













AN

**ADDRESS**

COMMEMORATIVE OF

**SEVEN YOUNG MEN OF DANVERS,**

WHO WERE SLAIN

**IN THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON;**

DELIVERED

IN THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE, IN DANVERS,

ON THE

**Sixtieth Anniversary of the Battle.**

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**WITH NOTES.**

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BY  
**DANIEL P. KING.**

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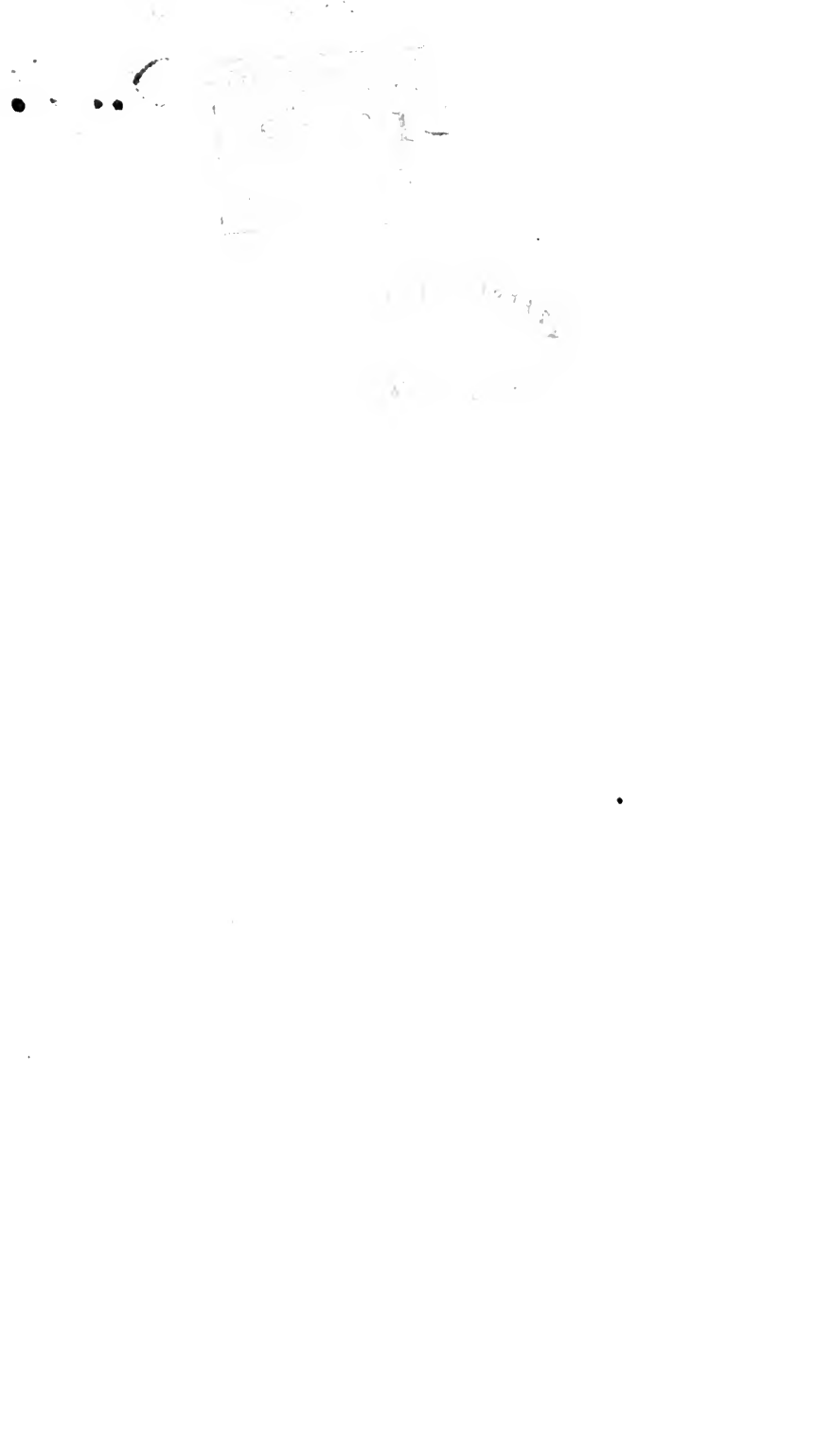
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SALEM:  
W. & S. B. IVES.....STEARNS' BUILDING,  
**1835.**

Checked  
May 1913

*D.P.K.*

*1913*





## ADDRESS.



WE have come together on an occasion of more than ordinary interest and solemnity. We have come to pay the tribute of our respect and gratitude to the memory of seven young men of Danvers, the chosen sons of Liberty, who nobly offered their lives a sacrifice for their country's freedom. With funeral dirges, with an impressive address from a worthy veteran, with holy invocation, with all due solemnity, we have laid on a foundation, deep and firm, the corner stone of a Monument, which shall hold in lasting commemoration the names of SAMUEL COOK, BENJAMIN DALAND, GEORGE SOUTHWICK, JOTHAM WEBB, HENRY JACOBS, EBENEZER GOLDTHWAIT and PERLEY PUTNAM, who were slain in the battle of Lexington. Yesterday's peaceful Sabbath, that day which God has hallowed and blessed, which our ancestors have remembered to keep holy as a time for rest, for prayer and meditation—long may their posterity follow the pious example! Yesterday's peaceful Sabbath was the 60th anniversary of that event, so interesting in the history of our country, so interesting in the history of civil liberty throughout the world.

The time, the place, the occasion, the presence of these venerable men, the fellow soldiers and worthy companions of those self devoted victims—this imposing military array and this large and attentive assembly—cannot fail to awaken solemn, grateful, heartfelt emotions. How different this serene and quiet morning from that day of alarms, of dangers, of violence and death! How different our feelings from those which agitated and convulsed the forms which peopled these dwellings and hurried through these streets. Their lives, the lives of their friends, their country, all that was dear to them,

were in peril. They, the oppressed subjects of a foreign dominion, we, the free citizens of a mighty republic. They scarcely numbering three millions, dispersed in detached and feeble colonies, we more than quadrupling the number, united at home, respected abroad, enjoying an independent, well balanced government, able to cope with the world in arms. Our prospect of the future too, how different from that which shrouded them in darkness and gloom.

We have read and heard much of those times which tried men's souls, and which proved them too, of sterling worth—of that day when “the fate of America stood trembling on the point of suspense,”—when but an adverse breath would have precipitated her into the dreadful abyss: but how inadequate the idea we can form; how cold and lifeless the picture our imagination can paint! Would that we could roll back the long years,—would that we could draw aside the misty curtain,—would that we could loose the bands of dumb forgetfulness,—then might we behold the living, moving, speaking reality. Would that we could hold high converse with the spirits of the valiant dead, then might we catch something of inspiration and patriotism from the communion.

