

## JAMES CROMBIE, ESQ.

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Mr. Crombie was born 1811, the third son of William Crombie, Esq., who removed from New Boston to Otsego, N. Y., about 1816, having at that time a wife, three sons, and five daughters, his wife being Betsey Fairfield, of New Boston. In 1827, Mr. Crombie removed his family from Otsego to Oswego county, then a frontier region, where his son James for some years relied upon him as his teacher in mathematics and higher English branches, subsequently fitting himself for college at Binghampton, Cazenovia, and Homer. But, in 1834, impaired health forbade the idea of a college course, and he turned his attention to the study of law, and was admitted to practice as attorney at Albany, and as solicitor in chancery at New York city, in October, 1837, and as counsellor at Rochester in 1841. He commenced the practice of law at Greene, Chenango county, in 1837, subsequently removing to Fulton, Oswego county, where he remained until 1850. After travelling in California for a while, in search of health, he purchased a plantation in Virginia. But having no sympathy with the institution of slavery, having partially recovered his health, and seeing the gathering storm, Mr. Crombie left the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion, and resumed the practice of law in New York city, in 1854, where he now resides.

At Greene, Chenango county, N. Y., Esquire Crombie was married to Miss C. Mary Beckwith, and has two sons, James F. and Charles B.



J. H. Butcher's Lith.

James Crombie

## RESPONSE OF JAMES CROMBIE, ESQ.

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THE PEOPLE OF NEW BOSTON. — Never safer than when they emulate the patriotism and godliness of the men and women who converted this wilderness into a fruitful field.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

When called upon to respond to the sentiment just proposed, it occurred to me that, had you known how early in life I left New Boston, and what had been my history and the natural tendencies of my education since, you would have entertained serious doubts as to my fitness for the task. It was my lot to leave New Boston in infancy, and to receive my education in a new section of the State of New York, under circumstances and influences naturally calculated to crop out young American ideas and habits. In maturer life, I sojourned awhile among the golden mountains and ravines of California, at a time when godliness was exotic. Still later, I resided in Virginia, at a period when patriotism meant nothing more than attachment to the sacred soil and the divine institution of slavery. And, finally, I became a resident of the city of New York, when corporation financiers, and the democracy of the rabble, reigned triumphant. Knowing this history, you must have had unbounded confidence in natal and ante-natal influences, and in the power of parental instruction and example, to form the character, or you would have selected some other person for this subject, and this occasion. You have not, however, been mistaken in your estimate of the power of these influences in my case, however much you may have misjudged as to my capacity to do justice to the fervor of the patriotism and godliness of the men and women who settled New Boston.

I thank God, that neither education, nor residence, nor travel in other and different States, nor the habits and institutions of other people, have made me forget the place of my

birth, nor the virtues, principles, and piety that made our forefathers so preëminent. I can appreciate their love of country, their earnestness and constancy of purpose, their industry, intelligence, and godliness, and the powerful influence that their character, customs, and example have exerted, not only on their own posterity, but upon the nation ; for wherever I have been, — in the settlements of the West, in the cities and on the plantations of the South, and in the States that border the Pacific, — their posterity as travellers, settlers, teachers, and ministers, have carried with them the knowledge, refinement, literature, customs, and ideas of our fathers.

Churches and school-houses of New England architecture, as well as ministers and teachers of New England ideas, are to be found in every city and State of the Union, or rather were to be found, before the present rebellion rendered certain localities dangerous ground for the expression of New England ideas.

How eminently fitted to produce such a race of men and women, were these Eastern States ! An eminent writer has well said, that the character, civilization, and institutions of a people are mainly determined by their soil, food, and climate, and the general aspect of the country they inhabit. Had our forefathers found on these shores the rich alluvial soil of the South and West, producing, with little labor, far more than their wants demanded, and a malarious, enervating climate, what a change it would have made in their destiny, and that of their race ! How different would have been their energy, character, and institutions, and their influence upon their own and succeeding ages ! Fortunately, however, they found these hills and mountains covered with rocks and forests, almost defying the energy of man. They saw at a glance what years of toil and patience it would require to settle and subdue so rugged a region. The very effort necessary to form a resolution to settle and cultivate it, tended to give them purpose and energy of character. How much more the execution of such a resolution ! Again, they found a soil by no means productive, after all the toil and privation of settlement. They must have seen that it would return hardly an adequate compensation for the toil of cultivation. The climate, too, was cold and bracing, — long winters consumed all that the summers produced.

With such a soil and climate, and such a rugged, hilly country, they had to add patience to toil, and godliness to patience, to render life endurable ; and God gave them grace equal to the severity of their condition.

Their very condition of toil and hardship made them thoughtful, earnest, sober, and godly men. They had no time to trifle. The realities and necessities of life were upon them, demanding constant prudence, forecast, and effort. With such cares, responsibilities, and duties upon them, to meet the exigences of their life, it is no wonder they prayerfully considered and properly valued all that pertains to the life to come. But when these hills and mountains were cleared and cultivated, and covered with waving grain and green grass, how changed the scene became ! Mountains and hills of every possible contour lifting their heads above the clouds, and stretching their green slopes to the valleys and rivers below, ravines and undulations affording constant changes of sunlight and shade ; streamlets gushing out from hillside and dell, and winding their way down to the rivers that gladdened and fertilized the valleys ; prospects of surpassing beauty and grandeur met them, whichever way they turned. How could they help loving such a country, after having bestowed so much of energy and life upon it ? The inhabitants of hilly and mountainous countries are proverbially patriotic the world over — especially where the soil is not over productive. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and the toil and cost of settlement and cultivation, conspire to render them so.

But the patriotism of our fathers was of no narrow, sectional kind. It embraced the whole nation.

Was any Southern city visited with plague ; was any portion of the nation suffering from flood or famine ; was any part ignorant, and without the means of education and improvement, — our fathers were ever ready, with sympathy and material aid, to assist and alleviate. They never inculcated sectional sympathies and interests, nor the doctrine of the right of disintegration and secession.

But it is said, in certain quarters, that the principles and ideas they taught, and the institutions they founded, have become dangerous to the peace and welfare of other portions of

the nation ; that they have become like bombshells thrown into a highly-ignitable city, destructive and consuming. It has also *been said* that their ideas, principles, and institutions were more belligerent, and more to be feared, in a time of peace, than we, their descendants, in a time of war ; that we were preëminently a people of progressive and disturbing ideas and *isms*, which we would be ready to abandon on the battle-field.

Well, the time has come to test the truth or fallacy of these charges. Already, we find one portion of the country has had quite enough of our ideas, and of our warlike spirit on the battle-field, and are appealing to another portion to assist in turning us out, and confining us to these our native hills, here to droop and die. We can afford to bide our time ; for, whether in or out of the Union ; whether we are confined to these hills, or have free range over this broad continent, one nation and one people, time will prove that the principles of liberty, the patriotism and godliness which our fathers fostered and ripened amid the free air of these hills, are as imperishable as their race. Allow me, in conclusion, to extend the sentiment proposed : —

The people of New Boston AND THE WORLD, never *safer* than when they emulate the patriotism and godliness of the men and women who converted this wilderness into a faithful field.

## SCHOOLS.

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The facilities for educating their children were not equal to the desires of the first settlers; but such as they had, they improved. Until the town was incorporated, all instruction was given by teachers employed by individuals, while those who were able sent their children for a few months to Londonderry, or other places where schools existed. In 1769, the town erected a small building near the meeting-house, known as the "Session-House," which was often used for schools. Here we find a Mr. Donovan teaching, in 1776, five months, though as early as 1773 the town voted to raise twenty-four pounds, and "that the selectmen divide it as they think proper." Accordingly, a man was employed to teach for a few months in different parts of the town. The following year the same amount was raised, and divided equally among five districts, the people voluntarily arranging themselves into so many districts. As early as 1788, the town voted to "hire a grammar-school master for a year, as cheap as they can, and that said school-master shall pass an examination; that the Rev. Mr. Solomon Moor, Jonathan Gove, and William Clark, Esq., be a committee to examine the grammar-school master, to see if he is qualified for the office, as to the languages, figures, and mathematics." Also, it was voted to "divide the town into five districts, and that the grammar-master shall keep equally in the said five." This division was made so as to accommodate the scattered population as best it might. In 1792, the town was redistricted by a committee composed of Ninian Clark, Mathew Fairfield, Solomon Dodge, James Caldwell, and John Cochran, as follows:

### DISTRICT No. 1.

David Henderson,  
John McMillen, Jr.,

John Parrot,  
Samuel Cree,

Daniel Redington,  
Henry Spaulding.

