CHAELES WILLSON PEALE, ARTIST—SOLDIER.
BY HORACE WELLS SELLERS.

Writing from Arlington House in August 1857, to Rembrandt Peale the son, George Washington Parke Curtis pays this tribute to the father:—

"Honor to the memory of the Soldier Artist, who hung up his palette in the Spring, girded on his sword and fought a campaign in the War of Independence—then resumed his palette and painted the portraits of the general officers and without whose artistic labors we should not have had the likeness of the illustrious soldier (Greene) who was only second to him who was first of all."

This reference to the artist’s services during the Revolution recalls an interesting period in his life but little known to his biographers and overshadowed perhaps by his later and better remembered activities.

It is interesting to note that the career of Charles Willson Peale as a portrait painter had its beginning coincident with the events leading directly to the War, for it was about the year 1765 that he determined to make the art of painting his profession and finally abandoned the occupation on which, until then, he depended for a livelihood.
The death of his father in 1750, had left his family in reduced circumstances and four years later, at the age of thirteen, young Peale was apprenticed to one Nathan Waters, a saddler at Annapolis. In his autobiography* he dwells at length upon his early experiences, and it appears that in return for special diligence and attention to his master's interests the term of his indenture was shortened, thus enabling him, at the age of twenty, to gain his freedom.

Recalling this happy circumstance he declared that "perhaps it is not possible for those who have never been in such a situation to fully feel the sweet, the delightful sensations attending a release from a bondage of seven years and eight months, a release from labour from sunrise to sunset, and from the beginning of candle light to 9 o'clock during one-half of each year, under the control of a master, and confined to the same walls and the same dull repetition of the same dull labours."

* Charles Willson Peale began writing his autobiography about the year 1789, when, after a quarter of a century devoted to painting varied only by his military and other public services incident to the Revolution, he appears to have had some thought of laying aside his brush. While he continued to paint, however, at intervals until about 1798, he was then and during the following ten years chiefly occupied in collecting and preserving objects for his museum. During this period his memoirs seem to have been neglected and it was not until about 1825, towards the close of his life, that he was induced by his daughter, Sophonisba Sellers, to again undertake the work for her and her children, and it seems, with some thought to its future publication. His correspondence, journals and other papers used in the preparation of the biography subsequently came into the possession of his daughter, whose husband, Coleman Sellers, after Mr. Peale's decease in 1827, administered his estate. The material was thus kept together and carefully preserved until shortly before the death of Mrs. Sellers, when others were allowed to borrow or to have access to it for reference especially about the time when Peale's sons endeavored to have Lossing edit the autobiography. Since the recovery of the original manuscript and many of the journals and other documents the present writer has undertaken to arrange the material for publication, supplemented by a record of such of Mr. Peale's paintings as are mentioned in his writings or can be located and identified through the co-operation of their present owners.
Sometime before he had finished his apprenticeship, James Tilghman, Esq., of the eastern shore of Maryland, a son of Peale’s godfather, made him an offer of £20 towards the purchase of materials should he wish to set himself up at his trade. When free to take advantage of this, his master, learning of his intention to go to Philadelphia to purchase the necessary articles, offered to supply him with a proper selection at the same cost. Instead, however, of proportioning the amount to Peale’s means, Waters persuaded him to take a much larger assortment, with the promise of credit until he might find it convenient to pay; but having thus committed him to the purchase, when Peale came of age a few months later, demanded his note and bond with interest.

As soon as he was free from his apprenticeship Peale married; being then he tells us, “four months short of 21 years” at the time, while his wife,* to whom he had been engaged for several years, was but seventeen; and in a letter written about this time, 1762, he refers to his birth, family and circumstances, as follows:—

“... I doubt not, sir, but you have heard about what time my Honoured Father departed this life, which was in November 1750, at a place called Chestertown on Chester River in Maryland, where in his life time he kept the Free School, by the stipends and perquisites whereof, we lived in a genteel and creditable manner, and with just esteem by all who knew or were acquainted with him. But as his spirit was such, he left but small matters for my Honored Mother with five children of us to be supported namely, myself, the eldest, two boys more and two girls, My birth is registered in the Vestry records of St. Paul’s Parish, in Queen Ann’s County where I was born, in this manner (i. e.), ‘Charles Willson Peale, son of Charles

* Rachel, daughter of John and Eleanor (Maccubin) Brewer of South River, Anne Arundel Co., Maryland.
Peale, by Margaret his wife, born April 15th, 1741, which said Charles as he says is the eldest son of the Reverend Charles Peale Rector of Edith Weston in the County of Rutland, and heir entail to the Manor of Wotton in Oxfordshire, the estate of Charles Willson, Doctor of Physic, who died in Stamford in Leicestershire, in March 1724.’ And the next eldest is Margaret Jane who has been married upwards of two years. The next eldest is St. George, being born 23d April was distinguished by that name after the English Patron; a genteel, hopeful and gentlemanly youth, a complete penman and principal clerk in the Land Office of this province of Maryland, and only continues therein until a change of better times and things. The next to him is Elizabeth Digbie who lives with and in conjunction with my brother St. George, cherishes our Honored Mother. The last of us is James, a youth living with me and learning my trade of a saddler by which I am but a young beginner, and not long since married to a discreet and loving wife, also of an honest and good family, hoping to get my bread in an honest way altho I would not by any means lose sight of my just claim of inheritance to the Manor of Wotton aforesaid.’”