But the pen of the historian and the tongue of tradition have not left these most interesting events altogether to vague uncertainty and conjecture. Genius, learning and eloquence have illustrated the *early* battles of the Revolution;—they have immortalized the memories of some of the victims;—they have blazoned their names in letters of gold that shall ever shine, and in characters of fire that shall ever glow. We gaze upon and admire the splendor of performances we dare not attempt to imitate. The flitting meteor, twinkling and vanishing, yields its brief light to the illumination of heaven's canopy, as well as the fixed stars, those orbs which, resplendent with their own lustre, forever burn. The humble streamlet and the broad flowing river, are tributaries to the swelling tide of the majestic ocean—fortunate is he who can contribute in any degree to the honor of those who have been an honor to their country. There is no happier employment

than to wreath chaplets for the brow of the patriot,—there is no task more grateful than to strew flowers over the graves, and to twine laurel and cypress about the urns of those who have fallen in the holy cause of liberty. It is the poor acknowledgement of a debt which no praise, no eulogiums, no monuments can ever repay.

It cannot be necessary to recapitulate the wrongs, the oppression and the violence which caused the American revolution. The story, in better language than I can command, is in all your dwellings, and familiar to you as your household goods. It was not for a petty tax on tea or a stamp on paper, it was not for money, but for principles, for their existence as a free people, that our fathers were alarmed. They were jealous of their liberties and watchful of every encroachment. They knew that those chains were forged which were to bind them and their children in a galling and perpetual slavery. They saw in the far east the gathering of that storm, which was growing broader, blacker, more portentous as it advanced, and which threatened to involve them and their country in one common ruin. They had remonstrated, petitioned, intreated the British Government, but their remonstrances and petitions had been received with contempt and insult. They still loved the mother country, and hoped that wiser and milder councils would prevail. But hoping for the best, they prepared for the worst. To believe that a king can do no wrong was no article in their creed; to worship at the shrine of fortune was no rite in their religion:—they could not trust their liberties, their dearest treasure, to the will of the monarch, nor to the caprice of the goddess. But if neither fortune nor royalty shared their reverence, patriotism, devotion to their country, nearly absorbed it all. They believed, they constantly affirmed, that love to country is next to love to heaven, that “opposition to tyrants is obedience to God.” To them the field of battle was the gate of Paradise, and dying for their country entitled them to free admission. This perhaps was not precisely the doctrine of the pulpit,\* but it was

\* (A.) See Notes at the end of the Address.

the doctrine of a noble enthusiasm, which raised the people above the fear of consequences. The spirited language of the great orator of nature, the Demosthenes of the South, "give me liberty or give me death," was ringing through the land, and found a ready response in every bosom. Liberty or death, resounded from the Lakes to Florida, and from the sea-girt coast to the dark forests of the distant West. The valleys shouted liberty or death, and the hill sides echoed, and re-echoed liberty or death.

Although Gov. Gage, in his proclamation, had declared it treason to hold town meetings, except for the choice of town officers, they were held in defiance of his authority. (A.) (In Salem he ordered the Regular troops to disperse them at the point of the bayonet.) At these meetings, committees of correspondence and vigilance were chosen, and delegates to a Provincial Congress, which was convened, first at Salem and afterwards at Concord and Watertown. John Hancock was President, and (B) Samuel Holten a member from this town. The day of the organization of this Congress was the day of the dissolution of the royal power in Massachusetts. Among other measures of precaution, it was recommended, (and their recommendation had all the force of a law,) to train the militia, to enrol companies of minute men, to collect and prepare arms and the munitions of war. But the supply was inadequate and imperfect. Their arms were principally fowling pieces, and dull lead was the metal most in demand. Grains of gunpowder were worth more than grains of glittering gold; so scarce was it, that the country could not afford the Commander in Chief on his arrival at Head Quarters the honor of a salute, though he was then the pride and hope, as he has since been, and ever will be esteemed, the Father and the Glory of his country.

Nothing but an ardent patriotism and the firmest conviction of the justice of their cause could have animated our fathers in their noble resolutions. Britain then vaunted herself the mistress of the seas and invincible in arms; the colonists had been proud to acknowledge the valor and discipline of her troops,

and the skill and experience of her generals. Our own townsmen knew full well their excellence, for the 64th Regiment had been stationed as a guard to Governor Gage, who held his Head Quarters here for five months (C)—and the 59th Regiment had for sometime been encamped at the fort on the Neck in Salem. Our townsmen had seen them parading these streets in scarlet uniforms, with nodding plumes and bristling bayonets, and the red cross banner of England floating proudly over them; they had seen these Regiments join, on the very spot, where we have commenced our monument, on their march to Boston,—

—————“ with all the quality,  
The pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war” ;—

but no, there was nothing glorious in that display; it was intended to intimidate a free people. There was nothing glorious in the war they waged; it was to enslave men of common ancestors and religion, of the same language and habits with themselves. It had been asserted by British statesmen and generals who professed to be well acquainted with America, that two Regiments of such troops could march from one end of the colonies to the other—that a few thousand would be more than sufficient to subdue the whole country. But the courage of the patriots did not fail, their resolution did not waver. They looked up with confidence to Him with whom “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” Theirs was the assurance of the shepherd stripling going forth, with the smooth pebbles from the brook, to contend with the bold defier of the armies of the living God—

“ A moving mountain cased in polish'd brass  
With all the fit accoutrements of war.”

Boston, it will be remembered, was garrisoned by a large and well appointed army. Its harbor was shut, its commerce ruined, its inhabitants suffering all the privations and indignities of a captured town. The British considered Boston the strong hold of the rebellion—the lovers of freedom considered it the very citadel of their liberties. Otis, Adams,

Warren had breathed into the people the breath of life. The same vital principles, the same warm, animating current pervaded the whole country; if Boston, their heart of hearts suffered, all the members suffered with it. The example, the sacrifices, the noble daring of Boston, gave spirit to their opposition, nerve to their courage and ardor to their patriotism.

The sons of liberty had girded on, but had not yet drawn the sword—the enemies of freedom had asserted that the Americans would not face British troops, that they would not dare to fight—to our neighbors of Salem belongs the honor of having given a decided contradiction to this hasty assertion—to them belongs the honor of having made the first *armed* opposition to British aggression.

