the Cape to what is now the town of Brewster; so that most of the Wings who have achieved prominence as members of the Society of Friends, have sprung from the lines of Daniel and Stephen.

While the religious urge of the Wings was directed in the manner in which we have already noted, that of Thomas Tupper and his sons in the next two or three generations took a turn in another equally noteworthy direction. About 1655, after the opposing factions in the Church had united in securing a successor to Mr. Leveridge, the attention of Thomas Tupper was turned to missionary work among the Indians. He established a Church near Herring River, and for several generations this Church was supplied by a succession of ministers by the name of Tupper, until the death of Rev. Elisha Tupper in 1787, at the age of 80.
In the succeeding generations the Tupper Family has furnished many notable characters in all walks of life and has spread to all parts of this country.

I am most happy, Mr. Vice-President, to be the bearer of felicitations from the Wings—particularly so, since in the generations now living there has existed a bond of friendship between your family and mine. Your father, Sanford Tupper, still living, and my father, Fred Allen Wing, were personal and business friends for 35 years; for most of that time their homes were directly across the street the one from the other in our boyhood town of Waterville, Maine, until my father’s death in 1924. We young people in the two families attended the same schools and Church. Your sister, Mrs. Ethel Tupper Maxim, is one of our close friends and neighbors in Newton, Massachusetts.

Truly, our lines have gone out in many directions, but they have come together again this day. On account of the present, as well as because of the past, the Wings salute the memory of Thomas Tupper.
At the invitation of Mr. George W. Tupper, I have been asked to address your Association as representing the Mayhew Family.

The particular connection of the Mayhews with the Toppers comes about through the marriage of Thomas Tupper, Second, of Sandwich, to Martha Mayhew, the daughter of Governor Thomas Mayhew of Marthas Vineyard, which marriage took place on December 27, 1661, and among the illustrious descendants of this union was Sir Charles Tupper, Prime Minister of Canada in 1890, and also Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Knight, also Sir Charles Stewart Tupper, Baronet.

The Toppers are related by marriage to the Mayhews. Also the Toppers and the Mayhews in their early environments were much the same people and came from the same stock. My connection with the Mayhews is through two lines of descent from Governor Thomas Mayhew.

So that you may be better acquainted with your Mayhew relations, I will make a brief summary of the achievements of the early Mayhews.

Governor Thomas Mayhew was born in Tisbury,
England, in April of 1593. He married for his first wife, Abigail Parkus, by whom he had one son, also named Thomas Mayhew, who was afterward known as the Missionary to the Indians.

Thomas Mayhew, Senior, came to this country with his wife and son in 1631 and settled in Medford, and thence removed to Watertown in 1637.

While in these communities he was recognized as a man of parts. He was chosen as a deputy to the General Court of the Colonies from Medford, was Selectman of Watertown for a number of years, was also chosen deputy to the General Court from Watertown, and was made a local Magistrate.

After a time he met with financial reverses. Nothing daunted, for he was a man of great courage and resolution, he became interested in the purchase of rights in the Islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. On October 13, 1641, he obtained from Lord Sterling a grant to himself and his son, Thomas, of full liberty and power to them and their associates, to plant and inhabit Nantucket and two small islands, and to enjoy said islands to them and their assigns forever, providing they pay yearly to Lord Sterling, or his heirs or assigns, such acknowledgment as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, Esq., chosen for that end by all parties, it being agreed that the Government that Thomas Mayhew, his son, and their associates, should set up, should be such as was then established in Massachusetts. Ten days later a new grant was made adding thereto the Island of
Marthas Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, for the reason therein stated, that Nantucket not being wholly surrendered, whatever that may mean, it might appear that comfortable surroundings would not be found there.

Thomas Mayhew, Senior, was somewhat in doubt about his Sterling title to the Islands, and on October 25, 1641, he obtained from the Steward General for Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maine, a grant of the Island of Marthas Vineyard, for himself, his heirs and associates forever, upon the payment of an annual charge.

In 1664, Charles II, King of England, granted to James, Duke of York, the Islands of Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket, notwithstanding previous grants already made. As a result, Thomas Mayhew was put to great trouble in asserting his rights under his prior grants, but as a sort of compromise he was made Governor for life of Marthas Vineyard in 1671. This was less than he received under his previous grants and nothing was said about his heirs. However, he was forced to accept this arrangement.

From the first, Thomas Mayhew was the de facto Governor of Marthas Vineyard and he acted as such until his actual appointment as Governor, which position he held until his death. His right was challenged at times but he insisted on maintaining his authority, and until his death was the dominant ruler of Marthas Vineyard.
Thomas Mayhew did not come to the Vineyard to make it his permanent residence until about 1645 or 1647, but in 1642 he sent his only son, Thomas, then twenty-two years old, to the Vineyard with some few settlers. At this time there were three thousand Indians on Marthas Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, and for ten years following the purchase of Marthas Vineyard the white settlers did not exceed three dozen. The natives at first were not very friendly but there were no hostilities between them and the settlers.

He married for his second wife, Jane Paine, widow of Thomas Paine, in 1634. Whether that marriage was in England or the Colonies is not clear. By her he had four daughters. The last was Martha who was born in 1642 and who married Thomas Tupper, of Sandwich, as aforesaid.

Governor Mayhew died March 25, 1682. His grandson, Matthew Mayhew, succeeded him, not as Governor but as title of Chief Magistrate of the General Court, and administered the affairs of the Island for many years thereafter. He died in 1710, leaving several descendants.

Among the descendants of Governor Thomas Mayhew were several Mayhews who took up and carried on the work with the Indians and were known as the Missionary Mayhews.

For forty years he administered the affairs of Marthas Vineyard ably and well, although at times he was dictatorial and arbitrary, especially toward those who later in his lifetime resisted his claims to authority. When
he came to the Island it was populated with Indians and the Island was largely a virgin forest.

Governor Mayhew will always be remembered because of his treatment of the Indians and his wise and humane attitude toward them and his fairness. They became his friends and there was never any real danger from them even during King Philip's War. His success with the Indians is not to be attributed solely to him, although he originated the policy and supported his son, Thomas, in his missionary work with the Indians.

Thomas Mayhew, Junior, the son, already referred to, will always be remembered as the Missionary to the Indians. He, as did the father, learned their language and could converse with them. He devoted his life to the material, but more particularly to the spiritual well-being of the Indians. It was the son who so obtained their love and affection that they revered him long after he perished at sea in 1657, when he was taking one of the principal Indians to England with him to confer with a Missionary Society there which was aiding him financially in his work with the Indians on Marthas Vineyard.

When I was a boy and spent my vacations on the Vineyard, a pile of stones was pointed out to me as the place where the Indians every time they passed that point cast a stone upon the pile in commemoration of their regard for Thomas Mayhew, the Missionary.

Thomas Mayhew's descendants were prominent in all the early history of Marthas Vineyard and filled
many and most of the important offices of those times.

Those of us who are connected by blood or marriage with Thomas Mayhew are proud to claim relationship to him and his illustrious son.

Such a gathering as this which honors our forefathers who had the courage to leave a settled land and come to a primitive country and endure its privations and by their industry and perseverance lay the foundations of our great country, is well worth while.

A contemplation of the hardships they endured and surmounted and the privations they suffered in eking out an existence from difficult surroundings and conditions should be an inspiration to their descendants.

