

"None of you know the hardships of A soldiers life ..."
Service of the Connecticut Regiments of Maj. Gen. Alexander McDougall's Division, 1777-1778

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1. Appendix
2. Bibliography

1. Appendix

When putting together this study of the Connecticut regiments in McDougall's Division, Albigeance Waldo's diary of the latter months of the 1777 Philadelphia campaign and the first month at Valley Forge, was overlooked. When the narrative was done, I cast about for other works I may have missed that should be included. Waldo's writings immediately came to mind, and I was surprised I had forgotten such an obvious resource. (Perhaps Jonathan Todd's wonderful series of letters clouded my thinking on the subject.)

At first I thought to rework the narrative with Surgeon Waldo's input, but after proofreading the diary (borrowed from an online resource, with many mistakes in spelling and formatting during the transfer), the work, with which I had thought myself so familiar, showed itself in a new light. I had used the diary for a number of articles on soldier life, but never realized there were so many insights on the mindset and motivation of the men, as well as Waldo's personal feelings and family life. Given that it covers a relatively short period (from 10 November 1777 to 8 January 1778), I thought it worthwhile to include the diary in its entirety, giving the reader the chance to compare Dr. Waldo's narrative with those of Captain Brigham and Surgeon's Mate Todd, while at the same time retaining the flavor of the whole and treating those who may be unfamiliar with it to some special insights that may otherwise have been excised.

Among my favorite discoveries or rediscoveries in the diary are:

(page 301) "Fort Mifflin was a Burlesque upon the art of Fortification."

(page 304) 8 December 1777: "Five men from each Regt in Varnum's & Huntington's Brigades as Volunteers join'd Morgan's Rifle Men to Harrass the Enemy, and excite an Attack."

(pages 306-307) Waldo's 14 December tirade of military ills, including a description of the typical Continental soldier at the end of the 1777 campaign.

(page 311) "*December 23.*—The Party that went out last evening not Return'd to Day. This evening an excellent Player on the Violin in that soft kind of Musick, which is so finely adapted to stirr up the tender Passions, while he was playing in the next Tent to mine ..." Musical instrument in camp!

(pages 312-313) Perspicacious views of 1777 campaign

(page 317) 1 January 1778: He extols the importance of an officer having neat and genteel clothing.

(page 319) 3 January: "Fresh Beef and Flour make me perfectly Sick, especially as we have no Spirits to drink with it;—hut others stand it, so must I." Says so much about the rigors of the daily diet.

(page 319) Same date: "... the hunger, Thirst, Cold & fatigue we have suffer'd this Campaign, altho' we have not fought much, yet the oldest Soldiers among us have called the Campaign a very severe & hard one. . . ." Re-emphasizes that the 1777 Philadelphia campaign was a real crucible for Washington's officers and enlisted men, a turning point in the formation of the Continental Army.

(page 319) 4 January: Death of an Indian soldier in camp, and discussion of that, soldier-service, and mortality.

(page 320) Waldo's evaluations of Continental commanders, such as Lafayette, Greene, Conway, and DeKalb.

(pages 323-324) The doctor's itinerary for his journey home on furlough, including "Poquonnack 10 M[iles]. from N. Y. at Jennings Tavern & a narrow Bed—Lodg'd here. Landlady wth Teethache, Children keep a squalling," and a stay at the "Good Old Squeaking Widow Ann Hopkins ..."

And, finally, I must recommend Waldo's 13 December encomium to the camp at the Gulph, and the facetiously wonderful reasons recommending it for a winter-long stay.

Enjoy!

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"Diary of Surgeon Albigeance Waldo, of the Connecticut Line," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. XXI, no. 3 (1897), 299-323.

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Dr. Albigeance Waldo was born February 27, 1750, at Pomfret, Connecticut. His medical preceptor was Dr. John Spaulding, of Canterbury. During the Revolution he served as clerk in Captain Samuel McClelland's Woodstock company, in the "Lexington Alarm;" July 6, 1775, was commissioned surgeon's mate of the Eighth Connecticut Regiment, Colonel Jediah Huntington, but, owing to ill health, was discharged in September following. On December 14, 1776, the Connecticut Committee of War commissioned him chief surgeon of the armed ship "Oliver Cromwell." He was next commissioned surgeon (January 1, 1777) of the First Connecticut Infantry Regiment of the Line, and served while it was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Prentice and Colonel Josiah Starr, and attached to Huntington's brigade of McDougall's division. This regiment was raised largely in New London County, Connecticut, and took the field in the spring at Peekskill, New York, where it remained until ordered by Washington to join the army in Pennsylvania in September of 1777. In the battle of Germantown the regiment was engaged on the left flank, and suffered some loss in killed, wounded, and missing. Ill health again compelled Surgeon Waldo to retire from the service, and he resigned October 1, 1779. He died January 29, 1794. His last lineal descendant, Charles A. Waldo, died in Florida in December of 1896.

We print Surgeon Waldo's diary from the manuscript kindly contributed by Mr. Amos Perry, of the Rhode Island Historical Society; the annotations are by the ED. PENNA. MAG.]

November 10, 1777.—Captain [Henry] Lee, of the Light Dragoons brought in Capt. Nichols of the English Packet whom he took prisoner at New Castle.¹ I heard Capt. Nichols observe that one hour before he was taken he had the following reflections:—"His Majesty has made me commander of a fine ship—a packet too; I need not ever fight. I have nothing to do but transport gentlemen and ladies of the first rank. I have a fine stock of provisions aboard, hens, turkeys, geese, pigs, ducks, wine and cider. I have a [p. 300] good interest at home, and what is above all, an agreeable family. I am not troubled in my mind. In short, I've nothing to make me uneasy, and believe I am the happiest man in the world."

Capt. Nichols was now the unhappiest man in the world. His reflections were turned upon the vicissitudes of life, the sudden changes of fortune and the variety of events that may happen to a man in the course of a few hours. If we would set our reasons to work and believe what is undeniably true that there is no dependence to be put on the wiffling wind of fortune, we could bear disappointments without anxiety. A man of the least observation will find every state changeable, and while he considers this mutability of time and things, he will be better prepared to undergo the misfortunes of life and the disappointments inseparable from it. When a disappointment overtakes us unguarded by such reflections,

it often throws us into a fit of anger which vents itself on those connected with us in opprobrious words against the Providence of God.

An incessant cannonading at or near Red Bank this day. No salt to eat dinner with.²

November 11, 12, 13 & 14—Nothing material happened.

November 16.—An attack was made on Fort Mifflin by 4 ships, 4 Batteries, & 1 Gaily. Our People fired from Fort Mifflin 1 Battery, 12 Gallies & two Shearbacks or small ships. The firing was incessant all Day. Our people defended themselves with unparalleled bravery amidst a continual storm of Balls 'till at length when Capt. Lee's company of Artillery³ were almost all cut off, and a reinforcement had stood at the Guns till 9 o'clock in the evening the Garrison evacuated the fort, after having spiked up the Cannon. Capt. Stephen Brown⁴ was kill'd by a shot from the round-top of a Ship that had hauled up in pistol shot of the Fort.