On Sunday, the 26th Feb. 1775, Col. Leslie, with his Regiment (the 64th, the same that had been stationed in this town,) was sent by water to Marblehead. The troops remained on board their transport till after the people were engaged in the public worship of the day,—they then landed and passed to Salem. Their object was to secure two pieces of cannon and some military equipments—these had been removed to Danvers. The British on their march after them were brought to a sudden halt on North Bridge, the draw of which was raised. (D.) A large number of people had assembled and 30 or 40 armed men were drawn up on the opposite side. Col. Leslie demanded a passage—it was peremptorily refused; on the bank were two gondolas, he ordered a portion of his men to pass the river in them; the people immediately scuttled them with their axes; the British soldiers used insulting and threatening language and some violence to prevent the destruction of the gondolas; their commander ordered a division of them to face about and fire, but by the timely interference of the worthy pastor of the North Church, the effusion of blood was prevented. Col. Leslie pledged his honor that if the Bridge were lowered he would advance but fifty rods beyond it—the bridge was lowered, the distance measured—the brave men of Salem formed a line across the

road and boldly faced the British troops, who marched the stipulated distance, wheeled about, and bore their blushing honors back to Boston. A company from Danvers entered, just as the British left Salem. When they reached Marblehead they found the hardy sons of that place in arms, prepared to give them a warm reception if any violence had been offered. The whole neighborhood was alarmed and within a few hours 5000 men would have been mustered had there been occasion for their services. The learned biographer of a prominent actor on that troubled stage, remarks that "it was owing to the caution of the British commander, and not to any want of effort or spirit on the part of the inhabitants, that Essex county is not distinguished for the first battle of the Revolution."

Having exhausted the argument, the patriots had made their solemn appeal to arms and to the God of battles—they anxiously, but firmly awaited the issue. Nor did they wait long before their courage was put to severer trial. During the night preceding the 19th of April, Gen. Gage detached Lieut. Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn, with 800 Grenadiers and Light Infantry, the flower of the British army, to Concord, with orders to destroy the military stores deposited there. It was probably also his intention to apprehend those proscribed *rebels*, Samuel Adams and John Hancock.—Although great precaution had been taken to prevent suspicion of the meditated expedition, the watchful patriots of Boston had sent messengers to alarm the country. The alarm was rapidly spread by Church bells, signal guns and horsemen. At five o'clock, A. M. advice was received at Lexington of the enemy's near approach. A new alarm was sounded, the drum beat to arms, and about sixty militia-men met on the common north of the meeting house. The meeting house stands on the angle of two roads, the one leading to Bedford, the other to Concord; in its rear and between these roads the men of Lexington had formed in two ranks. The British with loaded muskets advanced on both roads, nearly enclosing them; Major Pitcairn rode along their front and cried,

“Disperse, rebels, throw down your arms and disperse.” The Americans, indignant at the name and standing on their own ground, would not obey. Pitcairn fired his pistol, and ordered his men to fire. It was not till the brave, determined men of Lexington had received two vollics, that they returned the fire and left that field, before unknown to fame, with eight of their neighbors dying upon it, in the possession of more than twelve times their number of British soldiers. Here was shed the first blood in the severe and protracted struggle for our liberties; and the cry of that blood for vengeance flew on the wings of every wind—the cry of that blood for justice was wafted to heaven.

Exulting in their proud victory, the British proceeded.—They reached Concord about 9 o'clock; their coming had been anticipated, and the military stores of most importance had been removed or secreted. The militia, amounting to 150, occupied a hill north of the meeting house. When the British entered Concord, they retreated beyond the North Bridge, about a mile from the town. While the British were destroying the stores, they sent two hundred men to dislodge the “rebels.” The ~~British~~ began to take up the bridge—the Americans coming down to prevent it, were fired upon and two of their number were killed. They commenced a spirited fire upon the British, who retreated in their turn, and about noon the whole detachment left Concord. The yeomanry, meanwhile, were collecting in greater numbers and poured in upon them a galling and destructive fire—their situation was becoming more and more perilous and “a flight commenced to which the annals of British warfare will hardly afford a parallel.” Gen. Gage had been apprised of the attack at Lexington: he began to doubt whether the Americans were such arrant cowards as they had been represented: possibly his brave Grenadiers and Infantry might need support. He despatched Lord Percy with eighteen companies, a division of marines, and two field pieces as a reinforcement, and never came reinforcement in time of greater need—about half a mile below Lexington meeting-house they met their discom-



fitted, routed, exhausted fellow soldiers, and formed a hollow square to receive the fugitives—"they lay upon the ground with their tongues out of their mouths and panted like dogs after a chase."

We will leave the British troops to the rest and refreshment they so much needed. We will come to this village, then distant by the usual course of travel about eighteen miles, and inquire what has been passing here. At 9 o'clock the ringing of the bell and the roll of the drum summoned the men of Danvers from their quiet occupations in the field and the workshop; they threw aside the rude implements of their business, seized their arms and hastened to their rendezvous, in front of this house. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters were surrounding them with tearful eyes and troubled countenances. The friends of their dearer affection, their wives and children were clinging to them with aching hearts and dreadful forebodings. The worthy minister of the parish offered a brief, but fervent prayer for their protection, for the success of their holy cause; and gave them his blessing. The minute men from this neighborhood started on their hasty march over the fences and across the fields. I see them now. No painted standard (E.) waves over them: no martial music is necessary to animate their spirits or to make them forgetful of the horrors of war. There they go in their simple attire; there is a dissimilarity in their equipments, perhaps there is a want of regularity in their movements, but there is no want of firmness in their step or courage in their hearts. They cast one fond, lingering look upon their friends and their homes, they hear the peal of alarm, they remember their country's wrongs and turn with confirmed resolution to the path of their duty. But who is that athletic, soldier-like figure, with gun on his shoulder, but distinguished by no badge, who leads them?—who is he who will "dare to lead where any dare to follow?" whom they have unanimously chosen their commander? He stands before you, the sole survivor of that youthful band. Sixty wasting years have not bespoiled him of

that manly figure and commanding countenance. The frosts of eighty six winters have not chilled his energies ; the sultry heats of as many summers have not withered the freshness of his green old age. The friends of his youth and his companions in war have passed away—he has experienced many alternations of prosperous and adverse fortune—he has forgotten many scenes and incidents once momentous ; but he has not forgotten, and never will forget, his early love of country—it has been the cherished, controlling principle of his life.—Thanks be to heaven, that he has been spared to participate in the solemnities of this day ! Thanks be to heaven, that we and our children have been permitted to see of what form and substance were the patriots of the revolution !

The worthy veteran stays now to hear our remarks, (would that they were worthy of him and the occasion,) but nothing could stay him and his brave companions when their country called them to the field of battle.

