

Stones River

Negley's Div, Miller's Bde
Round Forest

*This book is dedicated to the U. S. Infantryman
Wheresoever and Whenever ...*

**LETTERS FROM THE
FRONT**

***A Union "Preacher" Regiment
(74th Ohio) in the Civil War***

by

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December 30, 1862 (Tuesday)

Moved within 2½ miles of Murfreesboro. Considerable of shooting on pickets this morning. Rained all night.

December 31, 1862 (Wednesday)

Very heavy Battle. Heavy cannonading all day. Killed and Wounded great many.

Gen. Braxton Bragg's Confederate army was encountered in and around the village of Murfreesboro.

Pvt. Ira S. Owens, from his vantage point in Company C, described General Rosecrans' approach in more detail:

On the 26th of December 1862, General Rosencranz [*sic*] marched from Camp Hamilton, in three columns toward Murfreesboro; General McCook with the right division, by the Nolensville pike; General Thomas with the center, by the Wilson [Wilkinson] pike; and General Crittenden with the left on the main Murfreesboro road. The country was hilly and rough, with thickets of cedar, intersected by small streams, with rocky, bluff banks. The road was rough, and muddy, and it was only by the utmost efforts that the teams could be got through. General Negley, our division commander, frequently alighting from his horse, pulling off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, would assist the teamsters in pulling through. Several times Colonel Moody would become impatient, urging us on as we struggled through the mud and rain, telling us that the fight would be over before we got there, as ever and anon we could hear the boom of cannon in advance of us. But I guess the Colonel got enough of it.²

Col. John F. Miller, commanding the Third Brigade (formerly known as the Seventh), took position in a field on the right of the Nashville Pike, in rear of Brig. Gen. John M. Palmer's line and bivouacked for the night of December 30. The brigade, composed of the Thirty-seventh Indiana (Col. James Hull), the Twenty-first Ohio (Lieut. Col. James M. Neibling), the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania (Col. William Sirwell), and the Seventy-fourth Ohio, shifted to a position on the right of General Palmer's division during the night.

2. Owens, *Greene Co. Soldiers in the Late War*, p. 28.

Dawn found the troops on the edge of a dense cedar woods, fronting to the south-east.³

Colonel Miller sent skirmishers from the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania and the Thirty-seventh Indiana forward, and then as Brig. Gen. Phillip Sheridan's division came up on the right these skirmishers were withdrawn.⁴

On the morning of December 31, Miller's brigade was positioned to the right, or south, of the Nashville Turnpike and was wedged in between General McCook's corps (Sheridan's division) to the right and Brig. Gen. Charles Cruft's brigade of Brig. Gen. John M. Palmer's division to the left.

This deployment placed the Seventy-fourth Ohio almost in the center of the Union line of battle.

Bragg's plan of attack was to hit the Federal right (McCook) at daybreak and, by attacking in echelon, roll up the Federal line from its right to its left. Rosecrans' plan of attack was identical. But Bragg struck first.

In command of Bragg's left wing was Lieut. Gen. William J. Hardee, the same Hardee who had written the infantry drill manual used by the Seventy-fourth back at Camp Chase. Hardee's two divisions, screened by a heavy fog, struck McCook's corps at breakfast. McCook's entire corps, although firing rapidly, was driven back almost four miles. As a result of this retrograde movement, Miller's brigade was gradually committed to action.

Colonel Miller had established his line: the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania on the right, at the brow of a small hill; the Thirty-seventh Indiana on the right-center; Moody's men formed the left center, behind a rail fence; and the Twenty-first Ohio, farther to the left, was positioned in a thicket fronting the enemy's works to the southeast.⁵

A person living about six miles from the battle described the noise of battle, "It sounded like the breaking of millions of sticks, and the cannons boomed like a trip hammer sounds over a stubborn piece of heated iron. Then followed the

3. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, pp. 431, 432. (Cited hereinafter as *O. R.*)

4. *O. R.*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, p. 431.