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Mem.—Fort Mifflin was a Burlesque upon the art of Fortification.

November 19.—The Boston and Hampshire Regiments began to join the Grand Army. This Day Huntington's Brigade consisting of Prentice's,⁵ Bradley's,⁶ & Swift's,⁷ march'd for Red Bank, which the Garrison Evacuated before we arrived. Greene's Division next day march'd for the same place, who, with Huntington's Brigade & the Garrison consisting of Varnum's Brigade met at Mount Holly 5 miles east of Burlington, where we Encamped till the Evening of the 25th.⁸ Mount Holly—so call'd from a little Mount nigh the town—is a Compact & Pleasant Village, having a great proportion of handsome women therein. Near this Town in a Wood, a Hermit has dwelt these 27 years, living on Bread and water. His bed is a hole dug in the ground about one foot and a half below the surface, and cover'd at pleasure with a board—over this is built a small bark hut hardly big enough for a man to sit up in. "When he goes to bed he crawls into his hut and at the further end slips into his hole which he calls his grave, drawing over the Board and goes to sleep. He crawls night and morning on his hands and knees about two rods to a particular tree to pray. He says he was warn'd of God in a remarkable Dream when he first came to America to take this course of Life. He has many Latin and other Books in his lonely Cell, and is said to write considerably. He kisses every man's hand that visits him and thankfully accepts of what is gave him, except Money, which he refuses. His Beard is done up in a loose club under his chin, he is small of stature and speaks very fast, he talks but little English—chiefly German or Latin.

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He says he shall come out purified & live like other folks if he continues in this State till he is eighty. He says he often wishes for Death, being frequently afflicted with pains of Body by this method of life. He never goes near a fire in the coldest time. Much is said about the reasons of his doing penance in this manner, but chiefly that he murdered his own sister, and that he killed a Gentleman in a Duel while an officer in the French Service. He was also in the German Service among his countrymen the Germans.

November 25.—In the Evening we march for Haddonfield (not far from Red Bank) where we arrived in the morning of

November 26.—Lay in the Forest of Haddonfield, cold and uncomfortable. Two Hessian deserters came in who declar'd our little parties had kill'd a number of the Enemy—15 prisoners were bro't in, 2 women.

November 27.—Return'd to Mount Holly. Same Day Greene's Division and Glover's Brigade (who had arriv'd from the Northward 2 Days before) march to Burlington. Morgan with his Riflemen were left with the militia to harrass the Enemy as they were Recrossing the River from Red Bank to the City.

November 28.—The remainder of us marched to Burlington. P.M. the rear of the army crossed over to Bristol. A Storm prevented the Baggage going over this Night, which prevented Dr. L. & myself also crossing with our horses.

November 29.—Storm increas'd. About one p.m. An alarm was made by a report that the enemy were within 15 minutes march of the Town to take the Baggage. Those of us who had horses rode up to Burdentown. The Baggage and the Sick were all hurried out of Town the same way, but had not got 2

miles before they were turn'd back on its being a false Alarm. For the sake of good living however Dr. L.,⁹ Parson E.¹⁰ & myself went to Burdentown

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up the River, liv'd well & cross'd over to Winsor next Day, and arrived at Bristol in the Evening when I had my Shoes and Silver Buckles stole. Dr. L. had a valuable Great Coat stole the Day before at Burlington.

December 1.—We marched to Head Quarters [Whitemarsh] and our Division (McDougals) encamped on the Left of the Second Line. Our former Station was in the Centre of the Front Line. Here Huts of sticks & leaves shelter'd us from the inclementcy of the Weather and we lay pretty Quiet until

December 5.—At 3 o'clock a.m. the Alarm Guns were fired and Troops immediately paraded at their several Alarm posts. The Enemy were approaching with their Whole Strength to give us Battle. Nothing further remarkable ensued this Day—at Night our Troops lay on their Arms, the Baggage being all sent away except what a man might run or fight with.

December 6.—The Enemy forming a Line from towards our right to the extremity of our left upon an opposite long height to ours in a Wood. Our men were under Arms all Day and this Night also, as our Wise General was determined not to be attack'd Napping.

December 7.—Alarm given. Troops on their several posts. Towards Noon Col. Ch. Webb's Regt¹¹ were partly surrounded and Attack' on the Right of the Army. They being overpower'd by Numbers, retreated with loss—the brave Capt. Walbridge¹² was wounded in the head—Lieut. Harris kill'd.¹³ A scattering fire through to the left soon began & continued a few minutes, till our Piquets ran in. The firing soon ceased on the Right & continued on the Left, as tho' a General Attack was meant to begin there. On this supposition the Left were Reinforced. But a scatter-

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ing fire was kept up by Morgan's Battalion, at Intervals all Day, and concluded with a little skirmish at Sun Set. Our Troops lay on their Arms this night also. Some firing among the Piquets in the night.

December 8.—All at our Several Posts. Provisions & Whiskey very scarce. Were Soldiers to have plenty of Food & Rum, I believe they would Storm Tophet. Our Lines were on a long high hill extending about three Miles—all Man'd. An Abettes in front from Right to Left— another in the rear of the Left, with a Cross Abettee near the Extremety.

Five men from each Regt in Varnum's & Huntington's Brigades as Volunteers join'd Morgan's Rifle Men to Harrass the Enemy, and excite an Attack. Some Regts were ordered to march out if an Attack should begin in earnest. This Afternoon a small Skirmish happen'd near the Enemies lines against our left. Towards Night the Enemy fired some Cannon against our Right & 2 against our left. Their horse appear'd to be busily moving. In the Evening there were but two spots of fires in the Enemies Camp. One against our Park (or main center); the other against the extremity of our Left, when the evening before they extended from almost our Right to our Left. At 12 o'clock at Night our Regt, with Sixteen more were Ordered to parade immediately before his Excellencies Quarters under Command of Sullivan & Wayne. We were there by One, when Intelligence came that the Enemy had made a precipitate retreat and was safely got into the City. We were all Chagrin'd at this, as we were more willing to Chase them in Rear, than meet such Sulkey Dogs in Front. We were now remanded back with several draughts of Rum in our frozen bellies, which made us so glad we all fell asleep in our open huts, nor experienced the Coldness of the Night 'till we found ourselves much stiffened by it in the Morning.

December 9.—We came from within the breastworks, Where we had been coop'd up four tedious Days, with Cloaths & Boots on Night and Day, and resumed our old

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Hutts East of the Breastwork. The rest of the Army Chiefly had their huts within the Lines. We are insensible what we are capable of enduring till we are put to the test. To endure hardships with a good grace we must always think of the following Maxim: "Pain succeeds Pleasure, & Pleasure succeeds Pain."

December 10.—Lay still.

