12-9-1862

Letter from Thomas S. Armstrong to Editor

Thomas S. Armstrong

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-newspapers

Part of the Military History Commons, Social History Commons, and the United States History Commons

Recommended Citation

Armstrong, Thomas S., "Letter from Thomas S. Armstrong to Editor" (1862). Harvey Collection Newspapers. 17.
https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-newspapers/17

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the The Paula B. and Thomas W. Harvey Collection of Civil War Letters at Digital Commons @ OWU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Harvey Collection Newspapers by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ OWU. For more information, please contact earutigl@owu.edu.
From the 112th Regiment,
PETERSBURG, HARDY COUNTY, VA.

Dec. 9, 1862.

Dear Editor:—On the 6th we left New Creek. The weather was so severe that we almost wished the General would not move unless perchance a military necessity should impel us. We struck tents and started. The wind and snow were so thick and heavy as to blind us. We turned up the valley of New Creek. Our Regiment marched at a fast gait, for this really was our maiden march. We marched so fast that the men soon began to give out, and fall back. We left the pike and marched across the road, thereby cutting off a considerable distance. After which we got on the pike again. It was level, and we went—al the old tavern around a hill we had a splendid view of the distant mountains and valleys of the south branch of the Potomac. Soon we were at Ridgewater. We went on until half an hour before sunset. Our wagons soon came and we encamped on a hillside overlooking a beautiful valley. We were seated around the pike, with a view of the mountains and valleys of the south branch of the Potomac. The General passed the camp fires, kindled by dry wood not more than 12 feet long. We traveled about 16 miles daily.

Dec. 7, Sunday.

We were aroused early. Got a hearty breakfast, then sallied forth. The sun rose in the east, and we marched on. We reached the pike for Petersburg, distant 20 miles. We moved forward steadily. The General passed the camp fires, kindled by dry wood not more than 12 feet long. We pitched our tents, made nice beds of hay which we pressed into use from a neighboring meadow. Our camp fires were very comfortable, for the night was very cold. The moon shone through the clouds, and the dark mountains east of us loomed up against the sky like giants. Our Regiment marched from Petersburg.

We were on the road early and marching along. I don't know whether Uncle Abe knew there was such a Regiment as the 112th, but he may find out before, for we may have the chance to immortalize ourselves, as we are getting into the enemy's country. Along our journey we have been marching along valleys, and on the right was the western edge of the Alleghenies, and on the left Branch Mountain. The sunrises and sets later and earlier than usual to us, who never lived in a more mountainous country than Old Muskingum.

We arrived at Petersburg about noon and encamped. We marched better to-day than any day before.

The health of the Regiment is good. We are on a nice hill, and looking over the town. It is a small place, not even marked on the best maps. We do not know where we are going from this place—we hope onward.

T. S. A.
December 15, 1862

From the 122d Regiment\(^1\)
Dec. 9, 1862

Dear editor: -- On the 6\(^{th}\) we left New Creek. The weather was so severe that we almost wished the General would not move unless perchance a military necessity should compel us. We struck tents about sun up, we started, -- The wind and snow were in great commotion. The wind blew around us in whirlwinds and blew the snow into our eyes and nearly blinded us. We turned up the valley of New Creek. Our Regiment marched at a fast gait, for this really was its maiden march. We marched so fast that the men began to give out and fall back. – We left the nice pike and marched across, thereby cutting off a considerable distance. – After which we got to the pike again. It was level, and we went at the old speed. From a turn around a hill, we had a splendid view of the distant mountains and valleys of the south branch of the Potomac. Soon we were at Ridgeville. On we went until about half an hour before sunset. Our wagons soon came, and we encamped on a little hillside overlooking a beautiful valley. We soon refreshed ourselves with a tine of hot coffee and hard crackers and warmed ourselves by our camp fires, kindled by dry wood not more than 12 feet long. We travelled about 16 miles to-day.

Dec. 7 Sunday

We were aroused early. Got a hasty breakfast, then “Battalion, left face – forward Route step, March.” We started on the pike for Petersburg, distant 30 miles. We moved forward steadily. The road was frozen and icy and the heavy tramp of our Regiment made us think of description that we had read in the history of other days when men were led by a Wellington or a Washington. It is a grand sight to see an army on the move! We passed mountain after mountain, and crossed several creeks. General Cluseret’s horse fell today and hurt him considerably. The General passed us on foot. He is a native of vine-clad France had has seen service under the Emperor Napoleon. At night, jaded and sore, we pitched our tents, made us nice beds of hay which we pressed into use from a neighboring meadow, Our camp fires were very comfortable, for the night was very cold. The moon shone through the clouds, and the dark mountains loomed up against the sky like giants. Our Regiment marched 18 miles to day.

We were on the road early and “marching along, I don’t know whether Uncle Abe knows there is such a Regiment as the 122d but he may find out before long, for we may have the chance to immortalize ourselves, as we are getting into the enemy’s country. And along our journey we have been marching through valleys; and on our right was the real Allegheney an exceeding high mountain, and on our left Branch Mountain. The sun rises and sets later and earlier by us who never lived in a more mountainous country than Old Muskingum.

We arrived at Petersburg about noon and encamped. We marched better to-day than either day before.

The health of the Regiment is good. We are encamped on a nice hill, north of, and overlooking the town. It is a small place, not even marked on best maps. We do not know where are going from this place – we hope onward.

T.S.A.

\(^1\) Daily Zanesville Courier, December 15, 1862, P. 2.