



J.H. Bufford's Lith.

Eph^m P. Bradford,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,

BY E. C. COGSWELL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of New Hampshire.

P R E F A C E .

IN all the arrangements for the Centennial, the publication of a historic volume was a controlling consideration ; and the subjects assigned for discussion were selected with a view to this object ; so that the subsequent volume might bear the impress of many minds, rather than of one, and thus become the product of New Boston intellects and hearts. Still, it was foreseen, that the articles furnished must be subjected to the careful revision of one responsible person, and be arranged in their appropriate order ; while many subjects, untouched by others, must necessarily be developed by him ; and the great burden of collecting incidents and facts, which would be of permanent interest, and serve to unfold the character and habits of by-gone generations, could well devolve upon no other. Accordingly, at a meeting held the evening of July 4, 1863, at the parsonage of the Presbyterian Church, by the returned sons of New Boston, Dr. Thomas H. Cochran was appointed Chairman, and Robert B. Wason, Secretary, when “on motion, it was unanimously resolved that a history of New Boston, our native town, be published, embracing, among other materials, the transactions of the Centennial Celebration this day held.”

“On motion, it was resolved, that, in order to defray the expenses of such publication, the amount necessary be raised by joint-stock subscription, and that the respective subscribers be assessed, from time to time, upon the amount of their subscriptions, in the proportion, which the amount necessary to be raised bears to the aggregate sum subscribed.”

“On motion, resolved, that the Rev. E. C. Cogswell be and he is hereby constituted the committee to gather and compile the materials, and prepare said history for publication, and to take the sole charge of such publication, and that he have full power to designate such assistants as he may choose, and assess the subscribers, from time to time, in such sums as may be needed.”

Elbridge Wason, Robert Boyd Wason, Thomas H. Cochran, Joseph T. Bradford, Clark B. Cochran, Gerry W. Cochran, and Josiah W. Fairfield became responsible for the work in subscriptions of one hundred dollars each. Exhausted by efforts preparatory to the Centennial, we had no heart to undertake the task; but yielding to the solicitations of the gentlemen whose wish, thus expressed, we could not well refuse, we entered upon our labor with many misgivings. The task has been performed; how well, others will determine.

Our work possesses some features of originality. That it has imperfections, we frankly admit; but our aim has been to make it readable and truthful. Errors in date will undoubtedly appear, for they are unavoidable in a work of this kind. It has cost us much labor; but it has been bestowed without hope of praise, or expectation of reward; to us it has been a labor of love. Amid unusual parochial duties, the preparation of this work has proved too much for our strength, and quite incapacitated us for physical or intellectual effort for the last three months; and this must be some apology for some defects that may appear in the work.

The embellishments in our work have been furnished at our earnest solicitations; while some, through modesty, have with great reluctance allowed their portraits to appear; but our aim has been to obtain representatives of the dead and the living for the benefit of the future; the same has been true in regard to views of residences. The expense of embellishments has been borne by those who furnished them.

We cannot forbear to express our gratitude to the highly esteemed gentlemen, concerned in the immediate publication of this work, for their confidence, patience, and cheerful co-operation, especially to Mr. Elbridge Wason, whose hospitable mansion has been opened to us and greatly enjoyed in our invalid state, a portion of the time during which this work was passing through the press.

Often amid bodily anguish have we exclaimed, "Oh, that our words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book!" That desire is now gratified. May Almighty God bless the book to the sons and daughters of New Boston; to those that are afar off, and to them that are near.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Harry Bixby, who, having just returned from Europe, kindly proffered his aid at a time when we could do but little, and had reluctantly come to the conclusion that our work, though passing through the press, must be suspended until health was recovered. His aid lightened a burden we had not strength to carry, and enhanced our appreciation of him as a gentleman and scholar, whose simplicity of manners and integrity of heart, combined with a scholarship enriched by foreign travel and study, eminently qualify him to be a successful teacher in modern languages, to which he intends to devote himself.

Our thanks are also due to the friends in our beloved congregation, who decreed that we should appear among the "worthies," and generously bore the expense of our lithograph.