December 11.—At four o'clock the Whole Army were Order'd to March to Swedes Ford on the River Schuylkill, about 9 miles N. W. of Chestnut Hill, and 6 from White Marsh our present Encampment. At sun an hour high the whole were mov'd from the Lines and on their march with baggage. This Night encamped in a Semi circle nigh the Ford. The enemy had march'd up the West side of Schuylkill—Potter's Brigade of Pennsylvania Militia were already there, & had several skirmishes with them with some loss on his side and considerable on the Enemies. An English Serj. deserted to us this Day, and inform'd that Webb's Regt kill'd many of their men on 7th, that he himself took Webb's Serj. Major who was a former Deserter from them, and was to be hanged this day.

I am prodigious Sick & cannot get any thing comfortable —what in the name of Providence am I to do with a fit of Sickness in this place where nothing appears pleasing to the Sicken'd Eye & nauseating Stomach. But I doubt not Providence will find out a way for my relief. But I cannot eat Beef if I starve, for my stomach positively refuses to entertain such Company, and how can I help that?

December 12.—A Bridge of Waggons made across the Schuylkill last Night consisting of 36 waggons, with a bridge of Rails between each. Some skirmishing over the River. Militia and dragoons brought into Camp several Prisoners. Sun Set—We were order'd to march over the River—It snows—I'm Sick—eat nothing—No Whiskey—No Forage—Lord—Lord—Lord. The Army were 'till Sun Rise crossing the River—some at the Waggon Bridge & some at the Raft Bridge below. Cold & uncomfortable.

December 13.—The Army march'd three miles from the

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West side the River and encamp'd near a place call'd the Gulph and not an improper name neither, for this Gulph seems well adapted by its situation to keep us from the pleasures & enjoyments of this World, or being conversant with any body in it. It is an excellent place to raise the Ideas of a Philosopher beyond the glutted thoughts and Reflexions of an Epicurian. His Reflexions will be as different from the Common Reflexions of Mankind as if he were unconnected with the world, and only conversant with immaterial beings. It cannot be that our Superiors are about to hold consultations with Spirits infinitely beneath their Order, by bringing us into these utmost regions of the Terraqueous Sphere. No, it is, upon consideration for many good purposes since we are to Winter here—1st There is plenty of Wood & Water. 2dly There are but few families for the soldiery to Steal from—tho' far be it from a Soldier to Steal. 4ly There are warm sides of Hills to erect huts on. 5ly They will be heavenly Minded like Jonah when in the Belly of a Great Fish. 6ly They will not become home Sick as is sometimes the Case when Men live in the Open World—since the reflections which will naturally arise from their present habitation, will lead them to the more noble thoughts of employing their leisure hours in filling their knapsacks with such materials as may be necessary on the Journey to another Home.

December 14.—Prisoners & Deserters are continually coming in. The Army which has been surprisingly healthy hitherto, now begins to grow sickly from the continued fatigues they have suffered this Campaign. Yet they still show a spirit of Alacrity & Contentment not to be expected from so young Troops. I am Sick—discontented—and out of humour. Poor food—hard lodging—Cold Weather—fatigue—Nasty Cloaths—nasty Cookery—Vomit half my time —smoak'd out of my senses—the Devil's in't—I can't Endure it—Why are we sent here to starve and Freeze—What sweet Felicities have I left at home; A charming Wife — pretty Children — Good Beds—good food — good Cookery—all agreeable—all harmonious. Here all Con-

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fusion—smoke & Cold—hunger & filthiness—A pox on my bad luck. There comes a bowl of beef soup—full of burnt leaves and dirt, sickish enough to make a Hector spue— away with it Boys—I'll live like the Chameleon upon Air. Poh! Poh! crys Patience within me—you talk like a fool. Your being sick Covers your mind with a Melanchollic Gloom, which makes every thing about you appear gloomy. See the poor Soldier, when in health—with what cheerfulness he meets his foes and encounters every hardship—if barefoot, he labours thro' the Mud & Cold with a Song in his mouth extolling War & Washington¹⁴ —if his food be bad, he eats it notwithstanding with seeming content— blesses God for a good Stomach and Whistles it into digestion. But harkee Patience, a moment—There comes a Soldier, his bare feet are seen thro' his worn out Shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tatter'd remains of an only pair of stockings, his Breeches not sufficient to cover his nakedness, his Shirt hanging in Strings, his hair dishevell'd, his face meagre; his whole appearance pictures a person forsaken & discouraged. He comes, and crys with an air of wretchedness & despair, I am Sick, my feet lame, my legs are sore, my body cover'd with this tormenting Itch— my Cloaths are worn out, my Constitution is broken, my former Activity is exhausted by fatigue, hunger & Cold, I fail fast I shall soon be no more! and all the reward I shall get will be—"Poor Will is dead." People who live at home in Luxury and Ease, quietly possessing their habitations, Enjoying their Wives & families in peace, have but a very faint Idea of the unpleasing sensations, and continual Anxiety the Man endures who is in a Camp, and is the husband and parent of an agreeable family. These same People are willing we should suffer every thing for their Benefit & advantage, and yet are the first to Condemn us for not doing more!!

December 15.—Quiet. Eat Pessimens, found myself better for their Lenient Operation. Went to a house, poor & small, but good food within—eat too much from being so long Abstemious, thro' want of palatables. Mankind are

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never truly thankful for the Benefits of life, until they have experienc'd the want of them. The Man who has seen misery knows best how to enjoy good. He who is always at ease & has enough of the Blessings of common life is an Impotent Judge of the feelings of the unfortunate. . . .

December 16.—Cold Rainy Day, Baggage ordered over the Gulph of our Division, which were to march at Ten, but the baggage was order'd back and for the first time since we have been here the Tents were pitch'd, to keep the men more comfortable. Good morning Brother Soldier (says one to another) how are you? All wet I thank'e, hope you are so (says the other). The Enemy have been at Chestnut Hill Opposite to us near our last encampment the other side Schuylkill, made some Ravages, kill'd two of our Horsemen, taken some prisoners. We have done the like by them. . . .

December 18.—Universal Thanksgiving—a Roasted pig at Night. God be thanked for my health which I have pretty well recovered. How much better should I feel, were I assured my family were in health. But the same good Being who graciously preserves me, is able to preserve them & bring me to the ardently wish'd for enjoyment of them again.

Rank & Precedence make a good deal of disturbance & confusion in the American Army. The Army are poorly supplied with Provision, occasioned it is said by the Neglect of the Commissary of Purchases. Much talk among Officers about discharges. Money has become of too little consequence. The Congress have not made their Commissions valuable Enough. Heaven avert the bad consequences of these things!!¹⁵

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up the Bristol Road & so got out unnoticed. He infonn'd that Cornwallis was embark'd for England, and that some High-landers had gone to N. York for Winter Quarters.

There is nothing to hinder Parties of the like kind above mention'd, continually coming out between Delaware and Schuylkill, and plundering and destroying the Inhabitants.