We should not content ourselves with exulting in the deeds of our forefathers, but, if we think our lot is hard at times, we should realize how immeasurably easier it is than the conditions which our ancestors faced and we should emulate them in overcoming our troubles.

As the representative of the Mayhew clan, I extend the best of good wishes and fraternal feeling toward the Tupper clan.
REMARKS OF FRANKLIN E. SMITH, ESQ.,
TREASURER OF THE NYE FAMILY
ASSOCIATION

Mr. Vice-President, Officers of the Town of Sandwich, Representatives of Pioneer Families of the Ancient Town of Sandwich, Officers and Members of the Tupper Family Association of America, Inc., and Guests:

It is most fitting that representatives of organized pioneer families of Sandwich should co-operate in the dedication of this Memorial Boulder and Tablet in honor of Thomas Tupper and his wife Anne during the Tercentenary Celebration of the Town. As a representative of the Nye Family Association, I am greatly honored by an invitation to participate in the program.

According to the Genealogy of the Nye Family, published in 1907, Benjamin Nye, our common ancestor, and Thomas Tupper, the first of the name to settle in the New World, came to Massachusetts on the same boat.

For Benjamin Nye, a boy of fifteen, this eventful voyage was an adventure of prime importance. As husky tars pulled in the gangplank, the Old World, England, Kent County, the boyhood home of the
stripling pioneer, gradually faded into memory. Did parents, brothers, and relatives stand on shore waving last farewells? We know not. Slowly the sturdy primitive craft nosed into the beckoning ocean. Benjamin Nye was his own man on the high sea facing a New World, a young man charged with ambition and high hopes. And what of Thomas Tupper whose memory we honor today? On the day of sailing he had passed his fifty-seventh birthday. He was a typical pioneer who had burned his Old World bridges and was already laying his foundations for a new order in a new land. In this new order he saw the need of young men of grit and promise, and doubtless studied prospects for community leadership. Did his eyes fall on young Benjamin? Probably. Anyway, Benjamin Nye was one of the small group who decided to march from Saugus to a new home on the winding shore of the Cape.

Can we overestimate the historic significance of that trek? Since there were no roads, these home-seekers followed an old Indian trail. Women and children rode horses. Men and sturdy boys walked and herded their cattle on the way. That journey through virgin forest was an endurance test. Weary but charged with hope, the little company finally reached their destination.

The initial years in the Sandwich Colony were filled with gigantic tasks. The temporary booths and sheds which sheltered our Pilgrim families were replaced by permanent houses. A church was erected. Children were sent to school. Laws, civil and criminal, were
passed and sternly enforced. So pass the years between 1635 and 1640.

On October 19th, 1640, the formal ties between the Nyes and Tuppers were strengthened by the marriage of Katherine Tupper, daughter of Thomas Tupper, to Benjamin Nye. The marriage was celebrated in the Tupper House which stood on the site of the boulder we are dedicating today. To memorialize Benjamin Nye, the Nye Family Association has erected a boulder and bronze tablet on the village green facing the Sandwich Town Hall.

In the presence of Town officials and representatives of pioneer families in this section of the Commonwealth, I recall the stimulating statement of William L. Nye of revered memory, made at the fourth reunion of the family at Sandwich August 8th, 1906.

"The early settlers of whom our ancestors were a part were men of sterling worth. They have ever been progressive people searching out something new. No crowded mart for them... Years and generations have passed since they laid down their armor but their memories are fresh and sweet with you today... To the home of those who in the past, by their faithfulness to life's tasks, I welcome you today."

The Nye Family Association honors the memory of Thomas Tupper and his wife Anne and thanks the Tupper Family Association, Inc., for the invitation to participate in this dedication program.
HISTORIC MEMORABILIA

ADDRESS BY MRS. CHARLES WHITE NASH, HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE TUPPER FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED

Both the Old and New Testaments record that “We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.”

Hence, the acquisitiveness of the human being during his earthly existence—his hand ever reaching out to garner possessions—might seem amazing were we not so familiar with that characteristic.

That trait, also, furnishes the subject of this thesis, for the word memorabilia is defined as “things remarkable and worthy of remembrance or record; also, the record of them.”

It is natural that the Tuppers should exhibit interest and pride in their family’s participation in the making of history and that they treasure such concrete evidences as have come to them—their memorabilia. For, family pride seems an inherent trait, even when the tradition is no more glorious than that on which Sir Leicester Dedlock prides himself—accepting his gout as a patri-
“other men’s fathers may have died of the rheumatism... the Dedlock family have communicated something exclusive... by dying of their own family gout which has come down through the line like the plate, or the pictures, or the place in Lincolnshire.”

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When, in 1915, members of the Tupper Family banded themselves together into an organization to salvage the ancestral home from destruction, the act and its purpose brought forth gifts—articles formerly belonging to the Tupper House or to some member of the family—with the intent that they would eventually be placed in the Tupper House.

On this spot, where they were to have found their home, it is fitting that we recall them to mind as we here dedicate this stone and bronze memorabile, which becomes their larger companion in perpetuating “things worthy of remembrance.”

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A pair of andirons or firedogs, gift of the late Mrs. James M. Morton, were in the Tupper House when it burned; a hatchel, an ancient implement for cleaning flax or hemp, given to The Tupper Family Association at its first reunion, was placed with Sandwich Historical Society for safekeeping. With these exceptions, the Association’s acquisitions were placed in my custody.
and for many years have been held as a sacred trust.

First among these were the rare documents presented in 1916 by Mr. Russell E. Tupper, last inheritor of the ancestral home where, for more than a century, these papers had been preserved in a dresser drawer. They include a leather bound account book, wills, deeds, bills of lading, et cetera, which yield much interesting data. The fact that Freeman examined and used them for his famous history of Cape Cod, attests their value; many are still wrapped in strips of paper bearing notations in his fine handwriting.

The account book for over one hundred years records the manifold business transactions and versatility of Eldad Tupper, Clerk, and of Prince Tupper.

Eldad sold sundries from buttons and crape to cow and calf hides, shot, powder and flints; his accounts, begun in 1715 (transferred from an old book), disclose extensive dealings with the Indians, his title “Clerk” deriving from his official connection with the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He devotes several pages to Indian marriages and makes entry of several baptisms as “all by me Eldad Tupper, pastor of the Indian church.”

Prince was a shoemaker; every family in Sandwich seems to have been charged for shoes made of leather or cloth, with “materials found”, or for repairs (vamps, “taping”, lasts, tops and metal caps for boots, etc.). He also makes entries for plowing, carting, rental of teams, cutting hay and wood, making fences, and rent-
ing a scow at fifty cents a tide. Called Captain Prince, his sloop “Betsy” plied between Sandwich and Boston with stores for Sandwichites.

The accounts run to 1836; their index reads like a directory of old Sandwich families. Here and there, in blank spaces between accounts, are jottings of happenings in the Tupper and other families; many are vital statistics. On the inside of the book’s covers are scribbled autographs of Tupper children.

Ellis Tupper appears, settling accounts of Prince Tupper due him (July 2, 1800); on the same day Ellis purchases a gallon of brandy.

Pay was often made with hides, foodstuffs, labor, and the like, rather than with money.

From other papers we learn that Sandwich was a shipping port and that in 1808 Zenas Nye was port inspector; bills of lading show Prince’s sloop “Nancy” “voiging” to New York at a nice profit; a meadow back of Town Neck was designated as “on Tupper’s Island”; the Tupper House was shingled in 1811.