## DISTRICT No. 2.

James Caldwell,  
Robert Campbell,  
Josiah Warren,  
Allen Moor,

David Caldwell,  
Matthew Caldwell,  
Samuel Abbott,  
Joseph Haselton,  
Joseph Leach, Jr.,

John Davis,  
Joseph Leach,  
David Stevens,  
Elisha Wilkins.

## DISTRICT No. 3.

Thomas Cochran,  
Alexander McCollom,  
James Willson, Jr.,

Alexander Willson,  
James Willson,  
Thomas Willson,

Peter Cochran, Jr.,  
Samuel Boyd.

## DISTRICT No. 4.

Thomas Grifen,  
Jonathan Grifen,  
John Gordon,  
Samuel Willson,  
Joseph Beard,  
James Carnes,  
Ephraim Clark,

William Woodbury,  
James Walker,  
James Smith,  
Robert Walker,  
William Patterson,  
Samuel Brown,  
Oliver Sheppel,

John Jordan,  
William Beard,  
Robert Willson,  
Elias Dickey,  
Aaron Howe,  
Samuel Willson, Jr.

## DISTRICT No. 5.

Samuel Smith,  
Thomas Smith,  
Robert Balch,  
John Burns,  
Nehemiah Dodge,

John Livingston,  
Jacob Bennett,  
Deacon John Smith,  
Thomas Smith, Jr.,  
William White,

David Thompson,  
James Adams,  
William Dodge,  
James Gregg.

## DISTRICT No. 6.

Livermore Langdall,  
David Starrett,  
Jacob Ober,  
Joseph Andrews,

Josiah Morgan,  
David Stinson,  
Daniel Dane,  
William Clark,  
Ninian Clark,

Jacob Dodge,  
Simon Dodge,  
Samuel Patch,  
John Whipple.

## DISTRICT No. 7.

James Crombie,  
Samuel Stickney,  
William Johnson,  
Hezekiah Austin,  
Widow Martha Jacks,  
John Henry,

Thomas Stark,  
Daniel Dodge,  
Robert Cochran,  
Jesse Cristy, Jr.,  
John Cochran,  
Nathaniel Dodge,

Isaac Peabody,  
Elijah Cochran,  
Widow Waugh,  
Nathaniel Bootman,  
Joseph McKenzie,  
Deacon Jesse Cristy.

## DISTRICT No. 8.

Ebenezer Clark,  
Thomas Cristy,

William McMillen,  
Peter Cochran,

Matthew Fairfield,  
Moses Cristy,



John Cristy,  
James McMillen,  
Robert Patterson, Jr.,

John McMillen,  
Arthur Dennis,  
Dudley Curtis,

David McLaughlen,  
Lemuel Marden,  
Widow Cristy.

## DISTRICT No. 9.

Daniel Kelso,  
William Kelso,  
Alexander Kelso,  
Ephraim Jones,  
Dr. McMillen,

Joseph Lamson,  
Robert Boyd,  
John Lamson,  
Jacob Fairfield,  
William McNeill,

James Dodge,  
Joshua Jones,  
Enoch Dodge,  
Archibald McAllister.

## DISTRICT No. 10.

Jacob Hooper,  
William Camiel,  
John Cochran, Jr.,  
James Cochran,  
Capt. John McLaughlen,

Widow McLaughlen,  
Samuel Waters,  
Ammi Dodge,  
John Kennedy,  
Capt. Benjamin Dodge,  
Deacon Robert White,

Robert Patterson,  
Rev. Solomon Moor,  
Elisha Dodge,  
Noah Dodge,  
Gideon Dodge.

## DISTRICT No. 11.

Lieut. James Ferson,  
James Ferson, Jr.,  
William Coleman,  
Jonathan Gove,  
William Livingston,  
Solomon Dodge,  
Robert Hogg,

John Richards,  
Nehemiah Dodge,  
Francis Dodge,  
John Hogg,  
Abner Hogg,  
William Hogg,  
James Kenedy,

William Blair,  
Zadoch Read,  
Andrew Walker,  
Philemon Perkins,  
Lelsley Gregg,  
Samuel George,  
John McCaye.

Subsequently, changes took place, and new districts were formed, until the number became eighteen, and so continued until 1856, when two districts near the centre united, building a commodious house in the lower village, and grading the scholars. Other districts have built new houses, or repaired old ones, while some yet remain to the disgrace of the town, and the injury of the rising generation. The amount of money raised by the town annually has been usually something more than the law requires, in addition to the income from the "school fund," most of which has been lost to the purposes for which it was intended.

Great benefit has been derived from "tuition" schools, taught in the autumn or spring, and not unfrequently both. These have usually been well attended, and instructed by competent teachers. "The hall over the long store in the upper

village, and the town hall in the lower, have witnessed many minds struggling to unfold themselves by searchings for knowledge, and their success is proof of the value of such schools to a community. Rev. Solomon Moor interested himself much in the success of schools, and encouraged many a lad to study, who otherwise would have grown up in ignorance ; and Rev. Mr. Bradford was unwearied in efforts to stimulate the children of the town to excel as scholars, fitting not a few for college, and more to become teachers, and to enter successfully upon honorable paths of activity. That New Boston has not fallen in the rear of sister towns is evident from the number and character of the teachers she has reared, and the intelligent men she has sent forth into other communities. Such has been the benefit of her schools, that she may well foster them in the future, nor feel that money expended in rearing convenient and tasteful school-houses, and in paying competent and faithful teachers, will fail to return the most satisfactory dividends. Of the character and advantages of her schools, we will let one of her worthy sons testify in the following paper.

## REV. JOSEPH ADDISON GOODHUE.

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Mr. Goodhue was born May 27, 1824, the son of Joseph A. Goodhue, a notice of whose family may be found among the biographical sketches. Until sixteen he diligently combined labor and study at home, from which time until twenty he taught several district and select schools, and prepared himself to enter the sophomore class in Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1848. After teaching Kingston Academy one year, he entered the Newton Theological Institution, whence he graduated in 1852, and was shortly after ordained pastor of the Central Baptist Church in Norwich, Conn., whence, after two years, he was called to a professorship in the Connecticut Literary Institute, at Suffield, which he soon resigned, and accepted a call from the South Baptist Church in Boston, where he remained about two years. In July, 1859, he was installed pastor of the First Baptist Church in Framingham; and August 1, 1862, he was called to the North Baptist Church in Cambridge, his present field of labor.

Mr. Goodhue married Miss Abby, daughter of Rev. George Leonard, of Portland, Me., December 8, 1852, and they have had two children: George H., born April 15, 1855; and Addie J., born July 15, 1857. His son George died January 25, 1864, a child of much promise, whose early removal has caused great grief. In 1859, Mr. Goodhue published a work called "The Crucible," a treatise on "the Tests of a Regenerate State;" in which the author "attracts and charms the reader, not by ornaments and glowing periods, but by clearly presenting the mighty theme in its own colors." Rev. Dr. J. N. Brown, of the "Baptist Family Magazine," pronounces this work "an invaluable book. It

treats the most difficult, delicate, yet momentous points of experimental religion, with a singular depth of penetration, soundness of judgment, and seriousness of spirit. Its analysis is admirable, and the precision and terseness of the language give it all the value, without the pretension, of a work of strict science. It is truly a work of spiritual pathology. Such a book as this does not appear once in a century. It makes and marks an era."



JH Bufford's Lith.

*J. A. Goodhue.*

## RESPONSE OF MR. GOODHUE.

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THE SCHOOLS OF NEW BOSTON. — They have been to the intellect of her youth what the sun and rain have been to her soil.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

Prominent among the indexes of the character of any people is the provision which they are accustomed to make for the mental culture of their children and youth. The history of no township can be an honorable one in which, next to the village church, the school-house does not occupy a conspicuous place. Were there no reminiscences to be cherished at these centennial festivities, of the school and the school-master, the spelling-book and reader, the arithmetic and grammar, meagre enough would be the occasion. But, as one of the sons of New Boston, I am proud to-day that such reminiscences are not wanting. They have been engraven on the tablets of a thousand youthful memories in such a manner that neither the cares nor the business nor the conflicts of subsequent life ever have been or will be able to efface them. The scenes of the district-school have been among our liveliest memories, and their story has often been recounted by many a native of these hills and valleys far away in other towns and states, and even in other lands.