5. *O. R.*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, p. 432.

w-o-o-o-o-ing of the solid shot, the w-h-i-z-z-i-n-g, w-h-i-n-i-n-g howl of a shell, as with a shuck tied to it."⁶

Sheridan's men, fighting stubbornly, grimly yielded ground and retreated in and past Miller's rear.

General Rosecrans was quick to repair the damage by borrowing troops from wherever his staff could find them. His patchwork deployment slowed the Confederate onslaught.

Those troops of McCook's corps who had not been routed were running out of ammunition. Overheard were shouts, "For God's sake, get us ammunition!"⁷ Reserve supplies of ammunition were no closer than the Nashville Pike, in Crittenden's rear, which was then the Federal extreme left. Col. Frederick Shaefer's brigade of Sheridan's division, with empty cartridge boxes, calmly fixed bayonets and awaited their antagonists.⁸

The Confederate attackers, having paused briefly to re-form their assault line and to bring up ammunition, came on again. It was now mid-morning. Their brilliant advance, though costly, was succeeding. Then, as the Federal right melted away, the storm burst over the Fighting Parson's regiment. It was assailed by first Patton Anderson's brigade and then Alexander Stewart's Tennesseans.

General Sheridan had barely pulled his third brigade back when General Jones M. Withers' Rebels crashed into the Federal brigades of Timothy R. Stanley, John F. Miller, and Charles Cruft.⁹

Colonel Miller received orders from General Negley to hold his position to the last—with his line arranged in convex order. Schultz's Battery (M, 1st Ohio) was on his right and Ellsworth's Battery (B, Kentucky) on his left. Miller fought his brigade magnificently though he had been seriously wounded in the neck.¹⁰

In the midst of a deadly Confederate attack, a muddled staff officer handed Colonel Sirwell of the Seventy-eighth

6. Ridley, *Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 150.

7. Stevenson, *The Battle of Stone's River Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.*, p. 67.

8. Kniffen, "The Battle of Stone's River." In: *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, (Johnson & Buel, Eds.), Vol. III, p. 620.

9. Stevenson, *The Battle of Stone's River Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.*, p. 81.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 82.

Pennsylvania an order directing the regiment to fall back. Sirwell promptly obeyed, and moved his men back by about twenty rods. This gap in the brigade formation could have caused disaster. The sharp-eyed Miller galloped to the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania and quickly brought it back into line.¹¹

The fighting at and near the Federal center grew into such fury that the roar deadened men's senses. Some men stooped and picked up cotton bolls from the ground and packed their ears with the cotton.¹²

During this fighting, men of the Twenty-first Ohio chattered at each other, yelling over the roar, "Cap, do you want to see that man come out of that saddle?" "Yes," yelled the captain; (a shot was lost in the roar) and the saddle was emptied. "He'll never kill any more Yanks."¹³

The Confederates came on, through and over piles of their own dead and wounded.

After one wave of "Rebs" was shot down in its tracks Colonel Neibling of the Twenty-first Ohio passed along his regiment and exclaimed, "My G—d boys! we gave 'em H-ll, didn't we?"¹⁴ The regiment then fought off a deadly bayonet attack, and then the fate of some of McCook's corps caught up with Miller's men—ammunition ran short. After making use of cartridges and caps rifled from the dead and wounded, Miller's brigade began to yield. General Negley, believing Colonel Miller's brigade almost surrounded, ordered it to fall back.

As he headed for the rear, one of the boys in the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania observed a brave act: "One of the boys witnessed as we entered the cedar woods in our retreat was an artilleryman trying to haul his gun off the field with one horse, the other five having been killed. One wheel of the gun carriage had become fastened between two rocks and the brave artilleryman was trying with a rail to pry it

11. *Ibid.*

12. Kniffen, "The Battle of Stone's River." In: *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, (Johnson & Buel, Eds.) Vol. III, p. 629.

