

and despair, and gave up all for lost. The season of military exploits being nearly exhausted and the winter fast approaching, I went to Ticonderoga for some supplies, especially salt, and applied by supplication to General Gates, then the commandant there, whose aide-de-camp told me expressly that if I gave testimony of my being friendly to the cause of the United American States now under agitation I would be readily furnished with salt or any other article wanted by me, but otherwise I could neither expect or obtain any supplies whatever from them. This peremptory reply, delivered under so strict a qualification, by no means suiting my principles or occasions, I departed silently, meaning to get home timeously that night. During my stay at Ticonderoga that day I took the opportunity of making some enquiries and observations that were of some use soon thereafter. There I fell into company with Gillilan and Watson (two men of some property in my neighbourhood, on Lake Champlain), who were known to be disaffected to the royal cause. We dined together, during which time some expressions escaped me, that gave them offence, on the circumstances of times, which fully convinced them of my being dutifully attached to my king and country. They thereupon resolved and privately determined to have me secured and sent to confinement. This treacherous intention of these crafty men being accidentally made known to my acquaintance and old friend, Mrs. Hay (in whose house we were all then), she with her usual goodness of heart immediately gave me the hint, privately urging my instant departure. Recollecting our conversation, and knowing the men I had to do with, I gave peremptory compliance to Mrs. Hay's entreaties, and decamped from Ticonderoga in a small skiff of my own, hurrying with all possible despatch; but by contrary wind and the length of the