If there is any one feature in the past history of this municipal incorporation which we shall celebrate to-day with a heartier, livelier, and more spontaneous enthusiasm than we shall the rest, it must be that of our common schools. The recollection of these, more than anything else, will quicken again in our veins our youthful blood. It is with a right good relish that we come home from various parts, (for we have no home on earth but the place in which we were born, and where we first learned to read and write and spell our mother-tongue), to glory with our other brethren over those primitive, simple, and yet invaluable institutions in which our young ideas were first taught how to get their range and shoot.

The conviction of the worth of these institutions is deeply-wrought into the fibres of our souls ; so deeply that no subsequent acquaintance with similar institutions, of however superior character they may have claimed to be, could possibly eradicate it. We, therefore, who received our first training in the common schools of New Boston, are prepared to hear any amount of eulogium heaped upon them. Our feelings will justify the application of epithets to them in the superlative, yea, (for I must coin a word), in the *superlativest* degree. When we were enjoying the advantages of those places of learning, we believed them to be the very best in the whole world. And this very faith which we had in them was calculated actually to make them so to us. It is a wise provision of nature which leads the child to believe, for the time, in the superlative excellence of the institutions under which he was reared ; just as he naturally believes that his parents are the wisest and best beings in all the world ; such faith will cause teachers and educational advantages of a very inferior quality to become of incalculable worth, while a corresponding *distrust* of those of a far superior grade will *reduce* their benefit to the lowest degree.

This is one evil attendant upon making constant changes and professed improvements in our systems of education. It weakens the confidence of the young in the opportunities they have, and impairs the earnestness of their application, on which more depends than on the excellence of their advantages. This is an evil attendant upon education in the academy, the college, and the schools for the professions. By the time the youth arrives at these he has outgrown the period of implicit *faith* which belongs to childhood, and begins to reason, to elect, and doubt, which impairs the concentration of his powers and his consequent improvement.

We have never had such faith in any other literary institutions as we once had in the common schools of our native town. And the *effects* of once having had such faith have by no means been effaced from our minds, any more than we have outgrown our early reverence for those who gave us our birth and nurtured our tender childhood ; while to-day those early sentiments are revived with all their youthful freshness and vigor. And hence we feel just like giving full sway to our early attachment,

and declaring it as our present deliberate conviction that the district schools of our native town were, without any qualification, the very best in all the world.

Nor is this a matter of the *feelings* only, or of personal pride. These schools were as a matter of fact to us the best in all the world. We, the sons of New Boston, owe to them all we have been or are, or expect to be. And why should we not eulogize them here to-day? It is folly to speculate as to what might have been the effect upon us if our lot had been cast elsewhere in our childhood, and we had enjoyed superior opportunities, and facilities for an early education. It was not so to be. It was appointed that the most important part of the literary culture and mental training that some, and all that most of us should ever have to prepare us for the conflict of life should be had in the schools of this goodly town. If these had not furnished it, we should have had none at all. The other advantages, which some of us have enjoyed in addition to these, would have been of no avail whatever without these to precede. And as we look back upon them to-day, we are more deeply impressed than ever with the fact that they performed for us a great and good work. I feel proud of my native town, when I think of the position and influence to which many to whom she gave their birth have attained, at home and abroad, and remember that their entire preparation for their stations of usefulness and honor was received at her hands. And I am not less deeply affected with a sense of gratitude, when I think of the many instances in which she laid in her common schools the foundations on which have subsequently been erected superstructures that have been no disgrace to the literary and professional world.

Considering her situation in a rural district, and her comparatively limited facilities for educating her children, I think a worthy meed of praise is due to our *alma mater* from her grown-up sons and daughters, as they have come home to pay their respects to her on this her hundredth natal day. We feel it incumbent upon us, and due to her, to acknowledge that she has done the best she could for her numerous family, in the circumstances; she has furnished to all her sons and daughters the opportunity, at least, of learning correctly to read and write and speak the language of the country in which they were born, a language which is now most extensively spoken and written



of any on the face of the earth. So far as learning is concerned, she has provided them with the means of securing an honest livelihood, and of making a respectable appearance in the world; and if they have not done so it is their fault and not hers; she has done her part well towards astonishing our Southern brethren, who have turned our enemies, with the fact that Yankees can furnish an army of men who are able upon the field of battle, to write upon the upturned bottoms of their dippers, neatly executed epistles to their wives and sweethearts at home. And, in addition to all this, she has sent many of her sons, who seemed to need it most, to the academy, the college, and the seminary, to finish up their education there.

But let it not for a moment be supposed that we are trying to make the best of the inevitable misfortune — for which we are not responsible — of having been born and nurtured in a country town, rather than in some populous city, whose literary advantages correspond with its refinement and wealth and fashion. I have come in contact, to a considerable extent, with the schools of the principal towns and cities of Massachusetts, which are supposed not to be inferior to any the country affords; but I have never for one moment regretted the nativity which a kind providence gave me. It is not simply from natural attachment, or from an early faith in their excellence, or because it was appointed that we should be their beneficiaries, that we speak thus well of the schools, of our native town. It is the conviction of our maturer judgment, that the opportunities of securing a good education in them, even as they were a quarter of a century and more ago, would not suffer so much as might be supposed, by a comparison with the improved systems of education, so called, which are in so high repute in our cities and populous towns at the present day.

True, we do not forget their crudeness, their lack of system, and order, and taste; we remember the old school-house, with its floors perfectly innocent of suds, and not very guilty of broom, save now and then of a visit from a hemlock bough; we remember the benches all hacked and scarred or, rather deeply carved and highly wrought, in figures betraying more perseverance than grace, and more ingenuity than sense of the beautiful; we are not oblivious of its walls all ornamented with drawings in charcoal and chalk which a Punch himself could

not outdo ; we still have some faint recollections of the not most highly-refined festivity claimed by the pupils on every new year of deposing the dominus from his authority, and taking the reins of government into their own hands for the day, by bolting or barring or smoking him out of the premises, as the case might require, and that at the expense of no penalty save an unusually close attention to books on the following day. We remember all these things ; and their recital has furnished merriment to the children of the city, who know as little of the country as we used to of the city. But these, after all, were only incidental. We are not willing to call them faults. Indeed, the real, sterling merits of the simple system of the district-school instruction of my boyhood, with *all* its defects, have grown upon my appreciation the more I have become acquainted with the multiplied *novelties* which are introduced into the city schools at the present time, under the head of improvements ; and I have almost wished that my own children could be transferred to the same limited system of instruction as being the less evil of the two.

I have not time to draw a comparison between these two systems of education, and it might seem invidious to do so. But some of the points on which such a comparison might be based are these. It may be said distinctively, and comparatively if you choose, of the common-school system of New Boston, as it has been in the past, that it was the fundamental and not superficial. If it was comparatively limited in its range, it was commensurably thorough. For one thing New Boston deserves praise ; and that is, that she has taught her children to spell their mother tongue, which not all highly-educated persons are able to do. The fundamental branches of reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and English grammar were not made to give place to a multitude of superficialities, which are of no account but for a show. The training of our common schools has been such as to develop and strengthen talent, if not to make it most *elite* and ostentatious. It laid good foundations on which a superstructure might afterwards be raised, according to the individual's choice ; or it furnished an education sufficiently complete in itself for all the common, practical purposes of life. New Boston has prepared her sons to go abroad in the world,

and act out their common sense to a good advantage, and use their wits without disgracing themselves. She has qualified them not to be pedants and dandies, not to flourish and swagger, but to be among the solid men of the land. Her system of education has been such as to furnish sturdy thinkers rather than sickly sentimentalists and frothy declaimers. The absence of extensive classification and gradation in her schools, has given those who had the disposition the opportunity to excel. This has made them hardy, self-reliant, persevering, and not afraid of obstacles. Consequently, when they, like the sons of the rural districts generally, have stood side by side, in our higher seminaries of learning, with the sons of wealth from the cities and populous towns, who have been educated more carefully and tenderly, they have marched firmly and manfully on, while the latter, their precociousness having attained to its climax, have faltered and fallen back gradually toward the rear of the ranks, the nearer they approached to the goal of final distinction.