E. C. C.

NEW BOSTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
July 1, 1864.

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J.H. Bulford's Lith.

*Yours fraternally
E.C. Cogswell.*

HISTORY
OF
NEW BOSTON,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN

BY ELLIOTT C. COGSWELL,

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW BOSTON, N. H.

BOSTON:

PRESS OF GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL.

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CENTENNIAL PROCEEDINGS.

As early as the day of the State Fast, in April, 1862, a meeting at the Presbyterian church, at the close of public worship, was held to consider the propriety of taking some notice of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of New Boston. This meeting was attended by persons from all parts of the town, and the sentiment was unanimously expressed that the town ought to celebrate the occasion. Measures were adopted for calling a legal meeting as soon as practicable. Such a meeting was called, and it was voted to celebrate the event, but not to appropriate money to defray the expenses; this last decision was reached through the influence of a few, and it was understood that a vote to appropriate money would be unavailing; therefore, the subject was dropped, and no further action was taken until the early part of the autumn, when the citizens were invited to meet at the Town Hall, to choose an Executive Committee to make all necessary arrangements for the observance of the centennial. Rev. E. C. Cogswell was called to the chair, and Warren R. Cochrane was appointed Secretary; and the following gentlemen were appointed an Executive Committee, viz.: E. C. Cogswell, R. B. Cochrane, N. C. Crombie, S. L. Christy, Daniel Campbell, John Lamson, Solomon Dodge, Luther Colburn, John Dodge, John Atwood, and subsequently David Gregg was added.

This Committee appointed Warren R. Cochrane their Secretary, and resolved to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of New Boston on the fourth day of July, 1863, with an historical address, and other appropriate services. The Hon. Clark B. Cochrane was unanimously in-

vited to deliver the address, and following is his letter of acceptance : —

ALBANY, October 14, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR : —

Your favor, announcing that the Centennial Executive Committee had “unanimously chosen” me to deliver the historical address usual on such occasion, and had “voted to celebrate July 4, 1863,” came to hand in due course of mail. In answer, I hasten to say, I accept the invitation, and will attempt the duty assigned.

Be kind enough to make to the Committee my grateful acknowledgments for this flattering expression of their kind remembrance, and accept for yourself the assurance of my affection and esteem.

CLARK B. COCHRANE.

To W. R. COCHRANE,
Sec. Com.

The following circular was ordered to be printed and sent to absentees : —

DEAR SIR :

New Boston, the place of your nativity, was incorporated about a hundred years ago, and it is thought best to take special notice of its HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY. The Old Folks at home, therefore, send greetings to the Young Folks abroad, and desire to meet them in general assembly for high consultation at “the Old Homestead,”

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

They would thus call home their sons and daughters to revive recollections of the past, and to collect such facts respecting the early inhabitants as will otherwise soon be beyond recovery.

You, therefore, are urgently requested to be present on *that day*, and to bring with you a heart in sympathy with the occasion, when an Historical Address will be delivered by the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane, of New York, and such other services will be had as will become the day.

Yours, respectfully,

E. C. COGSWELL,
R. B. COCHRANE,
N. C. CROMBIE,
S. L. CHRISTY,
DANIEL CAMPBELL,
JOHN LAMSON,

SOLOMON DODGE,
LUTHER COLBURN,
JOHN DODGE,
JOHN ATWOOD,
DAVID GREGG,
Executive Committee.

NEW BOSTON, N. H., October 21, 1862.

The Chairman and the Secretary were authorized to make all necessary arrangements for the intellectual entertainment,

to which duty great labor was devoted; appointments were made and subjects assigned adapted to unfold the history and character of the early settlers of the town, while no pains were spared in searching for materials to assist some of the writers, and to form a complete history. Several meetings of the Committee were held in the spring of 1863, to perfect arrangements, and subdivided itself as follows: E. C. Cogswell, John Atwood, and W. R. Cochrane were to provide for the intellectual exercises, including singing and instrumental music; Luther Colburn, David Gregg, Daniel Campbell, and S. L. Christy, to arrange for dinner; N. C. Crombie, John Lamson, and Solomon Dodge to erect pavilion, tables, and seats; R. B. Cochrane and John Dodge to obtain requisite funds to defray expenses.