13. Canfield, *History of the 21st Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the War of the Rebellion*, p. 73.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 74.

out. Though the withdrawal was reasonably orderly, it found the troops retiring all the way to the Nashville Pike. Things were going badly for Rosecrans. As one soldier observed, "How we got back through the cedars I can never tell, except we walked—we didn't run."¹⁵

Twenty years after the battle, Granville Moody, the Fighting Parson, wrote of these events:

I made for myself a bed between two massive rocks, about eight feet long and four feet apart. I cut cedar boughs, and laid them in the bottom three feet deep for a bed. I piled up rocks, say four feet high, with cedar rails for a bed-bottom, and then put cedar boughs on the rails, and thus had a nice bed, with a wagon-cover overhead; where I said my prayers, and slept soundly till eleven o'clock P.M. At that hour a staff officer rode up to my regimental guard-line, and my guard halted him.

'Halt! Who comes there?' 'Friend, with the counter-sign.' It was given over my guard's extended gun and bayonet. 'Where is Colonel Moody?' 'He is sleeping in his den there; right in front of you sir.' 'Call him; I have orders for him.'

I sprang up; and as I appeared, the chief of staff said: 'I have orders for you, sir, from General Thomas; you are to take your regiment, sir, to the front immediately, taking the guard-line now held by Colonel 'General Thomas is afraid of him, as he drinks too much whiskey on duty; and the hour is full of peril. Order your regiment quietly and quickly under arms, and I will go ahead and remove Colonel....., and return, and conduct you to the guard-line. Execute your orders by your orderly in whispers, and order him to do the same.'

He departed, and in quickest order my regiment was in line. The chief soon returned, and conducted me and my regiment silently to the vacated guard line.

15. Gibson, (Ed.), *History of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry*, p. 53.

16. Canfield, *History of the 21st Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the War of the Rebellion*, p. 74.

'General Thomas expects your utmost vigilance and valor, Colonel. Goodnight!'

When my regiment was standing in double columns massed on the two center companies on the reserve line, waiting orders, a staff officer from General George H. Thomas' headquarters in the field rode up to me and said hurriedly: 'Colonel, I have orders for you. The regiment in your front has been nearly annihilated. Hold your men in hand while I go on the line and clear off what is left; and you watch me, and when ready, I will wave my sword three times for you; and . . . you come on, advancing on the line of battle firing.' I turned to my regiment, and said: 'Comrades, we go into action in a few minutes. Off caps, and say your prayers!'

Whilst we were all praying, I watched as we prayed. . . . the sign was given, and I interrupted their devotions with, 'Battalion, attention! Order arms! Shoulder arms! Right shoulder shift! Forward, quick time, march!'

Approaching the battle-line, I gave the order: 'Battalion, by right and left companies, outward face; by right and left half wheel, forward into line, advance firing; march!' And then I added: 'Now, men, resume your praying; fight for your God, your country, and your kind; aim low and give them Hail Columbia.'

The two center companies opened fire just as I had uttered the word hail, and the simultaneous fire of one hundred and twenty rifles drowned the word Columbia and all the regiments heard was, give them. . . .

After the battle, the boys stuck to it that I shouted, 'give them hell!'

Sometime before noon, Moody was hit by a bullet in the calf of his right leg, and, at the same time, a bullet clipped the left knee out of his trousers. As Moody recalled:

Being ordered to advance on the foe firing, I changed the position of my pistol from its position at my right shoulder, and suspended it over my right breast, so as to have it handy at my front for use, as we advanced on our foes.

A bullet or bullets struck me in my right breast with

awful force, and nearly unseated me from my saddle. I put my hand to my breast, which was writhing with a stinging sensation, and found that my pistol was shattered by the shots; the ramrod was broken off, and the handle, some five inches to the right, was shattered in fragments.

My regiment was discomfited and scattered. I was endeavoring to rally them. As I went over a vacant field I overtook six of my men with a First Lieutenant fleeing toward Nashville.

