1775 Mrs. Hannah Winthrop to Mrs. Mercy Warren

1775 May?

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 Adversity, 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 dispossest of our earthly enjoyments, all nature has seemd to be reversd, & with it the weakned mind of your friend rendered incapable of attending to those pleasures which made life agreable. Nor can she yet forget, nor will old Time ever erase the horrors of that midnight Cry preceeding the Bloody Massacre at Lexington, when we were roused from the benign Slumbers of the Season, by beat of drum & ringing of Bell, with the alarm, That a thousand of the Troops of George the third were gone forth to murder the peacefull 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 the return of these Bloody ruffians, and seeing another Brigade despatched 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 Father had been a fortnight Confind by illness. After dinner we set out not knowing whither we went, we were directed to a place called Postponed about a mile from the town, but what a distressd house did we find there filled 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 uncomfortable night we passd, Some nodding in their Chairs, others resting their weary limbs on the floor. The morning hitherto grey of day gives a fair Sunshine, & tho' it seems as more safe 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