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### THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

When the thirteen colonies of North America cast off their allegiance to the British Crown in 1776, and erected themselves into the United States, it was not without much opposition from many gallant and loyal subjects of King George. Men who loved the British flag, and cherished the name of Briton as an honorable birthright, had no sympathy with their fellow countrymen in their attempt to dismember the empire, of which they formed so important a part. For this reason they were called United Empire Loyalists, a term synonymous with gallant daring, patient endurance of suffering, and often, unfortunately, with unrewarded loyalty to King and country. Driven from their homes by the Whig, or rebel party, these faithful men, with their families found refuge in the colonies which had been recently taken from the French. They were among the earliest settlers of New Brunswick and Upper Canada, and were found also in considerable numbers swelling the populations of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Lower Canada. The perilous adventures and noble daring of one of the most prominent United Empire Loyalists is thus given by the American writer, Sabine:—

‘James Moody, of New Jersey, at the beginning of the war of Independence, with a wife and three children, was settled on a large, fertile, and well cultivated farm of his own, and was contented and happy. He took no part in politics and simply wished to live and die a British subject. Molested however, incessantly by the Whigs, and shot at three several times on Sunday, while quietly walking on his own grounds, he resolved to fly to the Royal army; and in April, 1777, accompanied by seventy-three of his neighbors, he reached Colonel Barton’s corps at Bergen. His very name soon became a terror. The cry that “Moody is out!” or that “Moody is in the country!” was uttered in intense fear in parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania for years. His first service was at the head of about one hundred men, when he marched seventy miles to annoy his former friends. He was attacked, and of his whole party eight only escaped to the British lines. Of the prisoners taken by the Whigs, more than thirty were sentenced to death—two were execu-

ted; the rest saved their lives by enlisting in the Continental army, but except a few who died all who were thus spared deserted. He was next employed to penetrate the country and obtain information as to the strength and position of a Whig corps, and was commended for his skill and perseverance. In June, 1779, he captured a Whig colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, two captains, and several others of inferior rank, and destroyed a considerable magazine of powder and arms. On his return, with such public stores as he could transport, he was assailed by a force double his own, which, after a spirited fight of forty minutes, he dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

Next, he went out with a party of seven men and secured the persons of eighteen Whig officers of militia, and committee men. This feat raised a new alarm, and he was hunted in caves and forests night and day. He eluded his pursuers, but, while retracing his steps to New York, he fell into the hands of Gen. Wayne, much to the joy of his captors and the Whigs of New Jersey. “Moody is in the toils at last,” was the word far and near. He was first sent to a place called “*The Slat*,” thence to Stony Point, thence to West Point, thence to Esopus, and thence, back to West Point. Arnold, who was plotting to surrender the latter post, treated him with absolute barbarity; for, by his order, he was placed in a dungeon excavated in a rock, the bottom of which was ankle deep in water, mud and filth. In this dismal hole the wretched prisoner was fettered hand and foot; compelled to sleep on a door raised on four stones above the disgusting mixture, and proffered food at which he revolted, and which was brought to him in a wooden bowl that was never washed, and that was encrusted with dough, dirt and grease. The iron upon his wrists were ragged on the inner side, and caused sores which gave him great pain, while his legs became irritated and swollen. He implored Arnold for relief, declaring that he preferred death to sufferings so intense. Some day after his second petition to be treated as a prisoner of war, an officer came to his prison and asked,—“Are you Moody, whose name is a terror to every good man?” When answered, the officer pointed to a gallows near by and said,—“A swing upon that you have long merited.” Moody replied, that he hoped to live to see him and a thousand other villains like him, hanged for being rebels.” The letters were examined but not removed. The case was at last reported to Washington, who ordered the irons

to be taken off, and the serving of wholesome provisions, with leave to purchase milk and vegetables. Soon, too, the prisoner was transferred to the chief’s own camp, when the adjutant-general, the noble Scammell, examined his limbs, and, shocked at their condition, gave instant directions for humane treatment. Before our partisan had fully recovered, he was told that he was to be tried for the murder of the Whig captain and of another officer who fell in the affair which I have mentioned; and also for enlisting men, which, too, was a capital offence. He was informed besides, that, he was so obnoxious, and likely to be so mischievous, that the Whigs were determined to get rid of him at any rate, and that his fate was sealed. From this moment he resolved to escape or perish in the effort. On a dark and rainy night, he accordingly contrived to break the bolt off his handcuffs without notice, when he sprang past the sentinel, knocked down and seized the gun of the next, avoided four others who were stationed at the place of his confinement, and obtained his liberty, though the cry was raised by hundreds—“Moody has escaped from the Provost!” and though he was pursued in every direction.

We hear little of our partisan and spy until March, 1781, when Oliver De Lancy the younger, who had succeeded Andre as Adjutant-General, requested him to undertake to intercept Washington’s despatches. Moody, ever ready, departed the very next night, and travelled more than twenty-five miles by the dawn of day; when, as detection was sure to lead to a speedy death on the gallows, he and his followers retreated to a swamp. On the second night his guide refused to proceed, and Moody, in his anger, cocked his gun to shoot him, but spared him for the sake of his family.—The enterprise was, however, at an end, and those who were engaged in it made the best of their way to New York. De Lancy was much disappointed; and Moody in no-wise discouraged, set out again, determined upon success. He reached the Haverstraw Mountains in darkness, and was there informed that the post had already passed. To get ahead of the rider was the only course; and Moody and his little band, heedless of severe suffering from the inclemency of the weather and from a pelting snow-storm, pushed on, and on the fifth day they obtained their prize, which, after hazardous and distressing night marches, they placed in the possession of their employer.

Moody himself, bore fatigue, hunger, and cold without apparent injury; but the hard-