

John Singleton Copley to Isaac Winslow Clarke, Boston April 26 1774

*Dear Sir,*

*The Ladys after the pleasure of spending a most agreeable day with you, got home about half past eight oclock all well, and at the usual hour retired to bed; about 12 oclock a number of persons came to the house, knock'd at the front door, and awoke Sukey and myself. I immediately opened the window, and asked them what they wanted; they asked me if Mr. Watson was in the house. I told them he was not, they made some scrupled of beleiving me, and asked if I would give them my word and honour that he was not in the house. I replied yes. They than said he had been here and desired to know where he was. I told them he had been here, but he was gone and I supposed out of Town as he went in his chaise from this with an intention to go home; they than desired to know how I came to entertain such a Rogue and Villin, My reply was, he was with Coll'l Hancock in the afternoon at his house and from thence came here and was now gone out of Town; they seemed somewhat sattisfied with this and retired a little way up the Street but soon returned and kept up the Indian Yell for sometime when I again got up and went to the window; and told them, I thought I had sattisfied them Mr. Watson was not in the house but I again assured them he was not and beg'd they would not disturb my family. they said they could take no mans word, they beleived he was here and if he was they would know it, and my blood would be on my own head if I had deceived them; or if I entertained him or any such Villain for the future must expect the resentment of Joice. a great deal more of such like language passed when they left me and passed up the street and were met by a chaise which stoped as in consultation by Mr. Greens, which in a little time turned and went up with them, by this you must see my conjectures with regard to you are not ill founded, nor my cautions needless. I hope you will be continually on your gaurd when you are off the Island; what a spirit! what if Mr. Watson had stayed (as I pressed him to) to spend the night. I must either have given up a friend to the insult of a Mob or had my house pulled down and perhaps my family murdered. I am, Dear Sir, Your Affectionate Brother and Humble Ser't,*

*John Singleton Copley*

Addressed; For Mr. Isaac Clarke at Castle William