Another cause, which ought to be mentioned as contributing to this result, is the fact that our common schools never having been continued through the entire year, the *mental* training of the young has gone hand in hand with habits of industry which, while their education has not suffered by it, has inured them to physical hardihood and endurance; while the sons of the city, who have passed slowly from one grade to another up through a long course of study in well-heated and poorly-ventilated rooms, have *emerged* from them like a plant from a darkened cellar, tall, slender, sickly, and puny, both in body and mind.

Finally, it is not unworthy to be recorded here, that the educational system of New Boston has been highly *economical*, as compared with that of our populous towns and cities; that is, while she has not been frugal in her appropriations, but rather generous according to her ability, the results have been comparatively very large in proportion to the outlay. It has cost her far less per head to educate her children than it has the cities, while, in many respects certainly, their education has not been inferior.

Hence we cordially indorse the sentiment with which we started, that the "schools of our native town have been to the intellect of her youth as the rain and the sun to her soil."

## SCHOOL TEACHERS.

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The following is an abridged list of school-teachers whom New Boston has raised up, as given by Jesse Beard, Esq. The whole list was very long, — too long to be inserted : —

Adams, William	Brooks, John	Cochran, Mary
Adams, Sarah	Burnham, Abby L.	Cochran, Mary S.
Adams, Frances	Burnham, M. Addie	Cochran, Jonathan
Adams, Mary	Christie, John	Cochran, Robert B.
Atwood, Lydia	Christie, Ann	Cochran, Prudence
Atwood, Sarah	Christie, Sumner L.	Cochran, Annis C.
Atwood, Annie	Christie, Elizabeth	Cochran, Warren R.
Atwood, Mary	Christie, Sarah	Cochran, Sophia
Atwood, Solomon	Christie, Harlan	Cochran, Whiting
Buxton, Edward	Christie, Mary	Cochran, Clark B.
Buxton, Eliza	Crombie, William	Cochran, Andrew
Bradford, William	Crombie, Robert	Cochran, Alonzo
Bradford, Ephraim P.	Crombie, John	Cochran, Lydia J.
Bradford, Anstis	Crombie, Mary	Cochran, Margaret
Bradford, Mary	Crombie, Letitie	Cochran, Sophronia
Bradford, Annie	Campbell, Samuel	Cochran, Marinda
Bennett, John	Campbell, Mary	Colburn, William
Bennett, Joseph	Campbell, Sally	Dodge, Solomon
Brown, Mary	Campbell, Daniel	Dodge, Sarah
Beard, Andrew	Campbell, Annis	Dodge, Amos
Beard, William	Campbell, William	Dodge, Reuben
Beard, Sarah	Campbell, Elizabeth	Dodge, Abner
Beard, Eliza	Clark, William	Dodge, Elouisa
Beard, John	Clark, Jonathan	Dodge, Mary
Beard, Ann M.	Clark, Dalton	Dodge, John N.
Beard, Sarah M.	Clark, Rebecca	Dodge, James S.
Beard, Jesse	Clark, Cordelia	Dodge, Mary J.
Beard, James	Clark, Frances	Dodge, Sarah N.
Beard, Mary	Cochran, Peter	Dodge, Willard
Beard, Evelyn S.	Cochran, Thomas	Dodge, Mary, 2d
Beard, Edwin	Cochran, John D.	Dodge, Achsah
Beard, Cordelia C.	Cochran, Thomas H.	Dane, Almena

Dane, Elizabeth	Lawrence, Helen	Wason, Robert
Ferson, William	Lawrence, Eliza	Wason, Horace
Ferson, James	Lamson, Sally	Wason, Hiram
Ferson, Paul	Leach, Mary J.	Wason, William
Fairfield, John	Leach, Lucy A.	Wason, Robert B.
Fairfield, Josiah	Loring, Lorinda	Wason, Austin
Fairfield, John, 2d	Loring, Aaron	Wason, Louisa
Fairfield, Seth	Mardēn, Waterman	Wason, Caroline
Fairfield, Charles G.	Marden, Henry	Wason, Adaline
Fairfield, Sarah	McCollow, Rodney	Wason, Mary
Fairfield, Elizabeth S.	McCollow, Alexander	Wason, Nancy
Gregg, Alexander	McCollow, Arabella	Wason, Elbridge
Gregg, James	McNiel, William	Whiting, Dexter
Gregg, James M.	McNiel, Granville	Whiting, Harris
Gregg, David	McNiel, John	Whiting, Calvin
Gregg, Daniel	McNiel, Rachel	Whiting, Julia
Gregg, Augusta	McNiel, Mary J.	Whiting, Roxanna
Gregg, Margaret	McNiel, Lydia	Whipple, Joseph
Goodhue, Joseph A.	McNiel, John	Whipple, Philantha R.
Goodhue, Amos B.	Neville, Sarah	Wilder, Lizzie E.
Goodhue, Leonard	Neville, Victoria	Wilson, William
Goodhue, Joseph A.	Neville, Julia	Wilson, Rebecca
Goodhue, Annie	Richards, Jacob	Woodbury, Hammon
Goodhue, Mary	Richards, Margaret	Woodbury, Hannah
Kelso, Jonathan G.	Richards, Joanna	Woodbury, Lucy
Kelso, Augusta	Richards, Evelyn	Woodbury, William
Langdell, Christopher C.	Richards, Nancy	
Langdell, Hannah	Richards, Margaret J.	

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## CHORISTERS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC.

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PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY.		BAPTIST SOCIETY.	
Jacob Dodge,	from 1773 to 1782	Thos. Thompson,	from 1804 to 1809
Robert Clark,	from 1782 to 1803	Jesse Beard,	from 1809 to 1816
Wm. B. Dodge,	from 1803 to 1808	Josiah Gage,	from 1820 to 1825
Abner Dodge,	from 1808 to 1817	Zachariah Morgan,	from 1825 to 1833
Jesse Beard,	from 1817 to 1828	Jesse Beard,	from 1833 to 1844
Jacob Richards,	from 1828 to 1858	Vincent Jeffers,	from 1844 to 1851
		James M. Smith,	from 1851 to 1862

## WILLIAM W. COLBURN.

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Mr. Colburn is the son of the late Leonard Colburn. He fitted for college chiefly at Francestown Academy, under Sylvanus Hayward, now pastor of the Congregational Church in Dunbarton, and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1861, with an enviable reputation for scholarship, and is now Principal of the High School in the city of Manchester, highly esteemed both as a teacher and a christian gentleman.

## RESPONSE OF WILLIAM W. COLBURN.

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THE PATRIOTISM OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW BOSTON. — “ Voted unanimously, to a man, to support the Constitution and Laws of the United States.”

MR. PRESIDENT, —

Patriotism has always been highly honored by men in all stages of civilization. The ancient bards sang their noblest strains in celebrating it; the orators of Greece and Rome kindled their most glowing eloquence at its altar; and history has given her most luminous page to the record of those who freely offered their lives in devotion to the interests of fatherland. We have honored it wherever we have seen it manifested. We always read with pleasure and enthusiasm the history of the patriotic achievements of the Grecian phalanx at Thermopylæ and Marathon; of the imperial cohorts of Rome, led and animated by the stately presence of a Cæsar; of the swarthy sons of Spain under the Iron Duke of Alva, and the Great Captain; of the liberty-loving Netherlanders, inspired and sustained by the peerless Prince of Orange; and especially of the founders and defenders of those liberties, constitutional rights and privileges, which we now enjoy. The patriots of the Revolution, from the immortal Washington to the humblest of their rank and file, have been admired and eulogized by all the civilized world. We, their descendants, on this, the grand *fête* day of our nation, assembled to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of this town, enjoying, as we do, so many blessings in consequence of the virtues of our fathers, should be guilty of unpardonable neglect if we should fail on this occasion to give prominent place in our thoughts and in our speech to the valor and patriotism which were manifested by the early inhabitants of this now venerable town. Unfortunately for us, the early history of New Boston has not yet been written, and for particular facts we are obliged to rely upon traditional accounts.