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Since the marriage of Benjamin Nye and Katherine Tupper, soon after their migration to America in the 1630s, we have known of the close connection between these two families; more recent information discloses their earlier relationship in England.

But, there was, at least, one rift in the family lute for among the papers in our collection we find a writ
of one Katherine Nye, widow, against Prince Tupper for trespass; the sheriff is ordered to attach said Tupper's goods or estates to the value of $100. or, in lieu, to take his body (if he may be found in the precinct) and hold it in safe custody, the complaint being that Prince did with force and arms break into Monument swamp, cut down and carry off 100 oak and fifty pine trees, valued at $50., and committed "many other enormities"; Prince was haled to court to answer this summons. John Nye, for the sheriff, attested that he attached a chair, the property of "the within named Prince Tupper", and at the same time gave him the summons "in hand". (1802)

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Political activity by office-holders, recently prohibited by act of the United States Congress, seems to be nothing new. A letter dated 1824, from the office of the Barnstable County Clerk and referring to a search for a deed of conveyance, carries a postscript, as long as the letter, which states that the office of the County Treasurer being vacant "Mr. Matthias Cobb is the candidate fixed upon, he lives in a central location and near the Court House", etc., and "if Sir, you will give him your vote and use your influence in his favor you will much oblige him and will confer a favor on your friend and humble servant

Job E. Davis."
Mr. William H. Eldridge of Twin Falls, Idaho, a native Vermonter and neighbor of the Silas-Norman Tuppers, augmented the family records with a photo­static copy of the Declaration made by the “freeholders and inhabitants of the town of Bennington, on the New Hampshire grants, in the County of Albany, and Province of New York”, to join in defense of their constitutional rights and liberties against the oppressive acts of the British Parliament. Among those signing as resolving “never to become slaves” and associat­ing “under all the ties of religion, honor and love to country” for the preservation of Peace and Good Order and the Safety of individuals and Private Property” were Thomas and “Archelaus Tupper.

How like a present day need it sounds except that then the enemy was without. Have we their courage and stamina?

Another valuable acquisition was the gift of the late Herbert Tupper, Esq., of Springfield, Vermont—a framed autograph letter, with engraved photograph, of the famous author-lecturer, Martin Farquhar Tupper of Guernsey. Dated from London (1875), the letter discusses the American publication of the author’s play “Washington” and his hope to see it performed in Phil­adelphia, adding—“If in any of your American papers
Rarest of the documentary memorabilia is an original deed by which Martha Tupper of Sandwich, widow of Thomas, and her eleven children, convey (to Joseph Norton) a piece of property in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard, being a portion of that she received by deed of gift from her father, Governor Thomas Mayhew. It is signed by Martha, all the children—who became the progenitors of the various branches of the family in America—and two sons-in-law, fourteen in all, undoubtedly the only complete group of their signatures and probably the only existing signatures of some of them. It is remarkable, too, that with the exception of Bethiah (Perry) who made her mark, each was able to sign for him or herself. Dated at Barnstable in 1714, "the thirteenth year of her Majestie's (Anne) reign", this prized possession was the gift, in 1920, of Mr. William J. Rotch of West Tisbury, Massachusetts. (Martha's Vineyard)

The late Miss Minerva Tupper Nye of Marietta, Ohio, and long resident in New York, was deeply interested in her Tupper ancestry (although she had never seen a man of the Tupper name until she met my
brother at a Nye reunion here in Sandwich, 1913 or 1914). She contributed to the Association's collections a rare pen-and-ink drawing, on linen, of the first meeting house in Sandwich, a square, one-story, thatched roof structure; the minister's house, hardly more than a hut; and the Tupper house with its well-sweep and barn, by comparison, like the Mansion House it was later called. This drawing of 1638 is framed in wood from the oldest part of Tupper House.

Miss Nye gave, also, a family heirloom, a gold brooch set with a California diamond; and photographs of the Trumbull portrait of Major Anselm, eldest son of general Benjamin Tupper and youngest soldier of the Revolution which he entered at the age of eleven, and also one of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of General Edward.

Dates have been sparingly mentioned; time blends them into obscurity. In the words of a family poet, Kathryn Munro Tupper—

"False Calendar,  
Your decade is an aeon and your day  
A footworn century that limps away".
TUPPER FAMILY MEMORABILIA EXHIBITED
AT THE SANDWICH, MASSACHUSETTS,
TERCENTENARY

ACCOUNT BOOK OF ELDAD TUPPER, CLERK,
AND PRINCE TUPPER—1713 to 1836.
Contains accounts with the Indians as Eldad, as
Clerk, was the representative of the London Society
for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts;
also, records Indian baptisms and marriages and the
baptisms of his own children by “Eldad, pastor of
the Indian church”. Eldad’s other business ac­
counts are recorded as he sold sundries from crape
to powder, shot and flints.
Prince’s accounts are wholly of business transac­
tions; he was also a shoemaker. The index of
accounts carries practically all of the names of the
old families of Sandwich.

OLD WILLS, DEEDS, BILLS OF LADING, ETC.—
these are too frail for exhibition purposes.

THE ABOVE WERE THE GIFT OF RUSSELL
ELLIS TUPPER in 1916

FRAMED AUTOGRAPH LETTER, WITH PHO­
TOGRAPH, OF MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER
OF GUERNSEY, FAMOUS AUTHOR AND LECTURER: presented by the late Herbert Tupper, Esq., of Springfield, Vt.

The letter is to Col. Forney, with reference to Tupper's play about to be published in America and his intended visit to America. Letter dated, Dec. 9, 1875 from London. Title of the play—"Washington"—which the author hopes to see played in Philadelphia and mentions "Mr. Andrews of the Lotus Club".

FRAMED COPY (ORIGINAL) OF A DEED SIGNED BY MARTHA TUPPER, WIDOW OF THOMAS TUPPER OF SANDWICH, HER ELEVEN CHILDREN AND TWO SONS-IN-LAW—dated 1714; gift of Mr. William J. Rotch of West Tisbury, 1920.

This deed conveys a piece of land at Edgartown, to Joseph Norton, being a part of estate conveyed to Martha Tupper by her father, Gov. Thomas Mayhew, by deed of gift. The only known signatures of all the children of Thomas and Martha Tupper, the progenitors of all branches of the Tupper Family in America.

PHOTOSTAT COPY OF THE BENNINGTON DECLARATION—for salvation of rights and liberties of Americans against acts of the British Parlia-
ment. Signed by Thomas and Archelaus Tupper, among the 39 signers.

GIFT OF WILLIAM H. ELDRIDGE OF TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, native of Vermont

FRAMED DRAWING, ON LINEN, IN PEN AND INK, OF THE FIRST CHURCH, THE MINISTER'S HOUSE, AND THE TUPPER HOUSE, AS THEY APPEARED SOON AFTER THE SETTLEMENT OF SANDWICH; presented by the late Miss Minerva Tupper Nye of Marietta, Ohio, and New York, who gave the old Campus Martius in Marietta to the State of Ohio.

The drawings show the church, a one-story, square, thatched roof building; the minister's house, a small, hut-like structure also thatched roof; the Tupper house, (a two-story house) quite mansion-like, by comparison, showing well-sweep and barn. The frame is of wood from the oldest part of the old Tupper house, erected 1637.

