

place, guards were doubled and extraordinary precautions taken to capture him or defeat the purpose he had in view.

On one occasion Lieut. (then Ensign) Moody undertook, with six men to liberate a prisoner, under sentence of death, from the jail of Sussex County, New York. This man was one of Burgoyne's soldiers, charged with crimes of a civil nature, of which he was believed to be innocent. So great was the sympathy for him within the British lines and so evident the resentment of his persecutors that it was determined to rescue him, and to do this successfully recourse was had to stratagem. What follows is from Moody's own narrative :

Coming to the jail, the keeper called out from the window of an upper room, and demanded what their business was. The ensign instantly replied : 'He had a prisoner to deliver into his custody.' "What! One of Moody's fellows?" said the jailer. "Yes," said the ensign. On his enquiring what the name of the supposed prisoner was, one of the party who was well known by the inhabitants of that place to be with Mr. Moody, personated the character of a prisoner, and spoke for himself. The jailer gave him a little ill language ; but notwithstanding seemed highly pleased with the idea of having so notorious a Tory in his custody. On the ensign urging him to come down and take charge of the man, he peremptorily refused, alleging that in consequence of Moody's being out, he had received strict orders to open his doors to no man after sunset, and that therefore he must wait till morning. Finding that this would not take, the ensign now changed his tone ; and in a stern voice told him, "Sirrah, the man who now speaks to you is Moody ; I have a strong party with me ; and if you do not this moment deliver up your keys, I will instantly pull down your house about your ears." The jailer vanished in a moment. On this Mr. Moody's men, who were well skilled in the Indian war-whoop, made the air resound with such a variety of hideous yells as soon left them nothing to fear from the inhabitants of New Town, which, though the county town, consisted of only twenty or thirty houses. "The Indians! the Indians are come!"—said the panic-struck people ; and happy were they who could soonest escape into the woods. While these things were thus going on, the ensign had made his way through a casement, and was met by a prisoner, whom he immediately employed to procure him a light. The vanished jailer was now again produced ; and most obsequiously conducted Mr. Moody to the dungeon of the poor wretch under sentence of death.

It may seem incredible, but it is an undoubted fact, that notwithstanding all the horrors and awfulness of his situation, this poor, forlorn, condemned British soldier was found fast asleep ; and had slept so sound as to have heard nothing of the uproar or alarm. There is no possibility of describing the agony