These, however, are sufficiently reliable for our present purpose. Indeed, it is but a few years since the last survivor of those who took an active part in the war of the Revolution passed from among us, having lived to tell the story of that long and soul-trying war to three generations, and at last realizing, almost literally, Dryden's beautiful description of an old man's death: —

“Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;  
E'en wondered at because he dropped no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;  
Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

We have all heard anecdotes of the trials endured, and sacrifices offered, by the early inhabitants of this town. The men took their muskets and joined their compatriots, leaving their farms to the care of their wives and children. They suffered all the hardships of long marches, of severe weather, of field and camp-life, and of dreary captivity. All this was endured cheerfully, and in the true spirit of patriotism. That these men possessed courage and resolution might be inferred from what they did at home. To enter a new country, to fell its forests, and to convert a wilderness into fruitful fields, is a task that timid souls would not undertake. The first settlers of New Boston, as well as of New England generally, were men who had a purpose in life, and were thoroughly in earnest to accomplish it. They were no carpet champions, passing the time in ease and luxury; but active, earnest men, ready to meet the rough realities of life, and to do their duty either at home, in the quiet pursuit of agriculture, or on the field of battle, in defence of their rights and liberties. I have not been able to ascertain the exact number of those who did military duty, but the records show that the quota of New Boston was promptly filled, both in the war of the Revolution and that of 1812, and that ample provision was made for the wants of those who were left destitute by the departure of the able-bodied men to the service of their country.

The fathers of this town, with their compatriots, declared



themselves capable of self-government, and nobly sustained that declaration on the battle-fields of the infant republic. No one can deny them patriotism, and, with the exception of the Tory element, which existed here a short time during the Revolution, their loyalty to republican rule cannot be questioned. At this day, no one will wish to deny, or be ashamed to confess, that the Tory element was represented in this town by a considerable party. Throughout the American colonies there were many men who, born and prospered under a limited monarchy, often the recipients of royal favor and patronage, were slow to renounce their loyalty to Great Britain, and commit themselves in favor of a movement which was attended with danger, and whose success was doubtful. But after our national independence had been achieved, and republicanism established, these same men became as loyal as any.

Patriotism is universally the concomitant of intelligence and wisdom. Laws, governments, and institutions are the creatures of men, and reflect their character; therefore, whenever we find equitable laws, governments adapted to the wants of the governed, and institutions of a humane and benevolent character, we may safely infer that their founders were not only wise and intelligent, but *patriotic*.

Patriotism looks to the future as well as the present. We need no stronger evidence of the patriotism of our fathers than the institutions they left to the country whose interests they had so willingly and faithfully served. Consider one moment the system of town government that prevails here and throughout New England. With the possible exception of some of the cantons, of Switzerland, the world does not present other instances of government founded on the principles of pure democracy than in the towns of New England. Here the *people*, in sovereign capacity, assemble *en masse* to provide for the common interest. The democracy of ancient Greece was but an empty name, compared with that established by the patriot fathers of New England. Men may say what they please of the inefficiency and ultimate impracticability of a republican form of government for a nation of the size of ours, but no monarchist of Europe or anti-republican in America, can say that our town democracies are not complete, efficient, and satisfactory in

all the essentials of a prosperous and happy government. Look at the subject as we may, we find ourselves deeply indebted to the patriotism of the early inhabitants of this town. The gentler sex also challenge our praise and admiration for the patriotism, which they manifested by patient toil and self-sacrifice in their quiet sphere of life. We should not do justice to this occasion if we should fail to make honorable mention of their mild and unobtrusive, but potential and efficient, influence for the good of their country. There never was a time when patriotism could be better appreciated than now. Our national government is undergoing its most trying test, and is entirely dependent upon the people who created it, and who during so many years have been protected by it, not only for delivery from present peril, but for the perpetuity of those institutions which are so dear to every American heart. While we are so anxious for the success of our national arms, and tremble when we hear of any disaster to the cause of patriotism, let us remember the success that crowned the humble, but determined efforts of our fathers, and take courage. We can in no wise better pay the debt of gratitude we owe them than by following their example in all the virtues of life. While we are justly proud of those brave boys who have gone from loved homes to defend our national honor, let us duly honor the valor and patriotism of those who, in the vigor of young manhood, felled the forests that covered these now cultivated hills, one hundred years ago.

## GERRY W. HAZELTON, ESQ.

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Mr. Hazelton is the son of William Hazelton, of Chester. His mother was Mercy J., daughter of John Cochrane, of New Boston, and sister of the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane. After the usual preparatory education, he read law with the Hon. C. B. Cochrane, of Albany, New York, and established himself in his profession in Columbus, Wisconsin, where his past success and future prospects are sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable young man. His high christian principles and sympathy with every good cause are the sure pledge of a harvest of honor in years to come.

## RESPONSE OF GERRY W. HAZELTON, ESQ.

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NEW BOSTON, — like New England, loyal to the Constitution and Union, looks confidently to her absent sons to stand by her and New England, in this hour of struggle for national existence.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

Were I to say that I feel a thousand times repaid for journeying from the far-off valley of the Mississippi, to enjoy this most interesting occasion, I should but feebly express the satisfaction I experience, in returning to New England and New Hampshire, to participate with the thousands here assembled, in thus observing and celebrating this memorable and glorious day.

Leaving behind the broad lakes and thriving marts of the West, the teeming prairies with their lengthened shadows, where to-day, even as we are assembled, yonder sun, that bathes these grand old hill-tops in its glow, is tinging the ripening grain for the reaper's sickle, it is delightful to stand again amidst familiar and cherished, though rugged scenes, and breathe once more the inspiriting air that fans your mountain homes.

For the first time in fifteen years, I am permitted to celebrate this natal anniversary in New England. I could hardly hope in a lifetime to be here under more interesting circumstances. It is a privilege which I fully appreciate.

Strong as may be my attachments elsewhere, and potent as may be the impulse which constrains so many of your sons and daughters to pursue the "star of empire," I can well understand the sentiment which is still so largely cherished, and in the spirit of which you exclaim, —

" Others may seek the Western clime,  
They say 'tis passing fair ;  
That sunny are its laughing skies,  
And soft its balmy air ;  
We'll linger round our childhood's home  
Till age our warm blood chills, —

Till we die in dear New England  
And sleep beneath her hills."

Mr. President, I bow with deference to this sentiment. In this imposing presence, I confess myself all but a captive to its regal command.

Others may calumniate this distinguished portion of our land, and in the blindness of unreasoning prejudice, or impotent malignity, may thrust hither their poisoned shafts; I shall never cease to exult in New England as my birthplace, nor fail to claim kindred with her noble sons.

Let the spirits of darkness howl upon her track, and gnash their impious teeth in her face, — she remains the same New England, sturdy, brave, intelligent and true, and this is enough.

Let other sections, and other localities fail and falter, and turn their backs upon their obligations as they may, New England holds right on her way faithful to her traditions, her duty, her destiny.

We have heard much, to-day, of the class of men that settled this portion of New England. They are the type of our whole ancestral stock; and if I were to undertake to define their qualities in a word, I should say that, beyond any other equal number of men, they united the greatness of action with the greatness of ideas. They were not greater in the majesty of great virtues than of great and heroic deeds. If they could plan, so could they execute. To the faith of the Covenanter they united the practical sense, the business energy, the unfailing sagacity of the successful man of the world. They put their trust in God, but they were careful to "keep their powder dry." Taught the necessity of self-reliance, they were prepared, as occasion called, to "stand as if a man were author of himself, and knew no other kin;" at the same time they never failed to realize their dependence upon the Almighty arm.

They established churches and schools, but beside these they planted mills, reared factories, opened workshops, and multiplied facilities for commerce. While they cultivated and stimulated the moral and intellectual forces of the people, they were assiduous in developing the material and physical resources of the land; and although they inhabited a rocky and sterile coun-

try, no people has ever been more prosperous, more independent, more happy, or more progressive.

It was these characteristics which made them so prominent and so effective in achieving our nationality. Among the first who conceived the necessity of cutting loose from the parent government, they were also among the most resolute and heroic in accomplishing that great object. They appreciated the fiery path through which the colonies must press to final triumph; but they knew the prize was worth the cost, and cheerfully led the way through the smoke and flames and carnage of revolution, with unfaltering trust in God and their own right arm. They had read history not in vain. They knew that through scenes of sacrifice and trial and danger, oftentimes through the fierce din of arms, and the surging and thundering of contending forces, nations and peoples and communities are educated and disciplined up to a higher civilization and a truer life.

They, moreover, realized and understood the force and significance of the sentiment before the poet wrote, —

“ Oh Freedom! thou art not as poets dream, —  
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs  
 And wavy tresses \* \* \* \* \*  
 A bearded man,  
 Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand  
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,  
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
 With tokens of old wars. Thy massive limbs  
 Are strong with struggling.”

