

Bowles, *North America and the West Indies*, map, 1775, detail including middle and southern British Atlantic colonies; Wilmington, NC, encircled



Wilmington, North Carolina (in red), on the Cape Fear River, detail of Collet, *A Compleat Map of North-Carolina from an Actual Survey*, 1770

## “farewell, unhappy land . . . you are devoted to ruin”

### A Scottish visitor views the treatment of Loyalists in North Carolina, 1775

#### Selections from the travel letters of Janet Schaw

While traveling for two years in North America, Scotswoman Janet Schaw arrived in North Carolina in early 1775 to visit her brother at Schawfield, his plantation near the port city of Wilmington. There she observed a society that was splitting asunder under the stress of revolutionary politics. Zealous patriots were forcing men and women along the Cape Fear River to take sides. They employed violence and intimidation and, Schaw suggests, even feigned a slave revolt to unite their countrymen in opposition to the British. As the editor of Schaw’s journal reminds us, “such contemporary evidence makes us realize that our forefathers, however worthy their object, were engaged in real rebellion and revolution, characterized by the extremes of thought and action that always accompany such movements, and not in the kind of parlor warfare described in many of our text books.”<sup>1</sup>

Spirited, intelligent, and outspoken, the daughter of an old and apparently well-off Scottish family, she was in her late thirties or early forties when she sailed for America. After leaving North Carolina, she visited Portugal and returned to Scotland in 1776, where she took up residence in Edinburgh. While the details of most of her life are unknown, her journal, a compilation of letters to a friend back in Scotland, provides a vivid record of her two years of travel.

### W I L M I N G T O W N

Good heavens! what a scene this town is: Surely you folks at home have adopted the old maxim of King Charles: “Make friends of your foes, leave friends to shift for themselves.”

We came down in the morning in time for the review,<sup>2</sup> which the heat made as terrible to the spectators as to the soldiers, or what you please to call them. They had certainly fainted under it, had not the constant draughts of grog [watered-down rum] supported them. Their exercise was that of bush-fighting, but it appeared so confused and so perfectly different from anything I ever saw, I cannot say whether they performed it well or not; but this I know, that they were heated with rum till capable of committing the most shocking outrages. We stood in the balcony of Doctor Cobham’s house and they were reviewed on a field mostly covered with what are called here scrubby oaks, which are only a little better than brushwood. They at last however assembled on the plain field, and I must really laugh while I recollect their figures: 2000 men in their shirts and trousers, preceded by a very ill beat-drum and a fiddler, who was also in his shirt with a long sword and a cue at his hair, who played with all his might. They made indeed a most unmartial appearance. But the worst figure there can shoot from behind a bush and kill even a General Wolfe.<sup>3</sup>

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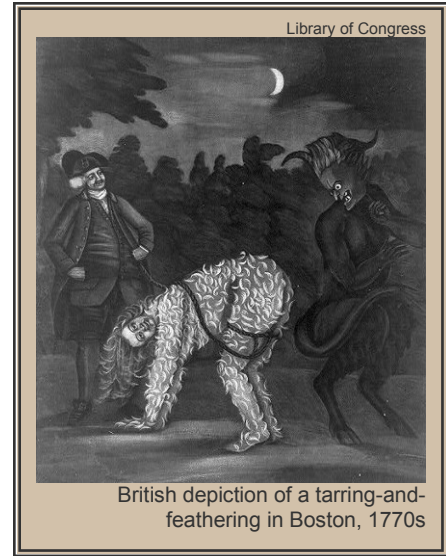
<sup>1</sup> Andrews, ed., *Journal of a Lady of Quality*, Introduction, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Military training of volunteer soldiers.

<sup>3</sup> Gen. James Wolfe, venerated British commander killed in battle during the French and Indian War.

Before the review was over, I heard a cry of tar and feather.<sup>4</sup> I was ready to faint at the idea of this dreadful operation. I would have gladly quitted the balcony, but was so much afraid the Victim was one of my friends that I was not able to move, and he indeed proved to be one, tho' in a humble station. For it was Mr. Neilson's poor English groom. You can hardly conceive what I felt when I saw him dragged forward, poor devil, frighted out of his wits. However, at the request of some of the officers, who had been Neilson's friends, his punishment was changed into that of mounting on a table and begging pardon for having smiled at the regiment. He was then drummed and fiddled out of the town, with a strict prohibition of ever being seen in it again.

