

tance from the mouth of the cave, may be conceived at finding strangers among their number. But Brant, so well known to all the gentlemen of this region from the civil offices he had held previous to the present struggle, had only to reveal himself to be warmly received by his brother partisan.

The winter's night was closing in rapidly, and Fenton—whose indignation against Bradshawe was fully roused upon hearing the story of Alida's forcible detention in the vaults of Waneonda—assisted her down the mountain as they hurried forward on their journey. It was determined that she should at once seek a refuge in the settlement of Schoharie, which was at hand; and the whole party was halted to designate some one who could be trusted with the duty of placing her in the hands of her friends. It would have been madness for Brant, even upon such an embassy, to venture himself in the hands of the patriots; and his own men would not spare Fenton, who, although almost equally obnoxious as a virulent Tory, had still not been charged with any stain of cruelty that would call out personal vengeance.

While this discussion was taking place, the attention of the two leaders was distracted by a sudden outcry near. Several of the more lawless members of the party, as it seemed, had pushed in advance of the rest, for the purpose of driving off some horses that were grazing in a field near by. The farmhouse to which the field belonged chanced, at the moment, to be occupied by a patrol of villagers; for the Whig militia, since Schuyler's march upon Johnstown, had been industriously employed in scouring the country and arresting every person suspected of Toryism upon whom they could lay their hands. This patrol, hearing the clatter of hoofs, now sallied out. The moor, which shone