The following appeared in the *Farmers' Cabinet* some weeks before the fourth, from the pen of Mrs. Wason, which awakened no little interest: —

INVITATION TO NEW BOSTON
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1863.

Dear "Cabinet," thy ceaseless rounds
The last half hundred years,
Has told us oft our Saviour's love,
And oft of change and tears;
Dear, old, tried friend, a mission new
New Boston's sons would give to you.

They'd bid you seek the Prairie Homes
Far towards the setting sun,
And rouse the wanderers dwelling there,
And call them, every one,
To our Centennial, that's to be
July the fourth, in sixty-three.

They'd bid you go with lightning speed
To California's strand,
That's lured the stray ones from our hills
To wash her golden sand,
And tell them treasures lost and found
At our Centennial will abound.

Go o'er Virginia's battle-fields
With slow and solemn tread,
And see the rank grass springing there

Above her sleeping dead ;
 And tell, oh, tell our loyal sons
 We'll greet them when their mission's done.

Go with soft and gentle whisper,
 To Louisiana's shore,
 And tell the loved ones gathered there
 We miss them more and more ;
 There'll be a sadness in our joys,
 Because of absent soldier boys.

Go to every nook, and corner,
 Throughout our wide-spread land,
 And tell our sons, and daughters too,
 We'd take them by the hand,
 And have a day of jubilee
 For old Scotch-Irish ancestry.

During the night preceding the fourth, a delightful rain refreshed the thirsty earth, and cooled the heated atmosphere. The fourth was ushered in with the roar of cannon and ringing of bells, and proved to be just such a day as was desired. A beautiful banner, with no star lost, nor stripe erased, received the preceding day, the gift of General W. S. Cochran, of Rockland, Me., was unfurled to the breeze, and at nine o'clock, agreeably to previous arrangements, a procession was formed at the Town Hall, under the direction of Chief Marshal George A. Wason, and his Aids Thomas R. Cochran, Samuel M. Christy, Ira A. Gage, Alfred M. Campbell, James B. Whipple, Butler T. Hills, and Charles F. Dodge ; and, preceded by the New Boston Cornet Band, marched to the Presbyterian meeting-house. Here a platform had been erected front of the church, and seats on the beautiful green ; but, as great reluctance to speaking in the open air was expressed, it was resolved to enter the church, and that large edifice was filled to its utmost capacity, while hundreds lingered at the doors and windows, and other hundreds, unable to hear, went away. When the crowd was composed the Marshal announced the presiding officers to be, Rev. E. C. Cogswell, President ; Waterman Burr, Esq., Dea. Samuel Dane, Rev. John Atwood, Hon. R. B. Cochran, and John Dodge, Vice-Presidents ; and the following original hymn, by Mrs. Wason, was sung by a large choir, in

which were several aged people, (Mrs. Hannah Farley being seventy-eight years old), under the direction of Mr. Jesse Beard, a veteran school-teacher and singing-master, now seventy-four years old, assisted by Mr. A. P. Brigham : —

CENTENNIAL.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Enthroned in majesty,
 We humbly bow,
 To thank Thee that this day
 Recalls our childhood's way,
 Brings loved ones, far away,
 To meet us now.

We'll lay aside our creeds,
 And will our fathers' deeds
 Commemorate ;
 With marshaled hosts' array,
 And music's grand display,
 Our anniversary day
 We'll celebrate.

'Twas our departed sires,
 Who kindled here the fires
 Of peaceful homes ;
 Circle of noble men,
 Let each, with tongue and pen,
 Proclaim their praise again,
 Where'er he roams.

Virtues like theirs, appear
 More bright, as year by year
 We glide along ;
 Such be *our* earthly store —
 Then on the "shining shore"
 We'll join them gone before,
 In endless song.