THE SWORD OF LT. COL. WILLIAM TUPPER OF MONSON, Mass., who was an officer in the Revolution and also served in the French and Indian war under Abercrombie at Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain; presented through Mr. Frank Tupper of Worcester, a collateral descendant of Lt. Col. William, of whom Mrs. Charles White Nash, of Albany, N. Y., is a lineal descendant.
A CHILD'S WOODEN SHOE-LAST, MARKED H. B. F., found about 1915 by the late Edward E. Tupper of Cambridge, Mass., in the chimney well of the old Tupper House, and by him given to the Association. This is the only tangible evidence remaining of Prince Tupper's shoemaking business.

HEIRLOOMS—A GOLD BROOCH SET WITH CUT CRYSTAL, from Miss Minerva Tupper Nye of Ohio; BROCADED SILK FROM A GOWN IN THE TROUSSEAU OF MARY JANE BENVIE TUPPER OF NOVA SCOTIA, gift of her grandchildren through one of them, the late Miss Mary Jeffers of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

CANADIAN FLAG—gift of the late Mrs. Andrew McGregor Barton of Nova Scotia and Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHS—including one of MAJOR ANSEL TUPPER, SON OF GEN. BENJAMIN TUPPER, WHO ENTERED THE REVOLUTION AT THE AGE OF 11, (said to be the youngest enlisted for that war), from his portrait by Trumbull; and one of Gen. EDWARD WHITE TUPPER, GRANDSON OF GEN. BENJAMIN, WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF 1812, from his portrait by Gilbert Stuart.
Mr. President, Members of The Tupper Family Association of America, Inc., Invited Guests and Friends:—

While I was born and lived in Sandwich until I reached young manhood, and have spent my summers here ever since, I never lived in the Old Tupper House, but my father Robert Henry Tupper was born here and my uncle Russell (for whom I was named) lived here in single blessedness until his death on October 26th, 1904. As my grandparents, Prince and Clarissa, died before I was born, my reminiscences of necessity will have to do with my uncle.

His middle name was Ellis and mine Everett so that we both signed our names Russell E., which was all right until I became old enough to occasionally receive mail from certain young ladies, some of which he received and read but being an old bachelor he did not appreciate such important communications nor understand the flowery language they contained, and, when he finally came to hand them over to me, it was always with the admonition to watch my step and be careful.
We lived at what is now the junction of Tupper Road and the State Highway toward the east, and my first recollection of going to see him with my mother was when I was young enough to be wheeled in a baby carriage, and of being lifted up to see the many birds' nests with their eggs or young, which were always to be seen in the trees and bushes along Tupper Road before the days of automobiles.

When we arrived he would greet my mother in a very formal manner, and I always got the greeting of “Hello, Bub.” The greater part of our visit was usually occupied by my mother in cleaning up the house, for while dirt always accumulates in the ordinary household, it has a habit of not only accumulating but staying in an old bachelor's sanctuary.

The front door of the Old House was about eight feet back of the boulder, with lilac bushes on both sides. At the left of the front hall was a room containing the old-fashioned desk with a stuffed horned owl on the top, whose big eyes and sharp claws always interested me. It was shot by my uncle, as it came up from the swamp, and was about to pounce upon a chicken to carry back to its young. In this room in the corner was the old Grandfather's Clock with its heavy weights, and it is now no longer a secret that hidden inside were many treasured articles including my uncle’s bank. Here, as in all other rooms of the Tupper Mansion (as it was once called) was an open fireplace. The early Tppers were considered well-
to-do, and in the days of my Grandparents one could walk around the house and all the land he could see belonged to the Toppers.

At the right of the front hall was a sitting-room, as it was called, and in the days of my uncle was rather over-adorned with stuffed birds, and on each wall was a stuffed fox which he had shot and had mounted. His fame as a gunner was known for miles around and I could relate many stories of his hunts, but his favorite was one in which he was sitting in his skiffboat hidden by rushes on one side of Tupper Creek (now a part of the Cape Cod Canal) when a lone goose came swimming along. As he fired and killed the goose he noticed a commotion in the rushes on the opposite bank and on rowing over found a dead fox, which had evidently been following the goose and been in the line of fire, so that he got double game. (Just a little proof of Tupper luck.)

In back of the sitting-room was the downstairs bedroom with its floor about eight inches higher than that of the other rooms. At the back of the house was the long, low-ceilinged, dark kitchen with its enormous fireplace and brick oven from which many appetizing goodies must have come in my father's boyhood days and for many years previous. My Grandmother, Aunt Clarissa, as she was affectionately called by everybody, was noted for her hospitality and I have often heard the grownups of my boyhood days tell of how everybody liked to be invited to her home and of the
many good things she had always ready for them to eat. Here also my uncle did HIS cooking, having numberless corncobs which he soaked in a mug of kerosene to start the fire. The stone step going out into the back yard from the kitchen is still to be seen as is also the stone step at my right leading into the side door and a milk-room and cupboard.

Upstairs were two bedrooms each with its open fireplace. Of course, with its many fireplaces the chimney was enormous, and I suppose that at that early date the bricks must have been brought from England as well as perhaps the hand-made nails, etc. In this chimney was a hiding place where the women and children went in case of an attack by hostile Indians. I used to go in once in a while and imagine all sorts of things happening outside, while my mother was busy cleaning up the house. I think the local Indians were very friendly, however, for I was told how in the early days the Indians helped raise the rafters of the original Tupper House—and, of course, Thomas Tupper and Richard Bourne were Indian Missionaries and probably taught them to behave, anyway. (A monument has been erected up in Bournedale to these men.)

The house in the adjoining field was made from the old barn, and many were the tunnels through the hay I made and crawled through as a boy on my visits. Attached to the barn was the carriage-shed. Over here in the corner near the stones was the old well-sweep which had been changed to a well-house with its old
oaken bucket in my day. I never relished the water for it had a "woody" taste, but my uncle used it exclusively. At the other end of the wall was the corn-house set up on stone posts away from the rats and mice. Next to it was the henhouse, although I never saw many hens in it, for they seemed to prefer to roost in an old apple-tree at the rear of the house. Once in a while my uncle would make a tour of the barn and swamp and gather up the eggs, and he used to say that, when a hen stole her nest, she always brought out a better and larger brood of chicks. Next to the barn was the lane going down into the swamp and to the upland. Before the railroad (and of course Canal) was built the Tuppers would go out in the Bay and catch their winter's supply of fish and bring it up to the end of the lane on a high tide, and from there to the house where it would be cleaned and dried and stored away.

The later Tuppers, including my uncle, attended church services in the Methodist Church at Sagamore, which was nearer than Sandwich. One minister they had there enjoyed hunting and fishing and apparently became quite friendly with my uncle, for I have often heard him tell of having a "Red-Hot" Prayer-Meeting, after which they would spend the remainder of the night (if it was moonlight) down on the marsh catching eels.

When automobiles became somewhat common, the Tupper house was listed in all the Guide-Books as "The Oldest House on Cape Cod," and so many visitors used
to come here. Most of them wanted souvenirs and most visitors got them for trifling sums. In closing, I'd like to relate a story along this line told me by Mrs. A. E. Boyden of Sandwich. The souvenir seemingly most desired was a piece of tableware, and it was surprising to learn how many spoons were discovered in the Old House. Finally, as the spoons went one by one, my uncle became alarmed and finally had only one left. A former visitor wrote to him enclosing a dollar bill, and was so insistent that she be sent a spoon, that in desperation my uncle finally wrote back—"Dear Madam:— Your letter received, but I am afraid I cannot grant your request. I am returning your dollar and beg of you to let an old bachelor live in peace with his one spoon."