Two companies of minute men, commanded by Israel Hutchinson and Gideon Foster, and three companies of militia, severally commanded by Samuel Flint, Samuel Eppes and Jeremiah Page, amounting probably to more than one hundred and fifty men, left this town at different hours and on different roads ; they ran more than half the way and reached West Cambridge, then called Menotomy, near the same time. (F.) The British now numbering about eighteen hundred men had resumed their march ; they had plundered and burnt many houses on the road, and were still followed and harassed by our countrymen. Our townsmen heard the roar of the artillery and the rattle of the musketry, and they panted to join in the deadly combat. A little west of the meeting house is a hill around which the road wound in such manner as to conceal the British. Many of the men of Danvers went into a walled enclosure and piled bundles of shingles which were lying there, to strengthen their breastwork ; rumor had deceived them as to the force of the enemy ; it was certainly their expectation here to have intercepted their retreat. Others selected trees on the side of the hill from

which they might assail the enemy. But they had little space for preparation: they soon saw the British in solid column descending the hill on their right, and at the same moment discovered a large flank guard advancing on their left. The men in the enclosure made a gallant resistance, but were overpowered by numbers—it was here that several of those whom we are proud to claim for our townsmen were slain—some sought shelter in a neighboring house, and three or four, after they had surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were butchered with savage barbarity. But I will not shock your sensibilities by the bloody detail.

Capt. Foster, with some of his men on the side of the hill, finding themselves nearly surrounded, made an effort to gain the pond—they passed along its margin, and crossed the road directly in front of the British column. On the north side of the road, they took position behind a ditch wall. From this casual redoubt they fired upon the enemy as long as any of them were within reach of their muskets. Some of them fired eleven times, with two bullets at each discharge, and it cannot be doubted that these winged messengers of death performed their destined work. The bodies of the slain were scattered along the road—the British were followed till they reached Charlestown neck. Mortifying and severe to them were the defeat and losses of that day. Their killed, wounded and missing amounted to about 300.—According to an account published at the time, in the form of a handbill, which passed through several editions, and is presumed to be correct, 42 Americans were killed and 22 wounded—among the latter, besides some less severely wounded belonging to this town, were Denison Wallis and Nathan Putnam, good citizens and respected members of society. Joseph Bell was taken prisoner and detained on board a frigate for two months. (G.) Of those who suffered on that day, so much distinguished in the calendar of liberty, a sixth part were inhabitants of this town.

The battle of Lexington, in the number engaged and in killed, wounded and prisoners, will not compare with those which have stained the pages of ancient and modern history.

But its consequences have been glorious ; they have not been confined to that age, or to our country : they have reached South America and Europe. The report has gone thundering to the gates of palaces, and tyrants have trembled on their thrones—it has sought admission at the doors of cottages, and the oppressed have been encouraged to assert their natural and inalienable rights. The report shall yet visit benighted Africa and voluptuous, degraded Asia—it shall enlighten ignorance, and inspire even apathy with new energies. It shall yet visit the shores and isles of distant seas. With *Lexington* and *Liberty* inscribed on their banners, shall men, yearning for deliverance, go forth to battle and to victory,—and where despots, with iron sceptres and bloody swords now exercise uncontrolled dominion, shall be established free institutions and liberal governments.

Our townsmen collected the bodies of their comrades, and lodged that night in Medford : their minds were too much disturbed by the recollection of the danger and slaughter of the day to allow sleep, that guest so welcome to the weary, to visit them. Besides, they knew not what new attack the enemy might make. But the morrow brought the report that they were all retreated into Boston, and our men commenced their march for home.

If those who went to battle had encountered fatigue and dangers, the situation of the friends they left at home was scarcely more enviable. A soldier of the Revolution, then too young to be enrolled, who has been in many hard fought battles and experienced his full share of war's mischances, has told me that he had rather encounter them all than suffer the anxieties, the consternation and terror of that day. The report that there had been a severe action and that many of our townsmen were slain was current, and each mother and sister and wife doubted not that the object of her cherished affection was severed from her forever : each father and brother feared that the pride of his family had suffered a bloody death. It was rumored that Capt. Samuel Flint was killed ; he returned, like one from the dead, to gladden the hearts of his family.

He, however, was destined to die a soldier's death. Neither the endearments of home nor the care of a numerous family could detain him. For eight months he was engaged in the leaguer of Boston. On the 7th October, 1777, at Stillwater, he was slain at the head of his company: it was one of the severest actions of the war, and the last of the series which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne's army, the most decisive event in the momentous struggle. This was no false rumor. His friends received a melancholy token which they could not mistake; it was his belt, perforated with a bullet and crimsoned with his heart's blood. (H.)

But the uncertainty of our townsmen about the fate of their friends was soon to be removed. A carriage arrives led by the sexton of the parish. It bears the dead bodies of our martyred townsmen. The people crowded about them, agonised, convulsed, with overwhelming emotion. Their grief, too deep for utterance then, is too sacred for description now; friendship, patriotism, philosophy might suggest some alleviation,—but religion only could afford adequate consolations.

This house of God, venerable for its consecration to his worship and venerable for its antiquity, during its century and a quarter, has been occupied by successive generations of mourners who have come here seeking of the great physician, the healing balm for their wounded spirits. O how often have these ancient walls been witness to the sighs and tears of those who were lamenting the loved and lost! How often have they been witness to the hardly suppressed wailing of those who refused to be comforted for the desolation of their homes, the disruption of tender ties, the destruction of fond hopes! How often have the guidance and protection of Heaven been sought in this house, in seasons of individual distress and public calamity! But never, never has it been witness to a scene of such awful solemnity and gloom as on the Friday after the battle. In these isles lay shrouded in death the mortal remains of four of the victims. But the Sabbath previous, full of life and joy and hope, they had joined in the prayers and praises and anthems of the sanctuary. Now how

dull those eyes which then beamed with affection, how rigid those lips then attuned to melody, how ghastly pale those cheeks then flushed with health, how cold and marble-like those smooth, unwrinkled brows. How pathetic must have been the prayers, how solemn the services which committed their dust to dust, their earth to earth. That gallery was then occupied by armed men. Two minute companies from Salem performed the escort duties. With reversed arms, muffled drums and measured steps, they led the long procession—on the way they were met by a band of soldiers from Newburyport, Salisbury and Amesbury marching to join the Army which was besieging Boston—these formed in single ranks on each side of the road and the mournful procession passed between them. After the bodies were deposited, three vollies were fired over their graves, but they could not rouse the slumberers—no din of resounding arms, no alarms of war, no convulsion of nature, can disturb them—nothing but the voice of the arch angel and the trump of God

“ Can reach the peaceful sleepers there.”

I recognise here some of the descendants and many collateral relatives of these heroic young men. It is natural that you should mourn for your early bereavement—it is natural that we should sympathise with you. But why should we mourn; they died a bloody, perhaps a painful death, but their only regret was that they had not another life to offer for their country; they died at a distance from home, with no friendly hand to alleviate their panting, gasping, expiring agony; but the struggle was soon over, and their free spirits took their upward flight to those blessed regions where pain and sickness and sorrow never come, where the cry of oppression and the alarms of war are heard no more, where despots have no dominion, where there is no sceptre but that of righteousness, no crown but that of immortality, and no throne but that of the Eternal.

