

another point, taught him that delays were particularly dangerous at that spot. The Indian in front, however, had disappeared on his presenting his rifle, and Elerson again darted forward. His wounded side bled a little, though not enough to weaken him. Having crossed a ridge, he paused a moment in the valley beyond to slake his thirst, his mouth being parched, and himself almost fainting. On rising from the brook, the head of one of his pursuers peeped over the crest of the hill. He raised his rifle, but such was his exhaustion that he could not hold it steady. A minute more, and he would have been in the power of the savage. Raising his rifle again, and steadying it by the side of a tree, he brought the savage tumbling headlong down the hill. In the next moment his trusty rifle was reloaded and primed, and in the next the whole group of his pursuers came rushing over the ridge. He again supposed his minutes were numbered; but, as he was partly sheltered by the trunk of a huge hemlock, they saw not him, but only the body of their fallen comrade, yet quivering in the agonies of death. Drawing in a circle about the body of their companion, they raised the death wail; and as they paused, Elerson made another effort to fly. Before they resumed the pursuit, he had succeeded in burying himself in a dark thicket of hemlocks, where he found the hollow trunk of a tree, into which he crept. Here he lay ensconced two full days, without food or dressing for his wound. On the third day he backed out of "the loophole of his retreat," but knew not which way to proceed, not discerning the points of the compass. In the course of two or three miles, however, he came to a clearing, and found himself at Cobleskill, having, during his recent chase, run over hill and dale, bog, brook, and fen, upward of twenty-five miles.

At about the same time, and probably by the same party of Indians, the premises of a Mr. Shankland,