The following original poem written by Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper, Honorary president and President Emeritus of the Tupper Family Association and one of its founders, was read by the author:

TO THE EVER SACRED MEMORY OF THOMAS TUPPER AND HIS WIFE, ANNE, FOUNDERS OF THE TUPPER FAMILY OF AMERICA

All through the air the white-winged gulls were calling,
In sad farewell unto an exile band,
And nature's sympathy came sadly falling,
Upon the souls who left behind their native land,
That sympathy could only spur devotion,
Hint threatening perils of an unknown sea,
The storms and wreck of a relentless ocean,
The apprehensions of a voyage to be.

They left their homes which long ago have perished,
The flowers, the trees, the landscapes passing fair,
Those ancient homes for generations cherished,
The hills and streams beloved beyond compare.
Deserted too were old cathedrals gray.
Familiar bells no longer called to prayer.
The castles, courts, so praised in song and hearsay,
In memory only were to be their care.

The golden bonds of friendship must be broken,
Friends, kindred, neighbors must be left behind,
Farewell to every customary token
By exiles keeping homeland scenes in mind.
No more the visit to the still enclosure,
Where stones entablatured kept sacred name,
No more the cypress and the yew's composure,
Beyond, above, all earthly praise or blame.

And when the adventurous voyage at last was ended,
And when they reached the strange colonial shore,
What hopes, and fears, and apprehensions blended
To keep their plans in doubt from less to more.
And he, our Founder, with his lovely daughter,
Came not so much for gold or paltry gain
But to defend the threatening of slaughter
By hostile Indians, early settlers' bane.

And not by force but by benign persuasion
He preached to Indians and taught them well,
So that, when came the threat of an invasion,
The Christian Indians heard the church's bell,
And would not join in massacre appalling,  
But saved the colonists, whose feeble state  
Risked the disaster of an early falling,  
Had not their Indian friends forestalled such fate.

Of Thomas Mayhew, governor and preacher,  
Manorial lord of Martha’s Vineyard Isle,  
Nantucket and the adjoining lands, the teacher  
Who won the Indians with his kindly smile,  
Of Thomas Mayhew, friend and coadjutor,  
He found much favor in the ancient days,  
For each was to the dusky Indians tutor,  
To clear their minds of superstition’s haze.

Town Clerk, Selectman, deputy for years,  
The representative of townsmen free,  
He was among the prophets and the seers,  
Who visioned the great nation yet to be.  
And Thomas Mayhew, governor and preacher,  
Gave to his fellow worker’s worthy son  
His daughter Martha, amiable teacher,  
And so the race of Tuppers well was run.  
And so in each succeeding generation  
Came soldiers, preachers, statesmen through the years,

Lawyers, and doctors, teachers to our nation,  
Peerless among a hundred would-be peers.  
And some with beautiful devotion  
Fought side by side with Washington the great,  
Amid the Revolution’s wild commotion,  
Entranced to serve the interests of the State.  
And some in Canada, our friendly neighbor,  
Rose to the highest rank in that great land,  
And gave their words, and thoughts and ceaseless labor  
To build that nation to its present stand.
And one, preëminent above all others,
Fearless, constructive leader of them all,
Shed luster on his own admiring brothers,
And never failed to answer duty's call,
Sir Charles, promoter of Confederation
And greatest among colleagues truly great,
Inspirer of his native land's free education,
Honored by Queen and King in royal state.

Hail and farewell, progenitor illustrious!
Forever may thy memory be kept green!
And may descendants with a love industrious
Cherish the precincts where thy home was seen.
ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR FREDERICK TUPPER, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

HOMES OF THE TUPPERS

“Any son of the Puritans standing upon the rock, whence he was hewn and looking into the mouth of the pit whence he was digged must speak with all the frankness and honesty that are in him.” So I began twenty-four years ago (August 1915) an address delivered here in Sandwich to a gathering of our clan. As I turn over the yellowing leaves of that half-forgotten manuscript, I find myself in substantial agreement with much that I said then, particularly with my laughing hint of a doubt of certain theories of the Continental origin of our race. Passing years have deepened my skepticism. May I repeat what I wrote on November 23, 1935 to Frank Tupper of Hollywood from the heights above Santa Fé in a sunshine that seemed to penetrate the dusky corners of the brain clearing them of cobwebs:

“I have long questioned the tradition of a German origin of the Tuppers. The derivation of the name from
Topp-herr or Top-lord is not only bad etymology (quite bad, top-heavy), but inconsistent with the other conjectural derivation (probably equally spurious) from “Tout Perdu”, “All is lost” a phrase fashioned in a moment of chivalrous despondency—(by Francis I, who was presumably a Tupper in disguise). Indeed Martin Farquhar Tupper, who, as you say “broadcast the legend of our origin in Hesse Cassel” is inconsistent, when he finds the helmet of a knightly ancestor among the Norman relics in Battle Abbey. I was amazed and amused to find that after the Great War our English namesakes had for patriotic reason frankly disregarded the Teutonic theory of descent and found our beginnings in Bohemia (doubtless the fabled Coasts of Bohemia, of which Shakespeare writes).” Indeed, wherever we turn on the maps of Germany, France, England, the Holy Land, we detect that ubiquitous and polyglot ancestor of ours topping the table and consistently losing beyond the recovery of most of us all save honor.

There seems to be little doubt that the ancestor of the Guernsey folk, whom I have visited on their island and whom I have known in London (counting some of them as dear friends) was Henry Tupper of Chichester, Sussex, who came to the Channel Islands in 1592, I think—certainly in the late sixteenth century. I asked myself “why not seek our origins in Sussex?” So I turned, in the British Museum in July, 1929, to the records of Sussex parishes in a ponderous volume by
Dallaway, "History of Western Division of Sussex", 1819, and was richly rewarded. Here, in the sixteenth century annals of many churches I met the name repeatedly. Indeed Dallaway noted that in 1410 one John Tupper or Tuppere was the priest of Stopham Church. If this record was correct, then the theory of a sixteenth century German Origin was flatly disproved. I got into my car and drove down into Sussex. Happily the present incumbent of Stopham was Chaplain in the flagship of Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper during the Great War and he rendered me ready aid. In the list of early Stopham priests, posted in the portico of the church, we found the name I sought—but here it was spelled, "Toppere", evidently an early variant of the name, as there are today Tppers in the neighborhood. At the clergyman's suggestion I drove over to the nearby parish of Bignor, where, on the farm of one of these Sussex Tppers, was unearthed a famous Roman villa in the early nineteenth century. I visited the villa, but as the farmer was away, and the woman of the place inhospitable, I did not gain access to the house. But Mr. Geoffrey Tupper, son of Sir Lewis Tupper, and grand-nephew of Martin Farquhar, told me that he had seen the Tupper coat of arms over the mantel in this home—a very ancient dwelling. I think that there is ample evidence to show that the roots of Tppers are in Sussex. And there is a strong probability—a certainty if "Tppers" and "Toppere" are one (and Dallaway had no doubt of this)—that men of the name were
in Southern England a hundred years before the supposed coming of the German refugees to England at the time of the Reformation.

Since 1935, when I wrote that letter, much evidence has been presented by Richard Leach (quoting such original records as a letter from Thomas Mayhew of Martha’s Vineyard, and such recent authorities as Bank’s History of Martha’s Vineyard, 1937, to show that Thomas Tupper came from Bury, county Sussex.