The title deed of our country's freedom was drawn by Thomas Jefferson; by the custom of nations no such deed is

valid unless sealed with blood. To our townsmen belongs the honor of having contributed their blood for the validity of this solemn covenant. How great the debt we owe to the departed patriots of the revolution. But in our gratitude to them, let us not forget the claims of the living. Time honored veterans, in what language shall we express our thanks for your toils, your sacrifices, your noble example?—but you need not the expression of our gratitude. You have your reward in the palmy prosperity of the country you have helped to deliver, in the happiness of people you have redeemed, in the permanence of the free institutions you have established. You have your reward in the consciousness of having done your duty, in the triumphant success which has crowned your patriotic labors. Veteran Soldiers! you have long been stationed on the ramparts of liberty; you have been faithful sentinels; after walking a few more rounds you will be relieved. And when you shall be discharged from this earthly service, having put on the whole armor of righteousness and fought the good fight of faith, as well as the battles of your country, may the great Captain of your salvation promote you to higher offices, nobler services and happier employments.

From these venerable men, fast declining into the evening of life, may their evening be serene and happy! I turn to others who are rejoicing in the morning of their existence.

Soldiers—if the occasion were not too severe for compliments, I would indulge in them. But in the sober language of truth I will say, that by your public spirit on this and on other occasions, you have given pledges for your patriotism—should your country ever require your services, you will prove yourselves worthy descendants of worthy ancestors.—Soldiers, on you and the young men of America, devolves a high responsibility. Your fathers have done their part; they have reared the proud temple of liberty—they have hallowed the altar, they have kindled the sacred fire—gratitude to them, affection for your posterity and a proper regard for the rights of man demand your vigilance that this temple shall not be overthrown—that this altar shall not be desecrat-

ed—that these holy fires shall not be extinguished. They have left you the glorious inheritance of freedom; be it your care that this precious patrimony shall descend to your children unsullied, unimpaired through all coming generations.

On the broad bosom of the country our townsmen loved so well, and for the defence of which they offered their lives, we have laid the foundation of this Monument—it shall rise in its simple but chaste proportions towards that heaven to which they have gone for their reward—while the sculptured marble and hewn granite shall endure, it shall commemorate the magnanimous sacrifice of COOK, DALAND, SOUTHWICK, WEBB, JACOBS, GOLDTHWAIT and PUTNAM—while one stone remains upon another, it shall be eloquent of their patriotism and of our gratitude.



## NOTES.

( \* A. )

\* The clergy generally acted with the people and encouraged them by their preaching and example. An expression of Rev. Mr. Holt is remembered:—"I would rather live on potatoes than submit." He desired Gen. Foster to purchase him a musket, and regularly performed duty in the ranks of Capt. Eppes company.—Rev. Mr. Balch was a Lieutenant in the alarm company commanded by Deacon Edmund Putnam. Tarrant Putnam, a graduate of Harvard College, was Ensign of the same company: he was afterward an Adjutant in the Army, and died with the small pox which he caught in the service.—Rev. Mr. Wadsworth shouldered his musket and marched to Salem the day of Leslie's expedition.—Rev. Mr. Stone, of Reading, came down armed with a long ducking gun.

( A. )

On the 20th August, 1774, the committee of correspondence in Salem posted notifications, desiring the inhabitants to assemble in town meeting, to appoint deputies to meet a county convention at Ipswich, and to determine on such measures as the late Acts of Parliament and other grievances render necessary and expedient. On Wednesday morning, the day appointed for the meeting, Gov. Gage, who then had his residence in Danvers, sent a request to the committee to meet him. They waited upon him accordingly, and were asked if they avowed those notifications? They answered that it was well known that they were posted by their orders. He then desired them to disperse the inhabitants, telling the committee that they must abide the consequences. It was replied that the inhabitants having met, would do what they thought fit—that the meeting was not supposed to be contrary to the act of Parliament, and much less to the Laws of the Province. Gov. Gage replied, I came to execute the laws, not to dispute them, and I am determined to execute them. The Governor had ordered the troops to be in readiness, they prepared as if for battle, marched to the entrance of the town, there loaded, and

then proceeded toward the townhouse ; but before they arrived, the delegates were chosen, the business was transacted and the meeting dissolved. The next day by the express order of the Governor the committee were arrested.—For a more particular account and Gov. Gage's proclamation, see the Essex Gazette for Aug. 23, 1774.

## ( B. )

Samuel Holten was born of respectable parents, in that part of Salem, now Danvers, long known by the name of Salem Village, June 9, 1738. His ancestors rank among the early settlers of that ancient town. Nature was kind and liberal in her endowments. His form was majestic, his person graceful, his countenance pleasing, his manners easy and engaging, his address courtly, his talents popular, his disposition amiable and benevolent, and he possessed good intellectual powers. In 1768, being the first year Doctor Holten held a seat in the General Court, he signalized himself as a *son of liberty* by appertaining to the non-rescinding number of ninety-two. A nobly decided part he took in behalf of his country, and became a very active and influential character through the whole of the ensuing revolution. He was a member of the Provincial Convention, which was in session when the British troops first landed in Boston ; and a member and one of the committee of the convention in the county of Essex. Highly electrified by the spirit of the times, few men were more zealously engaged in the common cause, or more constantly employed on important services preliminary to the freedom and sovereignty of our country. At that momentous crisis which "tried men's souls," Dr. Holten ranks among those venerable patriots, who courageously stepped forward at their country's call, and risked their *lives and fortunes* to save its sinking liberties. Public exigences being very pressing, about this time, he relinquished his medical profession entirely and all private business, and became wholly devoted to the service of his country. He was chosen first Major of the first Regiment in Essex, though he had never before been in the military line. A seat he held as a representative from Danvers in the provincial congress at Watertown, and was appointed one of the committee of safety. When the provisional government of Massachusetts was organized, he was constituted one of the executive council. In 1776, when *Independence* was declared, he took his seat as one of the judges of the court of common

pleas for his native county, and performed the duties of that office about thirty-two years, presiding half that time. He was justice of the court of general sessions of the peace thirty five years, and chief justice of the same fifteen. A commission he held as justice of the peace and of the quorum nearly forty years. The ensuing year he was for the first time chosen a delegate in the American Congress, and annexed his ratifying signature to that Constitution of government,—and so high did he stand in the esteem of that august body, that they elected him *President of Congress*, and thus promoted him to the first seat of honor in his country. For more than a year Dr. Holten was the only medical character in congress; and to him was committed the charge of the medical department in the army.—Having been elected eight years as a representative in the general court, five in the senate, twelve in the council, five in congress as a representative under the confederation, and two under the federal constitution, in 1796 being in low health he declined standing candidate for a reelection to congress. But September the first the same year he received a commission as Judge of Probate for the county of Essex, which he accepted, and resigned his seat at the council board. The arduous duties of that office he continued to perform to general satisfaction, till admonished by the infirmities of age of the expediency of relinquishing all public business. Having nearly completed nineteen years, on May 10th, 1815, he in due form resigned the office, and spent his few remaining months in contemplative retirement.—*Rev. Dr. Wadsworth's Funeral Sermon.*

## ( C. )

The 64th Regiment was encamped where the houses of Messrs. A. and N. Tapley now stand, south-eastwardly of the mansion of the late Judge Collins, now owned by Hon. Mr. Barstow. In this house Gov. Gage had his head quarters.

