

observation, and there were two individual affrays happening in his vicinity, which deserve special mention. The name of David Elerson, one of the bold spirits associated with Murphy in Morgan's rifle corps, has already occurred in a former chapter. The detachment to which he belonged had been ordered from Schoharie to join this expedition. While lying at the head of the lake, Elerson rambled off to an old clearing, at the distance of a mile or more from camp, to gather pulse for dinner. Having filled his knapsack, while adjusting it, in order to return to camp, he was startled at the rustling of the tall and coarse herbage around him, and in the same instant beheld some ten or a dozen Indians, who had crept upon him so cautiously as to be just on the point of springing to grasp him. Their object was clearly rather to make him a prisoner than to kill him, since he might easily have been shot down unperceived. Perhaps they wanted him for an *auto-da-fé*, perhaps to obtain information. Seizing his rifle, which was standing by his side, Elerson sprang forward to escape. A shower of tomahawks hurtled through the air after him; but, as he had plunged into a thicket of tall weeds and bushes, he was only struck on one of his hands, his middle finger being nearly severed. A brisk chase was immediately commenced. Scaling an old brushwood fence, Elerson darted into the woods, and the Indians after him. He was as fleet as a stag; and perceiving that they were not likely soon to overtake, the pursuers discharged their rifles after him, but luckily without effect. The chase was thus continued from eleven till three o'clock, Elerson using every device and stratagem to elude or deceive the Indians, but they holding him close. At length, having gained a moment to breathe, an Indian started up in his front. Drawing up his rifle to clear the passage in that direction, the whiz of a bullet fleshing his side, and the crack of a rifle from