

Letter to James Iredell, Sr., Comptroller of Customs, Port of Roanoke (Edenton), from his brother Arthur, who lived in London, January 31, 1775.

Pray are You become Patriotic? I see, by the News Papers, the Edenton Ladies have signalized themselves, by their protest agst Tea Drinking. The Name of Johnston I see among others; are any of my Sister's Relations Patriotic Heroines? Is there a Female Congress at Edenton too? I hope not, for we Englishmen are afraid of the Male Congress, but if the Ladies, who have ever, since the Amazonian Era, been esteemd the most formidable Enemies, if they, I say, should attack us, the most fatal consequences is to be dreaded. So dextrous in the handling of a Dart, each wound

They give is Mortal; whilst we so unhappily formd by Nature, The more we strive to conquer them, the more are Conquerd! The Edenton Ladies conscious, I suppose, of this Superiority, on their Side, by former Experience are willing, I imagine to crush us into Atoms, by their Omnipotency; the only Security on our Side, to prevent the impending Ruin, that I can perceive is, the probability that there is that but few of the places in America, who possess so much female Artillery as Edenton. Pray let me know all the particulars, when You favor me with a Letter.

Don Higginbotham, ed., *The Papers of James Iredell*, vol. 1, 1767-1777 (Raleigh: Division of Archives and History, Department of Cultural Resources, 1976) pp. 282-284

London - Queen's Square 4th 11/17/95.

Dear Brother

Not having as yet heard, that the American Congress have
prohibited the correspondence of an Englishman; I am now sat down to write
from Ipswich, a long letter, in requittal from that ~~letter~~^{epistle}, which I doubt not
you have long since undertaken, of my commission, and negligence. The
unfortunate for me, at the time I wish to triumph over such an accusation,
the enclosed letter bears evidence against me; for by the date of that, you
will at first blush discover, that I should by this time, that I am writing a
letter for it, have been in your pocket, at Dorchester; Yet as I doubt not, that you
are correct against me, your London, will permit me, to lay those facts
before the world, which will, I flatter myself, fully affect my three senses; so
I don't despair of proving myself, unworthy of the appellation of Vigilant.
And then, and then, shall I... going, but not under the solemnity of an
epistle, and upon both, I trust you will believe (I never shall) that the letter from
my Mother came to challenge, I did not know there, during the holidays,
I was impossible for me to ~~write~~^{write} it, till I came to Town, and when
I arrived in London, I was willing to take the opportunity of a letter,
to ask you, my letter, of pardon. How you all do? I have now taken the first
opportunity, to do you all the honor in my power, have taken a sheet
of Fool's Cap, a white one, and if they say it is too hard to write upon, the ink
is not much improved. Gilt paper, perhaps you may imagine, would
have been more respectful! Perhaps yes, Dear Brother, but as it was to
not contain enough to tell you, I as it is not so much, ought to travel a
journey is long, as that to you, I thought rather if I gave you my Cap,
it would answer the purpose better. What do you think?

Now, are you become Petrarch? See, by the Venus Papers the Gentle
Ladies have signified themselves, by their protest against drinking.
The Name of Petrarch is one among others; are any of my sister's Petitions
Petrarchian? Is there a female Congress at Dorchester too? These
things, for we Englishmen, we speak of the ill to Congress but if the Ladies
who have ever since the American War, been esteemed the most
formidable enemies, if they say, against a back, or the most fatal
consequence, it is to be dreaded. I don't know in the handling of a Dart,