After establishing himself at his trade Peale seems to have had some measure of success, notwithstanding his youth and the debts he had to contend with, but very shortly he joined with a man engaged in chaise making who, he states, after a time collected all the monies due them and decamped considerably in his debt. To add to his difficulties his former master now demanded the payment of his bond, and to find a wider market for his labor as way out of his embarrassment, he undertook clock and watch making which soon led him into silversmithing, and he tells us that in these crafts he had not only to make his tools, but to acquire knowledge and practice in the use of them. In after life he was want to pride himself upon the manual skill
and resourcefulness thus developed during his early struggles and which he found occasion to turn to good account in various emergencies, besides as a diversion, in what he termed his hobbies.

From boyhood he had a fondness for drawing and when he was his own master with greater freedom to indulge such fancies, he attempted landscape and portrait painting, and these efforts he tells us being praised by his friends and attracting some notice, resulted in his being called upon to draw the portraits of a certain Capt. Maybury and his wife, for which he was to receive £10. This encouragement led him to believe that he might find painting more to his advantage than his other pursuits, although, he confesses, that by engaging in so many trades his difficulties were possibly increased rather than lessened and despite his industry they finally culminated about the year 1764, when, with characteristic enthusiasm, he became involved in politics.

"Now about this time" he writes, "happened that remarkable period in the Annals of Annapolis when the election of Samuel Chase, Esq., in opposition to Doctor Stuart (a judge of the Land Office and of course belonging to the Court party), which greatly agitated the minds of every class of inhabitants in the City. From the beginning of government in this country, until this notable time, the King's and Proprietary officers had always such ascendency over the minds of the inhabitants as to have their friends elected into any and every public office. The influence of office with the power of wealth carried like a rapid stream all that fell within its Vortex. Charles Carroll, Esq. (Barrister), being unconnected with office and possessing every manly virtue, with highly accomplished manners, became the principal support of Mr. Chase whose popular talents now first became conspicuous.

"At this hard-contested election every engine was employed that each party could apply. The court de-
pendents of office were threatened to be put out if they voted for Chase. On the other hand, banners were displayed to designate the freedom of tradesmen, and parades of this nature were made through all the streets with the friends of Chase at the head of them."

Threats of persecution, Peale adds, could not deter him from joining the Sons of Freedom, and in consequence he had four writs served upon him for money he owed to persons of the Court party. In this emergency one of his friends, Isaac Harris, became his security and he was advised to withdraw from his various occupations until some adjustment of his affairs could be made or he could find other means whereby to meet his obligations.

Thus in 1765, when in his twenty-fifth year, he finally determined to make portrait painting his profession and entered upon the career to which the following thirty years of his life were devoted.

In reviewing these youthful experiences, Peale found consolation in the thought, as he expressed it, "that those things which we conceive great misfortunes, in the end become great blessings," for he adds, "had I not exerted myself to acquire knowledge of more advantageous professions than I first set out with I might have been contented to drudge on in a unnoticed manner through life."

With the exception of a few lessons from John Hesselius, "the younger," who was then living in the neighborhood of Annapolis, and subsequently some slight instruction from Copley at Boston, Peale depended thus far upon his native talent as a painter. After leaving Annapolis in the spring of 1765, he found some employment in New England and later in Virginia. He was at Newburyport in Massachusetts at the time of the excitement following the passage of the Stamp Act and in his diary written at the time, he notes that he "assisted in making emblematical designs
showing with what unanimity of detestation the people viewed that odious act of Parliament."

In 1767, while engaged in painting portraits in Virginia he was advised by Barrister Charles Carroll who had a friendly interest in him, to return to Annapolis and upon learning that he had been chiefly in New England, the Barrister is said to have remarked: "There is no fear of Peale living anywhere if he can make out in that country!"

Shortly after his return to Maryland the Hon. John Beale Bordly happened to be in Annapolis attending the Governor's Council, and seeing one of Peale's paintings, was impressed by its merit and determined that something should be done for the young artist's advancement. Accordingly with the co-operation of Barrister Carroll, Governor Sharp and eight other gentlemen, all members of the Governor's Council, a purse was made up sufficient to send Peale to London to study, and Chief Justice William Allen of Philadelphia, provided him with a letter to Benjamin West, Mr. Allen having been one of West's patrons on the occasion of his going abroad to study.

West at this time was in his thirtieth year, but three years Peale's senior, and had only recently received recognition from the King, being then engaged upon his first royal commission, "The departure of Regulus from Rome."

Peale states that he was called upon to pose for the figure of Regulus in this painting, and that afterwards during his studies he frequently accommodated West in this manner. His first service of the kind was directly after his arrival in London, when West, who was painting a whole length portrait of William Hamilton of Philadelphia, asked Peale to pose that he might paint the hand resting upon the table as seen in the picture. This to Peale was a very memorable occasion for having just landed after a rough ocean passage, he tells us that he was weak from seasickness, and in
standing "with all possible steadiness," he became faint in the attempt.

During the following two years in London Peale devoted himself closely to study, rarely varied by recreation, the amusements of the city, he claims, not making him lose much of his time. It might have been different, he adds, had his wife been with him for "the mere novelty of sights was soon satisfied when not aided by the converse with a dear friend," and he ventures the belief that had his wife accompanied him, he would have enjoyed not only greater happiness but the issue most probably would have been more fortunate by prolonging his studies and with diligence in his profession he might have advanced his fortune more considerably abroad than he could in America. Situated as he was, however, he felt it necessary to accomplish all that he could whilst he had the opportunity and to hasten his return. He was not, he says, "content to know how to paint in one way, but engaged in the whole circle of arts, except painting in enamel, also learned modeling and casting in plaster . . . . and made some essays at mezzo-tint scraping."

While his patrons in Maryland continued their generous support he endeavored to relieve them by obtaining some employment in painting portraits and miniatures, and among the works that he executed at this time was the full-length portrait of Lord Chatham that Edmund Jennings, Esq., then living in London, sent to Virginia as a gift to the "Gentlemen of Westmoreland County."

