



A SOLDIER ON THE MUTINY AT MORRISTOWN

We left Westfield about the twenty-fifth of May and went to Basking Ridge. We did not reoccupy the huts which we built, but some others that the troops had left. Here the monster Hunger still attended us. He was not to be shaken off by any efforts we could use, for here was the old story of starving, as rife as ever. We got a little musty bread and a little beef, about every other day, but this lasted only a short time and then we got nothing at all. The men were now exasperated beyond endurance; they could not stand it any longer. They saw no other alternative but to starve to death, or break up the army, give all up and go home. This was a hard matter for the soldiers to think upon. They were truly patriotic, they loved their country, and they had already suffered everything short of death in its cause; and now, after such extreme hardships to give up all was too much, but to starve to death was too much also. What was to be done? Here was the army starved and naked, and there [were] their countrymen sitting still and expecting the army to do notable things while fainting from sheer starvation. All things considered, the army was not to be blamed.

*Adapted from the Journal of
Private Joseph Plumb Martin*