
CHAPTER XIII.

IN EXILE

“THIS at present is our case, confined on the ocean’s edge and experiencing the inconveniences resulting from the misguided zeal of those upon whose gratitude and affection I rejoice to have the justest demand. I will not complain, because it would be a poignant censure on a people I love and forgive. For truly I can say with the poet in his *Lear*, ‘I am a man more sinned against than sinning.’”¹ So reflected John Wentworth, as he sat in his miserable quarters at Fort William and Mary one July day in 1775. The “small incommodious house” that sheltered him and his family was “neither wind nor water tight.” Indeed, it was scarcely habitable, but its situation afforded comparative safety, and the Governor protected himself from a surprise attack by dividing his scanty bodyguard into three watches of four hours each. The garrison of the fort consisted of only six men; Wentworth’s three servants brought the number up to nine; and his youthful brother-in-law, Benning, and Captain Cochran completed the loyal group, who in an emergency could do little except give an alarm and thus perhaps afford their chief sufficient time to escape to the frigate anchored nearby.²

Wentworth besought Admiral Graves to send another ship to the Piscataqua; but when the *Falcon* and her convoy arrived he wished they had stayed away, for they came with orders to dismantle the Castle of all ordnance and stores, and so merely

1. *John Wentworth to Tristram Dalton*, July 31, 1775.

2. *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, xxiii, 278.