As bearing upon his later activities during the Revolution, Peale's residence in England does not seem to have lessened his patriotism for he records that when he learned of Parliament having annulled the Charter of New York he would not thereafter pull off his hat when the King passed by vowing, should occasion offer, to do all in his power to render his country independent, while consistent with his expressed belief
that the colonies should encourage home industries he
would not purchase any English goods to bring to
America on his return.

He arrived at Annapolis in the spring of 1769 and the
improvement in his art and the influence of his friends
soon found him profitable employment not only in
Maryland and Virginia, but in the neighboring prov-
inces.

Among his earliest patrons in Philadelphia were
Mr. John Cadwalader and Mr. John Dickinson, and
in 1770, referring to the encouragement he had received
through them he mentions in one of his letters that he had
some thought of settling in Philadelphia. This determi-
nation was not finally reached, however, until 1775,
when, in a letter to Benjamin West, he refers to it and
to his activities as a painter, which had at last enabled
him to repay his patrons and to satisfy his old creditors
at Annapolis, and he adds, "Thank God I owe nothing
but debts of gratitude." Writing to Mr. Edmund
Jennings of London at the same time, he mentions the
disturbed condition of the country which then promised
to interrupt his activities, stating, "I rejoice that the
times have allowed me to do so much but alas, I fear
I shall have no more to paint, and I well remember
your once telling me that when my brush should fail,
that I must take the musket and I believe you foresaw
all that has since happened." . . . . "About the
time you receive this many Tories will have arrived in
England but more in Scotland. The fear of being
handled roughly for not signing the enclosed Associa-
tion will hurry many of them away. This inclosed
was trod under feet at the election of officers, it is the
only one I could get. I am well acquainted with Gen-
eral Washington, who is a man of very few words, but
when he speaks it is to the purpose, what I have often
admired in him is he always avoided saying anything of
the actions in which he was engaged in last war, he is
uncommonly modest, very industrious and prudent, we
have been sometime expecting to hear of some engagements but believe that General Gage thinks we are quite too strong for them. The out Sentinels are only at 40 yards distance from each other and sometime past it was a practice for the Sentinels to go as far as a pole which was fixed between them and converse but now General Washington has forbid it, one of the Captains who went to relieve guard was shot at by three of our rifle men at 250 yards distance and tumbled from his horse, this is a practice which General Washington now discountenances, General Gage has dismantled Castle William and it is supposed it is ready to be blowed on any alarm, there is no appearance of the Troops leaving Boston, for sometime past it was expected they were going to evacuate it and make an attack elsewhere as you'll find by the prints which I suppose Mr. Bordley supplies you with. I hope soon for a happy conclusion of this War and of seeing you on this side the water which would be a singular happiness to Dear Sir your very Humble Servt.

C. W. Peale."

In 1776, Peale removed his family to Philadelphia and established his painting room on Arch Street. He attended the mustering of the militia, and at one of the first elections after he became a resident to the City he was elected a lieutenant of a company although he remarks, "but a stranger among them." This activity seems to have given his family some concern for he states that when the militia was called out his mother asked him "to accompany her on a visit to Barrister Carroll, then a member of Congress from Maryland. The mother fondly thinking that if she could get the barrister to say something to disuade her son from going out with the militia it would be effectual, as she well knew his gratitude to the barrister for past favors. After the first civilities were made, she began to talk on the subject, expressing her fears for the life of her son and the situation he must leave his family in a
strange place without friends to assist them.” Peale states that he interrupted his mother to say that he had promised to do his utmost in the common cause of America and when called upon he would never withhold his personal services “which declaration,” he adds, “was spoken in such an emphatic manner that the barrister did not say anything in favor of his mother’s wishes.”

The operations of the British causing general alarm in Philadelphia, Peale took the precaution to secure accommodations at a house at Abington and intrusted one of his friends, a Mr. Hollingsworth, to assist in the removal of his family to this place should the occasion arise during his absence.

The situation of Peale’s family was probably similar to that of many citizens at this critical period, and his account of it is therefore interesting. He states that when it was expected that the British would cross the river into the city, “every family of Whigish principles that could move did so, although in many instances they removed into situations no more secure.” This was true in his own case, for he found that at Abington his family would have been placed “directly in the line of march had the British crossed the Delaware, and of course, would have exposed them more readily to be plundered by the soldiery than if they remained in the city.”

After Peale had marched with his company to Trenton, his family set out on a snowy day with two wagons full of household goods, with all of his paintings rolled up and the journey of twelve miles to Abington brought them to their destination at night, only to be told that they could have no quarters. “The poor old folks,” he explains, “who owned the house excused themselves by saying that although they had agreed to receive the family yet their obligation was such to the persons who then occupied their rooms that they could not do other-
wise, being in debt for this same habitation and all they had."

Peale's household at this time consisted of his wife and children, Raphael and Angelica his mother and also his sister, the wife of Capt. Nathaniel Ramsey, of the Maryland line. In the predicament they found themselves on their arrival at Abington, Mrs. Ramsey, he tells us, boldly declared that they could go no farther that night and inquired who had possession of the house. To their joy and relief they learned that it was a Captain Bourne and his wife with whom they were intimately acquainted, and received a cordial welcome by this couple when their presence was known. The entire family, however, had to be lodged in the small garret, "the beds covering the whole floor, leaving no spot uncovered to stand and dress upon," and in this situation, Peale writes the family remained one week, when the fear of invasion having passed they returned to their home in Philadelphia.