We have heard much, Mr. President, in certain localities of the West, during the past year, in denunciation of New England, — much, even, about dissolving the interesting relations between her and the “rest of mankind,” and leaving her to the desperate alternative of taking care of herself.

Such allusions, Sir, are extraordinary, and I only refer to them here to say that they are in no sense a correct reflection of the prevailing sentiment on that subject, and find no countenance with fair-minded men of any party or nationality. Were the proposition submitted to a vote of the people, there is not a State west of Lake Erie where it would find any substantial indorsement.

I have heard a public declaimer hissed into silence, in at least two of the leading cities of the West, for carping at New England. I have heard a Western troupe sing, amid the tears and cheers of a delighted auditory, —

“ Hurrah for old New England  
And her cloud-capped granite hills!”

Why, Mr. President, in Wisconsin we feel as though we could not keep house without New England!

Her sons are in our pulpits, in our halls of legislation, in our chambers of commerce, at our boards of trade, on our judicial benches, in our editors' chairs, at our bars of justice. Her daughters are our school-madams, our wives, our sisters, our cousins, our friends.

No, we cannot part company. Not only East and West, but North and South, must remain together. Our traditions, our associations, our interests, our hopes, our necessities bind us together. A part of the same great National Unity, our destiny is one. No stripe shall be erased from our national escutcheon, no star obscured. The days and hours of our trial and sacrifice are days and hours of discipline, and will have an end. Forth from the fiery ordeal the Divine hand will lead us in his own good time, purged and purified, and fitted for his own beneficent purposes. If true to the mighty trust which, in the providence of God, has been cast upon this generation, we shall earn the plaudits and benedictions of mankind.

Nor shall we fail. The day of our triumph may be postponed, but it will dawn. “ High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming, and darkness flies with her deceitful shadows; so truth prevails o'er error.” The lightnings may rend the skies and shake the earth, but the balmier breezes, the purer air, and the brighter heavens are beyond. The fury of the storm shall cease, and the rainbow of peace again be painted on the sky. The temple of our liberties, gravitating amid the convulsions of the hour toward a broader and firmer basis, shall lift its jewelled and burnished pillars far aloft, and stand secure amid the conflicts and commotions of the ages.

## WILLIAM PARKER COCHRAN, ESQ.

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He is son of Joseph Cochran, Jr., Esq. After arriving at majority, Mr. Cochran spent a short time in Lowell, Mass., when, his health failing, he shipped on board the "China," and visited the South Atlantic, and returned, after a cruise of eleven months, with health greatly improved. Subsequently he became employed by the Boston and Lowell Railroad as clerk, conductor, and general ticket clerk for the corporation. Here his health failed him again, and he resigned his position, and was subsequently connected with the Cheshire Railroad, and is now occupying an important office on the Vermont Valley Railroad, having his residence at Bellows Falls. May 3, 1843, Mr. Cochran married Nancy C. Miller, and their children are: Joseph, born April 16, 1844; Austin, born Nov. 24, 1849; Cornelia, born July 5, 1851, and William, born Feb. 24, 1855.

Two of Mr. Cochran's children — Austin and Cornelia — died of scarlet fever, Jan. 9, 1854, at the *same moment*, after a sickness of only twenty-four hours.

Mr. Cochran is an intelligent, christian man, enjoying extensive confidence as a gentleman of business capacity.



## RESPONSE OF WILLIAM P. COCHRAN, ESQ.

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THE HOMES OF NEW BOSTON.— Good women have blessed, and religion has sanctified them.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

I thank you for the sentiment to which you request me to respond. Had the topic been left to my own choice, I could not have selected one more in harmony with my feelings to-day. There is no place like home. No other place awakens such pleasing associations, or sets in motion trains of reflection so delightful.

Childhood, parental tenderness, instruction, and restraints, youthful merriment and innocent sports, rich dainties and abundant supplies, healthful labor and refreshing sleep, on the one hand, and trials of patience, temptations to weakness, severe tasks and scanty supplies, early bereavements and aching hearts, on the other, cluster thick around the homes of our early life, as the great Disposer of the "lot" has ordained.

The Homes of New Boston.— It was here upon these hills and amid these valleys, that we first beheld the beauties of earth and the splendors of heaven; that we first heard the melodies of the human voice; of bird, of winds, and waterfalls. It was here we were first startled by the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar; it was here we revelled amid scenes of pleasure, free from the cares and toils, sorrows and trials of mind and heart, which in later days beset our pathway. Never to be obliterated are the memories of our early homes. In after years, wherever we roam, whatever our fortune, rich or poor, whatever our surroundings, no other place is to us so cherished as the home of our childhood. These homes may have been thatched cottages, and to-day we may live in palaces, yet these early homes are the centre of attraction to our hearts; we are irresistibly drawn back, amid all our wanderings, to this start-

ing-point of existence, the Eden from which it is well if *only our circumstances*, not our *sins*, have thrust us out.

How different the homes of childhood from those of manhood! In the former, our wants are anticipated by others; in the latter, we must care for ourselves and the precious children God has given us. Our homes of to-day are not the homes of our youth, though the homestead be ours, and we dwell in the old family mansion. Death has broken domestic circles, and the survivors are strangely dispersed; so that he who stands upon the old family hearthstone this centennial day, surrounded though he may be with the lovely and the loved, recalling the days of his youth, the forms that *once* surrounded him, and the faces that smiled for him, cannot be insensible to the fact that desolation has swept that home, and rent into fragments that once joyous family circle. He cannot but feel solitary, like some branchless trunk of a decaying tree, which stands in the open field, representing all that is left of a once stately forest; yet, for their very desolation our hearts cling with tenderest interest to the dwellings of younger life, and our minds are full of them when the sports and pleasures, the pains and sorrows, associated with them are recalled. The vain attempt to catch the robin or the sparrow by laying salt upon his tail, the shooting the squirrel, and angling the fish, are not only associated with homes, but they marked a period in our childhood life; they denoted development, and the risings of ambition. We can now remember the pride we felt on the achievement of boyish success, and the consciousness of glory which the most successful general hardly dares anticipate.

And our school-life, so intimately associated with early homes, is not to be forgotten. The birch and ferule which few of us escaped, the first lessons in "Webster's Spelling-Book," under some Mary Campbell; the reading of the story of "The Boy in the Apple-tree;" the "Dairy-maid" with her "spilled milk;" and loss of a "green dress;" "Reynard and the Mosquitoes," and "Poor Dog Tray," punished for being in bad company; the "Bull and the Ox," with their argumentative owners; the games we played; the battles we fought, — in which Bunker Hill was often taken and retaken; those social gatherings on winter

evenings and summer days, when "blind-man's buff," "passing the button," and "paying the forfeit," were our sports; autumnal huskings, when the red ear was suggestive of ruby lips and rosy cheeks; and apple "paring-bees," and the cider that did not intoxicate, — the remembrance of these serves to quicken our blood, and to cause us to grow young again; and they are all associated with the homes of former days, though they may not belong to the present.

But New Boston homes are associated with the loom, the spinning-wheel, the reel, and warping-bars, darning, knitting, and sewing-needles, some of which were musical, all useful, instruments too much displaced by the piano and crochet-needle. To aid them in their social gatherings, young misses used to take with them their spinning-wheels, each innocently striving to excel all others; and their brothers came in the evening, to see the reeling, and crown any who had excelled, and sometimes to select a pair of hands and a heart to aid in life's future toilings. The early homes of New Boston were hives of active, busy hands and cheerful hearts. The Homes of New Boston. — Good women have blessed them. Yes, good women have blessed these homes. We cannot forget a pious mother, her loving heart and ceaseless watchings; nor can we fail to be influenced by what she did and what she was to us. It was her hand that pressed our fevered brow, and her care, with God's blessing, that restored our strength. She saved us from many a heart-ache, dried many a tear, shielded from many a temptation, and secured by her intercessions much succor from the unseen Power. More to us than all the world besides have been the eyes, the hands, and the hearts of our mothers. And the loss of a Christian mother cannot be replaced. Once lost she is lost forever. Go the wide world over, and nothing will be found to fill the aching void. There is no home for a child, where there is no mother; nothing can serve in the stead of her love; neither distance nor years can wean us from it; time and distance but open our minds and hearts to a truer sense of its value; the further we wander, and the longer we stay from the scenes of early attachments, the more intense become our longings to live over again the innocent days of our childhood, when we rested our weary heads on the bosom of a loving

mother, and were lulled to sleep by the sweet music of her voice.