Now what of the environment of Bury? It is in the rape or rope of Arundel (following the old Teutonic practice of measuring land by the rope), on the river Arun, which flowed into the English Channel a few miles to the south and thus provided ready communication with Normandy. At Arundel was built an imposing castle of which the keep is still standing. This was first owned by the Montgomerys and later by the Howards, of whom the head is the Duke of Norfolk, first peer of England. Our investigators seem inclined to think that our forefathers had been living in this neighborhood for hundreds of years before Thomas Tupper sailed into the West and found a home for himself and his descendants in strange lands beyond the sea.

Let us say something of this original home of the race—Sussex, the land of the South Saxons, one of the oldest parts of England. How old, and how closely linked with great scenes from English History, Kipling shows in his delightful Puck’s song:
See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred’s ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion’s camping place,
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

It was in this ancient land of Sussex that our forefathers dwelt, doubtless for many centuries—perhaps even before the Norman came. May I paraphrase from the Nineteenth Century of August 1884, a passage or two in an article on “The County Characteristics of Sussex” by Henry Hewlett. On the second page, I was delighted to find an account of the famous Roman villa, which
was unearthed on Tupper land. "Enough remains to attest the judgment and taste as well as the opulence of its owner. The high ground which he chose for its site faces a group of hills and valleys more picturesque than at any point of the South Downs. Here, upon an area of some four acres he planned his house on a grand scale, its rooms being ranged round an inner court with baths on one side. The mosaic pavement of the banqueting hall, decorated with Cupids engaged in gladiatorial combat, with dancing nymphs and other graceful designs is among our best-preserved relics of Roman art." If this had been unearthed three centuries ago, instead of one, those dancing nymphs would have driven to America all the Puritans in Sussex. Not only Roman remains but relics of the dark ages are found in many places. Horse-shoes are nailed over doors to avert witches—such witches as the Puritans persecuted in their new lands. Fairies or "pharisees" as the peasants call them dance in the moonlight. Century-old superstitions still have power to alarm. And above this pleasant countryside rise the wonderful wind-swept Southdown ridges, extending nearly the whole length of the Sussex seaboard, some fifty miles in length and five in width,—little changed since Thomas Tupper of Bury left Sussex for the New World over three hundred years ago.

As I write this, I look at my motoring guide to Sussex, a section of Bartholomew's "Half-Inch-to-Mile Map of England and Wales" and find, as I remember, that
these Tupper places in Sussex are very near together. Bury, the birthplace of Thomas Tupper, is less than two miles from Bignor the site of the Roman Villa, and Stopham, where John Tupper or Topper preached in 1410, is four or five. Chichester, the home of the founder of the Guernsey line, is ten miles away and is the cathedral town of this region—with a population of perhaps fifteen thousand. We Tanners are all of the same Sussex stock, as indeed were many others of the early settlers of Sandwich (Leach).

"It is indeed a lovely land. Depression of the spirit is impossible in an atmosphere so fresh and exhilarating, with a prospect so wide and ever-shifting, now forward or behind, over curving uplands and shelving valleys, now downward on one side over an endless succession of fields and woods clustered round their churches and scattered farmsteads—on the other side through gaps disclosing glimpses of the sea, bright or dark."

Until the recent investigations of Mr. Richard E. Leach, it was supposed that our emigrant ancestor, Thomas Tupper, came over on the Abigail to Lynn in 1635. In the last few years, the full list of the 220 persons who made the voyage on the Abigail has become known, and of the entire number only three heads of families (and Thomas Tupper was not one of these) settled at Sandwich. Moreover this fruitful study by a trained genealogist has revealed that in 1635 Thomas Tupper was already in New England—as were also
Benjamin Nye and Thomas Greenfield who went with him to Sandwich at the beginning of the settlement there in 1635. These companions of Thomas Tupper were also Sussex men, coming from the same neighborhood—"in parishes in the same hundreds and their family lines had run together from several generations (I am still quoting Mr. Leach). Thomas Tupper had made several voyages to New England and West Indies and was first in Cape Ann and Cape Cod in 1624. It appears that Henry Tupper of Bury, the father of Thomas, was related by marriage to the Mayhews. It was a daughter of this house, Martha, that the younger Thomas Tupper married—and thus became the ancestor of all the Toppers of America.

So much for the origins of our American family. There are in England, at the present time, two branches of Toppers: (1) the Sussex farmers, yeomen of the Chichester-Bignor-Stopham neighborhood, still close to the soil from which the race sprang and displaying on its walls the family coat of arms. (2) The Guernsey people whom I have visited on their island and with whom my immediate family has been in close touch for the past thirty years, including Martin Farquhar Toppers' represented by Sir Reginald Tupper, Admiral of the Western Approaches during the Great War.

Of the Sussex folk, I have already spoken. Of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, Author of Proverbial Philosophy, I shall repeat in substance what I
said here in Sandwich twenty-five years ago. He came to America in the autumn of 1876 and to Charleston in February, 1877. As I was then at the somewhat youthful age of five, I must be mistaken in my abiding impression that I was Chairman of the Reception Committee, that I personally introduced him to his Charleston audience and that I often sat late with him over the coffee and cigars. So vivid, however, is my second-hand recollection that every incident of his sojourn is rooted in my consciousness. All his doings soon became family traditions: how his enthusiasm over the crowded hall, which had been packed with dead-heads of every sort, Confederate veterans, old ladies, helpless children, by large drains upon the family purse, waxed so intense that he announced at the close of the lecture, to the visible consternation of the almost bankrupt Tppers, that he would repeat his reading a second evening; how his disgust at the critical appreciation of this same lecture, carefully prepared for the newspaper by one of the cousinhood showed itself in his breakfast table comment, “What a nasty report of my reading”; how he insisted upon being duly stimulated before his talk to the Y.M.C.A.; and how, upon his departure on the midnight Pullman, he complained bitterly that ‘no one had put for him any lunch in the bed.’ And, best of all, is the story of the foiled attempt to render tribute to poetic genius out of the mouth of babes. Two of the youngsters of the family were to enter hand-in-hand and sweetly lisp into the ears of the proverbial philoso-
pher that memorable line of his own making, "A child in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." Alas, there was in those days one Tupper with a boyish sense of humor. And the sad result of his private coaching appeared in the revised version that was duly presented to the poet by his youthful kinsfolk: "A child in the well is a houseful of pleasure!"

In course of time the boy that met Martin Farquhar in Charleston became a man and he crossed the ocean many times and he never saw the Island of his early dreams. Often standing on the Southern shore of England or on the northern Coast of France he would look wistfully over the Channel and say: "Not now but some time I shall go to Guernsey." And the time came at length thirty years ago, when his wife and he (they had been married in England the year before) were lounging away some dull October days in London. So from the Bloomsbury Hotel there traveled to Col. Basil de Beauvoir Tupper of Hauteville House a request that two Americans of the Southern branch might pay their respects to the head and home of the English family and the answer came in a woman's hand that Col. Tupper himself was too ill to write, but that the Americans would be very welcome in Guernsey.

Years ago, when memories were fresh, I was wont to speak long of this visit to the island of the Tuppers: of the dim church of St. Peter's filled with the tombs of ten generations of the family and their kinsmen, the Le Marchants and Le Mesuriers and Careys, for it
is said in Guernsey that, if you are not born a Carey, you will die one. There too is the rich monument of General Gaspard Le Marchant Tupper on which are emblazoned the family arms—three wild boars and many escalllops—a Greyhound for a crest, a passant ermine, etc. etc.—all which may be irreverently rendered according to my father—the pigs and the oyster shells. These emblems were everywhere in the quiet houses in which women dwelt. The greyhound crest appeared not only on the massive silver christening bowls but on the plate and knives and forks. The arms stood forth on mantels and furniture.