In referring to these experiences in his autobiography Peale states, that when the militia was first called out he went personally to the men who had mustered in his company and secured their enlistment upon his promise that they would "get everything they should want, and told their wives that they would be supplied with necessaries while their husbands were doing their duty in the field." On one paper, he states, he set down the number in each family to be supplied, and on another paper the wants of the soldier to make him comfortable in the field (it being in the month of December), and in this manner secured the enlistment of 81 men, and with this very respectable company pushed off with all possible dispatch to join the Army.

Peale was now in his thirty-sixth year and already widely known and recognized as the leading portrait painter in the colonies, Copley having already taken up his permanent residence abroad. Stuart then barely of age and Peale's junior by fourteen years, was
at the threshold of his career and also among those who left the colonies at the outbreak of the Revolution. Trumbull, Stuart's contemporary, remained to render patriotic service to his country before taking up his studies in England where like Stuart he remained until some years after the close of the war and peace under the new republic was established.

Throughout the entire period of the Revolution and until the advent of the younger men who followed toward the close of his active career as a painter. Peale's services seem to have been much in demand as evidence by the large number of portraits executed during this period, and while the condition of the country in 1776 threatened his employment for the time, it was at no small sacrifice and with willingness to risk his personal interests that he entered upon his military career. The issue, however, proved to his advantage for in camp he found opportunities to paint the portraits of his fellow officers including Washington and others in command, which laid the foundation for his gallery of paintings and contributed largely to his fame as well as to his fortune.

John Adams, then a delegate to Congress, writing to his wife from Philadelphia in August, 1776, gives an interesting account of a visit to Peale's painting room in which he refers to his portraits as "very well done but not so well done as Copley's." "Copley," he declares, "is the greatest master that ever was in America; his portraits far exceed West's."

After this loyal tribute to the New England artist, he says of Peale, the Marylander. "He is ingenious. He has vanity, loves finery, wears a sword, gold lace, speaks French, is capable of friendship and strong family attachment and natural affections."

However true to life this impression of Peale may have been, he pictures himself at this time in referring to his military experience, as being "a thin, spare, pale
faced man in appearance totally unfit to endure the fatigues of long marches and lying on the cold wet ground sometimes covered with snow. Yet by temperance and by forethought in providing for the worst that might happen," he states, "that he endured this campaign better than many others whose appearance was more robust." It was his practice he adds, to carry a piece of dried beef and biscuits in his pocket, and water in his canteen which he claims to have found "better than rum."

From early manhood and throughout his life it was his habit to keep a journal, usually in small pocket memorandum books in which he noted daily happenings, especially in his journeys, which were frequent while he was a painter and in his latter years when as a naturalist he was in search of specimens for his collection.

Upon these diaries he based his memoirs supplemented by his recollection of details and events, assisted by his correspondence. Such was the following diary kept during the campaign of 1776 in which he took part, and commenting upon it his son Rembrandt calls attention to its peculiar interest in that "few soldiers oppressed by active duty, hunger and fatigue are disposed to lose the moments of rest in tracing a journal as a self-imposed task."

While Peale in his autobiography gives interesting recollections of his experiences and impressions whilst on the march and at Trenton and Princeton, following the events already mentioned, his diary, written as these events were happening, affords us a more intimate and personal view of a soldier's life in the field.

The entries begin during the preparations that followed the calling out of the militia in December, 1776, and when, as already mentioned, Peale was engaged in recruiting his company, providing the necessary supplies and arranging for the removal of his household to Abington.
JOURNAL BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.*

Dec. 4th, 1776.—Got of Mr. Towers 15 guns and bayonets, 30 knapsacks, 15 bayonet belts. Received yesterday about 30 guns, 55 havresacks, 5 cartouche boxes, belts and canteens.

Received of Captain Bernie 27 dollars, being a month’s advance money. Memo. to supply David Taggart with any necessary money he may want.

5th.—Paid for a cot 55/. Mrs. —— lent me a frame for it. Sent my bookcase and desk, books, chests and breakfast table, paint box, pictures and carpet, to ———. Paid for the 2 wagons 30/; paid for fur gloves 3 dollars. Went on board the shallop in the evening, in company with Messieurs Banker, Tatem, Jackson, Grimley, Smith and . . . . We do not get more than about 10 miles from the city. We make use of the tents for lying, and have a very tolerable night.

6th.—Very little wind, and ahead. At sunrise we weigh anchor, and get as high as Bristol with the first tide. The wind now coming fair, we are able to stem the tide, by making use of the tents as helping sails. We got a little beyond Bordentown this night.

7th.—Go with Mr. Barker on shore, and buy some milk. Settle our expenses; I pay 1s. 3d. We arrive at Trenton about one o’clock. Have just rested and eaten, when Major Bradford says we must cross the river. Each man having received his complement of cartridges, we are ordered to prepare to march, and send our heavy baggage across the river. I expected we were to advance toward the enemy, but it was to retreat across the river, which we accomplished in the evening. We put a few tents for the night on the shore.

8th.—We are ordered to remove about a mile back, and encamp round a field enclosed by a pine wood. I am ordered to take a few men, to press the first wagon coming from Bristol with bread, which I accomplished by marching about three miles. Mr. Ramsay,* Jemmy† (his brother James Peale), and other Maryland friends, came to see us. A cannonading a little way up the river, we are ordered to parade, and 25 men of our company to join others in the battalion. We march a little way out and return, and are dismissed. I was sent out with our men; the captain is so affected at seeing his men out without his heading them, that he shed tears.

9th.—I have had a good night's rest. The weather is fine, more like spring than winter. I went to see the Maryland battalion, and found them scattered through the woods in huts made of poles, straw, leaves, etc., in a dirty, ragged condition.

