He had got about half way to the creek, and had begun to flatter himself that his whole escape was accomplished, when he heard a shout from the wigwam, and immediately the bark of the Indian dogs in pursuit. He then plunged on at the top of his speed, and knowing that, while on the land, the dogs would follow on his track, in order to baffle their pursuit, as soon as he reached the creek, he jumped in, and ran down stream in the channel. For some time he heard the shouts of his late masters, and the baying of their hounds in the pursuit; and now that he had reached the water where their dogs could not track him, he laughed outright as he ran, in thinking of the disappointment they would feel when they arrived at the bank. The fear of the faggot and all its accompanying tortures furnished a stimulus to every muscle, and he urged on his flight until he heard no more of his enemies, and he became satisfied that they had given up their pursuit. He deemed it prudent, however, to continue his course in the bed of the creek until he should reach a path which led from Oneida to old Fort Schuyler—a mud fort, built on the present site of this city [Utica] during the French war, and which was situated between Main street and the banks of the river, a little eastward of Second street. The path crossed the Oriskany about half a mile westward of where the village of Clinton now stands. He then took his path, and pursued his course. I have mentioned that, in haste to escape, he forgot his shoes. He had on a pair of wool stockings, but on running on the gravel in the creek, they soon became worn out, and the sharp pebbles cut his feet. In this difficulty he be thought him of a substitute for shoes in