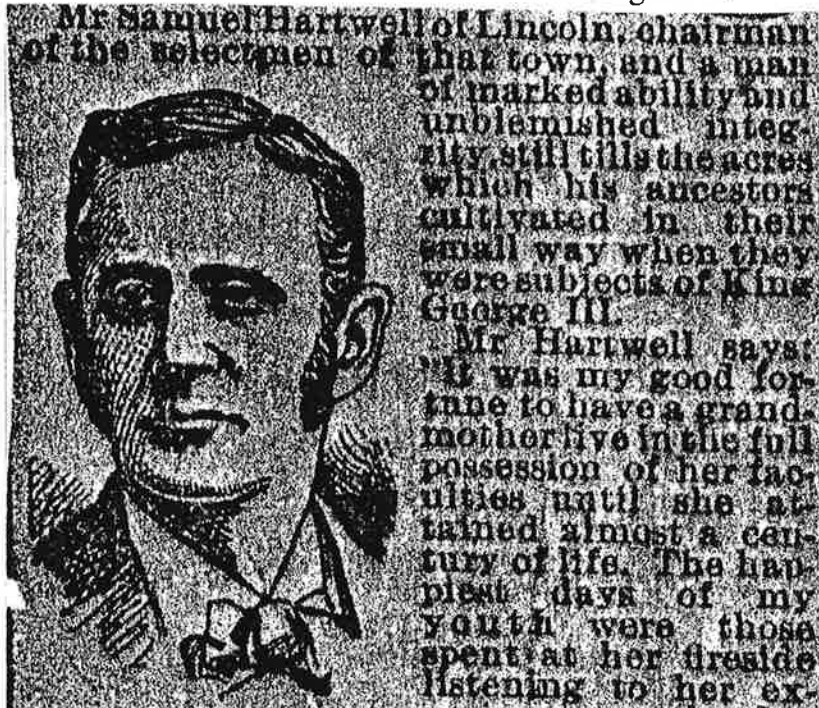


Boston Sunday Globe, Sunday, April 15, 1894

STORIES OF THE FIGHT

Told by Living Men and Women Who Had Them from the Lips of the Heroes of April 19, 1775— Vivid Word-Pictures of the Battles of Concord and Lexington. . .



SAMUEL HARTWELL

Mr Samuel Hartwell of Lincoln, chairman of the selectmen of that town, and a man of marked ability and unblemished integrity still tills the acres which his ancestors cultivated in their small way when they were subjects of King George III.

Mr Hartwell says: "It was my good fortune to have a grandmother live in the full possession of her faculties until she attained almost a century of life. The happiest days of my youth were those spent at her bedside listening to her experiences on the day long to be remembered."

"She said: Your grandfather left the house with the neighbors as soon as the alarm came by the way of Bedford. They had some agreement as to how the alarm should be spread in case of a movement of the British out this way and the alarm was sounded here very early in the morning."

"I did up the chores of the barn and cared for the children as well as I could in my anxiety. When going out to one of the neighboring houses I looked down the road and saw such a sight as I can never forget. The army of the king was coming up in fine order. Their red coats were brilliant and their bayonets glistering in the sun made a fine appearance, but I knew what all that meant and I felt that I should never see your grandfather again. They passed up the road without molesting me or any of us who were left in our houses."

"I saw an occasional horseman dashing by going up and down, but heard nothing more until I saw them coming back in the afternoon all in confusion, wild with rage and loud with threats. I knew there had been trouble, and that it had not resulted favorably for that retreating army. I heard the musket shots just below by the

old Brooks Tavern, and trembled, believing that our folks were killed.

Some of the rough, angry "redcoats" rushed up to this house and fired in, but fortunately for me and the children the shots went into the garret and we were safe. How glad I was when they all got by the house and your grandfather and our folks got home alive!

"I could not sleep that night for I knew there were many of the British soldiers lying dead down by the roadside, but the next morning we were somewhat quieted, and the neighbors hitched up the oxen to the cart and went down and gathered up the dead. I had got over my ill feelings for the soldiers, and, thinking of the wives, parents and children away across the ocean, who would never again see their loved ones, I went out, and, leading my little children (your father one of them), I followed the rude hearse to the grave, hastily made in the burial yard. I remember how cruel it seemed to put them into one large hole without any coffins. There was one in a fine uniform, and I suppose he was an officer. His hair was tied up in a queue."

Mr. Hartwell said: "Grandmother's old garret was filled with firearms and things that were used in those days, and I as a boy used to play with the old rusty swords, but I regret that they were allowed to disappear. Sentiment has so changed that our townspeople have, of late years, marked that grave by erecting a very neat granite tablet telling where my grandmother, as the only mourning witness, gave way to the promptings of her maternal heart."