10th.—Opposite the ferry was a sheep which the regulars had killed, but were prevented from going out for, as some men with rifles on this shore shot at them whenever they came out of the house. We are paraded in battalion. Went in the evening as far as the sentries would let me, to see whether the enemy had any lights on the other shore, and think I discovered a light at a distance, rather below the town.

11th.—Had a good night's rest. Changed our tents from the wind, which is easterly. Lost my silver buckles on the road, Mr. Sutlaleer accidentally found them. Received at the ammunition wagon 863 cartridges. Cannon heard below in the evening. The first battalion marched lower down. We are hourly

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Charles Willson Peale, Artist—Soldier.

expecting to set out. Snow with rain. We have tents covered with boards.

12th.—Some rain. Three days' provision ordered to be cooked for a march. Send off all our heavy baggage in a wagon. My chest contained a new mattress and a green rug, my miniature apparatus, 3 or 4 dirty shirts, etc. Ordered to be ready to march early in the morning.

13th.—Rise at the beating of the reveille, ate our breakfast, and began our march at 9 o'clock. We arrive at Bristol before dinner. I dine with Col. Belastre and Major Lonqueal (prisoners taken at St. Johns). Capt. Bernie and Mr. Bonham have a difference. Mr. Bonham wanting a leave to Philadelphia, accused the captain of opposing his going, which the captain denied—Mr. Bonham insisted—the captain said it was a lie. They were going to fisticuffs, when Mr. Jackson and I parted them. Gave 1s. 8d. for biscuits.

14th.—Paraded in battalion. Paid for shaving Capt. Bernie and self 1s. 3d. Got furlough for Mr. Knight and Supee. Capt. Bernie goes to see his wife, about 8 miles distant.

15th.—Very cold and clear. Six men ordered for main guard. I dined at a farmer's house about a mile from town—paid 2s. 6d. We paraded in battalion, and ordered to get our complement of 36 cartridges. The ammunition of our company was sent with the heavy baggage towards Philadelphia. I go with the company to the Bath house, and get all the men except those on guard. I write to Mrs. Peale, and go to rest.

16th.—I carry 5 shirts, one pair stockings, and handkerchief, to Mrs. Tumbleson's, one mile out of town, to get them washed. We parade in brigade, and march a few miles to exercise the men in the manner of attack in line of battle. Mr. J. Hambleton came to town. He said that he went with Mr. Baxter to Philadelphia, with the intention of moving my family to Charleston.
Charles Willson Peale, Artist—Soldier.

17th.—Got my shirts—pay 3s. 9d. Begin a miniature of Capt. Bernie.

18th.—And one of Capt. Boyd.

19th.—Battalion join in brigade, and are exercised in the manner of attack on the banks of the river, and then in the field, supposing the enemy to have surrounded us—the ground very wet and muddy.

20th.—Worked on Capt. Bernie’s miniature.

21st.—Capt. Bernie was on guard this day. I have orders to parade the company, to attend the funeral of a lieutenant of flying Lancers. Another company does that duty, and I do nothing but loiter this day.

22d.—Finish Capt. Bernie’s miniature; he owes me twenty-eight dollars for it. He goes to see his wife. Just at dusk the colonel sent for me, when he gave me an order to have the company on parade ground at 12 o’clock, with two days’ provisions cooked, and complement of cartridges, blankets, etc. Have delivered the ammunition, provisions, etc., and was informed we were to cross the river. Our men were paraded, when even those who had been too unwell to attend duty turned out to face the enemy. Two of the poor fellows went to the parade ground, and these were so ill, as to be obliged to leave the ranks to vomit. They were sent back to their quarters, greatly mortified. I then learned that we were to cross about a mile up the river, and march towards the Black Horse, to join Capt. Griffin, who headed a body of Jersey Militia, to attack some Hessians in that quarter. We were about to move, when Colonel Cadwalader came up, and informed us that Col. Griffin had been skirmishing all the day—that he had driven the enemy from all their outposts, and that his troops were fatigued, and wanted sleep. They had expended all their ammunition and shot for this night, and he had the general’s orders not to cross. He thanked the men for their readiness on this occasion, and dismissed them.

23d.—I learn that Col. Griffin’s party had seen sev-
eral fall during the day, who were conveyed off, whether dead or wounded was uncertain. That he had only three wounded, one in the foot, another in the leg, and a third in the hips. That Jersey Militia were flocking to him fast. I worked on Capt. Boyd’s miniature. In the afternoon am desired to go on the main guard, in the room of Lieut. —— who was sent for by the Council of Safety.

24th.—I went the round of main guard between 12 and 1. The night very fine, and all quiet. A young doctor wanted to go over the river to Burlington, had got a pass, but an order was sent to the captain of the guard to detain him, should he apply, which he did; and I carried him to Col. Cadwalader, who asked him for the pass. He rummaged his pockets, and not finding it, he said he had given it to the captain, which I denied, but said I had seen him with it, after he had left the guard room. I was mistaken, for, on applying to the captain, and rummaging, we found it. A sergeant that was with me, when I thought I had seen him have it, was of the same opinion. No persons, on such an occasion, ought ever to be too positive. In this instance two of us were mistaken. It gave me much concern, and I went with him to the colonel, and acknowledged my error, and he got permission to seek for some person to be his security for his behavior, as information had been given to the colonel that he was a suspicious person. I informed the colonel that the young man wanted to enter the service as surgeon’s mate.