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Our brethren who are unfortunately Prisoners in Philadelphia meet with the most savage and inhumane treatments that Barbarians are Capable of inflicting. Our Enemies do not knock them in the head or burn them with torches to death, or flee them alive, or gradually dismember them till they die, which is customary among Savages & Barbarians. No, they are worse by far. They suffer them to starve, to linger out their lives in extreem hunger. One of these poor unhappy men, drove to the last extreem by the rage of hunger, eat his own fingers up to the first joint from the hand, before he died. Others eat the Clay, the Lime, the Stones of the Prison Walls. Several who died in the Yard had pieces of Bark, "Wood, Clay & Stones in their mouths, which the ravings of hunger had caused them to take in for food in the last Agonies of Life! "These are thy *mercies*, O Brittain!"

December 21.—[Valley Forge.] Preparations made for hutts. Provisions Scarce. Mr. Ellis went homeward—sent a Letter to my Wife. Heartily wish myself at home, my Skin & eyes are almost spoil'd with continual smoke. A general cry thro' the Camp this Evening among the Soldiers, "No Meat! No Meat!"—the Distant vales Echo'd back the melancholly sound—"No Meat! No Meat!" Immitating the noise of Crows & Owls, also, made a part of the confused Musick.

What have you for your Dinners Boys? "Nothing but Fire Cake & Water, Sir." At night, "Gentlemen the Supper is ready." What is your Supper Lads? "Fire Cake & Water, Sir." Very poor beef has been drawn in our Camp the greater part of this season. A Butcher bringing a Quarter of this kind of Beef into Camp one day who had white Buttons on the knees of his breeches, a Soldier cries out —"There, there Tom is some more of your fat Beef, by my soul I can see the Butcher's breeches buttons through it."

December 22.—Lay excessive Cold & uncomfortable last Night—my eyes are started out from their Orbits like a Rabbit's eyes, occasion'd by a great Cold & Smoke.

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What have you got for Breakfast, Lads? "Fire Cake & Water, Sir." The Lord send that our Commissary of Purchases may live [on] Fire Cake & Water, 'till their gluttet Gutts are turned to Pasteboard.

Our Division are under Marching Orders this morning. I am ashamed to say it, but I am tempted to steal Fowls if I could find them, or even a whole Hog, for I feel as if I could eat one. But the Impoverish'd Country about us, affords but little matter to employ a Thief, or keep a Clever Fellow in good humour. But why do I talk of hunger & hard usage, when so many in the World have not even fire Cake & Water to eat.¹⁶

The human mind is always poreing upon the gloomy side of Fortune, and while it inhabits this lump of Clay, will always be in an uneasy and fluctuating State, produced by a thousand Incidents in common Life, which are deemed misfortunes, while the mind is taken off from the nobler pursuit of matters in Futurity. The sufferings of the Body naturally gain the Attention of the Mind, and this Attention is more or less strong, in greater or lesser souls, altho' I believe that Ambition & a high Opinion of Fame, makes many People endure hardships and pains with that fortitude we after times Observe them to do. On the other hand, a despicable opinion of the enjoyments of this Life, by a continued series of Misfortunes, and a long acquaintance with Grief, induces others to bear afflictions with becoming serenity and Calmness.

It is not in the power of Philosophy however, to convince a man he may be happy and Contented if he will, with a *Hungry Belly*. Give me Food, Cloaths, Wife & Children, kind Heaven! and I'll be as contented as my Nature will permit me to be.

This Evening a Party with two field pieces were order'd

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out. At 12 of the Clock at Night, Providence sent us a little Mutton, with which we immediately had some Broth made, & a fine Stomach for same. Ye who Eat Pumkin Pie and Roast Turkeys, and yet Curse fortune for using you ill, Curse her no more, least she reduce your Allowance of her favours to a bit of Fire Cake, & a draught of Cold Water, & in Cold Weather too.

December 23.—The Party that went out last evening not Return'd to Day. This evening an excellent Player on the Violin in that soft kind of Musick, which is so finely adapted to stirr up the tender Passions,

while he was playing in the next Tent to mine, these kind of soft Airs it immediately called up in remembrance all the endearing expressions, the Tender Sentiments, the sympathetic friendship that has given so much satisfaction and sensible pleasure to me from the first time I gained the heart & affections of the tenderest of the Fair. A thousand agreeable little incidents which have Occurr'd since our happy connection, and which would have pass'd totally unnoticed by such who are strangers to the soft & sincere passion of Love, were now recall'd to my mind, and filled me with these tender emotions, and Agreeable Reflections, which cannot be described, and which in spite of my Philosophy forced out the sympathetic tear. I wish'd to have the Musick Cease, and yet dreaded its ceasing, least I should loose sight of these dear Ideas, which gave me pain and pleasure at the same instant. Ah Heaven why is it that our harder fate so often deprives us of the enjoyment of what we most wish to enjoy this side of thy brighter realms. There is something in this strong passion of Love far more agreeable than what we can derive from any of the other Passions and which Duller Souls & Cheerless minds are insensible of, & laugh at—let such fools laugh at me.

December 24—Party of the 22d not returned. Hutts go on Slowly—Cold & Smoke make us fret. But mankind are always fretting, even if they have more than their proportion of the Blessings of Life. We are never Easy, allways repining at the Providence of an Allwise & Benevolent
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Being, Blaming Our Country or faulting our Friends. But I don't know of any thing that vexes a man's Soul more than hot smoke continually blowing into his Eyes, & when he attempts to avoid it, is met by a cold and piercing Wind.

December 25, Christmas.— We are still in Tents—when we ought to be in huts—the poor Sick, suffer much in Tents this cold Weather. But we now treat them differently from what they used to be at home, under the inspection of Old Women and Doct. Bolus Linctus. We give them Mutton & Grogg and a Capital Medicine once in a While, to start the Disease from its foundation at once. We avoid Piddling Pills, Powders, Bolus's Linctus's Cordials and all such insignificant matters whose powers are Only render'd important by causing the Patient to vomit up his money instead of his disease. But very few of the sick Men Die.¹⁷

