

Documents

THE FOURTEENTH INDIANA REGIMENT IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

LETTERS TO THE VINCENNES *SUN*

In the December (1933) issue of the *Indiana Magazine of History*, there appeared a series of letters from Cheat Mountain and points near by that were written by a soldier of Company G, Fourteenth Indiana Regiment who used the signature "Prock." The letters were published in the *Vincennes Western Sun* (weekly) during the summer and fall of 1861. "Prock" was from Vincennes. His company became known as the "Invincibles". Company B of the same regiment was known as the "Old Post Guards". The Fourteenth and also the Thirteenth Indiana Regiments saw important service in the Valley of Virginia from December 1861 to June, 1862. "Prock's" letters to the *Vincennes Sun* during the period of the Valley activities of the Fourteenth Indiana are reproduced below.

PROCK'S LETTERS FROM THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

Army of Occupation Camp, 14th Ind. Reg., Vol., at
Philippi, Va., Monday, Dec. 9, 1861.

[*Friend Greene:*] Wednesday morning at nine o'clock we were ordered to pack knapsacks, shoulder arms, and march for this place without delay—Companies A, B, and C, left two days before. By eleven o'clock the detachment—seven companies—under the command of Captain Owens, was on the road—the boys in fine spirits, the day a fine one, and the pike frozen hard. We reached Beverly at sundown, marched through and encamped one mile west of the town, in an open field. Huge fires of well seasoned rails, were soon blazing brightly, and those who did not immediately betake themselves to broiling slices of pork, making coffee, &c., 'deployed' for supper elsewhere. Surrounding farmhouses were filled with hungry soldiers, willing and anxious to 'come down' with a quarter for a warm meal. Your correspondent having disposed of a 'rasher' of bacon and destroyed nearly a pound of crackers, became exceedingly dry, and returned to town with one of Co. G.'s Sergeants (whose first name I forget) for a glass of lager, or something else. None to be obtained but learned that there was an excellent article of corn-juice at the Union Hotel, one mile on the road to Rich Mountain. Repaired thither—the old pickled sardine calling himself a landlord had only a barrel left, and because it was not tapped refused to comfort us. Come to town and to camp; half a mile the other side at a hotel known as the 'Beverly House',

¹ *Vincennes Western Sun* (weekly), Dec. 21, 1861. After leaving Cheat Mountain, the Fourteenth Indiana was for some time in camp at Huttonsville (south of Cheat Mountain on the upper Tygart River). With other troops the Fourteenth was sent northward down the Tygart valley to Philippi, where the above letter was written. The place was located west of Laurel Hill. The editor of the *Sun* was George E. Greene.

kept by one Russel, we obtained an excellent supper at 10, P.M. Your correspondent spread himself on the dining table and with a catridge-box for a pillow slept soundly till daylight.

The second day we marched at sunrise—a few of us making 20 miles over the roughest of rough roads on Laurel Hill, more like a mountain than any hill I ever saw. The sesesh entrenchments on the west side are extensive and must have presented, before destroyed by our troops, a very formidable appearance. An old man where I took dinner told me several of our Union balls passed close to his house, around which the sesesh were encamped and the song they sung was anything but pleasant to him. We reached the town of Bealington at 1, P.M., which reminded me of Westport. The 'pictur' maker for Frank Leslie must have been under the influence of some spirit that caused him to see double and 'more too!' We were quartered the second night with a country cobbler—I am partial to cobblers. A 'baker's dozen' of us occupied a room upstairs and had to make our beds on the floor, as there was only one bed in the room, which we used for a pillow. Said knight of the awl and lapstone was very religious and requested us to 'resist from plain keerds, and oblige hym;' this request was made in 'ritin' and sent up by his 'sun jeems.' The boys complied, with the request and 'resisted' but next morning treated him to a manual of arms that made the old hoop-pole shanty quiver. His white-haired, pink-eyed daughter remarked, as we rallied on the grub piles at breakfast, 'you fellers all looks alike to me;' I am uncertain whether it was intended as a compliment or not.

The third day the regiment had become pretty well scattered, from Beverly to Philippi, on account of the condition of the pike &c., a squad of fast ones (those that could walk fast being at least a day's march ahead of the main body). Toward night enquired where good quarters could be obtained—were directed to the house of one Williams, about a mile off the pike—proceeded thither and spent a holiday, regular 4th July, from 9, p.m. Friday till sunrise Saturday morning, when we marched into town in good order; and here we are all together once more and none the worse for our long march. The regiment is housed—Cos. D and G. in the Court House, and other companies in hotels and private houses, that were deserted by their owners.

I presume the 14th will remain this winter in Philippi.

Coal is abundant at five cents per bushel delivered—the supply of pies equal to the demand, at ten cents a piece. While in Huttonville those that indulged in the luxury had to fork over a quarter. The way the 14th slay pies is a caution to bakers. It is no uncommon sight to see a soldier just off guard, a pie under each arm, one on his bayonet, and another in his fist, with a half moon cut in it.

Orderly Van Dyke, Serg't Jackson, and myself, succeeded in securing boarding before the rush came, and now have a sure thing for procuring grub done up in style.

Lieut. Patterson came in today—footed it all the way from Huttonville, as did the Captain; both have been ill with camp fever.

Sergeant-Major Bailey was left behind at the Hospital; he is recovering slowly.

I expect the ancient and honorable order of 'Eclampsis' will be revived here this winter and several valuable accessions made to the brother-hood. 'It is well.'

Thanks to Postmaster Willis, of Bruceville [Indiana], for favors.

Sergeant Coleman is on guard to-day—chestnuts and pies will suffer. Corporal D'Ewald has engagements to teach the several young ladies of Philippi, music on the piano—lucky man! The Corporal has entirely recovered from his wound, received in the skirmish of the 12th September, on Cheat Mountain.

"Down in the wood-shed,"

PROCK.

Army of Occupation Camp, 14th Ind., Reg. Vol.,
at Philippi, Va., Monday, Dec. 17, 1861.²

Friend Greene: We leave for Romney to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock; or for Webster at least, and our destination is reported to be Romney.

Since our advent here, the weather has been delightful—the 14th had just succeeded in making themselves comfortable, when the order came to march immediately with three day's rations. Cheerfully and with alacrity will that command be obeyed by both officers and men—one and all are anxious to see *active* service again and obtain a glimpse or more of 'Sesesh.'

The rebels captured in the late fight at Green Bank, on Greenbrier river, reached here last night and left for Columbus, Ohio, this morning.

Lieutenant Matthew N. Green, of Co. B. (O. P. Guards),³ captured nine sesesh the other day, some 12 miles from here.

The health of the regiment is good—better than it has been at any time since we left Cheat Mountain Summit.

The 'Invincibles' are under the immediate command of Lieutenant W. N. Denny, Captain Coons not having as yet entirely recovered from his attack of camp fever.

Lieutenant Patterson will probably be able to march to Webster to-morrow, though he is still quite weak. All members of Co. G. are O. K., and ready to 'fall in' at a moments notice.

PROCK.

P. S. what is John Tucker *driving* at now? P.

Army of Occupation Camp, 14th Ind. Reg. Vol., at Romney,
Va., Christmas Eve., Dec. 24, 1861.⁴

Friend G: The 14th left Philippi at 11 A. M. Thursday and reached Webster at sundown—the road almost impassable. Fortunately wagons were furnished to transport knapsacks, and the march consequently was not so fatiguing as it otherwise would have been. When the regiment

² *Western Sun*, Dec. 23, 1861. The troops had now been at Philippi for about two weeks.

³ Company B of the Fourteenth was known as the "Old Post Guards."