25th.—We were ordered to join brigade. Many of the men were unwilling to turn out, as it was a day (Christmas) they wished to enjoy themselves; however, with small battalions, we went through several manoeuvres. One of our men informed me that he had heard a person about three miles out of town who had butter and cheese but would only sell for hard money. I set out on foot with some men, and got there just
before dark; but on asking to buy with hard money, I found the man had been slandered. I tempted as much as I thought was justifiable, and finding the man never expected to get any other than continental money, and constantly sold his butter for it. I engaged with his wife to send me three pounds on the morrow—paid 1s. 8d. for two quarts of milk, and returned home, when I was instantly ordered to join in brigade for a march—the men were waiting, nearly ready for me. I hurried them out to the parade ground, and marched over Chamony Ferry, and down to Dunkin's Ferry, rather a round-about way, nearly six miles. When the 1st and 3d were nearly landed on the other side, the wind began to blow, and the ice gathering so thick at a considerable distance from the shore, there was no possibility of landing, and they were ordered back, with all the troops that had landed. The 2d ordered to march back to Bristol, at which place I arrived just before day of the 26th, when the wind had increased, with rain and hail. Being very much fatigued, having walked since 4 yesterday, at least eighteen miles, eleven of them with heavy baggage. The storm continues, with hail and rain.

27th.—Fine weather. We are ordered to march with what we can carry on our backs. Cross one-and-a-half miles above the town to the Jerseys. We are soon formed, and marched away in company with all the Philadelphia Militia, and county and New England troops. We are ordered to load, and march with flanking parties, one of which took a man in the woods, supposed to be a spy—another got away. We arrive in Burlington some time in the night, and get quarters. We are ordered to march at 4 o'clock. Our battalion got under way after daybreak. We had marched about four miles, when a party was sent after two Hessians we heard of. At six miles we were ordered to halt, as the enemy was advancing on us, two-and-a-half miles distant. The half of the 2d battalion was ordered back
to a cross-road, in which wing I had my company. We had halted there but a little time, when a messenger came to us, and ordered us to join the battalion again, which we did not overtake till we got to Bordentown. My company got quartered where some King’s troops had been and left them full of hay, and very dirty. I ordered them to be cleaned, and, taking a walk, I found a store-house, with “King’s Stores” written on it, and provisions delivering out. I got a quarter of beef and some pork. I then heard of some flour. Went and got a barrel. Delivered some to Capt. Boyd—and I went to desire a family to let a negro girl make up some bread for us, but the lady told us she would do it herself, and bake it in her oven. She said she was obliged to be a hypocrite, for she was a whig in her heart, and was extremely kind to us. We were ordered immediately to march. Having no wagon belonging to the company, we could not take our flour. The men had just begun to enjoy themselves in their newly cleaned rooms. It was dusk when we got into motion, and the ground being very slippery, I lost my foothold on the rising side of the road, and in my fall broke the stock of my gun. We got to Crosswick, four miles from Bordentown, at early bedtime; but no bed for us, who think ourselves happy to get a plank by the fire. We got quarters with Mr. Cooke, who make us very welcome. The Hessians had taken every shirt he had, except the one on his back; which has been their general practice wherever they have been. They have taken hogs, sheep, horses and cows, everywhere: even children have been stripped of their clothes—in which business the Hessian women are the most active—in short, the abuse of the inhabitants is beyond description.

29th.—This morning, several Tories who had joined the King’s troops, were brought in—some belonging to Philadelphia, one, a Mr. Pierce, was shot dead as he was making efforts to escape. Some Hessians had been
here the day before our arrival, but in the greatest hurry and confusion, with a great number of wagons, carrying off plunder. They had planted some cannon on the road, expecting us every moment. Here I got a barrel of flour and some beef, which I ordered to be dressed ready for a march.

30th.—This morning General Mifflin came here, and we are informed that our friends are coming in very fast to Philadelphia. Gen. Mifflin had some regiments of New England troops paraded, whose service was just up. He harangued them on the necessity of their continuing in the service one month longer, promising them ten dollars gratuity for their past and present services—with which they showed their ready consent by three cheers. Our party took nine light horsemen without their horses.

31st.—At daybreak this morning we were called to parade, and Gen. Cadwalader ordered every captain to parade each morning at the alarm post, at 5 o’clock precisely. Whoever should be wanting would be put under arrest.

Jan. 1st, 1777.—At 1 this morning, began a march for Trenton. The roads are very muddy, almost over our shoe tops. The number of troops, badness of the roads, so many runs to cross, and fences to remove, make it a very tedious march. The sun had risen more than an hour before we reached the town, and afterwards, the difficulty of getting quarters kept us a long time under arms. At last we were provided, and had made a fire. I took a short nap on a plank with my feet to the fire; but was suddenly awakened by a call to arms—the enemy approaching, and at a small distance from the town. We soon paraded, and joined the battalion, and appeared on the alarm ground, where I was greatly struck with the appearance of so fine an army. At least a brigade paraded in the same field below the town. Soon we heard the cannon at some distance, and were then ordered to march into a road
through the woods, turning downwards. A message from the General ordered us to return to defend a road which led into the field where we first paraded. When we reached the road, we wheeled to the right, into a wheat field joining the road, where we hauled some cannon, and formed in a diagonal manner across the field, conveniently for the whole to act, should the enemy appear. After remaining some time in this order, we retired a little back to an orchard, which joined the field, ground our arms, and made fires with the fences. During this time the firing continued, and seemed to be nearer. We were now ordered to take arms—the sun scarcely half an hour high. We then marched in platoons back towards the town, or rather our alarm ground. Platoon firing was now pretty frequent. When we almost got out of the woods, word was brought that the enemy gave way, which, at different times, was the case; however, they had now got possession of the greatest part of the town, and a very heavy firing kept up on the bridge, where great numbers of the enemy fell. Some of our artillery stood their ground till the enemy advanced within 40 yards, and they were very near losing the field piece. We were now in the field below the town, and one of our cannon and a howitzer played on the town. It was quite dark before the firing had entirely ceased. Some unlucky shot from a cannon killed 1 or 2 of the 3d Battalion of Philadelphia troops, and also some of the Cumberland County Militia. We now marched to the skirts of the field, ground our arms, made fires with the fence rails, and talked over the fatigues of the day; and some, after eating, laid themselves down to sleep. Capt. Bernie joined us just before the alarm, and marched with us during the day, though his leg, which he had hurt some time ago, would not permit him to march with us from Crosswick. He now complains that he cannot hold out, and desires me to take the
Charles Willson Peale, Artist—Soldier.