December 26.—Party of the 22d not Return'd. The Enemy have been some Days the west Schuykill from Opposite the City to Derby. Their intentions not yet known. The City is at present pretty Clear of them. Why don't his Excellency rush in & retake the City, in which he will doubtless find much Plunder? Because he knows better than to leave his Post and be catch'd like a d__d fool cooped up in the City. He has always acted wisely hitherto. His conduct when closely scrutinised is uncensurable. Were his Inferior Generals as skillfull as himself, we should have the grandest Choir of Oflicers ever God made. Many Country Gentlemen in the interior parts of the States who get wrong information of the Affairs & state of our Camp, are very much Surprized at G1 Washington's delay to drive off the Enemy, being falsely inform'd that his Army consists of double the Number of the Enemy's—such wrong information serves not to keep up the spirit of the People, as they must be by and by undeceiv'd to their no small disappointment;—it brings blame on his Excellency, who is deserving of the greatest encomiums; it brings disgrace on the Continental Troops, who have never evidenced the least
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backwardness in doing their duty, but on the contrary, have cheerfully endur'd a long and very fatigueing Campaign. 'Tis true they have fought but little this Campaign ; which is not owing to any Unwillingness in Officers or Soldiers, but for want of convenient Opportunities, which have not offer'd themselves this Season; tho' this may be contradicted by many; but Impartial Truth in future History will clear up these points, and reflect lasting honour on the Wisdom & prudence of Genl Washington. The greatest number of Continental Troops that have been with his Excellency this Campaign, never consisted of more than Eleven thousand; and the greatest Number of Militia in the field at Once were not more than 2000. Yet these accounts are exaggerated to 50 or 60,000. Howe, by the best, and most authentic Accounts has never had less than 10,000. If then, Genl Washington, by Opposing little more than an equal Number of

young Troops, to Old Veterans has kept his Ground in general, Cooped them up in the City, prevented their making any considerable inroads upon him, Killed and wounded a very considerable number of them in different Skirmishes, and made many proselytes to the Shrine of Liberty by these little successes, and by the prudence, calmness, sedateness & wisdom with which he facilitates all his Operations. This being the case, and his not having wantonly thrown away the lives of his Soldiers, but reserved them for another Campaign (if another should Open in the Spring) which is of the utmost consequence This then cannot be called an Inglorious Campaign. If he had risk'd a General Battle, and should have proved unsuccessfull, what in the name of Heaven would have been our case this Day. Troops are raised with great difficulty in the Southern States, many Regiments from these States do not consist of one hundred men. What then was the grand Southern Army before the N. England Troops joined them and if this Army is Cut off where should we get another as good. General Washington has doubtless considered these matters & his conduct this Campaign has certainly demonstrated his prudence & Wisdom.

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This Evening, cross'd the Schuylkill with Dr Coln¹⁸—eat plenty of Pessimens which is the most lenient, Sub Acid & Substringent fruit, I believe that grows.

December 27.—My horse shod. A Snow. Lodg'd at a Welchman's this Night, return'd to Camp in the morning of 28th. Snow'd last Night.

December 28.—Yesterday upwards of fifty Officers in Genl Greene's Division resigned their Commissions—Six or Seven of our Regiment are doing the like to-day. All this is occasion'd by Officers Families being so much neglected at home on account of Provisions. Their Wages will not by considerable, purchase a few trifling Comfortables here in Camp, & maintain their families at home, while such extravagant prices are demanded for the common necessaries of Life—What then have they to purchase Cloaths and other necessaries with? It is a Melancholly reflection that what is of the most universal importance, is most universally neglected—I mean keeping up the Credit of Money.

The present Circumstances of the Soldier is better by far than the Officers—for the family of the Soldier is provided for at the public expence if the Articles they want are above the common price—but the Officer's family, are obliged not only to beg in the most humble manner for the necessaries of Life,—but also to pay for them afterwards at the most exorbitant rates—and even in this manner, many of them who depend entirely on their Money, cannot procure half the material comforts that are wanted in a family—this produces continual letters of complaint from home. When the Officer has been fatiguing thro' wet & cold and returns to his tent where he finds a letter directed to him from his Wife, fill'd with the most heart aching tender Complaints, a Woman is capable of writing—Acquainting him with the incredible difficulty with which she procures a little Bread for herself & Children—and finally concluding with expressions bordering on despair, of procuring a sufficiency of food to keep soul & Body together through the Winter—that her money is of very little consequence to her—that

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she begs of him to consider that Charity begins at home—and not suffer his family to perish with want, in the midst of plenty. When such, I say—is the tidings they constantly hear from their families—What man is there—who has the least regard for his family—whose soul would not shrink within him? Who would not be disheartened from persevering in the best of Causes—the Cause of his Country,— when such discouragements as these ly in his way, which his Country might remedy if they would?

December 28.—Building our Hutts.

December 29.—Continued the Work. Snow'd all day pretty briskly.—The party of the 22d return'd—lost 18 men, who were taken prisoners by being decoyed by the Enemies Light Horse who brought up the Rear, as they Repass'd the Schuylkill to the City. Our party took 13 or 14 of their Horsemen. The Enemy came out to plunder—& have strip'd the Town of Derby of even all its Household furniture. Our party were several times mixed with the Enemy's horse—not knowing them from our Connecticut Light Horse—their Cloaks being alike.

So much talk about discharges among the Officers—& so many are discharged—his Excellency lately

expressed his fears of being left Alone with the Soldiers only. Strange that our Country will not exert themselves for his support, and save so good—so great a Man from entertaining the least anxious doubt of their Virtue and perseverance in supporting a Cause of such unparallel'd importance!!

All Hell couldn't prevail against us, If Heaven continues no more than its former blessings—and if we keep up the Credit of our Money which has now become of the last consequence. If its Credit sinks but a few degrees more, we shall then repent when 'tis too late—& cry out for help when no one will appear to deliver. We who are in Camp, and depend on our Money entirely to procure the comforts of life—feel the Importance of this matter—He who is hording it up in his Chest, thinks little more of it than how he shall procure more.

December 30.—Eleven Deserters came in to-day—some
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Hessians & some English—one of the Hesns took an Ax in his hand & cut away the Ice of the Schuylkill which was 1½ inches thick & 40 Rod wide and waded through to our Camp—he was ½ an hour in the Water. They had a promise when they engag'd that the war would be ended in one year—they were now tired of the Service.

Sir Wm Askins [Erskine]commanded the 8000 who were out over the Schuylkill the Other Day—but part of two Brigades were left in the City. Cold Weather. Hutts go on moderately—very cold lying in Tents—beyond what one can think.

December 31.—Adjutant Selden¹⁹ learn'd me how to Darn Stockings—to make them look like knit work.

VALLEY FORGE, Dec. 31st, 1777.

Doct. Waldo Surgeon of Col. Prentices Regt, is recommended for a Furlow.

J. HUNTINGTON, B. General.

Apply'd with the above for a furlow, to Doct. Cochran, who reply'd— "I am willing to oblige every Gentleman of the Faculty, but some of the Boston Surgeons have by taking an underhand method of getting furlows, occasion'd a Complaint to be lodg'd with his Excellency, who has positively forbid my giving any furlows at present. We shall soon have regimental Hospitals erected—and general Ones to receive the superabundant Sick from them;—if you will tarry till such regulations are made—you will have an honourable furlow, and even now—I will, if you desire it—recommend you to his Excellency for one—but desire you would stay a little while longer—and in the mean time, recommend to me some young Surgeon for a Regiment, and I will immediately appoint him to a chief Surgeoncy from your recommendation—I shall remember the rascals who have us'd me ill."

