


12-9-1862

## Letter from Thomas S. Armstrong to Editor

Thomas S. Armstrong

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From the 112d 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 compel us. We struck tents and about sun-up, we started. The wind and snow were in great commotion. The wind blow 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 soon 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 on 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 hillside overlooking a beautiful valley. We soon refreshed ourselves with a tin of hot coffee and hard crackers, and warmed ourselves by our camp fires, kindled by dry wood not more than 12 feet long. We traveled 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 descriptions 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 to day and hurt him considerably. The General passed us on foot. He is a native of vine-clad France and 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 east of us 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. All along our journey we have been marching along valleys; and on our right was the real Allegheny, an exceeding high mountain, and on our left Branch Mountain. The sun rises 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 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 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<sup>1</sup>

Dec. 9, 1862

Dear editor: -- On the 6<sup>th</sup> we left New Creek. The weather was so severe that we almost wished the General would not move unless perchance a military necessity should ehmpel 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.

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T.S.A.

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<sup>1</sup> Daily Zanesville Courier, December 15, 1862, P. 2.