One might have expected that, tho' I had been imprudent all my life, the present occasion might have inspired me with some degree of caution, and yet I can tell you I had almost incurred the poor groom's fate from my own folly. Several of the officers came up to dine, amongst others Colonel Howe,<sup>5</sup> who with less ceremony than might have been expected from his general politeness stepped into an apartment adjoining the hall and took up a book I had been reading, which he brought open in his hand into the company. I was piqued at his freedom<sup>6</sup> and reproved him with a half compliment to his general good breeding. He owned [admitted] his fault and with much gallantry promised to submit to whatever punishment I would



— William Shakespeare, *Henry IV Part I: Act 4, Scene 2* —

FALSTAFF: If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

inflict. You shall only, said I, read aloud a few pages which I will point out, and I am sure you will do Shakespeare justice. He bowed and took the book, but no sooner observed that I had turned up for him that part of Henry the Fourth where Falstaff describes his company, than he colored like Scarlet. I saw he made the application [got the point] instantly; however he read it thro', tho' not with the vivacity he generally speaks; however he recovered himself and coming close up to me, whispered, "You will certainly get yourself tarred and feathered; shall I apply to be executioner? I am going to seal this up. Adieu."

I went into the town, the entry of which I found closed up by a detachment of the soldiers; but as the officer immediately made way for me, I took no further notice of it but advanced to the middle of the street where I found a

<sup>4</sup> Tarring and feathering was a common form of intimidation and revenge in colonial America, used against royal officials and offending citizens, and, in the prerevolutionary period, used to threaten Loyalists or others who did not fully support the Patriot cause. The crowd would strip the victim, pour hot tar over his/her body, and then roll the person in feathers that would adhere to the tar. Usually the person was paraded about the area on a cart before being released and perhaps threatened with further violence. Occasionally the victim would die.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Howe, later a major general in the Continental Army.

<sup>6</sup> I.e., irritated at his taking the liberty of moving and reading her book.

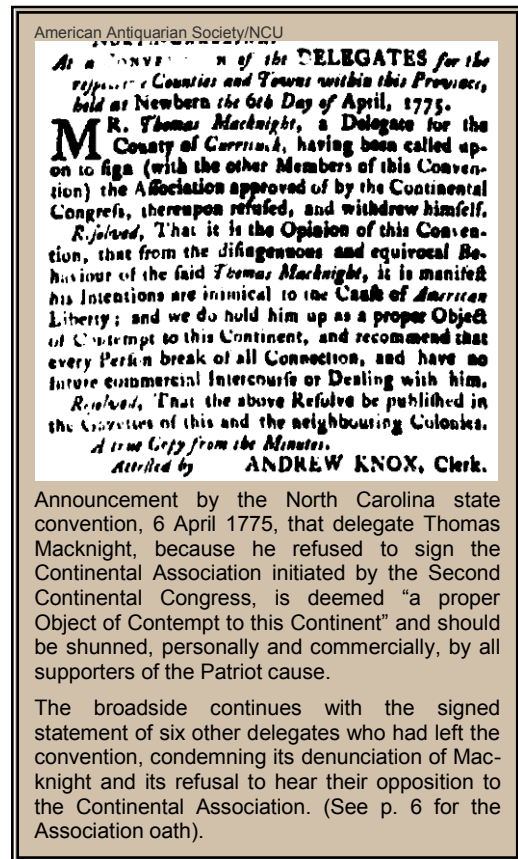
number of the first people in town<sup>7</sup> standing together, who (to use Milton's phrase<sup>8</sup>) seemed much impassioned. As most of them were my acquaintances, I stopped to speak to them, but they with one voice begged me for heaven's sake to get off the street, making me observe they were prisoners, adding that every avenue of the town was shut up, and that in all human probability some scene would be acted very unfit for me to witness. I could not take the friendly advice, for I became unable to move and absolutely petrified with horror.