charge of the company, having told Gen. Cadwalader that he is unable to serve. We took out some of our baggage from the wagons, and sent it away, and at 12 were ordered to parade. By sending away the wagons, and parading at midnight, I really expected a retreat.

2d.—At one o'clock we began to move, and directed our course through the woods, directly from the road, and after some time northerly. By this, I expected we were going to surround the enemy—but after marching some miles, I learned that we were going a by-road to Trenton, marching pretty fast; however, the sun had risen just before we saw Princeton. We proceeded as fast as possible, and were within a mile of the town, when we were informed that all was quiet. A short time after, the battalion, just ahead of us, began an exceedingly quick platoon firing, and some cannon. We marched on quickly, and met some of the troops retreating in confusion. We continued our march towards the hill where the firing was, though now rather irregularly. I carried my platoon to the top of the hill, and fired, though unwillingly, for I thought the enemy too far off, and then retreated, loading. We returned to the charge, and fired a second time, and retreated as before. Coming up the third time, the enemy retreated. I must here give the New England Troops their due. They were the first who regularly formed, and stood the fire, without regarding the balls, which whistled their thousand notes around our heads; and, what is astonishing, did little harm among us—none that I know of where we were. Some that had retreated, and then advanced through a wood on our right, engaged the enemy. We lost in all about 12 men. General Mercer was wounded in his leg, and fell into the enemy's hands, when our men were first surprised; and when they, in turn, were obliged to fly, they stabbed him with a bayonet. We lost, besides, Capt. Shippen of the 2d Battalion, and a Lieutenant of the 1st of Philadelphia Militia.
We now advanced towards the town, and halted about a quarter of a mile distant, till the artillery came up, and our men collected in better order. On the artillery firing, a number that had formed near the bridge began to disperse, and immediately a flag was sent, and we huzza'd victory. The prisoners taken at the place where the attack first began, were brought in, and we were resting, on our arms, waiting for leave to enter the town to refresh ourselves, when we heard the sound of cannon in our rear. We thought it was at Trenton, but finding it approached nearer, we perceived the enemy close upon our heels. We now began to march on through the town. I expected we should be collected in order when we got into the back of the town, but we were still continued on. I then expected we would halt when we should have crossed the bridge, which is at the lower end of the town, and have ascended the hill, which is pretty steep on the other side. Here, again, I found my mistake. We were continued on about three or four miles. We took a wrong road, going to the right, when we should have taken the left. Here, halt was cried through the army. I heard some rumors that the Light Horse were coming, and some soldiers fixed their bayonets. At last we were informed that we must return, and go to the left, which distance we shortened a little by going through the woods. The roads had now become very sloppy, and the troops so fatigued that many stopped by the way—some of my men declared they could go no further. I told them of the danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, yet this could not induce all to keep up. When I got over a bridge about five miles from Somerset Court House, I stopped to collect as many of them as I could, and got several. I there received orders from Colonel Cox to continue as far as I could, as the enemy was only seven miles distant from us—three miles farther we should receive farther orders. We were to stop at ——— to
take the prisoners to Philadelphia, and that I might purchase any necessaries we might want. The Colonel offered me Money. I did not want, having sufficiency in my pocket. We then marched off, and continued our way, pretty briskly; got to Somerset Court House, expecting to have quarters in the Court House, but found it was already occupied by the prisoners. I then pushed on to a tavern a little further, and got my men into a loft amongst a fine heap of straw, where some Hessians had lain. This was gladly accepted by them, who, at other places were dainty, refusing to go into a house where soldiers had been quartered, for fear of their vermin—now they were glad to lie down, and were asleep in a few moments, so that I could not get a single man to go with me in search of provisions. I had the promise from Col. Cox of a barrel of flour, and the use of an oven, but could get nobody to assist me in bringing it to be baked. I then went to a house farther in town, and purchased some beef, which I got the good woman to boil against I should call for it in the morning. I got a small kettle of potatoes boiled where we lodged. I then laid myself down to rest amongst the men on the Hessian straw, and thought myself happy, though the room was as full of smoke as if to cure bacon—some New England troops having made a fire in an old chimney that conducted all the smoke to us—however, by covering our head with our blankets, we rested for the night.

4th.—Before day we were beat to arms. I hurried my men up and carried them to eat their breakfast of the beef and potatoes I had provided. We then got under weigh, and arrived within a mile of a little village called Pluckemin, where we halted; and orders came to pull down a fence that was at our right, at the foot of a small mountain, and march up by companies. At the same time I heard the firing of small arms at a little distance, in front of the army. This made me conclude
that some party had been hid on the mountain, and had fired on our troops. I immediately spoke to my men to stand by each other, and follow me in file up the hill. We pushed up a considerable distance, and should soon have reached the top, where, I thought, we should be able to do some service, when I was called by the men, and told that Major Bradford had ordered me to stop, and that Lieut. Means had stopped with some of the men. I then returned, and received the order to stop, ground arms, and set to making fires. I then learned that the firing I had heard was the front of the army, beginning to make their fires. I then went to the town and got a barrel of flour, and put stones in the fire to bake our bread on; and, before night, got some beef, and made sumptuous meals. The men were very industrious, in baking, all the forepart of the evening. The place which fell to our lot was rather steep, and nothing but a heap of stones. I found it to be a very hard lodging place. When one part of my body was hurt by the points of these stones, I would change my position to get relief, and was continually moving the entire night, now and then making the fire better. The wind was rather unfavorable, blowing immediately up the hill.