Late in my visit I was told that old Colonel Basil de Beauvoir would speak with me for a few moments, so I went to his chamber. He was sitting swathed in a heavy dressing-gown, in a large arm-chair and looked a very ill man indeed. He held in his hand a morocco case. “I thought that you would like to see these,” he said, and handed me the William and Mary chain and medal granted to his ancestor. I took them most reverently, you may well imagine, and gazed at them very long without a word. Presently, I heard him say: “I have no boy, you know, no boy—only girls, three very nice girls. And those things go from Guernsey, they have been here 200 years, to the British Museum.” A pause which he at length broke: “You Americans had a general at Bunker Hill, hadn’t you, when General John went over with his marines.” “Yes,” I answered, “He was a major then; and we had a general too, in
1812, when some others of you came over.” He smiled, and I could swear to the twinkle in his eye. “But I hear that you treated Martin very well during his visit to America.” I picked my words, now, for the time was short:—“You see, sir, whenever you English Tippers have come across the water, whether in peace or in war, there have always been American Tippers ready and eager to greet you.” He smiled again but grimly, and I was sure that I guessed his thought. If ever in the future, any American Tippers came to Guernsey, there would be no man of the name to greet them there. And so I passed from the presence of the old soldier, the last man of his Guernsey line. He died within the year.

It was our hope that the old Colonel’s eldest daughter, Frances, would visit us this summer and would come with us to Sandwich. But fears of war dissuaded her from the voyage. It would have been a great pleasure and privilege to have introduced that splendid Englishwoman to all of you—at this gathering of the Clans.

May I add that since my last visit to Sandwich, twenty-odd years ago I have seen not a little of the Tupper family on the English mainland. In 1922, I ran down into the country near London for a day with Martin Farquhar’s nephew, Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, who had commanded the Fleet guarding the Western Approaches during the Great War. He had now retired and was playing the role of J. P. somewhere in Sussex. With his family and his neighbors, I had a happy visit. I was to meet him and his daughters again
—for Lady Tupper had died in the interim—seven years later when I was once more in England. He was a fine type of the British naval officer.

But the Englishman of the family whom I liked the most was the Admiral's brother's son, Geoffrey,—a graduate of Brazenose College, Oxford, and a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn. He lunched with me at my London Club, the Authors', and I dined with him at his suburban home. I ran across him, too, at a bumping race of the Oxford Colleges. He was a splendid specimen of the English gentleman—very gracious and kindly—and an honor to his name. Thus I have seen much of both the English branches—the Channel Island people and those on the mainland.

There was one book of my boyhood, which did me far more real service than the thrilling chronicles of far-away fighters, a book of peace, Frederick Freeman's "History of Cape Cod." It was a very rare book in my own country, for in the fateful year of its publication, 1860, South Carolinians were otherwise occupied than in cementing family ties with Massachusetts. I find, indeed, by consulting the list of subscribers, that, of the eight copies of the work sold south of the Potomac, four were purchased by members of my immediate family. Over one of these four copies—two massive quarto volumes admirably printed by Rand's Boston press—I pored with delight in the early eighties. Freeman's extensive and accurate researches humanized for me the Eldads and Elishas and Eliakims who had seemed
so shadowy in the bare genealogical annals. Old Thomas Tupper, the immigrant, first of our line in America, emerged from the pages a full-blown aggressive personality, whom age could not wither. His young descendant saw him, at the ripe age of sixty, coming in 1637 with nine other men from Saugus or Lynn and founding at Sandwich the first settlement on the Cape, and beheld him playing a leader's part in the young community, a member of the council of war, a selectman, a deputy for nineteen years. But these services in no way differentiated this good man from his steeple-hatted fellows, as did his churchly functions. This was the ecclesiastical situation in Sandwich in 1654. The Rev. William Leverich, graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge and a "man of great piety and meekness," was forced to leave his church here for Long Island, because the people at Sandwich as in the other colonies began "to be indifferent to the ministry and to exercise their own gifts, doubting the utility of stated preaching." Now, at this point Thomas Tupper who is fully seventy-six comes into the story, revealing himself to the core. Listen to Freeman (I, 247):—"After the departure of Mr. Leverich from Sandwich, there was no regularly settled minister in the town for some years. Mr. Thomas Tupper, known more prominently as Captain Tupper, undertook, although not acceptable to the staunch friends of Mr. Leverich, to conduct religious services in the meeting house; and, strange to say, though he was without ordination and withal some-
what fanatical and ranting, if we are to credit tradition, and often in difficulties with his neighbors, was in favor with the government, (of which few of the respectable inhabitants could at that time, boast) so that no objection to his officiating was made by court influence. His prophesyings were neither approved nor countenanced by large numbers of the best people in the town, nor by a majority of church members.” There you have Thomas Tupper Sr. drawn to the life, and you know him as well as if you had lived with him for years in the old house—a godly, honest, untrained, obstinate, quarrelsome man, unweakened and unmellowed by age, never doubting himself or his ability, ever resolutely bent on doing his duty as he saw it, and finding, like the true Puritan that he was, a larger satisfaction in that duty when it was distasteful to everybody around him. The loyal descendant reads on, with very real relief, that quiet was at length secured for the neighborhood by the appointment in 1658 of the Rev. Joseph Smith. A deep hush must have fallen upon Sandwich when, in the significant words of the historian, “Mr. Tupper turned his attention to the Indians.” The career of Indian missionary, confidently undertaken at eighty by this wonderful member of the church militant, had a rich harvest not only in his own church near Herring Pond but in the later labors of his son, Thomas, and his grandson, Eldad, among the redskins. Thomas Tupper Sr. died March 28, 1676, upward of 98 years, and in the same year died
his wife, Anne, who could not then have been ninety, as Freeman tells us, since she was the mother of an only son, Thomas Tupper Jr. born in January 1638. Not she, but an earlier wife, of the elder Thomas, was the mother of that Katharine Tupper who crossing with her father from the old home in England, became, as every reader of the Sandwich monument knows, the ancestress of the American Nyes. Young Thomas, one of the first babies to be ushered into this little Sandwich world, followed closely in his father's footsteps. During his life of seventy years, he was weighty in councils of war and peace and mighty in Christian labors among the neighboring tribes. But our chief concern is not with his work and worship, but with his wooing. Like his far-off cousin, John of Guernsey, he married the daughter of an island governor, who was, moreover, something of an heiress, for her father, that sturdy worker among the Indians, Governor Thomas Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard and the neighboring islands, obtained a grant from Lord Stirling 1641, and conveyed to his daughter Martha by deed of gift in 1666, five years after her marriage, much valuable estate including among other lands an estate at Chappaquidick; half of "the island Nunnemisset bought of Isaac sachem of Manomet"; and also a share "of Cuttayhunck which was given by the said sachem." By the way, who of us own that property now? Have we let it all slip through our fingers? And a still more vital question regarding Martha Mayhew's wooing:
"What if three hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
Should I be I or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?"

This we may, each of us, ask and answer, for Martha Mayhew is the common mother of us all, the hundreds of Tuppens in the States and Canada.