Observing however an officer with whom I had just dined, I beckoned him to me. He came, but with no very agreeable look, and on my asking him what was the matter, he presented a paper he had folded in

*“This, Ladies, . . . is what they call their Test, but by what authority this Gentleman forces it on us, we are yet to learn.”*

his hand. If you will persuade them to sign this<sup>9</sup> they are at liberty, said he, but till then must remain under this guard, as they must suffer the penalties they have justly incurred. “And we will suffer everything,” replied one of them, “before we abjure our king, our country and our principles.” “This, Ladies,” said he turning to me, who was now joined by several Ladies, “is what they call their Test, but by what authority this Gentleman forces it on us, we are yet to learn.” “There is my Authority,” pointing to the Soldiers with the most insolent air, “dispute it, if you can.” Oh Britannia, what are you doing, while your true obedient sons are thus insulted by their unlawful brethren; are they also forgot by their natural parents?<sup>10</sup>

We, the Ladies, adjourned to the house of a Lady who lived in this street and whose husband was indeed at home, but secretly shut up with some ambassadors from the back settlements,<sup>11</sup> on their way to the Gov[ernor] to offer their service, provided he could let them have arms and ammunition, but above all such commissions as might empower them to raise men by proper authority. This I was presently told tho' in the midst of enemies, but the Loyal party are all as one family. Various reasons induced me to stay all Night in the house I was then at, tho' it could afford me no resting place. I wished to know the fate of the poor men who were in such present jeopardy, and besides hoped that I should get word to my brother, or send your packet



<sup>7</sup> Elite, of highest influence, most of whom were Loyalist supporters of Britain.

<sup>8</sup> John Milton (1608-1674), English poet.

<sup>9</sup>The "continental association": a pledge to support anti-British actions, including a trade boycott, initiated by the Continental Congress and instituted in most colonies. See pp. 3, 5, and 6 for association-related documents from North and South Carolina.

<sup>10</sup> On March 6, 1775, the Wilmington Committee of Safety formally accepted the Continental Association and voted that all its members should go in a body and wait upon the housekeepers in town, requesting their signatures to the same or receiving from them their reasons for refusing to sign, in order "that such enemies of their country may be set forth to public view and treated with the contempt they merit." Nine merchants and planters and two tailors (among the nine was Dr. Cobham) at first refused to sign (*N[orth]. C[arolina]. [Historical] R[evue]*, IX, 1166) and were placed under a boycott, but later, another opportunity being given, Dr. Cobham took advantage of it.

John Ashe, who had declined a reappointment as colonel of militia under Martin, took command of a body of some four or five hundred men and appearing in Wilmington threatened "the people above mentioned with military execution, if they did not immediately sign the Association dictated by the committee, and being interrogated for his authority pointed to the men he had assembled." "His cowardly intimidations of these individuals (writes Martin) so far answered the purpose that they were obliged to sign what their consciences revolted at and abhorred." In another letter Martin adds, "The Scotch merchants at Wilmington who so long maintained their loyalty have lately (August 1775) been compelled ostensibly to join in sedition by appearing under arms at the musters appointed by the committees, although they are still at heart as well affected as ever" (*ib.*, X, 48, 170-171, 236). In the *Cape Fear Mercury* of August 25, 1775, among the items is this: "Lt. Col. Cotton & Sam'l and Jacob Williams stopped, having been eight days on board the *Cruizer* with Gov. Martin. They signed the association." [Andrews note]

<sup>11</sup> The "ambassadors from the back settlements" were of course Highlanders, one of whom was Captain Alexander McLeod, late an officer of marines, who had been in the colony about a year. With whom he was closeted in Wilmington we are not informed, but eventually he made his way down the river and had an interview with the governor (*N. C. R. X*, 326).

[mailing] by the Gentlemen who were going to the man-of-war [British warship]. In

***Rebels, this is the first time I have ventured that word . . .***

the last I have succeeded, and they are so good as [to] promise to get it safely there to my brother or the Govr who would not fail to send it by first opportunity to Britain. Indeed it is very dangerous to keep letters by me, for whatever noise general warrants made in the mouths of your sons of faction at home, their friends and fellow rebels use it with less ceremony than ever it was practiced in Britain, at any period.