I cried out: 'Hello, men, there is your regiment to the left. Rally to your regiment!' But they were intent on escape, and kept right on. I rode past and turned, facing them, and presenting my pistol, cried: 'Halt!' I threatened a pistol-ball to the man that took another step toward Nashville. The officer said: 'Colonel, we are dazed, and don't know what we are doing. If we will at once return to duty, will you report us?' I instantly lowered my pistol and assured them that no man should hear from me.

I rode on in search of further squads, and as I neared a wooded region, a company of nine or ten 'gray-backs' sprang out of the woods and opened fire on me. Soon six more joined them and commenced firing. My horse was soon crippled, stopped short, and stood still. I applied the spurs, he trembled and shrunk, and fell in agony to the ground, dead. My horse was shot under me; three balls entering him at once, which were doubtless aimed at me. One ball struck him two inches back of the root of his ear. I disentangled myself from him, dislodged my two pistols from the holsters, and began my retreat from the men who were firing at me. I had to limp. . . .

Just as the firing became rapid, and the bullets were singing wildly around my head and person, a horseman rushed up between me and those firing upon me, and dismounting from his steed shouted: 'Here Colonel, get into the saddle and get away quick.' I attempted to mount the horse, but failed. My right leg . . . was so stiff that it would not straighten out to the stirrup

by about three inches. I said: 'Comrade, get into the saddle yourself, and let me take my chances.'

A rebel Colonel was shot, and fell from his horse, which ran wildly, with the empty saddle, and Patrick [Moody refers to an Irish soldier] had caught him, and mounting, rode down to me in a gallop, just in time to save me.

'Divil a bit; try again Colonel. Try again, man, or the divils will get ye, sure.'

I tried again, and Patrick almost lifted me into the saddle, and amidst the 'zipping' bullets, which came thick and fast, I strode the saddle, and without waiting to find the stirrups I started for our lines. Patrick nearly kept pace with my frenzied, flying steed, and as we approached our line of men, they gave vent to their pent-up feelings and shouted: 'Hurrah! Bravo!' Thank God and Patrick, and a good horse.

Poor Patrick¹⁷ was killed that same afternoon in the engagement that followed.

In the afternoon's battle I received a severe shot through the breast of my coat, grazing and glancing along my breast. I received an order to lead my Seventy-fourth men on the outer picket-lines of the enemy. Out we went, took position, detailed Companies A and B as skirmishers, and sent them two hundred yards in advance of us. They took intervals of five paces from man to man, and the other eight companies stacked arms, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and lay down by their rifles. The night passed quietly, only a few guns being fired on both sides.

My baggage is back in Nashville. I have not had a change of garments since Christmas, nor have I had my boots and spurs off since then. A change of linen would prove a luxury indeed. I have lost three horses,

17. Moody's penchant for referring to every Irish-American male as "Patrick" obscures the recognition of a genuine hero. One assumes that Moody held so much contempt for the Irish that he deliberately withheld the name of this gallant soldier. However, ten members of the 74th Ohio were killed on December 31, 1862 (as opposed to dying later of a wound). It is apparent that "Patrick" was not an officer; all ten KIAs were enlisted men. There were two Smiths; the other eight were, Bushert, Jones, Walters, McClung, Hughes, Spahr, Hawkins, and Holston.

and my fine overcoat that cost me sixty dollars. I have lost one of the splendid pair of pistols presented to me by Judge Bellamy Storer, on entering the army, with my costly coverlet and blankets. I have no change of clothing left, and the balls tore my clothing so that the officers at large and the men call me the 'Ragged Colonel.'¹⁸

Unquestionably, Moody never forgot December 31, 1862, and his regiment had been blooded.