"O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover,—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Thomas and Martha's,—all their own,
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!"

The lot of the troop of boys and girls growing up in the old house was surely not as unhappy as their so-called juvenile literature (which was really both senile and unliterary) would suggest. The New England Primer taught them not only that "In Adam's fall, we sinned all," but "As runs the glass, our life doth pass," and "Xerxes doth die, and so must I"; other manuals reminded them that "small though they be, there are many graves shorter than they in yonder churchyard and that the fires of hell are kindled with little chips as well as with big logs"; and slight comfort was afforded by Wigglesworth's poem, "The Day of Doom"—widely popular among a people who deemed Shakespeare anathema—which proclaimed that for unregenerate childhood was reserved the easiest room in hell.
Mather’s “Milk for Babes drawn from the Breasts of both Testaments” was their daily pabulum. “What a childhood!” we exclaim. Yet these sons and daughters of the patriarchs came to manhood and womanhood with an abiding sense, regrettably lacking in later-day youth, that there was a living God in the world and that their bodies were his temple. Somewhat owlish and solemn these youthful Toppers may have been—with doubtless little humor in them—but they were evidently very worthy young persons, doing their duty faithfully whether preaching or teaching or farming or fishing or doctoring.

Each and every one of us derives his life from one of six sons of Thomas and Martha,—Thomas, Israel, Ichabod, Eldad, Medad, and Eliakim. There were girls, of course,—five, I believe—but girls count mightily in mating, though little in the transmission of a name. In any case, there seemed small danger of race-suicide in one Sandwich home.

Then came in the third generation the migration of tribes. Several of the sons left their father’s house, leading the boy reader some merry chases through the prodigious family scroll, which, however, well repaid the exertion, for they opened trails through pedigrees, which meant little,—to persons, who meant much. It was the tribe of Eliakim that found its way to Nova Scotia in 1760, producing on that far Northern soil a century later, the famous Conservative premier of Canada, Charles Tupper who had just won in these days of
the eighties a well-deserved baronetcy, perhaps the greatest man of all the name; it was the tribe of Israel that migrated, in the person of "schoolmaster Silas" to Vermont, sending down to the South some generations afterward that major-general of the Confederacy, Tullius Tupper, whose people were even now living in Atlanta; (I met his grand-daughter in New Orleans three years ago) it was the tribe of Ichabod from which Dr. Henry Martin Tupper of Raleigh traced his descent. Then, too, the huge scroll patiently portrayed the origin of General Benjamin Tupper, notable not only for that Bunker Hill exploit of which even Guernsey had heard, but for his services in the French and Indian War, his expedition in Boston harbor, for which he was thanked by Washington in general orders, his presence at Saratoga and Valley Forge, his suppression of Shays's Rebellion and finally (McMaster's history was full of this) for his leadership in the founding of the Ohio Company and in the opening-up of the Middle West. Then the Charleston boy of fifty years ago turned to his own line. Eldad had bided at home about his father's business, for many years "Pastor of the Indian Church." But his son, Dr. Benjamin had migrated to Nantucket where he long prescribed pills, potions and preservatives and doubtless cupped and bled his victims in the awful fashion of his century. His son, the boy's great-grandfather, James, a physician too, was distinguished in family tradition for his loyalty to the king during the Revolution attested in a pamphlet "Ichneumon," which
the boy all his life has vainly sought, and, jolly old Tory that he was, for his joyous conviviality during his visits to his son. In that son, Tristram, who had married a Southern woman and planted the household gods on a Southern hearth in the early days of the century, the boy felt a natural pride not only because this grandfather of his was the president of the first hundred miles of railroad in all the world, but because it was truly recorded of him on his monument in the family church that, during fifty years as merchant and citizen:

"His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal,
Nor numbers, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind."

Such are the simple records of our American family. To them, I have devoted my space rather than to the more stirring narratives of the Guernsey race, because they are more familiar, not surely because they are less important. We must stand and fall by our own quiet achievements, not by the romantic adventures of far-away namesakes. Moreover we live and move in the sultry world of custom and the commonplace, not in the breezy air of constant change and roving; and the chief triumphs of the spirit are won amid the joys and sorrows of every day, not among the thrills of storm and battle. In our study of our forefathers we seek not only the moving incidents of their lives, but some clue to their characters, for their traits survive in our own
beings. It is not so significant for us that a few, a very few of the descendants of Thomas and Martha have lived conspicuously, but that all of them have lived decently. If only one or two have made us notable, none have made us notorious. "Goodman Tupper," our ancestor was called. And good men his generations have been, dwelling in the fear of God and in the respect of their neighbors. The simple virtues of the old Sandwich home of the race, resolution and energy, truth and reverence, love and honor, the "plain living and high thinking" of homespun Thomas, Eldad and Ichabod, must be somewhere in the blood of all of us. Good faith, we must not fail that! With such a heritage, we can never be, any of us, altogether cheap and vulgar and tawdry.

But the greatest thing that our traditions have done for us has been to make us genuine Americans. We are, in every fiber, an American family,—and have been so for three hundred years, living under king for one half of these and under constitution ever since that was framed. And to colony or to monarch, to state or to country, we have ever been ardently loyal. Political philosophers may declare that as soon as an alien, any Hans or Pat or Tony, grasps the American ideals, sometimes a very vague conception, he becomes an American. With this three-year Americanism that is so often found wanting, we Tuppers may contrast a three-century Americanism, bred into blood and bone, sense and sinew, for nine or ten generations. Such is ours by
right of birth; and never was such more needed by our country than in these days of so-called hyphenation. In yet another sense we are representatively American. We have been “all sorts and conditions of men,” everybody’s equals, living everywhere, coping with all circumstances, moving on all levels of honest thought and labor. But high or low, rich or poor, we are chips of this old Sandwich block. Is it any wonder that we return, some of us after an absence of centuries, to claim the site of the ancient home as our own and to pay our filial tribute to the good men and women, our forbears, who lived and loved and worked and worshiped under its roof so very long ago?

Frederick Tupper.
UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL

The memorial boulder with bronze tablet was unveiled by John Nye Field and Russell E. Tupper, Junior, eleventh generation descendants of Thomas Tupper. John Nye Field is the son of Mr. John H. Field, Jr., and Mrs. Field, of East Sandwich, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Smith of East Sandwich and Newton. Russell E. Tupper, Jr., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell E. Tupper of Sandwich and Beverly.

The bronze tablet attached to the stone boulder carries a replica of the Old Tupper House and the following inscription composed by Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper:

This stone marks the site of the ancient homestead of Thomas Tupper and his wife, Anne, founders of the Tupper Family of America. Let their descendants be worthy of an honorable ancestry.

1637-1939
Left, John Nye Field    Right, Russell E. Tupper, Jr.
SEATING PLAN AT UNVEILING CEREMONIES

Mr. George W. Tupper
Chairman

Right of Chairman  Left of Chairman
1. Prof. Frederick Tupper  1. Mrs. Charles White Nash
2. Mr. Clarence E. Tupper  2. Mr. Frederic Allison Tupper
3. Mr. Frank E. Wing  3. Judge Mayhew R. Hitch
4. Mr. Franklin E. Smith  4. Mr. Russell E. Tupper

Officials of the Town of Sandwich

The Wing Family
Mr. and Mrs. George C. Tupper
Mrs. Silas W. Anthony

Unveiling Committee
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Russell E. Tupper

Invited Guests and General Public
John H. Field, Jr., Head Usher