The Homes of New Boston. — Good women have blessed, and religion has sanctified them. Nothing is more obvious than the happy influence of Christian women and religion on the households of New Boston. And it was here in our childhood's home that we first learned our accountability to God, and of salvation through Jesus Christ. Household religious instruction has always been one of the great mercies which a kind Providence has conferred upon New Boston. The catechism was earliest used as a means of storing the minds of the young with Scriptural truths; and this was generally taught, and its influence in time can never be fully estimated.

In 1819, the Sabbath school was first organized in this town, and it then excited a lively interest. It was intended especially for the benefit of children, but our parents were not less interested therein, and it was at home, under their superintendence, that we learned our lessons, which consisted of committing to memory passages of Scripture. Question-books and commentaries which children could use were unknown in those days. Our parents were in place of them. The Bible was our text-book, and Sabbath evenings were especially set apart for religious conversation and instruction. And pleasant indeed were those Sabbath gatherings of families for the recital of what religious truth we had learned, and receiving more. Long and thankfully to be remembered are those Sabbath evenings, when all were free and eager to ask questions, which our parents kindly solved and reduced to our comprehension. Whether this practice was general, I cannot say; but I know it was observed in many families. And where this practice has been discontinued, and the religious and moral instruction of children has been *wholly* confided to Sunday-school teachers, and we go about the streets boasting of the great advantages of *our* children, in the privileges they have in Sunday-school books and teachers, it becomes us to remember the days of our fathers, and to inquire into their practice in training their children; for it may be that we shall find ourselves gathering only bundles of straw where they reaped golden sheaves of wheat. If we would have our homes sanctified as were the homes of our

fathers, we must practice home religious instruction ; otherwise, we may bring sorrow to our dwellings, and misery to our children's heritage.

For such instruction, the homes of New Boston were greatly indebted to the good women whom God raised up to shed a profusion of light in their dwellings. Such mothers made these homes sanctuaries of peace and happiness. It was the wives and mothers, with strong minds and healthy bodies and sanctified hearts, that gave to this town so many model homes, and a generation of sons and daughters who are here to-day, loyal to their country, true to their God and to the principles that made the place of our nativity no mean inheritance. Diffusing the spirit of religion through their households, they made these hills and valleys attractive to childhood ; and the remembrance of them and the homes they hallowed, has drawn us from our distant fields of activity to the scenes of our early life, to bear our testimony to their worthiness, and to give assurance to the living and those that shall live after us, of our gratitude to God for such homes, and such mothers, and the religion that made them all that they were of good then, and now, and for time to come.

And now, Mr. President, I close with the following sentiment ; a prayer from a sincere and loving heart : —

*The present and future Homes of New Boston.* — May equally virtuous mothers bless them, and their pure religion hallow them, rendering them the abodes of economy, industry, and godliness.

## THE ABSENT.

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The number of those who have emigrated from New Boston is very large. They are to be found in all parts of the country, and in almost all departments of activity.

On the occasion of the centennial, it was not anticipated that all would return, though a large number was expected, and that expectation was more than realized; they came from regions far remote, overcoming huge obstacles, and making great sacrifices, all drawn by a mighty attraction to the homes of their childhood and the graves of their ancestors. And though both days of the celebration were crowded with rich thoughts, delightful memories, and cordial greetings, yet the absent were not forgotten. Those who had been so long absent as to be nearly forgotten were by associations brought vividly before the mind, and those who had not neglected their ancestral homes, were remembered with tender interest; while those who had gone for the defence of our Government, and for the preservation of our Union against a foul conspiracy, were made the objects of most earnest prayer and of tenderest recollections.

## D R . C H A R L E S C O C H R A N .

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He was the youngest son of John Cochran, Esq., born June 9, 1816. His mother was Frances, daughter of the late Dr. Jonathan Gove. He prepared for college at Hopkinton, and Francestown academies, and spent two years in Ohio ; but in 1837 returned and took charge of Sandwich Academy. After two years of teaching his health failing him, he returned to Ohio, and in 1840, commenced studying medicine with his brother, Dr. Jeremiah S. Cochran of Sandusky, and graduated at Willoughby Medical University in 1843, and practised in Sandusky until 1859, and settled in Toledo in 1861, where he now resides, highly esteemed as a gentleman and a physician.

Dr. Cochran married Mary A. Norris of Sandwich, N. H., in 1847.

## RESPONSE OF DR. CHARLES COCHRAN.

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THE EMIGRANT SONS OF NEW BOSTON — They speak for themselves.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

The orator of the day has spoken eloquently. While you have listened to his glowing words, you may have thought of others, who would gladly have stood before you to give expression to the joyous sentiments suggested by the anniversary of our country's birth, and by the rare event that has called so many of the sons and daughters of the town from their scattered homes. Others, who have responded to sentiments proposed, have spoken words that have waked up sleeping memories, and recalled incidents of by-gone years. All these have spoken; you have heard their words of cheer.

It is not of these I desire to speak, but of the absent ones, whose hearts this day beat with patriotism as pure and as strong as do yours. Some are scattered through the different States, engaged in peaceful avocations. Others have taken up arms in defence of their country. All these speak. Perhaps I cannot better interpret their language than by giving incidents that have occurred in the life-history of some.

On the 13th day of April, 1862, a staunch steamer, chartered by the governor of the State of Ohio, lay in the Tennessee River tied up at Pittsburgh Landing. Notice was soon circulated through the camp of the great army that then lay on that sadly memorable field, that the wounded soldiers of Ohio would be cared for, and removed to commodious hospitals nearer home. Among the first sufferers brought on board that hospital boat was a poor fellow whose leg was shattered by a musket-ball. One of those who carried the litter on which he was stretched was a tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing the uniform of a private soldier. I was soon busy dressing the wound. While the tall soldier watched the process, I asked his nativity, "New Boston, New Hampshire," he replied. Just then a gush of



blood from the wound demanded my attention, when it was stanch'd, and I looked up, the tall soldier was gone. During the afternoon and far into the night, I frequently saw the same brave, tender-hearted soldier, bringing in the wounded. Near midnight, when I was at leisure, the tall soldier was engaged in other duties, or taking his rest. I never knew his name nor he mine. His gentle, patient, long-continued efforts to relieve his suffering fellow-soldiers proved him one of nature's noblemen. He speaks not for himself alone. The heart of every son and daughter of the old native town will think with pride, that such a man first breathed God's air among these rugged hills.

Another youthful son of the town, one pleasant day last year, was sauntering through the streets of a little town in Missouri. He was met by a red-whiskered, long-haired, uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed, butternut-clad native, who, with oaths and coarse ribaldry, charged him with being a son of New England, and of loyalty to his country. That man, erect, showing every inch of stature with which God had endowed him, replied, "I am a son of New England, and I am loyal to my country and to her flag." The cowardly assassin shot him dead. When the names of brave dead, fallen during this rebellion, shall be enrolled, that of the martyred Richmond Cochran shall stand prominent, and will hold a cherished place in the hearts of many here assembled to-day.

These instances of devotion to country, and to the good of fellow-men, do but epitomize the deeds of many of the absent sons of New Boston. The minister of the gospel, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the mechanic and the farmer (for all these professions are by them represented), each in his sphere, nobly does his duty, and, if present here to-day, each would echo every noble sentiment that has been uttered in your hearing. The emigrant sons of New Boston do indeed speak for themselves, by the noble, manly deeds that fill up their daily life. They speak of whatsoever is pure and of good repute here, and of brighter hopes and more glorious prospects hereafter. In conclusion, permit me to propose, —

*The Fathers and Brothers at Home.* May they unite with the absent ones in one long, loud shout, "Our country first, last, always one and undivided."

## PERLEY DODGE, ESQ.

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Mr. Dodge's ancestors are believed to have come from the North of Wales, and were among the early settlers in Massachusetts Bay. His father, William Dodge, came from Hamilton, Essex County, Mass., in 1787, and settled where his son, Samuel, now resides. Before coming to New Boston, he married Rachel Poland, and their children were three sons and six daughters, all of whom lived to have families.