I concluded to stay—& immediately set about fixing accommodations for the Sick &c. &c.
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We got some Spirits and finish'd the Year with a good Drink & thankfull hearts in our new Hutt, which stands on an Eminence that overlooks the Brigade, & in sight of the Front Line. The Major and Commissary Little are to live with us which makes our Hutt Head Quarters.

In the Evening I joyfully received a Letter from my good and loving Wife. The pleasure and satisfaction a man enjoys upon hearing of the health & peace of a Friend, and more especially of a Wife, on whose affections & peace his own happiness depends, is a greater pleasure than . . .

1778, January 1. New Year.—I am alive. I am well.

Hutts go on briskly, and our Camp begins to appear like a spacious City.

A party of our Army at Wilmington took a Ship in the Delaware from New York tother day, in which were a Number of Officers Wives and about 70 or 80 men.

His Excellency Issued an Order this day that No one in the Army should have a new Coat made without first obtaining a pattern. . . .

Nothing tends to the establishment of the firmest Friendship like Mutual Sufferings which produces mutual Intentions and endeavours for mutual Relief which in such cases are equally shar'd with pleasure and satisfaction—in the course of this, each heart is laid open to full view—the similar passions in each,

approximate themselves by a certain impulsive sympathy, which terminates in lasting esteem.

Bought an embroidered Jacket.

How much we affect to appear of consequence by a superfluous Dress,—and yet Custom—(that law which none may fight against) has rendered this absolutely necessary & commendable. An Officer frequently fails of being duly noticed, merely from the want of a genteel Dress;—and if joined to this, he has a bungling Address,—his situation is render'd very disagreeable. Neatness of Dress, void of unnecessary superfluities is very becoming—and discovers a man at least to have some Ambition—without which he will never make any figure in life. A man Appears to much

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greater advantage, especially among strangers, with a genteel Dress, which will naturally prepossess the Company in his favour, before they hear him speak. In this way,—even the fool may pass for a man of consequence—A man ought always to dress according to his business let his Abilities be what they will;—for if his Business is not sufficient to support a Credible appearance in the world, let him discontinue it and undertake some other branch. But these are trifles not to be compared with Virtue and good Sense : by these is the road to true fame & Glory,—by these we walk thro' the world with the least hazzard—and obtain that peace of mind; that variety of agreeable Reflection—and that esteem among the Virtuous & Amiable, which the Vicious Fool is a stranger to.

January 3.—Our Hutt, or rather our Hermits Cell, goes on briskly, having a short allowance of Bread this morning we divided it with great precision, eat our Breakfast with thankful hearts for the little we had, took care of the Sick, according to our dayly practice, and went to Work on our little humble Cottage. Now ye poets give me my Wife & Children, with your daisies, your Roses, your Tuleps and your other insignificant poetical materials, & I believe I should be pretty contented in this humble Cottage which the muses have so often described.

Another Ship was taken from the Enemy this Week, the lading taken out & the Ship burnt. The other Ship mention'd New Years day, was loaded with Officers Baggage and Medicines, with other valluable matters, & Cloathiug for 2000 men Compleat.

MARTIAL GLORY.

The hint taken from the following line of Pope:

"Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss & Thunder."

Soldiers I would you acquire a lasting fame;

Would you be pleased with a Hero's name;

Have you a wish, to be a Martial Wonder;

Rush furious on your foes, & fearless blunder,

Thro' Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss and Thunder.

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Fresh Beef and Flour make me perfectly Sick, especially as we have no Spirits to drink with it;—hut others stand it, so must I.

To day his Excellency in Orders acquainted the Troops of the Congress's high approbation of their spirited perseverance and good Conduct this Campaign, that Rations should be raised monthly in proportion to the rise of the Articles of life, that the Congress were exerting themselves to supply the Commissary, and Cloathiers Departments, with a greater quantity of better Stores, than hitherto, that the Troops may be Supply'd with a greater quantity of Provision than they have been of late; and that a Month's Wages extraordinary shall be given to every Officer & Soldier who shall live in Hutts this Winter.

Good encouragement this, and we think ourselves deserving of it, for the hunger, Thirst, Cold & fatigue we have suffer'd this Campaign, altho' we have not fought much, yet the oldest Soldiers among us have called the Campaign a very severe & hard one. . . .

Sunday, January 4—Properly accouter'd I went to work at Masonry, None of my Mess were to dictate me, and before Night (being found with Mortar & Stone) I almost compleated a genteel Chimney to my Magnificent Hutt, however, as we had short allowance of food & no Grogg, my back ached before Night.

I was call'd to relieve a Soldier tho't to be dying—he expir'd before I reach'd the Hutt. He was an Indian—an excellent Soldier—and an obedient good natur'd fellow. He engaged for money doubtless as others do;—but he has serv'd his country faithfully—he has fought for those very people who disinherited his forefathers—having finished his pilgrimage, he was discharged from the War of Life & Death. His memory ought to be respected, more than those rich ones who supply the world with nothing better than Money and Vice. There the poor fellow lies not Superior now to a clod of earth—his Mouth wide open— his Eyes staring. Was he affrighted at the scene of Death —or the consequences of it?—doubtless both;—but he has

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doubtless acted agreeable to the dictates of Nature in the course of his whole life—why should he then be afraid of the consequences of Death. Where then is his immaterial part taken its flight—undoubtedly the scene Changes, and admits him into another State,—and there fixes him forever,—but what is that state—is it happy or miserable. He has been an honest fellow—has done his duty to his Maker and his fellow creatures as far as his Inclinations and Abilities would permit of,—therefore we'll suppose him happier now than ever.

What a frail—dying creature is Man. We are Certainly not made for this world—daily evidences demonstrate the contrary.

Ah! frail—vain man—ye jest of fortune *Here*
Riches thy bane—and Poverty thy Curse
All pleasures glutt thee—pain afflicts thy heart,
Thy Body only food for Death & worms.
Look upward then—O Man—the God of Worlds
Has form'd another World for thee—by far
Superior to this Orb on which we dwell.

The Marquis De la Fayette, a Volunteer in Our Army— & he who gave three Ships to Congress, is very agreeable in his person and great in his Character; being made a Major General—Brigadier Conway, an Irish Colonel from France, took umbrage thereat, and resigned—but is now made Inspector General of the Army—he is a great Character—he wore a Commission in the French Service when he was but ten years old. Major General Lord Stirling, is a man of a very noble presence,—and the most martial Appearance of any General in the Service—he much resembles the Marquis of Granby—by his bald head—& the make of his face —and figure of his Body—He is mild in his private Conversation, and vociferous in the Field;—but he has allways been unfortunate in Actions.

Count Pulaski—General of the Horse is a Man of hardly middling Stature—sharp Countenance—and lively air;— He contended a long time with his Uncle the present king of Poland for the Crown—but being overcome he fled to

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France—and has now joined the American Army, where he is greatly respected & admired for his Martial Skill, Courage & Intrepidity. Genl Greene & Genl Sullivan are greatly esteemed. Baron De Kalb, a Major General is another very remarkable Character, and a Gentleman much esteemed.