Rebels, this is the first time I have ventured that word, more than in thought, but to proceed.

The prisoners stood firm to their resolution of not signing the Test, till past two in the morning, tho' every threatening was used to make them comply; at which time a Message from the committee compromised the affair, and they were suffered to retire on their parole to appear next morning before them. This was not a step of mercy or out of regard to the Gentlemen; but they understood that a number of their friends were arming in their defense, and tho' they had kept about 150 ragamuffins still in town, they were not sure even of them; for to the credit of that town be it spoke there are not five men of property and credit in it that are infected by this unfortunate disease [support for anti-British action and independence].

...  
Mr. Neilson came here some days ago; he looks worse than ever, and his ague<sup>12</sup> more severe. He has anxiety painted on his looks. He makes light however of his own distresses, but seems to suffer perfect agony on the Governor's account, whom he cannot mention without feeling that anguish, which is too strong for his constitution. May God deliver him and all our distressed countrymen from the present situation. A few months ago the task would have been easy; it is still possible, but (God make me a false prophetess) it will not be long so. The inclination of this country is however far from being generally for this work [rebellion]. Indolent and inactive, they have no desire to move, even where their own immediate interest calls them. All they are promised is too distant to interest them. They suffer none of those abuses they are told of and feel their liberty invaded only by the oppressive power of the [Continental] Congress and their Agents, who at this Season are pressing them from their harvest, for they know not what purpose. But tho' they show at first a very great degree of reluctance to go, yet they believe there is no retreat, after they have been once under arms and are convinced that from that moment they fight for their lives and properties, which by that act are both forfeited to their blood-thirsty enemies. You may therefore be assured they will not fail to exert all the activity and courage they are able to muster up, and, once engaged themselves, are willing to draw in others.

***Agree to join us, and your persons and properties are safe. . . But if you refuse, we are directly to cut up your corn, shoot your pigs, burn your houses, seize your Negroes, and perhaps tar and feather yourself.***

It is a most unfortunate circumstance they have got time to inculcate this idea. Three months ago, a very small number had not anything to apprehend; a few troops landing

and a general amnesty published would have secured them all at home. For I do not suppose them of such a martial spirit as voluntarily to have joined Cother's standard.<sup>13</sup> At present the martial law stands thus: An officer or committeeman enters a plantation with his posse. The Alternative is proposed: Agree to join us, and your persons and properties are safe. You have a shilling sterling a day; your duty is no more than once a month appearing under Arms at Wilmingtown, which will prove only a merry-making, where you will have as much grog as you can drink. But if you refuse, we are directly to cut up your corn, shoot your pigs, burn your houses, seize your Negroes, and perhaps tar and feather yourself. Not to choose the first requires more courage than they are possessed of, and I believe this method has seldom failed with the lower sort. No sooner do they appear under arms on the stated day, than they are harangued by their

<sup>12</sup> In general, illness with chills and fever.

<sup>13</sup> I.e., the militia group led by a man named Cother (unidentified).

## SOUTH-CAROLINA.

THE actual Commencement of Hostilities against this Continent—the Threats of arbitrary Impositions from Abroad, —and the Dread of instigated Insurrections at Home,—are Causes sufficient to drive an oppressed People to the Use of Arms: We, therefore, the Subscribers, Inhabitants of this unhappy Colony, holding ourselves bound by that most sacred of all Obligations, the Duty of good Citizens towards an injured Country, and thoroughly convinced that under our present distressed Circumstances, We shall be justified before God and Man, in resisting Force by Force; do unite Ourselves, under every Tie of Religion and of Honour, and associate as a Band in her Defence against every Foe. And we do solemnly promise, that whenever her Continental or Provincial Councils shall decree it necessary, We will go forth, and be ready to sacrifice our Lives and Fortunes, in attempting to secure her FREEDOM and SAFETY.

