

of this man, when on being thus suddenly aroused, he saw before him a man in arms. . . . The first and only idea that occurred to him was that . . . the person he saw was his executioner. On Mr. Moody's repeatedly informing him of his mistake and that he was come to release him in the name of King George, the . . . pitch of joy had well nigh overcome him. Never before had the writer been present at so affecting a scene. In such circumstances it was with some difficulty that the ensign got him away. The humane reader, Mr. Moody persuades himself, will not be less affected than he himself was at the mournful sequel of this poor soldier's tale.

In the course of the war he was again taken, . . . and afterwards actually executed on the same sentence on which he had been before convicted. . . . When he was brought to the place of execution, the persons who had charge of him told him they had authority to promise him a reprieve, and they did most solemnly promise it to him on condition only that he would tell them who the loyalists in the country were that had assisted Moody. His reply was most manly and noble, and proves that real nobility of character and dignity of sentiment are appropriated to no particular rank or condition of life. "I love life," he said, "and there is nothing which a man of honour can do that I would not do to save it; but I cannot pay the price for it. The men you wish me to betray must be good men because they have assisted a good man in a good cause. Innocent as I am, I feel this is an awful moment; how far it becomes you to tempt me to make it terrible, by overwhelming me in the basest guilt, yourselves must judge. My life is in your power; my conscience, I thank God, is still my own."

This incident Mr. Moody gives on the testimony of an eye-witness, and he further states that the man suffered for an offence for which he was charged wrongfully, as was afterwards learned from the voluntary confession of a less conscientious loyalist.

Lieut. Moody was at one time a prisoner in the camp of General Arnold, who allowed him to be treated with the greatest cruelty. This severity was lessened by the order of General Washington, but extra precautions were taken to prevent his escape. Hearing that his enemies were soon to put him to death, he determined, if possible, to effect his escape; and one night (Sept. 17th, 1780) he succeeded in breaking his fetters. The narrative continues:

Let the reader imagine what his sensations were when he found the manacles drop from his hands! He sprang instantly past the interior sentinel, and rushing on the next, with one hand he seized his musket and with the other struck him to the ground. The sentinel within and the four others who were placed by