January 5.—Apply'd for a Furlow, Surgn Genl not at home—come back mumping & Sulkey.

January 6.—Apply'd again—was deny'd by reason of Inoculations being set on foot—& because the Boston Surgeons had too many of them gone—one of whom is to be broke for his lying & deceiving in order to get a furlow—and I wish his cursed tongue was pull'd out, for thus giving an example of scandal to the New England Surgeons, tho' the Connectd Ones are well enough respected at present. Came home

sulkey and Cross—storm'd at the boys—and swore round like a piper and a fool till most Night—when I bought me a Bear Skin—dress'd with the Hair on:—This will answer me to ly on—Set on.²⁰ . . . Case;—it serves to keep off those melancholly Ideas which often attend such a person, and who loves his family and wishes to be with them. If I should happen to lose this little Journal, any fool may laugh that finds it,—since I know that there is nothing in it but the natural Sowings & reflections of my own heart, which is human as well as other Peoples—and if there is a great deal of folly in it— there is no intended Ill nature—and am sure there is much Sincerity, especially when I mention my family, whom I cannot help saying and am not asham'd to say that I Love. But I begin to grow Sober, I shall be home sick again.— Muses attend!—File off to the right grim melancholly! Seek no more an asylum in thine Enemy's breast!— Waft me hence ye Muses to the brow of Mount Parnassus! for to the summit, I dare not, will not presume to climb— . . .

We have got our Hutts to be very comfortable, and feel ourselves happy in them—I only want my family and I

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should be as happy here as any where, except in the Article of food, which is sometimes pretty scanty.

The Brigg taken from the Enemy (& mention'd New Tear's Day) is the greatest prize ever taken from them— There is Scarlet—Blue—& Buff Cloth, sufficient to Cloath all the Officers of the Army—& Hats—Shirts—Stockings— Shoes—Boots—Spurs—&c. to finish compleat Suits for all. A petition is sent to his Excellency, that this Cloathing may be dealt out to the Regimental Officers only—at a moderate price—Excluding Commissaries—Bull Drivers &c.—there are 4 or 5000 Apelets of Gold & Silver—Many Chests of private Officers Baggage—& General [William] How's Silver Plate—& Kitchen furniture, &c. This Cargo was sent to Cloathe all the Officers of the British Army.

January 8.—Unexpectedly got a Furlow. Set out for home. The very worst of Riding—Mud & Mire.

We had gone thro' Inoculation before this furlow.

Lodged at —Porters	£0 12 0
Breakfasted at Weavers Jany 9th just by Bartholomews .	0 5 0
Grogg	0 4 0
Hyelyars Tavern 8 ½ from Caryls, dined	0 5 1
Shocking Riding !	
Lodged at a private house three miles this side Delaware in	
Jersey & Breakfasted.	0 6 0
Treat Serj. Palmer with Baggage	0 5 2
Mattersons Tavern 13 m[iles] De War	0 4 0
Mattersons	0 2 0
Conarts Tavern 10 M	0 5 0
Sharps or McCurdys, 4 M	0 13 0
Capt. Porter's Cross Road 2 M. from McCurdy's Lodged—5	
Dol. 1 Sixth	1 11 0
Breakfasted at the pretty Cottagers Jany 11th . . .	0 6 0
1 M. from Porters, Horses	0 6 0
Lodging &c	0 11 0
Bullions Tavern (Vealtown)	0 5 0
Morristown Din'd	0 5 0
Poquonnack 10 M. from N. Y. at Jennings Tavern & a narrow	
Bed—Lodg'd here. Landlady wth Teethache, Children	
keep a squalling	0 19 0
Roome's or Romer's Tavern, Good Tavern, 11 Mile from	
Jennings	0 20 0

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For 2 Boles Grog & Phyal of Rum Vault's House	0 10 0
Honey & Bread & Oats	0 12 0
Good Old Squeaking Widow Ann Hopkins, 26 M. from Jennings, fine Living, for Horse, Supp'r, Lodg'd, Breakft	0 12 0
Satyr Tavern, Lodged & Supped	0 9 6
Judge Coe's, 9 M. from King's Ferry Dinner, Oats Clubb.	0 6 0
Adams £4 9 9 Paid	
Waldo £4 9 9	
Jany. 14. – Alone. Lodged at Sherald's. Left Mr. Adams sick.	0 9 0
15. – On the road to Fredericksburgh	0 7 0

Endnotes (Waldo Diary)

1. See PENNA. MAG., Vol. XVIII. p. 494.
2. See PENNA. MAG., Vol. XIX. p. 84 *et. seg.*
3. Captain James Lee, of Philadelphia, of Second Regiment Artillery, Colonel John Lamb.
4. He commanded a company of the Fourth Connecticut Line.
5. Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Prentiss, First Connecticut Line.
6. Colonel Philip Burr Bradley, Fifth Connecticut Line.
7. Colonel Heman Swift, Seventh Connecticut Line.
8. Huntington's brigade of the Connecticut Line regiments of Prentiss, Bradley, and Swift (and joined by Webb's at Valley Forge), Varnum's brigade of Greene and Angell's Rhode Island Line regiments, and Durkee's and Chandler's Connecticut Line regiments comprised the division of General McDougall.
9. Probably Surgeon Samuel Lee, of the Fourth Connecticut Line.
10. Chaplain John Ellis, of the First Connecticut Line, and subsequently brigade chaplain of Huntington's brigade.
11. Colonel Charles Webb, Second Connecticut Line.
12. Captain Amos Walbridge, later major of the Second Connecticut Line.
13. Lieutenant John Harris entered the service as second lieutenant in the Seventeenth Connecticut Infantry December 31, 1776 ; promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to Second Connecticut Line.
14. Lyrics to the song "War and Washington":
WAR AND WASHINGTON.
(As sung during the Revolution.)
By Jonathan Mitchell Seward
(Five of twelve original verses.)

Vain Britons, boast no longer with proud indignity,
By land your conquering legions, your matchless strength at sea,
Since we your braver sons incensed, our swords have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for War and Washington.

Urged on by North and vengeance those valiant champions came,
And bellowing "Tea and Treason!" and George was all on flame!
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we Rebels still live on.
And laugh at all your empty puffs, and so does Washington!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm' half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Russian, Jew, and Infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Hancock crowns our senate, our camp great Washington.

Tho' warlike weapons fail us, disdainng slavish fears,
To swords we 'll beat our ploughshares, our pruning hooks to spears.
And rush all desperate on our foe, nor breathe till battle won,
Then shout and shout. "America and conquering Washington!"

Proud France should view with terror, and haughty Spain should fear,
While every warlike nation would court alliance here;
And George, his minions trembling round, dismounted from his throne
Pay homage to America and glorious Washington!