The following anecdotes I have from Col. Perley Putnam, whose father was wounded and his uncle killed, in the battle of Lexington.

Near the encampment was a large oak tree, afterwards known as King George's whipping post. When the frigate Essex was built in Salem, this tree was felled; and on hewing the timber the iron staple, to which the soldiers had been confined for punishment, was found imbedded in the wood. King

George's whipping post was converted into the stern post of the Essex frigate.

The house which Gen. Gage occupied was much ornamented and is still a stately edifice for this part of the country. In its front were heavy posts ornamented with large balls or spheres, which were sheathed with lead—as a party of our countrymen were going to join the patriot army, the tempting sight of the lead made them forget private rights and they began to strip the spheres. The owner of the mansion was supposed to be in the British interest—he came to the door, called them rebels and knaves, and, as was natural, used strong and plain language. One man pointed his musket towards him and fired, and the mark of the bullet still remains in the door by which he was standing.

It has been said that the British soldiers who were encamped in Danvers were concerned for their personal safety—that they were apprehensive the people would attack them and that a portion of them went off suddenly and in the night. The following extract from the Essex Gazette of August 23d, 1774, makes the tradition more probable :—“Part of the 64th Regiment encamped near the Governor's, we hear, were under Arms all last Friday night.”

( D. )

Many of the people were armed with pitchforks, clubs and other rude weapons. One man laid bare his bosom and dared the British soldier, who was threatening him with his bayonet, to strike. A gentleman who was present, in a letter written at the time, said, “The people could not have acted with more prudence and resolution; they out generalled the general.”

( E. )

The enquiry when, where and what was the first standard unfurled by the patriots, after they had defied the British power and British lion, is interesting. Was it not that displayed by Gen. Putnam, on Prospect Hill, on the day when the Declaration of Independence was first read? that standard was received with enthusiasm: it bore on one side the motto, AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN, and on the other, QUI TRANSTULIT, SUSTINET.

( F. )

*1st Company of Militia.*

Samuel Flint, Captain ;  
 Daniel Putnam, 1st Lieut ;  
 Joseph Putnam, 2d do. ;  
 Asa Prince, Ensign.

*2d Co. Militia.*

Samuel Eppes, Captain ;  
 Benjamin Jacobs, 1st Lieut ;  
 John Endicott, 2d do.  
 Francis Simonds, Ensign.

*3d Co. Militia.*

Jeremiah Page, Captain ;  
 Enoch Putnam, 1st Lieut ;  
 William Towne, 2d do. ;  
 Joseph Porter, Ensign.

*Minute Men.*

Gideon Foster, Commander.  
 Israel Hutchinson, Comd'r.

( G. )

Denison Wallis was taken prisoner ; the British soldiers were so much enraged by the severe treatment which they were receiving from our marksmen that the officers could not prevent them from killing the prisoners : finding that this must be his fate, he attempted to make his escape ; the enemy fired upon him, and he received twelve wounds ; he fell as he was leaping a wall, and they supposing him dead, left him. Nathan Putnam, a brother of Perley who was killed, was severely wounded in the shoulder. He, as well as Henry Putnam, of Medford, who was killed on the same memorable day, were relatives of Gen. Israel Putnam, so celebrated for his courage and for his services in the French, Indian and Revolutionary wars ;—Gen. Putnam was a native of Danvers.

Daland and Southwick left families. The ages of those who were killed, belonging to Danvers, follow :—

Samuel Cook,	33 years.	Jotham Webb,	22 years.
Benj. Daland,	25 “	Henry Jacobs,	22 “
Geo. Southwick,	25 “	Eben'r Goldthwait,	22 “
Perley Putnam,	21 “		

( H. )

Capt. Flint and three other captains, were returned as drafted for the same company ; they had only twenty four hours to prepare for their march to New York ; they met at Leach's tavern and chose Samuel Flint, commander ; the other captains filled the subordinate offices. Capt. F. and his first Lieut. Herrick, of Beverly, were killed in the same battle. Capt. F. is supposed to have been the only officer belonging to Danvers slain in the war. His reply to an officer who proposed a place of meeting on the 19th April, was characteristic

of the man and the times, "where the enemy is, there will you meet me."

I have seen a manuscript book which gives the following account of Captain, afterwards Col. Israel Hutchinson's services. In 1757, he was in the Eastern country on a scouting party commanded by Capt. Israel Herrick. In 1758, he was Lieutenant in Capt. Andrew Fuller's company; he was at Lake George, and at the defeat of Ticonderoga with Gen. Abbercrombie. In 1759, he commanded a company of Provincials in Wolfe's army at the siege and capture of Quebec. In 1775, he commanded a company of minute men in the battle of Lexington. Soon after he was appointed Lieut. Colonel in Col. Mansfield's Regiment. Mansfield soon retired and left him in command till the end of the term for which the men had engaged. In the same year he enlisted for twelve months 832 men which was more than the complement for a full regiment—he returned to the siege of Boston and on the evacuation by the British he occupied Fort Hill and was ordered to fortify it—he remained in Boston and on Dorchester Heights till October, when he was ordered to join the army in New York—the small pox being on board his vessel, Gen. Washington would not suffer a man to land; he was then ordered to King's Bridge to take command of Fort Lee, from which he was ordered over to Fort Washington to take command there and build and finish the same. Col. H. died in 1811.

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Maj. Sylvester Osborn, a worthy citizen, yet living, then but 16 years old, was one of the guard detached from Capt. Eppes' company which had charge of two baggage wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition which were taken with eleven British soldiers, on their way to meet Lord Percy; one man was killed and another wounded before they surrendered. The prisoners were lodged in Ipswich gaol.