The 107th Psalm was read, from a Bible brought with him from the old World more than a hundred years ago by Wm. Kelso, and prayer offered by Rev. Edward Buxton, of Webster, followed with music by the band. The President then welcomed those who had returned, in the following brief address :

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NEW BOSTON:—

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements for celebrating this, the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of this town, I extend to you a cordial welcome. Many of you have been long absent from the firesides of your childhood, and have found homes elsewhere. As we have watched your paths, and seen you transfer from the old homestead the love you once cherished, to the new homes you have chosen, we have rejoiced to know that you have carried with you a fond remembrance of your birthplace, and have not allowed the burning patriotism of your fathers to be less ardent in your own bosoms, nor their all-controlling religious sentiments to be less influential over your lives. We have seen, with great satisfaction, that other communities have welcomed you to their inheritances, and have had no occasion to regret the confidence they have reposed in you. Justly proud of our sons and daughters whom we have sent forth, we have called you back to your ancestral homes, that we may pronounce God's blessings upon you, and incite you to endeavors to show that whatever community receives a son or daughter of New Boston, receives a blessing from the Lord.

With this day in view, we have been led to contemplate the men that cleared these hills and reared these dwellings. Heroic men, and not less heroic women, the grandparents of your parents, rise up before us to say that theirs was a rough inheritance which they received to impart to their children. The Smiths, the Blairs, the Fersons, the Cochranes, the McAllisters, the Clarks, the Crombies, the Campbells, the Warrens, the McNeils, were men that walked before God with great uprightness, and the pathway of those men shines brighter and brighter. The virtues of *such* men this day will unfold and serve to perpetuate the remembrance of them. In the joy we have felt at the unfoldings of noble elements of character in generations gone before, we have invited you to participate. And you have done well in heeding our summons. And we bid you welcome to the scenes of this day; we welcome you to the green hills your childhood roamed; we bid you welcome to hearths on which the fire goes not out, and to our social enjoyments; we bid you welcome to the graves of your sires, where the cold slab records the names of those who, though dead, yet live; and may God Almighty bless you and us, and by the discipline of time prepare us for the richer inheritance above.

In the accomplishment of the object sought by this occasion, we have called to our aid not a few of those qualified in head and heart for the pleasant service. Upon one we have imposed the task of rescuing from the gulf of oblivion the facts and incidents of the early history of this town. To this labor he has brought the energies of a vigorous intellect, and the ardor of an affectionate heart, who, we are happy to believe, will convince you that the race of New Boston has deteriorated neither in stature of body nor breadth and vigor of intellect. Therefore, with great pleasure, I introduce to you the
HON. CLARK B. COCHRANE.

Mr. Cochrane was listened to for the space of nearly two

hours, with intense satisfaction, and the following hymn, by Mrs. Wason, was sung by the choir : —

OUR CENTURY PLANT.

Our century plant is in blossom to-day ;
Its thousand leaves fragrant with scenes passed away ;
'Twas a slip from the hardy old storm-beaten tree
That grew in the Highlands, 'way over the sea.

'Tis a bonnie Scotch native, Americanized,
Retaining some traits the Scotch covenanters prized ;
It grows rank in the soil where the red man roamed,
O'er the graves of their hunters 'tis watching alone.

Its ancestral arms were emblazoned on high,
When the fires of Smithfield glared red on the sky,
When Claverhouse's bloodhounds dragged out from each den
Of Scotia's bleak mountains, her Protestant men.

A root was transplanted from Argyleshire's dale,
To blossom but once in old Erin's green vale ;
Transplanted again to America's shore,
'Twill blossom and flourish till time is no more.

And where are the fathers who planted our flower,
And watched o'er its growth in its infancy's hour ?
They 're sleeping in quiet beneath our blue sky ;
Their names are immortal, they never may die.