⁴ *Western Sun*, Jan. 4, 1862. Romney is east of the Alleghany Front on the South Branch of the Potomac. This stream flows northeastward, running parallel to the mountains. It joins the North Branch of the Potomac a few miles below Cumberland, Maryland. The North Branch drains a part of the Alleghany Plateau and breaks through the mountains southwest of Cumberland. Romney is about twenty miles south of that city.

hove in sight of the rail-road track, along came a train—the first we had seen of the iron horse for six months and a half, to a day. A loud cheer burst from our boys, answered by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from passengers and others on the train. Boarded the cars at 10, P. M., and were off. 'Twas a clear, cool moonlight night, and the sublime scenery along the route induced your correspondent to keep his peepers open till midnight, when, scenery or no scenery, he determined to 'fall in' on the floor amongst the straw—did so and slept soundly till the train stopped at Piedmont at 7 A. M. P. is quite a large town, with many substantial buildings. Like most towns in Western Virginia, it is surrounded by a cordon of high, bold bluffs—here the hungry ones speedily 'deployed' for grub, and soon returned loaded with apples, oysters, cakes, sausage, and any amount of pies. Off again—passed some magnificent country residences; the lady occupants at most of them appeared, waved their handkerchiefs, and were answered by hurrahs from the 14th. At one o'clock 'steamed' into Cumberland, Md. This is a large, well-built and truly beautiful city and the location a most delightful one. Saw a great many pretty women here—'birds eye views' only. Fresh supplies of sausage, pies, &c., were obtained—also several canteens of the ardent smuggled aboard. The Orderly and I dived into a saloon and obtained a 'few' lager, resembling in taste an article we used to obtain in the Old Post called beer—succeeded in disposing of 'half a dozen' very readily.

At 4 P. M., reached Green Spring Station—disembarked and prepared supper. Good fresh bread and excellent shoulder meat was served out. Fresh oysters were abundant and cheap, and the meal was perhaps the most palatable one the 14th had enjoyed since leaving Muncietown, Ind.

At 9 o'clock next evening we were on the march for Romney, over an excellent road. We found the entire route 16 miles, picketed. Marched over a wire bridge at 3 P. M. stretched across the south branch of the Potomac. The scenery in this immediate vicinity was beautiful beyond description. After crossing, our route lay along the banks of the stream—at one place we passed the 'hanging rock,' as it is called—a perpendicular rock fully 150 feet high and a quarter of a mile in extent; pickets were posted on the top—a tall look out, that.

Entered Romney at 7 P. M. The 5th Ohio welcomed us in a manner never to be forgotten by the 14th. After cheering us heartily, the cry arose—'who stole your goose?' 'Twas promptly answered—'those infernal thieves, the 32nd Ohio!'⁵ The 5th then notified us that they had prepared coffee, &c., for our regiment and invited the 14th, as soon as quartered, to come down and share their hospitality, which invitation was accepted with the same generous spirit in which 'twas given and soon the 14th were marching by companions towards the quarters of the gallant 5th, where we were received with most cordial and friendly greetings and

⁵ The soldiers of the Old Post Guards were the protectors of two pet birds that were given the freedom of the camp. One was called "Reuben", the other "Jeff Davis". Both were large ganders. "Reuben" was stolen by a soldier belonging to the Thirty-second Ohio Regiment, who with a few of his comrades dined sumptuously. "Jeff Davis" was not molested. Prock reveals that "Reuben" was brought to western Virginia from Camp Vigo in Indiana by the Old Post Guards. "Jeff Davis", however, was captured on Cheat Mountain.

done justice to the 'soldier's fare' so generously prepared by our Ohio comrades. The 5th was the best armed and equipped regiment I have yet seen; they are provided with the 'Saxony rifle', nearly an inch in the bore—range 1000 yards.

In the course of a week or so we shall obtain tents and not have to sleep huddled up like sheep in a pen as we do now. Fifty-two men for picket guard from the 14th daily,—looks like war again. The boys are in excellent spirits and all anxious for a sight at the sesesh once more.

Romney reminds me of Petersburg, Ind., though the surrounding country is far more picturesque. The 14th is at home here—meet old acquaintances—all glad to see us every day.

Capt. Daum is here with his battery—the same that was with us on Cheat Mountain Summit so long. All the regiments except ours are encamped in tents; we are quartered in houses.

The 13th Indiana, I understand, is to be here soon.

No Christmas for us this year—however we wish a merry one and Happy New Year to those at home. PROCK.

Army of Occupation, "Camp Keys," Romney, Va.,
January 8, 1862.^a

Friend Greene: Portions of each regiment encamped here marched yesterday, with one day's rations, to attack the enemy at Blue Gap, sixteen miles east on the Winchester road. Left Romney at 1 o'clock A. M.—morning bitter cold, wind blowing fiercely from the west with occasional flights of snow. The 4th and 5th Ohio, with Daum's battery, in advance of us—the 7th Ohio and 1st Virginia bringing up the rear, while the Ringgold cavalry and a part of Howard's battery of rifled cannon were in advance of all. Two hours' steady marching and we had passed the extreme out-posts and seven miles on our way towards ye Gap [Blue Gap]. Were halted frequently to rest—the boys would throw themselves down on the snow-covered hill sides, and many fall asleep ere the word came "fall in." At 7 o'clock we reached the top of a high hill, from which the country was visible for miles around. In front was a broad valley, a small river running through it. Our "advance" drawn up on the west bank near a small bridge—three rifled cannon were in position near us commanding the bridge, while Capt. Daum with five brass six-pounders had chosen a position in the valley.

The right wing of the 14th was left here to protect the artillery, while the remainder descended the east side of the hill on "double quick." Before we reached the stream, the 4th and 5th Ohio, deployed as skirmishers to the right and left of the pike, had commenced popping away merrily at the sesesh, now plainly visible, posted behind a breast work on the right of the road half a mile from the stream and directly opposite the Gap. The Buckeye [Ohio] skirmishers advanced steadily, keeping up a constant fire; the 14th cheered and our "double quick" quickened to a run over the narrow bridge.

We went up to within a hundred yards of the Gap, when we were ordered to "flank to the right" up the mountain, and the 7th Ohio moved

^a *Western Sun*, Jan. 18, 1862.

to the front. Just as the 14th had succeeded in obtaining a foot hold on the steep ascent and the 7th were about entering the Gorge, out came a horseman (Col. of the 4th, I think) at full speed shouting, "The rebels are retreating! Cavalry forward!" The 7th immediately "opened ranks," and in less time that it takes to write it, the Ringgold boys, headed by a Lieutenant, flourishing their sabres with a wild hurrah charged up the pike into the sesesh camp—through it, and never pulled rein till they had chased the rebels for five miles on the road to Winchester, and compelled them to seek safety by clambering up the mountain sides, where 'twas impossible for horsemen to follow.

I wish the folks at home could have witnessed that charge and heard the loud and prolonged cheers that arose from the infantry as the gallant horsemen rushed irresistably through the narrow defile.

Having climbed the mountain, the 14th descended into the rebel camp without exchanging a shot with the enemy.

The Buckeye boys had rifled and fired the tents and "winter quarters;" also a large mill in which were the rebel commissary stores, fifty bushels of wheat, a lot of muskets, and a small quantity of ammunition. Two pieces of cannon were captured—a ten-pounder (rifled) and one six-pounder. Some fine horses were also taken, attached to the guns.

Sitting on a pine stump to rest and eat my breakfast, I caught sight of two dead rebels lying a few yards off—one a large man, shot through the head—hole big enough to put your fist through; while the other's head was divided by a sabre stroke.

Having destroyed the camp and a large house and barn near the bridge, our forces formed and took up their line of march for Romney, and an amusing sight it was. Here a squad of infantry, with a knapsack or two each—strings of sausage, lengths of stove pipe, bed quilts, brooms, buckets full of honey, extra guns, chickens, turkies, loaves of bread, and other articles too numerous to mention. I saw the *skeletons* of two female sesesh (i. e., their hoops) dangling from the bayonet of a wild looking volunteer.

