

I despaired of enjoying any peaceable or comfortable possession on that tract of ground, and therefore I came to the resolution of removing that fall to a more distant situation. This I accordingly perfected, and took up my winter residence in the month of November following (1773) upon the tract or lot of land that belonged to Major Allan Campbell, near to Crownpoint. Here I industriously persevered in improving the ground, and got about fifty acres of it cultivated to advantage, having reduced that eligible spot from a barren wilderness, covered with wood, into a valuable little farm, where, by dint of attention and perseverance, I lived very comfortably for about thirty months, having suited myself with necessary houses and other requisite accommodations. In this sweet repose I spent my time agreeably with my family and servants prosecuting further improvements, when I was of anew interrupted in the month of May, 1776, by a party of thirty armed American stragglers under command of a nominal captain or leader, who rushed impetuously into my grounds, where I was at work with my servant men labouring the fields, and calling us villains, robbers, and interloping Tories, ordered us to surrender; and having struck me with some severity, instantly made me prisoner, without giving any reason for this assault. Dragging us along in this violent manner, we were tossed promiscuously into one open boat upon the lake hard by, and there confined under a guard until that party had assaulted and taken Crownpoint (a British fort) at four miles' distance from my settlement.

This event happened soon after the enemy had taken possession of Ticonderoga, and then only it was that I got intimation that the rebellious Americans had revolted from their allegiance to Great Britain, or that they had committed hostilities against the mother country. After being some time