After music by the band, Rev. Thomas Savage, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bedford for thirty-seven years, whose face it was pleasant for many to see, and voice to hear, as the friend and associate of Rev. Mr. Bradford, made a brief and pertinent address, by request of the President ; after which a recess was taken for dinner. About five hundred being seated at the tables, the divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Isaac Willey, for the last twenty-five years of Goffstown, and an associate of Bradford. Before leaving the tables, the following song was sung : —

SONG.

AIR, "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

We come from northern snow-draped homes,
From western forest shade,
From mast and mead, and sea-girt shore,
And sunny everglade.

For Auld Lang Syne, dear friends,
For Auld Lang Syne ;
Up to the old ancestral hills,
For Auld Lang Syne.

New Boston ! now to celebrate
Thy birthday we are come,
Nor need we here to ask "what cheer,"
The shout is, "welcome home !"

For Auld Lang Syne, dear friends,
For Auld Lang Syne ;
Glad greetings we exchange this day,
For Auld Lang Syne.

We've been where flows life's busy tide,
With beauty, wit, and grace,
Yet e'er our throbbing hearts have yearned
For thee, far dearer place.

For Auld Lang Syne, dear friends,
For Auld Lang Syne ;
The very music of our lives
Is Auld Lang Syne.

We thank thee, Father, for the love
And care which thou hast given ;
For friends who meet as *here at home*,
And those who wait in heaven.

For Auld Lang Syne, dear friends,
For Auld Lang Syne ;
Our hearts with *one affection* beat,
For Auld Lang Syne.

For all, accept our humble praise,
Still bless us with thy love,
That we may all united be
Within *thy home* above.

For Auld Lang Syne, dear friends,
For Auld Lang Syne ;
We'll keep this union in our hearts,
For Auld Lang Syne.

After brief addresses from several gentlemen, the following was sung, and the guests retired from the tables: —

WELCOME OF THE FATHERS.

Hear ye not the soft, low whispers,
Breathing upward from the ground?
'Tis the voices of the fathers,
Wafting their sweet welcome round.

Welcome to these tents so goodly,
Planted by our toilsome care;
Welcome to this breath of heaven,
Soul-refreshing, native air.

At *our* coming none said welcome;
All was lonely, drear, and wild;
In the midst we built our altar,
Soon an Eden round us smiled.

Homes we sowed along the valley;
Learning's dews we bade distil;
And the church, with wing o'ershadowing,
Hovered on the highest hill.

Slowly up the pathway climbing,
Heaven grew nearer, and more sweet,
And a glory filled the temple,
Opening to receive our feet.

Inward peace and outward trials, —
We accepted both with praise:
With our blessings take our counsel;
Children, keep the good old ways.

Having reassembled in the church, the choir sang the following, by Mrs. Wason: —

OUR EARLY FRIENDS.

Our childhood's friends have met once more
This side the shadowy land;
With cordial, earnest, youthful love,
We'll grasp each proffered hand.

Each dear remembered face we see,
Wakes memory's slumbering chain;

Bids us tread back the lapse of years,
And we are young again.

'Tis here our homes of long ago
Yet lift each humble head ;
The brown moss creeps o'er ancient walls
That echo strangers' tread.

The gray-haired sire is laid aside,
And she who loved us best ;
Naught but the archangel's trump shall break
Their peaceful, quiet rest.

Here Moor and Bradford fed their flocks,
With earnest, Christian trust ;
Breathed out their lives among our hills,
And mingle now with dust.

Our hearts grow tender yet at sound
Of Bradford's cherished name,
Whose noble form sleeps now with those
Whose souls to bless he came.

And she who walked beside his path,
With patient, gentle love,
Is waiting yet the summons, " Take
Thy starry crown above."

The everlasting hills remain
Unchanged by time's decay ;
Their towering cliffs point heavenward,
As in our childhood's day.

Warren R. Cochrane pronounced a spirited poem, and was followed, in response to various sentiments, by exceedingly interesting addresses from Josiah W. Fairfield, Esq., Perley Dodge, Esq., Dr. James H. Crombie, William Colburn, A. B., and Dr. Thomas H. Cochran, all of which, together with others for which there was not time, will appear in the following pages. After music by the band, and the singing by the choir of the following hymn by Mrs. Wason, the exercises of the day were closed amid the rejoicings of a nation over the victory at Gettysburg, and the fall of Vicksburg : —

OUR FATHERS.