I noticed one of the cavalry had an extra large share of the "spoils of war"—a large turkey and half a dozen chickens hung from his saddle-bow, while a feather bed, three different colored blankets, a broom, a skillet and a goose were fastened on behind.

The march back home was a tedious and toilsome one for the footmen. Order and discipline were forgotten, and the boys got along as best they could, each on his own hook.

Sergeant-Major Bailey has rejoined the regiment, and though still quite weak has resumed his duties.

Our friend the "Governor" told me this morning he had procured a discharge on account of disability. Am exceedingly sorry to have him go, but he is constitutionally totally unfit to endure the hardships of a soldier's life in the camp and field.

4 P. M.—"All quiet on the Potomac."

Truly yours,

PROCK.

Army of Occupation, Camp North Branch Bridge, Baltimore and
Ohio R. R., Maryland, Jan. 15, 1862.⁷

Friend Greene: The regiment left Romney on Friday night, as did all the Union forces encamped there. Your correspondent was on the advance post picket guard with ten men, seven miles and a half from Romney, on the Morefield pike. At dark a cavalryman came galloping up and notified us that the forces were in motion moving Westward, and delivered the order for the pickets to be all drawn in and follow their respective regiments immediately. We reached town at 9 o'clock and found it evacuated by all our troops except the six companies of cavalry who were to act as rear guard—pushed on through mud and slush—night dark and stormy. The 14th boys are walkers, and although the regiment had the advantage of three or four hours start, by 3 A. M. we had caught up with them.

I partook of a *very light* breakfast at Springfield about sunrise, to-wit: the last cracker in my haver-sack. Here we took the road to Patterson's Creek Station, and at 8 o'clock halted for the night and encamped in a meadow. Not a dry spot visible on which to spread our blankets—had none myself, as all the guards' knapsacks and "traps" had been sent to Cumberland. We had nothing to eat, and those that were without their blankets stood *in the water* around our bivouac fires, smoking (thank fortune we do not have to depend on sutler or quarter-master for tobacco), and swearing not a little till morning, when the regiment marched down the railroad track to this place.

Camped first night in the open air; next day received our new tents (Sibley pattern), and the day following our stoves. Tents and stoves were hailed with delight by our boys—we feel that we are once more at home. Five tents to a company, supposed to furnish ample room for twenty men each. The stoves render them comfortable, and in fact better quarters no soldiers would ask for.

We are six miles east of Cumberland, Md., and belong to the first division, which is composed of the 13th and 14th Indiana, 7th Virginia and 84th Pennsylvania, regiments, under the immediate command of Col. Nathan Kimball.

The weather for the past few days has been exceedingly cold, with almost a constant fall of sleet and snow.

Our Sutler has "played out," I fancy, as we have seen nothing of that individual for some two months. 'Twould perhaps be a fine thing for the regiment if 'twas so, as these gentlemen sutlers skin [overcharge] the soldiers unmercifully.

Captain Coons has gone to Cumberland, and will send a "telegram" to the Old Post for *those boxes* of goods. Many of our boys are greatly in need of the articles contained therein, having lost considerable clothing on recent forced marches.

The health of Company G. is good—all the sick in our regiment are immediately sent to Cumberland where there is a large and comfortable hospital.

⁷ *Western Sun*, Jan. 25, 1862. The B. and O. bridge spanned the North Branch of the Potomac between Cumberland and the junction of the two forks of the Potomac. The railway runs south of the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to this bridge.

What occasioned the retrograde movement of the army I can't say—I am thankful to be delivered from the cramped and dirty quarters and most miserable water that sesesh town of Romney afforded.

Is there much doing in the commission and forwarding business? Wonder if the new firm of C. & K., since they got their hand (and foot) in, have undertaken the job of forwarding the "What is It?" or "any other man."

We are looking anxiously for Captain Cash, as the entire regiment is about "strapped." Hope we may not march from here till he comes.

Yours truly, PROCK.

Army of Occupation, Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Baltimore and Ohio R. R., Va., Feb. 13, 1862.⁸

Friend Greene: The 14th has been on the move so much of late that your correspondent could find no time to write.

Wednesday night at eleven o'clock we boarded the cars and steamed down the road twenty-two miles. About daylight the train halted and the regiment disembarked, built fires along the side of the railroad track, and thawed out our benumbed and stiffened limbs, the ride in open box-cars having cramped us up considerably, and more, too.

Grub being scarce, the boys obtained leave to knock over anything in the eating live that was to be found on its legs within range. A general deploy for fresh rations took place immediately—and sheep, "slow deer" (porkers), rabbits, ducks, geese, &c., were made to suffer that day.

The pickets of 110th Pennsylvania ("Tom Thumb regiment") became frightened at the noise made by the hunters' guns, and ran in, thinking the sesesh were about. During Thursday and the night following the regiments poured in on every train. The old 13th Indiana came along, and was received with a tremendous yell by our boys. No two regiments in the service think more of each other than the 13th and 14th Indiana.

Friday about noon these two were formed in line, "piled" into the cars, and moved down to this place, where we arrived about 2 P. M. Having formed line of battle and loaded our guns, took a scout of a few miles out on the pike leading to Winchester, some 40 miles distant—saw no sesesh, and no "sign." About faced, marched back and into the cars again, when we received the order to disembark—did so and bivouacked on the spot. A large pile of pine lumber, two stacks of hay, and a huge rick of straw vanished in a jiffy.

After roughing it for three nights, and cold ones, too, we are once more at home, that is under our canvass coverings, and comfortable.

The R. R. Tunnel at this place is a short one—only some 300 feet. Our pickets extend for 10 miles eastward on the R. R.

Lieut. Denny with a section of Co. "G." went out on picket guard last night. As the fellow said by his chickens, I can only say there is "a right smart chance" of us here.

⁸ *Western Sun*, Feb. 26, 1862. If the distance was about forty miles from Winchester, this camp on the B. and O. must have been almost due north of that town and near the Potomac.

We are sadly behind in the news line—know nothing of what is going on in America.

I see by the papers that several soldiers, formerly of the 14th, who are said to have been “through the campaign in Western Virginia,” are recruiting for other regiments. The *through* meant I suppose to the tune of—

“Hey Jim a ’long,

Jim a ’long Josey,”—

our regimental “sick call.”

Whilst at Camp North Branch Bridge Companies B. and G. received a full supply of under-clothing, mittens, tippets, &c.; Likewise, a “heaps of goodies” and something stronger than water—for all of which the members of the two companies are extremely thankful, no doubt; one that I know of is, at all events. Where will those that have no friends in this world go to in the next?

12 o’clock—orders to prepare two days’ rations and march at 1 o’clock. PROCK.

Army of Occupation, Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers
Baltimore and Ohio R. R., Va., Feb. 17, 1862.⁹

Friend Greene: It is forty-one miles from here to Winchester. The pike runs southeast for fifteen miles, then “obliques” to the left and pursues a due east course through a gap in the mountains known as Bloomery. There was supposed to be a force of some four or five thousand rebels, strongly fortified and entrenched at this place, and on the evening of the 13th inst. a portion of the forces encamped here marched (at precisely 4 o’clock) to dislodge them.

The 14th followed the pike four miles, then “filed left,” taking a country road hardly wide enough for two men to walk abreast. After a tedious and toilsome march of six hours, we halted to rest in a deep valley—built fires and lay on our arms for a couple of hours, till a bridge of wagons, covered with loose plank, was completed over a branch of the Capon. By one o’clock A. M. we were safely over and pushing ahead at “quick time” over the steep and slippery, snow-covered mountain. Daylight found us in sight and in the rear of ye Gap, every gun loaded and capped and the boys all eager for a fight.