*In General Committee  
Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> May 1775.* } *Proposed in General Committee &  
Unanimously approved of to be recommended  
in a formal Congress as proper to be signed by the  
Inhabitants of this Province.*

“the Dread of instigated Insurrections at Home” (line two, referring to rumored slave uprisings), in the South Carolina association pledge “to be signed by Inhabitants of this Province,” adopted by the Provincial Congress, 11 May 1775 [Early American Imprints, Doc. 42942]

officers with the implacable cruelty of the king of Great Britain, who has resolved to murder and destroy man, wife and child, and that he has sworn before God and his Parliament that he will not spare one of them; and this those deluded people believe more firmly than their creed, and who is it that is bold enough to venture to undeceive them. The King’s proclamation<sup>14</sup> they never saw, but are told it was ordering the Tories [Loyalists] to murder the Whigs [Patriots], and promising every Negro that would murder his Master and family that he should have his Master’s plantation. This last Artifice [i.e., lie] they may pay for, as the Negroes have got it amongst them and believe it to be true. Tis ten to one they may try the experiment, and in that case friends and foes will be all one.

I came to town yesterday with an intention of being at church this day, where I was informed there was to be service performed by a very good clergyman. In this however I was disappointed, for I found the whole town in an uproar, and the moment I landed, Mr. Rutherford’s negroes were seized and taken into custody till I was ready to return with them. This apparent insult I resented extremely, till going up to Doctor Cobham’s, I found my short prophecy in regard to the Negroes was already fulfilled and that an insurrection was hourly expected.<sup>15</sup> There had been a great number of them discovered in the adjoining woods the night before, most of them with arms, and a fellow belonging to Doctor Cobham was actually killed. All parties are now united against the common enemies. Every man is in arms and the patrols [posses] going thro’ all the town and searching every Negro’s house to see they are all at home by nine at night. But what is most provoking, every mouth male and female is opened against Britain, her King and their abettors — here called the Tories — tho’ the poor Tories are likely to suffer, at least as much as any of them, and who were as ready to give their assistance to quell them as any independents amongst them. But whatever way this end, it will confirm the report I formerly mentioned to you past all contradiction.

As I was afraid to venture up with only the Negroes, I despatched the boat with them, and a letter to Fanny, begging her to secure all their arms and come herself down to town. She is far from well: her father is as yet at Hunthill. Mr Neilson came down with me and presently went off to the Governor, so she has no white person with her, but our two Abigails. I expect her every moment. I go to sup with my friends on the hill, and return to sleep at the Doctor’s. I change my quarters every time I am in town, to please all my friends. To do the whole justice, they are very hospitable. Good evening to you. I will write

<sup>14</sup> By “King’s proclamation,” Miss Schaw means the proclamation issued by Governor Gage of Massachusetts, Boston, June 12, 1775, as a broadside, offering “His most gracious Majesty’s pardon to all persons who shall forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefits of such pardon, Samuel Adams and John Hancock,” etc. It corresponds to a similar pardon issued by Clinton offering amnesty to all in North Carolina, except Harnett and Howe. Martin calls Gage’s proclamation “a proclamation of the King” and it was generally so interpreted. [Note in Andrews]

<sup>15</sup> It was believed in the province that Martin had planned to arm the negroes and to proclaim the freedom of such of them as would join the King’s standard. John Stuart, in his letter to Dartmouth, of July 21, 1775, mentions a report which had spread through the Carolinas that the negroes were immediately to be set free by the government and that arms were to be given them to fall upon their masters. In consequence of these rumors, the Wilmington Committee ordered that all negroes be disarmed. During June and July the conditions which Miss Schaw describes characterized the life of the town . . . [Note in Andrews]