Our fathers' God, who dwell'st on high,
 Beyond the star-gem'd, azure sky,
 Behold what wondrous change appears, —
 The harvest of a hundred years.

A hardy band of pioneers
 Hewed down the mighty forests here,
 And reared their church amid the wilds
 Where now the ripening harvest smiles.

Along these hills and valleys green
 Their schools of learning soon were seen,
 Whose worth will gild our country's page
 With living light in every age.

Those noble-hearted sires are gone,
 Their memories sweet will yet flow on,
 Their stern, deep-toned religious faith
 Outlives the mighty conqueror, Death.

Our fathers' God, oh! grant that we,
 Scions of noble ancestry,
 May imitate their virtues rare,
 And write *our* names in lines as fair.

The Fourth of July occurred on Saturday, and, as those who had come to the old homestead would naturally desire to remain over the Sabbath, appropriate arrangements had been made for continuing the services through the fifth; and, though the rain fell abundantly, a good congregation convened in the morning. The services began with invocation and reading the 78th Psalm, by Rev. Mr. Russell, of the Baptist church, and the singing a part of the 148th Psalm, P. M., by the choir; after which prayer was offered by Rev. William Clark, of Amherst, and the 78th Psalm, C. M., first part, was sung, and Hon. Gerry Whiting Cochrane, of Boston, member of Governor Andrew's council, made an exceedingly impressive address on the religious character of the early settlers, followed by delightful reminiscences of Rev. Mr. Bradford, by Rev. Mr. Buxton. After singing the Doxology, the morning services closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Buxton.

It had been arranged that the Sabbath Schools should be addressed in the afternoon, and the services were appropriate to that object. Accordingly, though the storm continued, the house was well filled, and after singing by the schools, and prayer by Rev. Royal Parkinson, of Vermont, Rev. J. A. Goodhue made an interesting address on the advantages of rural homes to the young, and was followed by pertinent addresses from Rev. Messrs. Clark and Buxton; and after them J. W. Fairfield, Esq., spoke of *contentment with our lot as being a great source of happiness*. The substance of his remarks we here give: —

There were some things with which we ought not to be content, but should try to rid ourselves of them. Every new generation ought to strive to surpass the preceding in intelligence, enterprise, and thrift; in deeds of benevolence, and excellence of moral character. With imperfections and evils which can be remedied we are never to be content; *but, we are often discontented with what is for our highest interest to retain*. I have been a superintendent of a Sabbath school thirty years, and have been brought much into contact with children, and have observed that they are apt to become dissatisfied with the Sabbath school, and leave; but the result is always painful. They forsake the sanctuary, and trample upon the law of the Sabbath. Then they yield to temptations to dissipation, become assimilated to vicious companions, and soon are utterly ruined. Sometimes children become dissatisfied with the restraints of home, and break loose from them, and the same painful results are reached.

Grown-up people become dissatisfied with their homes and neighbors, sell out, and seek new ones, but are seldom at rest afterwards, for the reason that they carry themselves—the real cause of their discontent—with them. If they could leave themselves behind, there might be some chance of improvement; but, taking with them their moral characters, modes of thought, habits, and tastes, they only change the place, while they keep the pain. To improve their happiness, they must rectify themselves, and then discontent will cease. So men become dissatisfied with the gospel. Dr. Lord said, some years since, that the gospel had proved a failure. But it is not so; there never was a time when the gospel was a greater power for good than now; nor when its advocates wielded it with greater success. Some people become dissatisfied with it when it insists upon a holy life; when it demands justice and benevolence; and at first refuse to pay anything for it, then to hear it at all,—not because the gospel has changed, but because its demands exceed what they are willing to yield; because it condemns their principles and conduct, and exposes the turpitude of their hearts, and the wrongness of their lives. They charge the blame of all this to the change in the gospel, or its wrong interpretation, when the fault lies within themselves.