Some three hundred cavalry accompanied the expedition, and were the advance guard. They returned here with information that no rebels nor sign of rebels or fortifications were to be found in the Gap, and the disappointed infantry were about to “stack arms” and prepare breakfast, when some lynx-eyed cavalryman discovered a sesesh taking observations in another direction than the one in which ’twas expected the enemy would appear. The horsemen were put in motion and charged up the pike, followed by the 14th at “double quick.” The road was muddy—the mud as stiff as well worked motar. We were weary with a night’s hard tramp and encumbered with overcoats, blankets, grub, &c., so the riders were soon out of sight and into the squad of some three hundred

⁹ *Western Sun*, March 1, 1862.

sesesh militia, who scattered to the four winds after firing one ineffectual volley.

The cavalry took some forty prisoners, amongst them a Colonel, two Captains, and two Lieutenants. Several rebels were sent "over Jordan."

Our horsemen then pushed on up the pike to capture some twelve or fifteen wagons, loaded with commissary stores, small arms, ammunition, &c. They had surrounded the wagons and turned them, when about fifty shots were fired into them from off a high and inaccessible bluff, killing two and mortally wounding a third.

Before the 14th could reach the spot the rebels were again on a full run for Winchester, twenty miles distant. Our boys started (with 39 rounds) at "double quick" through the mud, with three hundred horsemen ahead, to keep the game most effectually scared and entirely out of range. Your correspondent thought it did not pay; so, after trying it on for a mile, came down to "slow time," and took items:—Old man, about seventy, standing in a meadow a short distance from the pike, surrounded by a squad of the 14th who were questioning him. Exasperated cavalryman comes dashing back, leading the horse of his comrade who had just been killed—saddle and horse covered with blood. "Stand away, boys, and let me shoot the d—d old rebel." But the squad stood fast and the old man's life was spared.

A little boy was crying as though his very heart was broken. "Oh! they have killed my brother, and they are going to kill father, too!" His brother, like all these "bush-whackers," had fired on our men and then undertook to save his cowardly life by throwing away his gun and running into a house, but an Enfield bullet had overtaken him in his flight.

Two women, the wife and mother of a sesesh Captain of bush-whackers, were filling the air with their cries of despair and grief over his body—refusing to surrender his weapons when twice called upon to do so. A cavalryman had nearly severed him in twain by a blow from his sabre.

Corporal Thomas B. Thompson, of the "Invincibles," and one of the "Tiger Tail Mess," discovered a sesesh hid under a brush pile lying in a stream of water, and nearly frozen—made him "come to Limerick" and show where his gun was concealed.

Some dozen barrels of flour, a large lot of corn, besides rice, coffee, sugar, molasses and whisky were discovered.

The prisoners taken were "flush"—pockets full of rebel scrip, mostly twenty-five cent shinplasters, payable at Winchester. It seems there had been quite a force at this place until lately—the men having been paid off (?) All those whose term of enlistment expired had gone home, and the small force remaining fearing an attack, were preparing to leave for Winchester when our boys appeared and routed them.

A corps of sharpshooters, Massachusetts men, with heavy rifles weighing from [from] 25 to 60 pounds and telescope sights, were out with us, but never got a shot.

Altogether this was the "toughest and roughest" scout our regiment ever took.

Johnny Kelley, the smallest man and hardest "knut" in the 14th, captured a Harper's Ferry breach-loading rifle.

Joe Roseman has a Mississippi rifle.

The boys all had the "dead loads" of honey, molasses, other sweet things, and eatables, and though tired out and foot-sore, arrived in camp in the best of spirits.

The 4th Ohio boys scouting on another road captured a large rebel flag manufactured of the finest silk.

Hope the Governor¹⁰ will enjoy his furlough.

Mail just to hand. Letter for me from "Kizer." Bully!

John G. Burrill is with us again.

Am sleepy—was on guard all last night. It is raining, hailing, snowing, blowing, and there is no telling when you will hear again from

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers, Martinsburg, Va.,
March 10, 1862.¹¹

Friend Greene: Since I last wrote you many changes have taken place.

We were called out one cold, stormy day (Monday, 8d,) to pay our last respects to the remains of the brave General Lander. The ceremonies were very imposing, and the display a splendid one to *lookers on*—but three hours under arms was rather tough on us.

Wednesday, 5th inst., struck tents at 10 A. M., during a driving snow storm—marched aboard the cars, and at 4 P. M. were en-route for this city. Holes were knocked in the top of our railroad quarters—stoves put up, and the 14th passed a comfortable night on the train. Breakfasted at 7 A. M., fifty miles from our late camp at Paw Paw Tunnel. As the trains ran no further than Back Creek Station, on account of the bridge being destroyed and the track completely ripped up, we were compelled to foot it up the railroad track to North Mountain Station, five miles. Here the stars and stripes were flying, and a squad of pretty girls stood on the platform to receive the gallant Hoosiers; An American eagle in a large cage seemed to think his deliverers had come, by the way he flew around. On the flag flying over the cage was inscribed: "Presented by the ladies to the Hedgesville Blues"—and thereby hangs a tale, but 'tis too long for me to relate here.

Having halted long enough to make a cup of coffee, we again pushed on leaving the railroad track, and taking the road to Hedgesville, a small town of perhaps four hundred inhabitants—all sesesh, I fancy, for I saw no Union bunting flying.

As we marched through, the face of the country entirely changed here—large farms, hundreds of acres of cleared land, resembling a vast prairie—stone fences for miles and miles—splendid country residences—hills taking the place of the huge mountains we have never been out of sight of for seven months—heavy oak timber instead of the everlasting

¹⁰ The term "Governor" as here used was a nickname for a Vincennes soldier who had gone home on a furlough. (See end of letter of Jan. 8, above).

¹¹ *Western Sun*, March 22, 1862. Martinsburg is northeast of Winchester on the R. and O. It is about half way from the last camping place to Harper's Ferry.

pine and cedar—and everything in fact presenting an appearance of a fertile, rich and populous country, instead of the barren wastes, with here and there a cabin, that have heretofore met our eyes.

The road was ankle deep in mud and no chance for dodging it—so, by the time the regiment struck the pike, leading from Hagerstown to Winchester, some 3 miles west of this city [Martinsburg], we were weary and fatigued; but the smooth, hard pike and close proximity to our journey's end for the night, revived us and a quick step brought us into this sesesh town by 10 P. M. Vacant buildings were soon filled with tired soldiers, and your correspondent, after half an hour's "deploy" to see all that was visible by the fast waning moon-light, turned in and slept as only a tired soldier can sleep.

The rebels have left their mark here—forty-four locomotives stand on the tracks here—all a perfect wreck; a fine bridge, some 300 feet long, built on sixteen stone pillars, formerly a splendid structure, is now a heap of rubbish; two or three miles out of the city on the railroad track there is a deep run completely filled with demolished locomotives, passenger and other cars; the workshops have been stripped of all their tools and machinery, and the wonder is that they, too, were not destroyed—even the turn-tables are all gone. It would be gratifying to see the fiends that accomplished this wholesale destruction of property hanging from tall gibbets along the line of their operations.

The Union vote in this county (Berkley) was 800. Many fine residences are vacant, and all the churches, halls, and public buildings are occupied by our troops.

King and Queen streets are the two great thoroughfares, and in fact are the only finished streets in the city. There is a splendid cemetery near town, and occupying the only spot of ground from which a view of the entire place can be obtained. Stone is the principal building material.

Faulkner's residence on Queen street is altogether the most handsome one in the city, and the surroundings exhibit a display of good taste, neatness, and "style" that I have not seen equalled in Virginia.

Gen. Kimball arrived to-day—four days' rations have just been drawn—the 14th will be off again soon, I presume; if not, will send you another batch of Martinsburg items.

PROCK.