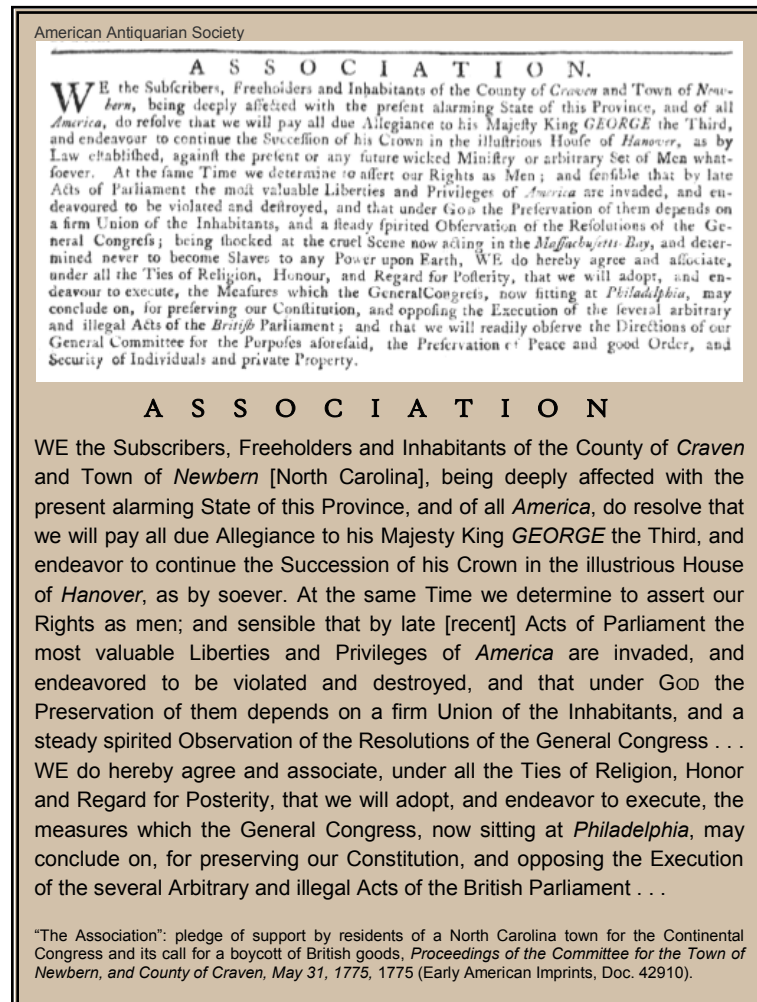
again tomorrow. I have an excellent apartment, and everybody is too much engaged about themselves to mind what I am doing.

After a sleepless night, to which the mosquitoes contributed more than my fears of the Negroes, I am sat down by the first peep of day to inform you of what further happened yesterday. I told you I was going to sup [dine] at the hill, which is at the other extremity of the town. Here I found the affair of the Negroes justly attributed to the cause I formerly mentioned, viz. [that is] that of falsifying the King's proclamation, for tho' neither they nor I had seen it, we were convinced it was in a style the reverse of what was given out. Our time passed so agreeably that it was now too late to venture so far without some male protector, and as all the Negroes were locked up, I therefore waited till the Midnight patrol arrived, the commander of which was a Tory [Loyalist] and my particular acquaintance. Under his protection therefore I marched off at the head of the party stopping at the different houses in our way to examine if the Negroes were at home. For God's sake! Draw a picture of your friend in this situation and see if 'tis possible to know me. Oh! I shall make a glorious knapsack-bearer. You have formed a very wrong idea of my delicacy; I find I can put it on and off like any piece of dress. But to proceed with my Midnight march. While the men went into the houses, I stayed without with the commander of the party, who took that opportunity to assure me, he believed the whole was a trick intended in the first place to inflame the minds of the populace, and in the next place to get those who had not before taken up arms to do it now and form an association for the safety of the town. What further design [plan] they had, he could not tell, but made not the least doubt it was for some sinister purpose this farce was carried on. That poor Cobham had lost a valuable slave,

and the poor fellow his life without the least reason, he was certain; for that it was a fact well known to almost everybody that he met a Mistress every night in the opposite wood, and that the wench being kept by her Master, was forced to carry on the intrigue with her black lover with great secrecy, which was the reason the fellow was so anxious to conceal himself; that the very man who shot him knew this, and had watched him. My hypothesis is however that the Negroes will revolt. I bade my friend good night and found Mrs. Cobham in a terrible huff from the idea I was not to come back that night. She is so much affected by the fate of her Negro that she is almost as great a Tory as her husband, which was not lately the case. But here comes the Coffee, farewell.

...