When that awful day was done, and darkness fell, some of the boys of the Twenty-first Ohio (having retreated about a mile and a half) built a small comforting fire for themselves. Soon General Rosecrans appeared out of the darkness and gave his soldiers some fatherly advice: "You are my men and I don't like to have any of you hurt. When the enemy sees a fire like this, they know twenty-five or thirty men are gathered about it, and are sure to shoot at it. I advise you to put it out." Seconds later a Rebel shell screamed over and exploded just beyond the group.¹⁹

Over on the other side, General Bragg sent a telegram to President Jefferson Davis, announcing that "God has granted us a Happy New Year."²⁰ His magnificent troops had indeed routed the Federal right, but the battle was not over.

As night fell on December 31, General Negley ordered Miller's brigade into position across the Nashville Pike. Here the troops bedded down for the night, but early the next morning, New Year's Day, the brigade moved again, to support one of General Crittenden's divisions north of the railroad. In the afternoon, they marched southwest and were placed so as to support the right of General McCook's corps. About one P.M., on the second, the brigade marched again—this time to the northeast and in support of Crittenden's corps, on the Federal left, near Stones River.²¹ The next few hours were relatively quiet.

18. Moody, *A Life's Retrospect, Autobiography of Rev. Granville Moody, D. D.*, pp. 267-353.

19. Canfield, *History of the 21st Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the War of the Rebellion*, p. 74

20. Urquhart, "Bragg's Advance and Retreat." In: *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, (Johnson & Buel, Eds.), Vol. III, p. 607.

21. *O. R.*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, p. 433.

At four o'clock that afternoon, the Confederate army mounted a slashing attack on Col. Samuel Beatty's division (formerly Van Cleve's) then posted across the river. Two of Beatty's brigades were routed and fled across the river. As the advancing Rebel lines reached the opposite bank of Stones River, Negley's division opened an awesome fire from their position at the crest of a ridge. As the firing had devastating effect, Miller advanced his brigade closer to the river. Halting his men behind a rail fence, he ordered them to re-load and fire, in volley.²²

As the Confederate troops (some of them were the fearless Kentucky Orphan Brigade) reached the river bank and were starting to cross, Colonel Miller accepted the challenge and galloped to Col. Joseph R. Scott of the Nineteenth Illinois. Miller called for a bayonet charge, and Scott readied his command.

Miller's brigade charged across the river at McFadden's Ford, the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania on the right, the Twenty-first Ohio on the left, and the Thirty-seventh Indiana and Seventy-fourth Ohio in the center.²³

Although the battle line was in disarray, the charge was a total success. Approaching a Confederate battery, Miller ordered the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania to charge the battery, and they captured it and brought off its three guns.²⁴

Sixteen-year-old Jimmy Thorne, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, crawled up on the barrel, or tube, of one of the cannon. As his captain approached, Thorne patted the gun and yelled, "Here it is, Captain."²⁵

At this point, the breathless troops, badly intermingled and out of alignment and nearly out of ammunition, were ordered to halt and re-form. Ammunition was not readily available, causing Miller's brigade to be relieved and sent to a position near the river where it went into bivouac.

The battle of Stones River ended on January 2, 1863.

22. Stevenson, *The Battle of Stone's River Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.*, p. 139.

23. *O. R.*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, p. 434.

24. *Ibid.*, pp. 434, 435. See also: Gibson, (Ed.), *History of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry*, p. 65. In all probability, the 78th Penn. brought off only one gun, and the 19th Ill. another. Moody even claimed that his 74th Ohio brought away a gun also. The 21st Ohio apparently had no part in removing any captured cannon.

25. Gibson, (Ed.), *History of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry*, p. 63.

In roughly an hour and a half, the Confederate troops had advanced and retreated. Their loss was more than 1,300 killed, wounded, and missing.²⁶

On the third, rain fell in torrents and General Rosecrans elected to bring his men back from the other side of Stones River. Though it was the third of January, the troops cheerfully waded the swift river and returned to the safety of the main army.

On the morning of the fifth, the division moved out and occupied Murfreesboro. This movement ended the battle of Stones River. Braxton Bragg, with his Army of Tennessee, retreated to Shelbyville and Tullahoma. It was over—except for the pain and ghastly memories.