[Account of Fighting at Winchester]¹²

Having reached a strip of woods, we had to climb a fence, the balls whistling over our heads. Wounded and dead men were strewn thickly around. Once more in an open field, we formed a line and marched right up the hill—the storm of leaden hail increasing at every step. We were soon at the top—when a scene presented itself that I never will forget. Immediately in front of our whole lines, at a distance of perhaps 80 or 90 yards, was a long wreath of blue smoke settled over a low stone wall—

¹² *Western Sun*, April 12, 1862. This letter, the first portion of which was omitted by the *Sun* appeared in the same issue, but was set up after the letter of March 29, as it reached the editor later. It was published because of the "graphic description of the Winchester fight". The date is missing, but it was written before March 29 and after March 28, when the battle occurred close to Winchester. There was a later and more important battle of Winchester which occurred on May 25.

out of this a line of fire flashed constantly. Between our line and this wall the dead and wounded lay in heaps, while clustered around the stars and stripes, a few heroic blue jackets still fought desperately—some standing, some kneeling, and others lying at full length; but all apparently determined to die right there. But we had come to the rescue of these brave men, and the old 14th poured in a tremendous volley—gave a long, loud cheer—another volley, and then charged the “stone wall brigade” with the bayonet. In a moment the rebels were scattered and flying in all directions, save one—their right wing, resting on one of their batteries, stood their ground for a moment and fought desperately with our left.

I saw Sergeant-Major Tom Bailey pitch forward full length, and thought the brave fellow had “gone under;” but up he jumped, snatched his Enfield, and began loading it.

Finding the Hoosiers too much for them, the rebels attempted to draw off their battery; but the riders were shot as fast as they mounted, and finally there were no horses to mount.

Our cavalry on the extreme right were cutting and shooting, and our whole regiment, every man fighting on his own hook, was swiftly advancing up a long, steep hill. Each man, as he reached the top, commenced firing from behind rocks and trees. In a few moments a brigade of fresh troops marched up in good order to the top of this hill, and again a storm of balls swept over our boys; but nothing daunted, they stood their ground, and with colors to the front fought as men should fight who battle for the right.

For half an hour, the tempest of bullets swept through, around and over us—when all at once Lieutenant Colonel Foster, of the 13th Indiana, galloped up and spoke a few words to our acting Adjutant. Looking around I saw the gallant 13th with colors flying swiftly marching to support us. In a moment more they poured in a volley—then another and another, and again the rebels took to their heels.

The sun had set and darkness gathered over the battle-field.

Every man of the rebel Jackson’s army would have been slain or captured could two more hours of daylight have been spared for our troops.

Our regiment with the rest remained on the field or battle all night without fires.

Parties of men were engaged during the whole night searching for wounded soldiers. Signal lights were flashing in the distance; but, save the rumbling of the ambulance wheels or the neighing of restive horses, no sound disturbed the solemn stillness around.

At early dawn the regiments, or fragments rather, were formed and ammunition distributed.

Co. G counted off 16 men, but reinforcements continued to arrive during the morning, and by noon we had doubled the number.

Monday we marched after the flying rebels—our artillery opening upon them from every hill top, and cavalry charging from every cross-road.

Many were sent to their long homes—a number wounded, and several prisoners taken during the day.

On Tuesday, having pursued the sesesh several miles beyond Strasburg, we about faced and returned to this place [Strasburg].

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers, Strasburg, Va.,
March 29, 1862.¹³

Friend Greene: We are all quiet now, after the terrible battle near Winchester, (of which you have no doubt long since given the particulars) and are hugely enjoying this bright, warm spring day.

This is certainly a beautiful location for a town—the north branch of the Shenandoah, a narrow, deep, swift stream, runs past the town site, on the eastward, following the base of a tall, dark cedar-covered spur of the Blue Ridge. The surrounding country is a succession of large, oval-shaped hills—the fences stone, and although the soil is decidedly rocky and full of grit (which the inhabitants seem to lack), nevertheless the wheat crop looks well. There is abundant evidence that properly farmed these hills would yield rich harvests.

There is a Boston lady in town who has been trying to get home for a year. The stars and stripes were a welcome sight to her.

Of what is going on in the world outside we soldiers know nothing. The Commissary has fed us on side meat and crackers till we are tired of it—no vegetables or fresh meat for weeks past.

Three of Co. G. were wounded in the late battle; Corporal James H. Simposon, in the arm; privates John P. Connelly, through the hand, and Michael Mulrille [in] the leg.

Hairbreadth escapes were numerous. Amos Edmonson, of our company, had two guns struck from his hands by the enemy's balls. Paul Truckey was as wild as a deer, and ran headlong after the rebels as a dog would chase a rabbit, loading and firing as he went.

The two color bearers were shot down but other equally brave fellows carried the two banners to the front.

Many trophies have been captured, but a soldier that endeavors to do his duty has no time to look after plunder.

I saw dozens of rebels throw down their arms, the better to augment their flight. At times a squad of a dozen would be seen hastening away together. A volley from the pursuing Hoosiers would be poured in, and not a running rebel escape.

One round each of grape and cannister was poured into us from a twelve-pounder, but before the rebels could load again the Enfields of our gallant left wing had sent all the gunners over Jordan.

Acting Adjutant Robert F. Catterson had his horse shot from under him, and seizing a gun, fought on foot.

The sesesh were well clad, but no two dressed alike. Their "stone wall brigade" fought well, having advantage of ground and being partially protected, but the go-ahead Hoosiers "went in" without any other

¹³ *Western Sun*, April 12, 1862. Strasburg is located about twenty miles southwest of Winchester.

thought or intention than to come out winners, and win they did—though 'twas by the very hardest kind of fighting.

The 110th Pennsylvania (Tom Thumb regiment) ran like dogs from a few shell that burst near them.

Supper had been prepared in Winchester for Jackson and his staff. During the advance of his forces towards Winchester, the ladies in all the small towns turned out and presented milk, pies, cakes, &c., to the rebel soldiers, but next day there were no luxuries for the poor devils, and had there been they would not have had time to more than grab 'em.

Dress parade-call beating! Off! Adieu!

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Three Miles South-west of Woodstock,
Va., Saturday April 5th, 1862.¹⁴

Friend Greene: For the past few days we have been encamped without tents in the woods, within a few hundred yards of the pike—the location an excellent one, weather delightful and the boys of the 14th never enjoying better health or seemingly in higher spirits.

On the 1st day of April we left our tents and knapsacks at Strausbourg, and with a couple of days' rations in our haversacks, took a by-road to the right of the pike, acting as flankers to General Banks. Advanced slowly, capturing two of Ashby's cavalry, and about noon entered Woodstock from the west side—quite a pretty little village—a few very handsome residences. Several of our cannon balls and shells had left their mark on the dwellings.

We pushed on—passed a camping ground where the rebels had once had a large force—crossed a bridge over a small tributary of the Shenandoah, the timbers still smoking from the attempt made by the sesesh to destroy it. The vandals succeeded in destroying the bridge across the Shenandoah at Edinburg, and our troops are now rebuilding it. The sesesh pickets occasionally come out of the woods and fire at our boys, but so far without effect; sometimes they haul out a "bull dog" and open on us with shell, but never fire over one round till our batteries (always wide awake) compel them to return to cover. Every hour in the day may be heard the roar of artillery and bursting of shells.

Some of the 13th and 14th Indiana with their Enfields obtained leave to go over and shoot at a squad of rebel horsemen that appeared the other day across the stream. Away went the Hoosiers and presently the rifles were popping, and three of the saddles were emptied. The infantry now advanced and the skirmish waxed warm, and might have terminated in a general battle, but Gen. Banks came down and had the Hoosiers called back.

Our Sutler is here with a pretty large stock of good things, which he is disposing of at California prices.

The boys are engaged in signing the "pay-rolls," and I presume Captain "Cash" is on hand.

¹⁴ *Western Sun*, April 19, 1862. Woodstock is southwest of Strasburg on the road to New Market.

Colonel Nathan Kimball is; I see, promoted to a Brigadier General. I trust the 14th will be attached to his brigade during the war.

Some "fighting stock" left in the Old Post yet, it seems. Pity there is not a shooting-gallery in town.

