

Can the Friend of my heart who is engraven there, as with the point of a diamond,
Question whether it is in the power of the greatest Commotion, danger or Absence, to erase
the tender Idea, or in the Least impair the Sincerest friendship? No you have been the
object of my waking thoughts & my nightly dreams, but since we were dispossesed of our
earthly enjoyments, all nature has seemd to be reversd, & with it the weakned mind of your
friend renderd incapable of attending to those pleasures which made life agreable. Nor can
she yet forget, nor with old Time ever erase the horrors of that midnight Cry, preceeding
the Bloody Massacre at Lexington, when we were rousd from the benign Slumbers of
the season, by beat of drum & ringing of Bell, with the dire alarm, That a thousand of
the Troops of George the third were gone forth to murder the peacfull inhabitants of
the Surrounding Villages. A few hours with the dawning day Convinced us the Bloody
purpose was executing. The platoon firing assuring us, the rising Sun must witness
the Bloody Carnage. Not knowing what the Event would be at Cambridge
at their return of these Bloody ruffians, and seeing another Brigade dispatchd to
the Assistance of the former, Looking with the ferocity of Barbarians, It seemd
Necessary to retire to some place of Safety till the Calamity was passd. My partner
had been a fortnight Confind by illness. After dinner we set out not knowing whither
we went, we were directed to a place Calld fresh pond about a mile from the town, but what
a distressd house did we find there filld with women whose husbands were gone forth
to meet the Assailiants, 70 or 80 of these with numbers of Infant Children, Crying and
agonizing for the Fate of their husbands. In adition to this scene of distress we were for
Some time in Sight of the Battle, the glistening instruments of death proclaiming by an
incessant fire, that much blood must be shed, that many widowd & orphand ones
be Left as monuments of that persecuting Barbarity of British Tyranny. Another uncom
fortable night we passd, some nodding in their chairs, others resting their weary limbs on the
floor. The welcome harbinger of day gave notice of its dawning light but brings us news it is
to return to Cambridge as the enemy were advancing up the river & firing on the town, to
stay in this place was impracticable, methinks in that hour I felt the force of my Mother
Eves Soliloquy on being driven out of Paradise, comparing small things with great
O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus Leave thee, Paradise? thus Leave