They allowed the fire that ought always to burn on the altar of the heart, to become extinguished, and the light that was once in them to become darkness; and how great that darkness is, may be seen by the fact that they neglect the gospel with its ordinances, and refuse to aid in sustaining the worship of the sanctuary; and thus, in respect to them, the gospel does prove a failure; it fails to make them just, benevolent, and useful to others, and lovely in the sight of God. If there ever comes upon New England a fearful night of moral darkness and woe, it will be when the people are unwilling to have the practical doctrines of godliness pressed home upon their conscience, and refuse to put their hands deep into their pockets for the support of the institutions of religion. The greatest calamity that ever befell any community was the conviction that the gospel was worth nothing, and the corresponding neglect of it. Woe to my native town when she comes lightly to esteem the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and to look upon the minister of the gospel with suspicion, and his messages as of no weighty importance. Then, the glory of the town that boasts of an ancestry distinguished for their appreciation of the institutions of religion, will have departed, and the names of godly men and women will be disgraced by children and grandchildren who hallow not the Sabbath nor enter the sanctuary; but who bear about with them the evidences of self-ruin. Here, now, and probably for the last time, and just upon the close of this great feast and commingling of hearts, with the teachings of the past and spirits of the venerated fathers around us, we, who have returned to enjoy this blessed pentecost, lift up our voices, and bear our testimony to the value of the gospel, and warn you who remain of the danger and fearful calamity which will inevitably come upon you if you prize not the institutions of religion. If you neglect them, you neglect your own souls; if you reject the teachings of the gospel, you do your own souls a fearful injury, and entail upon other generations inconceivable misery.

Rev. Mr. Goodhue made remarks suggested by the inquiry, Where will be our home a hundred years hence? The children then sung "A Hundred Years to Come," and the services were closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Goodhue, after a few farewell words from the President to the great numbers who had so cheerfully responded to the invitation to visit the homes of their earlier days.

All the exercises of the Sabbath were highly appropriate, and all the utterances of the day were words fitly spoken; were "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Several of the addresses will appear in the ensuing pages, and will serve to keep alive the remembrance of the day. When the services were ended, all lingered long, as unwilling to leave a scene so fraught with interest. Many kind wishes were expressed, and tender adieus

uttered, all saying, "It has been good to be here." During the two days, great quiet and the utmost order prevailed, and nothing occurred to detract from the enjoyment of the occasion ; but it will be remembered ever as the richest feast of reason and flow of soul which a lifetime is permitted to enjoy.

HON. CLARK B. COCHRANE.

MR. COCHRANE was born in 1813, the son of Mr. John Cochran, who resided on the north declivity of Joe English, where his youth was spent in labor upon the farm, and attendance at the district school. He commenced fitting for college in 1832, at Atkinson Academy, under John Kelly, Esq., and completed his preparation at Francestown Academy, under Mr. B. F. Wallace, and at Nashua, under Mr. Crosby, having read Latin one or two terms with Mr. Edward Buxton. He entered Union College in 1835, and graduated in 1839. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, and commenced the practice of law at Amsterdam, N. Y., removing in 1851 to Schenectady, and thence in 1855 to Albany, where he now resides. In 1844, he represented in the State Legislature, Montgomery County, and in 1856 was elected to represent in the United States Congress, the counties of Schenectady, Schoharie, Montgomery, and Fulton, and was reëlected in 1858. Mr. Cochran was married in 1839 to Miss Rebecca Wheeler, of New York, and has one daughter, Mary Frances. By his legal skill, Mr. Cochran has gained an enviable position among honorable competitors, and is widely known as a Christian gentleman, with a heart and hand for every good object. In politics he is a Republican, embracing the cause of the Union with an undivided heart. In selecting one to prepare and deliver the historical address on the Centennial occasion, Mr. Cochran seemed in all respects fitted for the duty, and the rich feast which he prepared for that day is now spread for the reader.



J.H. Bufford's Engr.

Clark W. Blochman