The Governor¹⁵ has joined the regiment again—looks better than I ever saw him—gave me some rich accounts of scenes in and around Vincennes—says "things" are all O. K. in America.

Assisted the Sergeant Major in disposing of the contents a certain tin can contained, sent him by William Curtain.

Friends at home must not grumble if the letters they receive from soldiers are few and far between. We march to-day, fight to-morrow, and march again; leaving baggage behind. Frequently it is a week before it comes to hand, and then, tired, foot-sore, and weary perhaps, do not feel like writing.

Charles Otto Mittler, James Bower, and James McMullen, who have been absent sick in the hospital at Cumberland, Md.; returned to the company this morning. Glad to welcome them. Joseph Wilmer, Thomas H. C. Beale, Albert Wicks, and Asher W. Foster are still behind—the two former at Federick, and the latter at Strausburg.

Some of the 67th Ohio boys kicked a sesesh shell in their camp fire this morning when it exploded, slightly wounding four of that regiment and knocking down one of the 14th, who rising to his feet, gave the frightened Buckeyes a tall cursing that was heard all over camp.

Yours, right side up, PROCK.

P. S.—Heard the General¹⁶ had opened a picture gallery. Success to ye artist. He can soon get his "hand in" at anything. P.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Near New Market, April 26th, '62.¹⁷

Friend Greene: More than a week since, on a cold, wet day, Captain Cash settled with the regiment, and the boys were made to rejoice—having four months' pay jingling in their pockets. Same day, late in the afternoon, a detachment of the 14th, under command of Captain Coons, started on a scout to Columbia Furnace, a small town almost buried in the mountain. About a dozen houses, filled with boys and girls of "both sexes", and women of all ages, sizes, colors and complexion,—these last were apparently overjoyed to see the troops—declared in favor of the Union and certainly by their treatment of our boys proved their assertions true. The detachment was lothe to leave this fairy abode.

Fifty-seven of Ashby's Cavalry, sixty horses, two wagon loads of bacon, and one of small arms were captured during the expedition. The Ringgold Cavalry (the best we have) assisted in the capture.

Another detachment left camp at 5, P. M., Wednesday, the 15th instant, to flank Jackson's position at Mount Jackson.

Precisely at 11 o'clock, that same night, the third detachment under command of Capt. Williamson (Co. F.) moved down the pike and crossed

¹⁵ See footnote 10, above.

¹⁶ The term "General" as here used applied to some citizen of Vincennes.

¹⁷ *Western Sun*, April 26, 1862. New Market is located in the upper Shenandoah Valley, about fifty miles southwest of Winchester.

the bridge beyond Edinburg. Your correspondent being attached to this squad through the day, will note down a few of the items:—Once over on the Sesesh side of the Shenandoah, we advanced cautiously, the moon shining brightly—night cold and clear. Presently, bang went half a dozen muskets, the balls whistling over and around us. Without returning the fire, we pushed on—half a mile more gained, when the rebel pickets again opened on us. This time the 14th burnt powder, and charging the rascals, succeeded in capturing three prisoners. Long before daylight the bridges ahead were set on fire. We were not fired into again till sun rise, two miles from Mount Jackson. Our squad and the 67th Ohio, deployed as skirmishers, advancing through a wheat field, when half a dozen horsemen rode out of the woods, a half mile in front, and a twelve pound howitzer was soon brought to bear on us. I distinctly saw the gunner as he jerked the lanyard. Bang! And whiz! comes a well-aimed shell, bursting some ten feet in advance of our line and throwing dirt and gravel all over us, almost before he had time to “drap.” Four more of these “top o’ the mornin’ till ye’s” were fired in quick succession, bursting over and around us, a fragment breaking the wrist of one private in the 67th. By this time 500 of our cavalry had come up and charged the gun squad and its support of rebel horsemen. With a parting shot at the blue jackets, Mr. Sesesh “limbered up” and put off at double-quick—think ’tis somewhat doubtful whether he has halted yet.

It is said that one of the artillery riders in the retreat from Winchester never pulled rein till he reached Staunton.

This is the *last* sight your correspondent has had of a Sesesh.

Our advance regiments are beyond Harrisonburg.¹⁸

Mount Jackson is decidedly a one-horse place; ditto New Market; but there is no discount on the country residences and farms surrounding them in the vicinity.

Two days ago, two scouts belonging to the 13th Indiana, while returning from a visit to the valley beyond, discovered fresh horse tracks leading from the pike directly up the mountain. Following, they came upon a Captain and Lieutenant of Ashby’s Cavalry. Both parties fired—the Lieutenant fell dead, shot through the head; the Captain jumped off his horse and escaped by running down a deep ravine. The boys captured two fine horses, some valuable papers and a large spy-glass, with which the rebels no doubt proposed to take a view of our camps.

Banks (so John Dunkle, of the 13th Band informed me) gave the scouts \$20 each.

Our regiment is once more together—this is the first time the 14th had to march towards the enemy by reliefs—hope ’twill be the last.

Last Saturday night we camped out in an open field, nothing but the blue sky above us. Sunday, moved into a strip of woods, when it began to rain and poured down for forty-eight hours without cessation. We were short of rations, many without their blankets, and all without tents. Monday and Tuesday were dreary days. Wednesday sun came out bright—tents came up, and we were soon snugly quartered.

¹⁸ Harrisonburg is about seventeen miles southwest of Harrisonburg, not far west of the southern end of Massanutten Mountain.

To-day 'tis snowing like fury.

Josiah J. Dunn, of Co. G, is quite ill at Woodstock. Recent exposure and hardship has increased our sick list.

The boys are talking of getting up a club for the SUN. No trouble in procuring a score of subscribers in the two Vincennes companies—the only difficulty is, would the papers be allowed to come. Have not seen one for three weeks, and know they are mailed regularly. Army mails are uncertain, I know—cannot be otherwise where regiments are so constantly on the move; nevertheless, a man ought to receive one paper out of six, which is more than your correspondent can boast of.

Glad the General is once more on duty. Has the commission and forwarding business played out? Truly yours,
PROCK.

Camp 14th Regiment, April 28.¹⁹

Friend Greene: Orders came for the 14th to march again at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, and we moved towards Staunton once more and encamped within seven miles of Harrisonburg.

The 14th is "rolling in clover," as we have pitched tents in a big sesesh clover-field—a deep and rapid brook rushes boiling and seething through the centre, and the boys are splashing about in it by the score.

This being a bright, clear day, (the first one for a week) the boys are excused from drill and allowed to "spread themselves" (and blankets) in the warm sunshine—wash clothing, &c.

Corporal d'Ewald, who has been detailed since the battle of Winchester to assist in the hospital there, re-joined the regiment this morning. He reports Michael Mullville fast recovering from his wound; says John P. Connelly had left that place for Frederick, but getting off the cars at Sandy Hook Station, has not been heard of since.

Major L. A. Foote; Capt. Thos. G. Williamson, Co. F; and Capt. T. C. Howard, Co. A, bid us farewell at the last camp, and are on their march homeward, all having resigned.

Sergeant John E. Hutchins, Co. B, has just returned from the Cumberland hospital. He reports Corporal Wm. H. Javins, Co. G, still quite ill in the hospital there.

Private John Racine, of Co. B, formerly from Cathilnette, has been court martialed for robbery, &c., and sentenced to six months' hard labor, without remuneration therefor—his pay for the last four months also stopped.

I drew a ration of flour to-day—the first for a "month of Sundays," and Paul Truckey, officer of the cook-house for Co. T, "Tiger Tail Mess," proposes serving a "heavy surge" of Cheat Mountain Summit slap-jacks for dinner.