Some days ago we were informed that Genl. Moor with 1500 or 2000 men had marched down the country, having resolved to take the fort,<sup>16</sup> and with the cannon they expected to find in it, take also the Cruiser, the Gov[ernor] and the whole covey of Tories he had with him. The fort



<sup>16</sup> In September 1775 South Carolina patriot troops took Fort Johnson in Charleston harbor, South Carolina.

indeed was no hard conquest; but the Govr., somehow or other having a hint of the design, had taken out the cannon, which with the garrison — vizt [namely] Capt. Collet and his three servants — were now aboard the [H.M.S.] *Cruizer*. However they did burn this mighty place of strength, together with the houses belonging to it; but not stopping there, they wanton-ly destroyed the corn and burnt the houses of several planters, who had at times been useful to those aboard the frigate. This we were informed of by a Gentleman who was making his escape from the country, and called on us in his way.<sup>17</sup> He further informed us, that he and the other Gentlemen who had armed and formed themselves into two companies for the defense of the town, had been ordered out on this duty of burning the fort, but that they having all refused, were now ordered to stand trial for mutiny and desertion, but had refused to submit. This, he said, was all done in consequence of a letter received from the grand congress, in which they were accused of having done nothing to show the side they had espoused. I therefore make no doubt every step will be taken to show (at least) their zeal by the abuse of their fellow-subjects. But as everybody is getting off [leaving America] as fast as possible, they will not have many objects to vent their fury on.

...

Aboard the *Cruizer*, his Majesty's Frigate of war.<sup>18</sup>

Rejoice with me, my friends, to find me safe this length. You suppose I have fled from the tar-pot.<sup>19</sup> In truth I am not sure what might have happened, had I stayed much longer, for the ill humor was come to a very great height.

Our coming here, for we are all here, is the most extraordinary thing that has yet happened, and was so sudden and surprising that I am not yet sure if I am awake or in a dream. But I hope it is no dream that I have found here a large packet from you, which I sincerely thank God did not fall into the hands of the Committee, as your last did, and I am most happy to find that I am obeying you by leaving this unhappy country.

Before I begin to fill up the blanks in my Journal, which is no less than a whole month, suffer [permit] me to take

***But farewell unhappy land, for which my heart bleeds in pity.  
Little does it signify to you, who are the conquered or who the  
victorious — you are devoted to ruin, whoever succeeds.***

one look back to the unhappy people I have left, and on whose conduct I can now calmly reflect, tho' on reflection it appears still more extraordinary. We have often met this sort of madness in individuals, who, surrounded with prosperity, have yet resolutely determined to be wretched. Poor Lady Ann was a strong instance of this, who never would believe she was happy till misery forced her to know the state she had forfeited. Many indeed are the instances of that ingratitude to divine providence in single persons, but that a whole empire should be seized by such a delirium is most amazing. Yet I take the view too wide, it is not a whole empire, but some self-interested wretches, who are endeavoring to ruin this royal first-rate [vessel, i.e., America] on purpose to steal from the wreck materials to build themselves boats with. But farewell unhappy land, for which my hearts bleeds in pity. Little does it signify to you, who are the conquered or who the victorious — you are devoted to ruin, whoever succeeds. Many years will not make up [for] these few last months of depredation, and yet no enemy has landed on their coast. Themselves have ruined themselves; but let me not indulge this melancholy. I at present require all my spirit to carry me thro' many difficulties.

I shall therefore without prejudice begin an account of how I am so unexpectedly here, for so it was even to me, however much I wished it. As I write much at my ease, and am in no dread of having my letters seen, I would probably tire you with my own reflections; but there is a ship just ready to sail in which we endeavored to have taken our passage, but it is crowded beyond anything that ever was seen with people flying from this land of nominal freedom and real slavery.

<sup>17</sup> The gentleman referred to was Robert Hogg, who left Wilmington in July . . . One of those who had been ordered out "on this duty of burning the fort" was his partner, Samuel Campbell, whose statement before the Loyalist Claims Commission confirms what Miss Schaw says here . . . [Andrews note]

<sup>18</sup> It was in September or October that Miss Schaw, Fanny and the boys, and Mrs. Miller took refuge on board the *Cruizer*. All apparently crossed the ocean together. . . . [Andrews note continues.]

<sup>19</sup> North Carolina was economically significant to Britain for its "naval stores," i.e., tar, pitch, and turpentine used in shipbuilding.