

to let go his hold of the wriggling Indian. On regaining their feet, the discomfited savage speedily fled, closely followed by the fleet-footed farmer. A trailing vine having tripped him to the ground, he lost sight of the running warrior.

Placing the corpse of his brother-in-law upon the horse in front of him, he cautiously rode back to the house, where the lifeless body and the startling intelligence at once horrified the weeping women and children.

Confident that his family and his visiting kinsfolk might soon realize the actuality of their anxious apprehension of imminent danger, he at once began a search on horseback for armed men to aid him in resisting any attack that might be made by the provoked Indian and the other members of his tribe then there on a war-path. Before sundown he found three provincial soldiers and an Indian boy who volunteered to go to his house and guard it. He afterward rode on toward Albany seeking for more armed men whom he might persuade to return with him to Schaghticoke before the party of French Indians could execute any hostile act fatal to the life of any member of his household. At that time, besides his wife and two children, there was also beneath his roof-tree his brother David and his wife (Johanna Bratt), his sister Maria, (Captain Johannes Barentse Bratt's wife,) her son Joachim; a negro boy, and the three soldiers and an Indian boy.

About midnight several knocks upon the front door of the house caused David Ketelhuyn to inquire the name of the person seeking admittance. The answer returned revealed the presence of a French Indian. Entrance having been denied him, a number of bullets were fired at the door. Thereupon the soldiers returned the shots by firing through the loop-holes along the sides of the building.

Knowing the effectiveness of heat and smoke, the Indians set fire to the house, which was soon in flames. Meanwhile, an old infirm Schaghticoke Indian, who had a wigwam near it, concealed himself under the trunk of a fallen tree, and became an undiscovered witness of the thrilling drama that was enacted in the fitful light and billowing smoke of the burning homestead.

Forced then to meet the dire consequences of falling into the hands of the unrelentless enemy, the soldiers rushed one after the other through the suddenly opened doorway in a brave attempt to pass the line of savages posted to prevent them from escaping. The first soldier was killed instantly by two bullets penetrating his body. The second, having successfully forced a passage through the closely-drawn cordon of whooping Indians, was pursued by six, and brought back a bound prisoner. The third met the same fate as the first, after issuing from the smoke-curtained portal. As he fell, the negro boy ran past his lifeless body but failed to escape the grasp of a captor. Joachim, Cap-