The following members of Co. G, 14th Indiana Volunteers, are now absent sick:

Corporal James H. Simpson, home on furlough; Corporal Wm. H. Javins, in hospital at Cumberland, Md.; Private Thos. H. C. Beale, in hospital at Winchester, Va.; Private John P. Donnelly; Private Josiah J. Dunn, in hospital at Woodstock, Va.; Private Asher W. Foster, in

¹⁹ *Western Sun*, May 10, 1862.

hospital at Strasburg, Va.; Private Michael Mullville, in hospital at Winchester, Va.; Private Cephas McDonald, in hospital at Woodstock, Va.; Private Joseph Wilmer in hospital at Martinsburg, Va.

"On the wing." Yours, truly,

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Five miles South of New Market, April 29.²⁰

[*Friend Greene*:] We are now five miles farther into the "heart of the Valley of the Shenandoah."

Cephus McDonald, who I mentioned in my last as absent sick at Woodstock, has rejoined the "Invincibles," all O.K.

The band of a Maine regiment, having played a few tunes for a public celebration at Martinsburg, had the "cheek" to pass around "de sasser." D—n these "Down East," money-loving, Yankee band-box, Provost Guard regiments! Dressed out in full rig, with all the extra (*brass*) touches on, and polished boots, they take possession of the little towns along our line of march, *as fast as we run the rebels out*—strut about like turkey gobblers, with guns that have never fired a shot at sesesh (nor never will), and woe to the unlucky soldier that is absent from his quarters without a permit—"halt--ah! What regiment—ah?" "Fourteenth Indiana, damn you!" "Got a pass—ah!" "No!" "Fall in the rear—ah!"

Marching through New Market a day or two ago, these holiday soldiers caught thunder.

As the regiment marches rapidly through a town filled with soldiers, 'tis amusing to hear the welcomes and "parting words" of acquaintances—remarks from the idlers and men in the ranks. "There goes the old Fourteenth Cheat Mountain Zouaves!" "Yes," adds another; "those thirteen, mile-an-hour fellows."

Some soldier near the head of the column catches sight of a "familiar face" (likely one of the 13th with whom he has been on picket.) "How are you, Jake?" And "How are you, Jake," goes clear down the column.

Not having heard a cannon fire for more than a week, I presume that the rebels are a long way off—perhaps entirely gone out of this valley.

If any part of Virginia is worth fighting for 'tis this—never saw finer farms.

May date from Staunton next. Hope so—want to see that town. Adieu!

Truly, yours,

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Mountain Pass, Opposite New Market,
Va., Friday night, May 9, 1862.²¹

Friend Greene: Last Monday, at 7 A. M., we struck tents and moved five miles north. Having again encamped, disposed of supper, smoked our pipes, and retired for the night, we were suddenly summoned to hasten to the assistance of the 13th, who had been attacked on 'tother

²⁰ *Ibid.*

²¹ *Ibid.*, May 24, 1862.

side the mountain, leaving everything but shooting-irons and ammunition behind. Off we marched at midnight, and by two A. M. had made eight miles, when halting to rest, we were notified that 'twas a false alarm. Wagons with tents, baggage, and grub came up and here we have been ever since.

To-day tents were struck, packed up, and sent off to Strausburg. All extra baggage ditto, men unable to endure the fatigues of a march ditto. Company "G" sent two—John Harvey and Alexander McRae.

I am writing in the open air by star and star-candle light, sitting on my knapsack, and using my canteen for a table.

We are destined to reinforce McDowell, I understand, and take up our line of march eastward to-morrow night.

I was down town to-day with Sergeant Jackson. New Market is a miserable old rookery; one sesesh store (open), a jeweler's shop, post office ("in the house"), nary hotel, and a very neat "skule" house *in operation*.

Wonderful!—Considerable excitement was manifested by the feminine portion of this sesesh community. Squads of 'em (some confounded good looking ones, too,) were on "dress parade." On enquiry was told that 'twas rumored the great "What is It?" was in town.

By the way; this reminds me of a "grape-vine" that has reached camp from the Old Post [Vincennes], to the effect that a certain near-sighted gent, who wears gold specs and occasionally rakes cat-gut for pay, being on the hunt of this same "animile," unarmed and alone, was suddenly fired upon by the "pickets," and narrowly escaped a "watery grave."

Well, I for one am rejoiced that we are off for Richmond. The Fourteenth will make her mark if occasion offers. Nothing but bone, sinew, and grit left now, so the rebels had better not run afoul of us. There will be some "tall" marching (perhaps some fighting, too,) accomplished by this regiment before the middle of May.

John J. P. Blinn, for some months past acting as Assistant Adjutant General to General Kimball, has, at his own request, returned to the regiment, and again resumed his duties. Thrice welcome is our good-looking, gentlemanly and accomplished adjutant!

I send this by Joseph Roseman, Fifer of Company "G," who returns home to-morrow on a thirty days' furlough.

Yours—from 'tother side the Blue Ridge next time (I hope)—

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Cedar Run, Orange & Alexandria, R. R., Va.,
Tuesday, May 20, 1862.²²

Friend Greene: On the morning of the 12th we marched over a spur of the Alleghanies,²³ crossed the main branch of the Shenandoah, and

²² *Ibid.*, May 31, 1862.

²³ The mountain between New Market and Luray is Massanutten Mountain which lies between the North and South forks of the Shenandoah. It is not a spur of the Alleghanies. The South Fork of the Shenandoah occupies the valley between this mountain and the Blue Ridge.

encamped for the night one mile east of Luray. The town, though a county seat, is exceedingly diminutive and scarcely worthy of a name, though there were no lack of Virginia lassies and mulatoes, decked out in gorgeous colors, to gaze upon the "Yankees."

Tuesday, 13th, marched twenty miles—passed the night on the banks of ye Shenandoah, in the rushing waters of which the 14th indulged in a general bath.

Wednesday, started in the rain, and marched to Front Royal,²⁴ eight miles, where we remained till Friday (May 16th) at noon, when we again "pulled out" and reached the foot of the Blue Ridge, which famous mountain range we crossed at noon next day and passed the night at the "Woollen Mills," 16 miles farther east.

Sunday, May 18th, passed through Warrenton²⁵ (pretty women and "yallah ghals" were "plenty as blackberries") and encamped four miles beyond.

Monday, 19th, marched through General Duryea's Camp, and stacked arms on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, forty miles from Alexandria.²⁶

Company "G" has lost no men on the long march—all are ready and willing to fight.

Saw a Philadelphia Enquirer, of the 19th; first paper for 10 days.

Duryea's men have never heard a bullet whistle. They are all "deown" Easters—regular Yankees—but will no doubt fight well, nevertheless, as there has been no discount of the New Englanders since the battle of Bull's Run.

Drew three days' rations to-day—leave to-morrow, I presume.

In haste, yours truly,

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Front Royal, Va., Wednesday,
June 19th, [18th] 1862.²⁷

Friend Greene: Left camp near Luray Sunday at noon—marched eight miles—next day reached this camp, a distance of eighteen miles.

Yesterday we drew three day' rations, with nearly one day's rations of "soft tack" (baker's bread) "thrown in"—some McDowell's men had left behind.

²⁴ Front Royal is at the junction of the North and South forks of the Shenandoah near the northern end of Massanutten Mountain. The town is about twenty-five miles northeast of Luray. Front Royal was a station on the Manassas Gap R. R. leading over the Blue Ridge at Manassas Gap (a few miles east of Front Royal) and running to Manassas Junction.

²⁵ Warrenton is in the Virginia Piedmont, not far southwest of the Bull Run battlefield.

²⁶ Alexandria is a little way south of Washington on the Potomac. The Orange and Alexandria R. R. ran southwestward from Alexandria through Manassas and Gordonsville, to Charlottesville. A line ran from Charlottesville over the Blue Ridge by Rockfish Gap to Staunton and on to Covington, Virginia. A line also connected Charlottesville with Lynchburg, through which passed the railway joining Richmond and Petersburg with Chattanooga, an extremely important line during the Civil War.

²⁷ *Western Sun*, July 5, 1862. Having moved into the Virginia Piedmont during the latter part of May, the Fourteenth Indiana and other troops were sent back over the Blue Ridge to Luray in a very short time. They again marched to Front Royal, from which point they were sent eastward a second time to participate in McClellan's Peninsular campaign.