On the 17th of June, 1775, Capt. Gideon Foster was quartered at Brighton, then called Little Cambridge. He was directed to repair to Head Quarters, (a house near the College, now owned and occupied by Rev. Dr. Holmes,) where Gen. Ward in person ordered him to conduct a load of ammunition to Bunker Hill and distribute it among the brave men engaged there. Gen. Ward told him there was no occasion for more men, but he was fearful their ammunition would fail. Capt. F. proceeded with all expedition toward the hill and

met the Americans on their retreat near Charlestown neck ; they had spent all their powder, and he supplied them with it, loose from the casks.

Col. Mansfield's Regiment was stationed on Prospect Hill where Gen. Putnam commanded : Capt. Foster belonged to this Regiment. By orders from the General, all the Captains were desired to meet : it was stated to them that a secret and hazardous expedition was planned, and that it was desired that a captain should volunteer to take the command. After waiting a short time for older officers to volunteer, Capt. F. offered his services. Six or eight men were drafted from each company ; they were ordered to arm and equip themselves completely and to repair to Gen. Putnam's quarters. The bluff old General came out and reviewed them and commended their spirit and good appearance ; he ordered them to lay aside their arms and equipments, to provide themselves with axes and to go into a neighboring swamp and cut fascines, (brush-wood bound up in the fashion of faggots,) and to bring them in upon their shoulders. The men expected to gain honor by their exposure to unknown dangers : but their greatest danger was from the attack of the musquitos and their greatest exposure was to the mirth of their fellow soldiers.

In 1792, Gideon Foster was promoted from the office of Captain to that of Colonel ; in 1796, he was chosen Brigadier General ; in 1801, he was chosen Major General and received every vote in the House of Representatives, and there was but one dissenting voice in the Senate.

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Wednesday, the 19th of April, 1775, was a warm and dry day ; the British soldiers suffered from the heat and dust as well as from more serious annoyance. The season was very forward—the barley was waving in the fields, the pastures were green with grass, and the peach trees were in full bloom. Friday, the 17th of June, was a warm, clear day : the season continued forward. Farmers generally had commenced haying—the new mown grass was pressed between the rails to form a breast-work on Bunker Hill—green peas were common and plenty in the market ; all which indicate that the season was a fortnight earlier than it is on an average of years.

To some the preceding Notes may appear of trivial importance, or of local and transient interest. But whoever has attempted to study the unwritten history of occurrences which happened "sixty years ago," will acknowledge that his conjectures and doubts have been removed or strengthened, and his theories fortified or demolished, by facts as unimportant and trivial as some of these. The time is fast coming when it will be said that the grave has closed over the last of the revolutionary heroes—the time is fast approaching when it will be considered an honor to have listened to their simple, but affecting narratives. Much has been done to preserve the memory of the men and the history of the times; but he will deserve well of the public and of posterity, who shall make a faithful and judicious selection of the reminiscences of the Revolution.

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There were twenty-nine individuals,—survivors of the Lexington Fight and of the Revolutionary Army, invited to attend this celebration,—nineteen of whom were present. The following are the names :—

*Of Danvers*—Gideon Foster, Sylvester Osborn, Johnson Proctor, Levi Preston, Asa Tapley, Roger Nourse, Joseph Shaw, John Joscelyn, Ephraim Smith, Jonathan Porter, Joseph Tufts, William Flint.

*Of Salem*—John Howard, Jesse Smith, Jacob B. Winchester, Eben Symonds, Charles Richardson, Nathaniel West, William Silver, Elijah Perkins, — Fisk.

*Of Lynnfield*—Thomas Emerson, Eben Hart, Daniel Needham, John Upton, Oliver Walton, Ebenezer Parsons.

*Of —* Amos Peabody, (who was a soldier under Arnold at West Point.)



## APPENDIX.

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### ADDRESS OF GEN. GIDEON FOSTER,

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF A MONUMENT, IN MEMORY OF THE SEVEN CITIZENS OF DANVERS, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

ON that ever memorable 19th day of April, 1775, now sixty years past, it was my fortune, to meet in this place with numbers of my fellow citizens, to defend the rights and liberties of my Country. The alarm of war was sounded. The enemy was then amongst us. The first blood of Americans was then shed. On the plains of LEXINGTON the roar of arms was then sounding,—the strife of war was then raging.

On that morning, more than one hundred of my townsmen hastened to the field of battle,—unused to the artifices of war—unskilled in the arts of slaying their fellow men—their hearts were flowing with zeal in their Country's cause, and ready to offer their lives on the altar of their liberties.—*Seven* of those who thus started in the prime of life and vigor of manhood, ere that day's sun descended in the west, were numbered with the dead. Many others have marks of the well directed fire of the enemy.

To perpetuate the memory of those who then offered their lives for their Country's good; to perpetuate the principles with which they were actuated, is the purpose of this day's meeting,—is the purpose of the monument, the foundation of which has now been laid. May this purpose be attained:—may these principles be remembered, and made the rule of action, in all coming time;—and may the names which are here recorded endure, until the granite of our own hills shall be crumbled in the dust.

I was then 26 years of age. About ten days before, I had been chosen to command a company of minute-men, who were at all times to be in readiness at a moment's warning. They were so ready. They all assembled on the *very spot*

where we are this day assembled :—they all went ; and in about four hours from the time of meeting, they travelled on foot (full half the way upon the run) *sixteen miles*, and saluted the enemy. This they did most effectually,—as the records of that day most clearly prove. I discharged my musket at the enemy a number of times (I think eleven,) with two balls each time, and with well directed aim. My comrade (Mr Cleaves of Beverly) who was then standing by my side, had his finger and ramrod cut away by a shot from the enemy.

Whether my shots took effect, I cannot say ; but this I can say, if they did not, it was not for the want of determined purpose, in him who sent them. Of those under my immediate command, there is no one left alive. Three of them were slain on that day—I alone remain to tell their story. I, a tottering old man, through the goodness of God, am still permitted to be here. I am permitted to see this day's ascending sun, and to witness these ceremonies. I can truly say it is one of the happiest days, and most pleasing events of my life. A few more days at most, and perhaps very few, and I also, shall be numbered with the dead.

But while I see the spirit that moved the Patriots of '76 bright and vigorous in the breasts of their descendants,—While I see the rights of my fellow citizens maintained, and the Constitution of my Country defended—I can say with Simeon of old, now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation of MY COUNTRY.

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The following HYMNS and ODE, composed for the occasion, were sung at the Old South Church.

HYMN—BY R. S. DANIELS.

DEEP was the gloom, and dark the hour,  
 When first our patriot Sires awoke,  
 Resolv'd to crush a Tyrant's power,  
 And free the land from foreign yoke.