The subject of this sketch was the youngest son. He fitted for college at Pinkerton, Salisbury, and Francestown academies, and with Rev. E. P. Bradford. He entered Dartmouth College in 1820; subsequently went to Union College, whence he graduated in 1824, and read law with Titus Brown of Francestown, and Nehemiah Eastman, of Farmington, and was admitted to practice in 1828. He commenced practice at Francestown, subsequently opened an office at New Boston, but in 1832 removed to Amherst, and in 1839 was appointed Clerk of the Courts of Hillsborough County, which office he retained nearly eighteen years.

In 1831, he married Harriet Woodbury, of Francestown, — a sister of the late Levi Woodbury, — and is now in the successful practice of law in Amherst, enjoying the comforts of affluence and the confidence of the community.



J.R. Bufford's Mtn

*Percy Dodge*

## RESPONSE OF PERLEY DODGE, ESQ.

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THE LAWYERS OF NEW BOSTON — At home and abroad.

MR. PRESIDENT, —

This is an epoch in our lives' history. Our various tasks are forsaken for this joyous commingling of hearts, and rehearsals of human acts and Providential overrulings. We represent all classes and all avocations, — the tiller of the soil, the toiler in the shop, the merchant at his counter, the physician at the bed of sickness, the lawyer in his office, and the pastor in his study. And we here recognize the union of all these, the need of all these, to the highest well-being of society. All these have here spoken but the lawyer. In his behalf you call upon me to speak. This I do with pleasure. There existed, for a long time, a decided aversion to the legal profession among no inconsiderable portion of the community. But that has disappeared, and all intelligent men recognize the necessity of the profession to the execution of laws and the maintaining of justice. The rights of individuals would be in constant jeopardy but for those skilled in the law, in detecting fraud and exposing wickedness. The profession may *sometimes* serve to shield the wrongdoer, but a thousand times oftener does it bring to light the hidden works of darkness. The guilty, not the innocent, dread the lawyer, and the injured find him to be the friend in time of need.

In 1772, when Hillsborough County was organized, there was no member of the legal profession between Amherst and Claremont. The first lawyer who attempted to establish himself in practice above Amherst, was Samuel Bell, afterwards Judge, Governor of the State, and Senator in Congress. He opened an office in Francestown; but the people were greatly exasperated at his audacity, pronounced him an invader upon their rights, and threatened him with violence. But his manly deportment

and strict adherence to justice soon overcame their prejudice, and won their confidence.

New Boston has never been an inviting field for the legal profession. Its location is not sufficiently central to attract business from surrounding towns, and the people have not sought to encourage litigation. Once on a time I opened an office here, but soon found that if there was bread to spare in any other region, it was not wise for me to remain and famish. No one else has had equal daring. And yet New Boston has contributed much to the support of lawyers in other towns. To their patronage Steele and Gove, Brown and Danforth, Hazelton, Sawyer, Parker, Means, and Atherton, have been greatly indebted. Is it certain that though this town boasts that it has no lawyer, it really has been for its interest? There is, at least, room for doubt. Be that as it may, it is certain the lawyer here has gained no laurels. Nor has New Boston raised up many of her sons for the legal profession; but of those she has given, there is no occasion for shame. William Willson became a leader, and rose to eminence. He was the son of Alexander Willson, born in that part of the town once known as Egypt, "because there was much corn there." He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1797, settled in Ohio, and in 1823 became Judge of the Supreme Court in that growing State, and subsequently was elected member of Congress, and died in 1827, aged 55.

Of Josiah W. Fairfield, I need not speak. He has spoken for himself, in your presence, as no man can without commanding profound respect. Of Clark B. Cochrane this community will never be ashamed, so long as they can appreciate eloquence and approve of what is excellent. James Crombie, of New York, Lorenzo Fairbanks of Philadelphia, and Christopher C. Langdell, of New York, have already gained, or are rapidly gaining, eminence in the profession. Of my humble self I have nothing to say. Of the rest I can speak with pride. I am proud to know that the sons of New Boston adorn all the professions, and not least, the legal. Other communities delight to do them honor. And it is not a little grateful to know that they are appreciated at *home*. And rest assured, Mr. President, that we will endeavor, in all coming time, to do credit to the

place of our birth, and give no occasion for the "old folks" at home to be ashamed of those whom they have sent forth upon the broad theatre of activity.

Mr. Dodge prepared interesting biographical sketches of most of the legal gentlemen to whom he refers; but as similar sketches precede their papers in this work, they have been omitted in his, while we append other names, with such facts as have come to hand.

John Gove, son of Dr. Jonathan Gove, was born in New Boston, Feb. 17, 1771, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1793, read law with W. Gordon, commenced practice in Goffstown in 1797, and removed to Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1802, and died the same year, aged 31.

Charles Frederick Gove was the son of Dr. Jonathan Gove by his second wife. He was born May 13, 1793, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1817, read law with J. Forsaith, Dane Law School, commenced practice in Goffstown in 1820, where he remained till 1839, when he removed to Nashville, now Nashua, and represented that town in the State Legislature in 1830, '31, '32, '33, '34. He was President of the State Senate in 1835, was Solicitor from 1834 to 1837, Attorney General from 1837 to 1842, and appointed Circuit Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1842. Subsequently, he resigned his judgeship, and became Superintendent of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad, and died in 1856, aged 63.

Judge Gove married Mary H. Gay, of Nashua, but left no children.

Robert Clark Cochran is the son of the late John D. Cochran. He was born Nov. 4, 1813, and married Mary Means, daughter of Rev. E. P. Bradford, and lives in Gallatin, Miss., practising law.

Jesse McCurdy is the son of the late James McCurdy; his mother is the youngest child of the Rev. Solomon Moor. He graduated at Dartmouth College in the Class of 1852. He taught school several years in Mississippi, and is now practising law in Quitman, of that State.

Christopher C. Langdell is the son of John Langdell; his mother was Lydia, daughter of the late Joseph Beard, and sis-

ter of Jesse Beard, Esq. He fitted for college at Exeter Academy, and graduated at Harvard, and is now practising law in the city of New York.

Seth Fairfield is the son of Benjamin Fairfield, Esq., and a graduate of Waterville College, Me. He went into Mississippi, taught school some years, and is now in the practice of the legal profession in that State.

Ninian Clark Betton was son of Samuel Betton, who came to New Boston from Windham, and married Anna Ramsey, sister of the wife of Ninian Clark, Esq., near whom Mr. Betton resided until his death, which occurred Oct. 9, 1790; and his wife died Nov. 23, 1790. These parents left two sons, Ninian Clark and James, the oldest being less than four years of age. James died in early manhood. Ninian, at the age of about five years, was placed under the care of Robert Boyd, whose wife was a kind-hearted woman, who, having no children of her own, loved those of other parents, and took great pleasure in caring for the orphan and needy. Here young Betton spent ten years of his childhood, always expressing great gratitude for the kindness of heart and the wise counsels of Mrs. Boyd.

After his removal from New Boston, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to school for a while, and subsequently placed in a store, as clerk. But, having no taste for mercantile life, he resolved to obtain a liberal education. He studied at Atkinson Academy, and entered Dartmouth College, whence he graduated with the reputation of high scholarship, having the late Rev. Samuel Clark for his classmate.

The following notice of Mr. Betton was written by a member of the Suffolk Bar, and appeared in one of the Boston newspapers on the day of his death, Nov. 19, 1856:—

“DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE SUFFOLK BAR.—Died in this city, this morning, Ninian C. Betton, Esq., counsellor-at-law, aged 68 years.

“Mr. Betton was a native of New Boston, N. H., and studied his profession under the direction of the late Hon. Ezekiel Webster, and afterwards under the direction of his distinguished brother, Daniel Webster.

“Mr. Betton was admitted to practice in this city in October,

1817, since which time, with a short interval spent in New Hampshire, he has resided with us in Boston. He was a well-bred lawyer, and an honest, upright man. He has performed all his duties, in every relation of life, faithfully, and goes to his tomb with the sincere regret and undissembled respect of a large circle of friends, who have long known and valued him for his sterling good sense and honest independence of character. Mr. Betton was well read in his profession, and was a skilful and safe counsellor. He never delayed an honest claimant in obtaining his just claim, and never aided a dishonest man in prosecuting an unjust demand.”

Mr. Betton, January 10, 1821, married Miss W. J., daughter of the late Silas Betton, whose wife was Mary, daughter of the distinguished Matthew Thornton, signer of the Declaration. They had three sons ; of whom one, George E., survives. He succeeds his father in the successful practice of the legal profession in Boston.