5th.—Some of Capt. Shippen's men joined my company, whom I supplied with rations. The weather is very favorable, though rather cold; for had it rained or snowed we should have been badly off, as many of the men had no blankets. We spent this night much better than the last. I went into town and got a barrel of flour, and engaged a negro woman to bake it by 4 o'clock at which time our order was to march. I went several times to get some of it, but could get none, yet expected I should have it before we should march. Many of the men, in their hard march on an icy road, were entirely barefooted. I got a raw hide to make them moccasins; but made a bad hand of it, for want of a proper needle or awl.
6th.—At 4 this morning I got up, taking a wagon belonging to the brigade, to get my bread; but lo! not a loaf was baked. I took my flour, and was driving back to the camp, when Capt. Erwing, Deputy Commissary, stopped the wagon, and insisted to have the flour and wagon for the stores of the army. I told him it was pressed for the use of our brigade; but he insisted that he must have it, as we had more stores than we could carry. I thought his reason good, for I thought we had not sufficient load for it. On my return I met the battalion in motion, and Major Bradford told me I had done wrong in parting with the wagon, as many things were left in the camp. I then turned back and took possession again of the wagon, and sent off some men to collect what was left on the hill and bring them to the road. I loaded the wagon, and moved on in the rear of the army. The sun was up some time, and, being hungry, I went into a small hut on the roadside and got some bread and milk, paid 1s. 3d. Marched on and joined my company. Our march was through a very mountainous country, about twelve miles to Morristown, where, after some time, we got into houses, where I slept on the planks rather coldly.

7th.—Here we are informed that some militia had killed three or four light horse, and taken one of the men. I here mended my boots. Got a hide, and made some moccasins for the men. My lodging nothing better than last night.

8th.—Continued my moccasin making almost the whole day; have used up two hides.

9th.—We have news of the English leaving Elizabethtown—that we had taken 90 prisoners, a shallop and baggage, and a number of arms. These two last nights are the first that I have taken off my clothes, and slept in a bed.

10th.—Went to Mr. Livingston’s to beg some sugar for Billy Haverstick, who is very unwell.
11th.—I got him an emetic of Dr. Crackrin, and attend him. Took a walk with Dr. Redman a few miles, to get a hot breakfast. At last we found a house without soldiers, where they had sugar, which is now very scarce about Morristown. While the meal was getting ready, one of the children caught a creeper of the head, which he called a Light Horseman (a common name for this kind of cattle). We were so hungry that the sight, though disagreeable enough, did not prevent our eating heartily. Paid 1s. 3d.

12th.—Our wagons, containing our baggage, came to town. General Cadwalader harangued our Philadelphia militia, to induce them to stay over their limited time, but I think to little effect. I received some shoes, and distributed them among the men.

13th.—This morning I addressed the men to know how long they would agree to stay, their time of enlistment being out; they agree to stay till Sunday next. I attend the funeral of Col. Gord, with military honors.

14th.—This morning I order the men to parade with luggage on their backs, as ready for a march, in order to know what we have belonging to those who have left us in our different marches; also to know who want blankets, knapsacks, etc. Finding a number of knapsacks full of clothes, stores, etc., I put them in a chest till their owners call for them. We hear that the enemy have left Brunswick, and that part of the town is burnt by accident.

15th.—Capt. Boyd sat for his miniature, which I had begun at Bristol. The battalion paraded at three o’clock, to know if they will agree to stay ten days longer, till an answer can be obtained from the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, requesting that the militia should immediately be sent to supply the places of those who had served their six weeks.

16th.—Went to the Capts. of the 2d Battalion, to know what was agreed on by the men of their com-
panies, and then tried my own, and found a majority for returning home on Sunday next. I gave a double dose of tartar emetic to Ensign Haverstick and it scarcely operated. Dr. Jackson informed me a little vinegar would make it have the effect. As it had operated a little, I did not try the vinegar.

17th.—Worked on Capt. Boyd’s miniature.

18th.—Made out my account of rations not received. Delivered 16 tents, 6 kettles, and 2 shovels, to Dr. Jackson.

19th.—Rise at 5 o’clock to prepare for our march homeward. I desired the company to get their breakfasts before day, and we got under arms before sunrise. We marched off very fast, and passed through Bristol, and turning to the right of Pluckemin, we got to New Germantown, about 21 miles from Morristown, at 3 o’clock, the men exceedingly fatigued, one of them, after sitting awhile by the fire, fainted away—several complained of being entirely worked up—our march was rather fast.

20th.—Rose before day, and all having heartily breakfasted, the battalion began to move a little after sunrise. We march rather slower than yesterday. The prospects of the country hereabouts are very fine—the mountains in particular, on the right and left. We pass through Pennytown, and then through Flemington, where the men would gladly have stopped, many of them being greatly fatigued; but it was thought advisable to cross the river this evening, lest the ice should increase, though the weather is growing much milder. Many of the men stop by the way, declaring that they can go no farther. We got to Howel’s Ferry after night, and fortunately found the river was not frozen.*

*The last leaf torn off. The companies, doubtless, were ready, and reached Philadelphia, and were dismissed. C. W. Peale’s diary continues in the January following. In the interval he was engaged in politics.