15. A hiatus occurs here in the manuscript.

16. Surgeon Waldo does not exaggerate the state of the commissary department of the army at this time. General Huntington, to whose brigade his regiment was attached, wrote to Washington on the subject, and his letter with a number of others the Commander-in-Chief forwarded to Congress.

17. Two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men were reported by the surgeons unfit for duty.

18. Probably Surgeon Noah Coleman, of the Second Connecticut Line.

19. Ezra Selden, adjutant First Connecticut Line. Commissioned January 1, 1777; promoted captain January 11, 1778. Severely wounded in hip at storming of Stony Point. Died December 9, 1784.

20. Another hiatus occurs here in the manuscript.

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“Clothing,” pp. 7-17;

“Blankets and Winter Clothing,” pp. 17-19;

“Firearms and Accoutrements,” pp. 20-23;

“Camp Equipment, Tools, Utensils, etc.,” pp. 23-25;

Appendix 1. “Company Strength of Captain Fitch’s Company, 4th Connecticut Regiment, 1777-1780,” p. 26;

Appendix 2. “Strength of Fitch’s Company, White Plains, September 1778,” p. 27;

Appendix 3. “Cloth, Clothing, and Uniform Items Issued to Andrew Fitch as Captain of the 4th Connecticut,” 1777 and 1780, p. 28.

See page 3 for reference to Jared Hinckley pension deposition; that document and related papers may be found in (S19338) (National Archives Microfilm Publication M804, 2,670 rolls; roll 2184) Revolutionary War Pension and Bounty Land Warrant Application Files, 1800–1900, Record Group 15; National Archives Building, Washington, DC.

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(Note: The text of Jonathan Todd’s 1777-78 letters (transcribed by the author of this work), appear as in the originals, with several exceptions. Punctuation in 18th century writing was usually quirky and Todd’s are no exception. Occasionally a vertical line (/) has been inserted to delineate between old and new sentences and to separate events. Bracketed corrections or clarifications have also been added and horizontal lines surrounded by brackets [--] denote an unintelligible word or phrase.)

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Simon Giffin, "Diary of Quartermaster Sergt. Simon Giffin," Merle Sheffield, ed., Connecticut State Library, Hartford. Transcribed from the Diary of Quartermaster Sergeant Simon Griffin of Colonel Samuel B. Webb's Regiment, May 20, 1777-March 2, 1780, microfilm edition, *ibid.* (Courtesy of Bob McDonald).

"S[unday] 4 [April 1779] to T[hursday] 22. Continuing in Warren [Rhode Island] / we hear the enemy is defeated at Carolina we soon expect to have the camp'n open / we exercise the prusan way left of[f] the 64th. [manual] intirely ..." Robert C. Bray and Paul E. Bushnell, eds., *Diary of a Common Soldier in the American Revolution: An Annotated Edition of the Military Journal of Jeremiah Greenman* (DeKalb, IL: Northern Illinois University Press, 1978), 134.

Section on Monmouth Campaign and Battle

Enos Barnes journal; sergeant, Captain Joseph Allen Wright's Co., 5th Conn. Regt.; 19th century mss. copy owned by Ms. Kim Crysler, Short Hills, N.J. – a descendent of Enos Barnes. Journal on loan to Morristown NHP during 1991, when this entry was transcribed by James L. Kochan, with permission of the owner. pp. 84-85.

Joseph Cilley to Thomas Bartlett, "Camp 4 miles above White Plains, N.Y., July 22, 1778," Dennis P. Ryan, ed., *A Salute to Courage: The American Revolution as Seen Through Wartime Writings of Officers of the Continental Army and Navy* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1979), 132-133.

Jedediah Huntington (brigadier general, Connecticut) to J. Huntington (father), 30 June 1778, Englishtown, John Reed Collection, Valley Forge National Historic Park.

Cornelius Hamlin (S37050) (reel 1173), enlisted in March 1777 for the war in Captain Woodbridge's company, Colonel Heman Swift's 7th Connecticut Regiment. Fought in 1776 at Harlem Heights and other actions. Later "was in the battle of Germantown, the Action at White Marsh and the battle at Monmouth, in which latter battle he suffered so extremely from heat and fatigue as in his apprehension radically to affect his constitution which has ever since been feeble, & is now almost broken by the frequent recurrence of bleeding of the lungs [tuberculosis?], with which he was at first visited immediately after the sufferings of the day last mentioned, & the numerous attacks of sickness which he has sustained since that time ..." In another deposition Hamlin stated, "at the Battle of Monmouth being much fatigued by marching all night before, and entering the field with Genl Lee at break of Day, and the excessive heat ... together with the smoke of the battle ... almost suffocated me, and exhausted me so far that it caused a Discharge of blood from my Lungs, those discharges of blood followed me whenever I was much fatigued, but my Ambition and Love of my Country prompted me to do my Duty for the most part until the Winter of 1780 my bleeding from the Lungs increased & I became unable to do military Duty ..." Hamlin was granted a furlough to return home and never returned to duty due to illness. In his July 1820 deposition Cornelius Hamlin stated that at Monmouth, "tho' only a corporal I commanded a platoon in which 10 out of 16 were killed." (Pension papers, see citation below)

Ichabod Spencer (W22283) (reel 2255), Captain Eliphalet Holmes, 1st Connecticut Regiment. 1820 deposition: "I was in the battle of Monmouth as second Lieutenant and performed the duties of a standard bearer – I was in an active part of the engagement – two of the Guard belonging to the colours were killed – Sixty three bullet holes were made through the colours I carried and one through my hat ..." (National Archives Microfilm Publication M804, 2,670 reels) Revolutionary War Pension and Bounty Land Warrant Application Files, 1800–1900, Record Group 15; National Archives Building, Washington, DC.

Connecticut Brigade Camps, Autumn 1778, and Winter 1778-79

John A. Nagy, *Rebellion in the Ranks: Mutinies of the American Revolution* (Yardley, Pa.: Westholme Publishing, 2008), 38-41 (December 1778 Connecticut troop mutiny)

David A. Poirer, "Camp Reading: Logistics of a Revolutionary War Winter Encampment," *Northeast Historical Archaeology*, vol. 5, nos. 1-2 (Spring 1976), 40-52.

"Putnam's 1778-79 Encampment," Putnam Memorial State Park (World Wide Web),

<http://putnampark.org/putnam-park-history-1778.htm>

Petition of the Connecticut Soldiers in the Revolutionary Army, to His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut. Communicated by Mr. L.B., of New York.

Redding winter camp, "Putnam's 1778-79 Encampment," Putnam Memorial State Park (World Wide Web), **<http://putnampark.org/putnam-park-history-1778.htm>**

Second Hill Summit - Connecticut Mountain Peak Information, MountainZone.com (World Wide Web), **<http://www.mountainzone.com/mountains/detail.asp?fid=1264356>**

"Undisturbed 1778-1779 Patriot Encampment Site Disclosed," The Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, (World Wide Web),

http://www.connecticutsar.org/articles/redding_site.htm