They peril'd all ; a fearless band :  
 Their trust in God ! 't was Heav'ns decree  
 No Despot's laws oppress the land,  
 The home of Washington be free :

Fair Freedom then her flag unfurl'd,  
 Its "ample folds" waved high and far ;  
 Defiance to the foe was hurl'd,  
 By the brave youth, who gather'd there.

In foremost rank stood Danvers' sons,  
 With ardent hopes of liberty,—  
 They martyrs fell ;—and noble ones :  
 We'll cherish long their memory.

The contest o'er, the triumph sure,  
 Let songs of gratitude arise,  
 That blessings won may long endure,  
 Invoke the God of earth and skies !

HYMN—BY F. POOL, jun.

FATHER of all ! before thee now,  
 We at Thy altar humbly bow,  
 Our cheerful voices upward raise,  
 And fill this temple with Thy praise ;

And while this sacred spot we tread,  
 In mem'ry of the patriot dead,  
 Let ev'ry soul reflect—revere,  
 For lo ! *our Fathers worship'd here.*

Our fathers' God ! 'twas Thou didst keep  
 The pilgrims on the mighty deep,  
 Didst hold them by Thy pow'ful hand,  
 And place them on this distant land :

And when was heard the trumpet's sound,  
 And stern oppression hover'd round,  
 Thou wast their guide ; to Thee we owe  
 Deliv'rance from a foreign foe.

While highest honors crown Thy name,  
 Let gratitude embalm their fame,  
 Those champions of our rights and laws,  
 Who fell in Freedom's sacred cause :

To them we'll raise a simple stone,  
 More glorious than a monarch's throne ;  
 That when in distant times 'tis view'd,  
 Our sons may bless the wise and good.

O hasten on that glorious time,  
 When ev'ry land and ev'ry clime  
 Shall see fair Freedom's flag unfurl'd,  
 Wave peaceful, o'er a joyous world.

PATRIOTIC ODE—BY JONA. SHOVE.

HAIL! ye patriotic band,  
 Hail! defenders of our land,  
 Ye, who bravely heart and hand,  
       Fought for Liberty.

Sixty years have roll'd away,  
 Patriot Soldiers, since the day,  
 When ye stood in stern array,  
       Struggling to be free.

In that dark and gloomy hour,  
 When oppression's clouds did lower,  
 When a haughty Tyrant's power,  
       Sought to lay you low.

On that far famed battle height  
 Ye were foremost in the fight,  
 For your Country's sacred right  
       Boldly gave the blow.

'Midst your Country's deadly foes,—  
 Ye, in Freedom's cause, arose—  
 And oppression did oppose  
       Most triumphantly.

Clang of arms resounded far,—  
 Loud and long the din of war ;  
 Ye were led by Freedom's star  
       On to victory.

Let the banners wave around,  
 Let the trumpets loudly sound,—  
 Sacred be each battle ground  
     Where our Fathers trod.

Freedom dwells within our walls ;  
 Joy and Peace within our halls ;  
 Loud to Freemen Virtue calls,—  
     Glory give to God.

Patriot Fathers !—Spartan Band !—  
 Who so long have graced our land,  
 Grateful hearts to you expand,—  
     Fathers of the free.

When the toils of life shall close,  
 When released from cares and woes,  
 May you with the blest repose  
     In Eternity.

The following is a summary account of the celebration, with the names of the committee of arrangements, building committee, &c.

On Monday, April 20th, 1835, the 60th Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington was celebrated at Danvers, by the laying of the Corner Stone of a Monument in memory of the Seven Citizens of that town, who were slain in that battle.—At 10 o'clock, a procession of revolutionary patriots, and citizens of Danvers and vicinity, was formed in the square fronting the Old South Meeting House, under the direction of the Marshals of the day—escorted by the Danvers Light Infantry, under Capt. William Sutton, and the Danvers Artillery, Capt. A. Pratt, with a full band of music—and proceeded through Main street to the burial ground, where lie the remains of several of the slain ;—three volleys of musketry were fired over their graves:—the procession then countermarched to the Eagle Corner, where the Monument is to be erected. The order of services was then announced by John W. Proctor, Esq. Rev. Mr. Sewall offered prayers—Gen. Foster, with the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution, proceeded to place the Corner Stone, in which was deposited a Box, containing the Memorials of the times, &c.—Gen. Foster then addressed his fellow citizens. After the Corner Stone was laid, the tune of *Auld Lang Syne* was performed by the Band, and the procession then marched, under a salute of 24 guns from the artillery, and the ringing of the bells, to the Old South Church—where, sixty years before, religious services were held at the interment of four of the young men who were slain at Lexington.—This spacious Church was crowded in every

part, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The following was the order of services:—1. 100th Psalm—Tune, Denmark. 2. Hymn, by R. S. Daniels. 3. Prayer, by Rev. Geo. Cowles. 4. Hymn, by F. Pool, jun. 5. Address, by D. P. King, Esq. 6. Patriotic Ode, by Jona. Shove. 7. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. J. M. Austin.—At the close of the services at the Church, J. W. Proctor, Esq. presented and read to the audience the original, honorable discharge of J. B. Winchester, Esq. from the Revolutionary Army (having served six years and four months, till the close of the War,) bearing the *original signature* of “George Washington.”—Mr. Winchester entered the Continental Army at the age of 14; and when discharged, he was only 21 years of age.—Nineteen survivors of the Lexington Fight and of the Revolutionary Army, (who occupied a number of the pews in front of the pulpit,) greatly heightened the interest of the occasion by their appearance.—After the services at the Church, a procession was formed, and escorted by the Danvers Light Infantry to the Essex Coffee House, where about two hundred, including the above officers and soldiers of the Revolution, partook of a collation, prepared by Mr. Benja. Goodridge.—At the close of the collation, several patriotic sentiments and toasts were given by the Revolutionary patriots and the company present.

The occasion will long be remembered,—as calculated to deepen our feelings of veneration for the events commemorated—for the exercise of generous feelings in the discharge of an honor due to the glorious dead,—and the ceremonies of the day will remind us of our obligations to those who spilled their blood in the first offering at the shrine of Liberty.

*Committee of Arrangements*—Jona. Shove, Chairman; Robert S. Daniels, Geo. Osborne, Caleb Lowe, Fitch Pool, jun., Henry Poor, Nathan Lakeman, Joshua H. Ward.

*Building Committee*—Eben Sutton, Augustus K. Osborne, Daniel P. King, Eben Shillaber, John Whitney.

*Projector of the Monument*—John Upton.

*Architect*—Asher Benjamin.

*Marshals*—Col. Caleb Lowe, Chief Marshal; Alfred Putnam, Eben Sutton, Hiram Preston, Benj. Wheeler, Wm. D. Joplin, Richard Osborn, Samuel P. Fowler, Jona. King, Elijah W. Upton.