Caps, blouses, pants, drawers, shirts, socks, shoes, &c., are being distributed.

The paymaster is on hand and our regiment is drawing its share of "green backs and shiners" from Uncle Sam—two months' pay for March and April.

We have an excellent camping ground—wood and water abundant, and convenient weather—cool and pleasant. The boys are enjoying it hugely, and well they may—none deserve clothes, food and rest more than the soldiers of Shields'²⁸ division.

I received by mail yesterday two packages of the Weekly Sun. Welcome, thrice welcome news from home!

Norman R. Huey, private in Captain McClure's company (E) Third Indiana Cavalry, formerly Capt. Huey, Company B. Old Post Guards, was in camp yesterday—is a married man now. He looks well.

The Third is one of those lucky or unlucky regiments that has never seen service—have been acting as mounted patrols in and around Washington, D. C. They are now attached to this division.

Four thousand cavalry passed through Front Royal yesterday.

Some of the batteries of Shields' division are being shipped on the cars to-day.

The "talk" is that we (the First brigade) go by rail to Alexandria, but not a man in the Fourteenth believes it.

Major Martin has resigned and gone home, I am told.

Will. Dunn has not reached the regiment yet.

Truly, yours,

PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Bristol Station, Orange & Alexandria
R. R., June 19th [-24th] 1862.²⁹

Friend Greene: My last to you was written on the 18th.

June 19th, was a very hot day, passed the most of it "under canvas," reading a novel, the pages of which were greasy enough to make soap of. In the afternoon drew a ration of "lengthened sweetness, long drawn out—(i. e., "lasses")—can eat about six of 'em at one meal on "soft tack"—*they* were of an excellent quality and duly appreciated by the Fourteenth.

June 20th—struck tents, packed knapsacks, filled haversacks with three days' rations. All of this was done in fifteen minutes' notice. We were hurried up as though Jackson with 150,000 rebels was within an hour's march of camp.

June 21st—Starting at 7 o'clock, by eleven we had "knocked off" thirteen miles over one of Western Virginia's roughest roads—halted here for baggage train to come up.

June 22nd—Off at noon; reached Salem at sundown. Alf. Smith, one of the "Tiger Tail Mess", had succeeded in securing a supply of

²⁸ General James Shields, earlier a Senator from Illinois.

²⁹ *Western Sun*, July 5, 1862. The several entries in this letter were made on different days while the troops were moving toward Washington, that is, to Alexandria.

corn bread, fresh butter, and sweet milk. To these luxuries your hungry correspondent done ample justice.

June 23d—The Fourteenth will not forget this day's march soon. Twenty-five miles without a pause worth mentioning—day hot and sultry. At sundown a tremendous storm of wind and rain burst upon us, whilst about the centre of a vast plain, no shelter of any kind. A halt was called, and we "stood at ease."

A small creek or "run" in advance soon became a raging torrent and farther progress was out of the question for that day. Pity! for the *two hundred* of our regiment that still remained in ranks felt as though they could march to hell if it was necessary—never felt the want of a good horn of "Old Bourbon" so much in all my life—do not think there was a man *in ranks* but could have "done" a pint without winking. The ration of this article is not equally distributed; consequently the rank and file are killing all the horses in the division by compelling them to keep up on these forced marches. Their carcasses are thicker (along our line of march for two months past) than mile stones.

June 24th—Started early and reached this station [Bristol] at noon, flanking the deep and rapid "run." Hardly had we pitched our tents when another fierce storm swept over us, and the ground being low those that were not turned inside out by the wind (tents I mean) were flooded by the rushing waters.

Michael Mullville, wounded in skirmish on Cheat Mountain—also, again at the battle of Winchester, returned to duty again to-day. The "Bowery Mess," Co. G, were rejoiced to meet their old messmate again.

David Doyle, left by us at Strausburg on the 1st of April, detailed to cook in hospital and taken prisoner by Jackson, who released him on parole, came down on the train to get his "muster-out," papers and some cash.

Our Sutler is on hand with a large stock—prices to suit the times.

Yours in a good humor, once again, with all the world and the rest of mankind, &c. PROCK.

Camp of the 14th Indiana Volunteers,
Four Miles North of Harrison's
Landing, James River, Advance of McClellan's Army,
Wednesday, July 8th, [July 9th] 1862.⁸⁰

Friend Greene: Last Sunday week [June 29th] the Fourteenth left Bristol Station, O. & A. R. R., and at 1 o'clock P. M. reached Alexandria, having enjoyed a short but exceedingly pleasant ride by rail of forty miles. The road runs through a succession of deep ravines and extensive swamps, and the scenery is anything but picturesque.

We lay at Manassas Junction for an hour, during which time the boys bought hot pies, ginger bread, cheese, and cigars by the quantity.

⁸⁰ *Western Sun*, July 19, 1862. If the letter was written on Wednesday, the date was July 9th. Harrison's Landing was on the north side of the James River about twenty-five or thirty miles below Richmond. The troops arrived in Alexandria on June 29, but reached Harrison's Landing on July 1, the day of the Battle of Malvern Hill. Just before the seven days of fighting that ended on July 1, McClellan had made Harrison's Landing his base of operations.

Slight showers during the trip only served to render it the more agreeable, although the majority of us took "deck passage."

The train moved slowly through the city, [Alexandria] affording a fine view of the place and its surroundings—forts on the one hand, river and shipping on the other. Stacked arms in a small meadow; a camp guard was detailed and posted, and an order issued for no man to leave camp unless for wood and water, as in all probability we would ship on a transport for Fortress Monroe at 4 o'clock, but men who had been outside of civilization for a twelve month could not be kept in camp, and in less than an hour two-thirds of the Fourteenth were outside the guard line, in search of *wood and water*, or climbing tall trees to get a peep at Washington City.

Corporal James H. Simpson and a recruit joined the company here.

Your correspondent and the Colonel's Orderly, Rob't d'Ewald, visited the town to obtain, if possible, a few *ice creams*, &c.,—succeeded admirably—the creams were deliciously cooked, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Alexandria *soda water*; it is "powerful strong," and I would advise all friends visiting that city to partake freely thereof if they wish to obtain extensive views and command the respect and admiration of the Provost Guards. "Squad, halt! What division?" "None of your business, Mr. Band-box." Guards pass on, with the remark—"Shields' division, I'll bet. How dirty they look."

After disposing of an excellent dinner, washing down the crumbs with "a few more soda water," we spent an hour in perambulating Zig Zag street, apparently the fashionable thoroughfare. Purchased quite a curiosity in the shape of a pair of the justly celebrated frog hair gloves, an article only to be duly appreciated by those who have worn 'em. Hearing the city clock beating off retreat, hastened through a densely crowded street, known as the "Seventeen Alleys," where you have to dodge two-horse drays, leap over hogs, dogs, wheel-barrows, and slippery cellar doors, past man and wife, shut gates, walk for yards on molasses and tar barrels kick nail kegs and knock impudent-looking culled persons right and left, elbow through crowds, and squeeze and curse your way to camp.

Was just in time to march with the regiment *all over town* to find the pier where the Columbia transport lay waiting to receive us—boarded her, and with the wheel-house for a pillow was soon sound asleep. At sunrise, having refreshed myself with a few drops of "soda-water" from the canteen of a comrade, I established my headquarters for the trip in front of the pilot house, where first sights could be obtained of the broad river, covered with all manner of sailing craft.³¹

PROCK.

³¹ The Fourteenth Indiana was included among troops that were transported from Alexandria down the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay to Fortress Monroe and up the James River to Harrison's Landing on the York Peninsula. The Peninsular Campaign really ended just as the Fourteenth Indiana arrived. McClellan's job after July 1, 1862, was not to take Richmond but to get his army out of danger.