A lady who was in Murfreesboro immediately after the fighting on the last day of 1862 wrote: "On entering town what a sight met my eyes! Prisoners entering every street, ambulances bringing in the wounded, every place crowded with the dying, the Federal general, [Joshua] Sill, lying dead in the courthouse—killed Wednesday—Frank Crosthwait's (Twentieth Tennessee) lifeless corpse stretched on a counter. He had been visiting my house and was killed on Wednesday. The churches were full of wounded where the doctors were amputating legs and arms."²⁷

Ira Owens was one of the wounded, having been hit just above the left knee. He was removed from the battlefield on New Year's Day and taken to a field hospital, about five miles back in the direction of Nashville. Owens recalled:

Men were wounded in every conceivable way—some with their arms and legs shot off, some in the head, and some in the body. It was heart-rending to hear their cries and groans. One poor fellow, who was near me, was wounded in the head. He grew delirious during the night, 'Mother, O Mother, come and help me!' The poor fellow died before morning, with no mother near to sooth him in his dying moments or wipe the cold sweat from his brow. I saw the surgeons amputate limbs, then throw the quivering flesh into a pile. Every once in a while a man would stretch himself out and die. Next morning rows of men were laid out side by

26. Stevenson, *The Battle of Stone's River Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.*, p. 143.

27. Ridley, *Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee*, p. 154.

side, ready for the soldier's burial. No weeping friends stood around; no coffin and hearse to bear them away to the grave; no funeral orations delivered; but there, away from home and kindred, they were wrapped in the soldier's blanket, a trench dug, their bodies placed side by side, like they fought, a few shovelfuls of earth thrown upon them, and they were left alone.

On Saturday, being able to hobble around with the aid of a stick, I resolved to get back to the regiment. I accordingly started for the front. Being lame, I made slow progress.

I had not gone far before I came up to a squad of men guarding muskets which had been picked up on the battle field. I had lost my gun during the battle, or, rather, I gave it to a soldier to carry for me as I was going to the rear, and he set it up against a tree and left it. I approached the officer who was in command of the squad, and told him I had lost my gun. He told me to go to the stack and select one for myself. I selected a nice Enfield rifle, nearly new, and took it, and went on toward Murfreesboro.

I found the Seventy-fourth near the river. The boys appeared glad to see me; and it is certain I was glad to see them. Soon after I arrived they were called out, but soon returned. It was expected that the rebels would make an attack; but they did not. No doubt they had enough of the Yankees, as they called the Union troops. That night, it rained, and I slept but little. It was a very quiet day compared to what it had been for a few days past. We remained close to the river until near evening. That night some one stole my Enfield.

Numbers of dead men and horses were strewn over the ground like old logs in a clearing or deadening, guns, knapsacks, pistols, cartridge-boxes, etc., and squads of burying parties gathering up the dead, were to be seen on every side. We moved up to the rebel breastworks, near the river. The battery sent over a few shells, to ascertain whether the rebels had gone or not. We spent the night among the dead, who were lying

all around us.²⁸

The Seventy-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry had gone in with an effective strength of 381 men and 18 officers. As of January 6, the report showed twelve enlisted men killed in action (or died of wounds) and five officers and sixty-six enlisted men wounded. Only one officer was listed as missing—he turned up later, but eighty-four enlisted men were missing. Of the wounded reported on January 6, 1863, at least eleven died of their wounds after the report date.²⁹

Twenty-five-year-old Cpl. J. N. McClung's body was never found (or never identified). No doubt he is resting under one of the hundreds of "unknown" markers near the battlefield. Back in Xenia, relatives put up a stone in the cemetery in his honor.

Company H's first sergeant, Raper A. Spahr, was just one more body to be buried.

Pvt. John Q. Collins, from six miles north of Xenia, was hit in the lower left leg. Shortly after, he was captured by Rebels; but when they retreated from Murfreesboro, he was left behind to be liberated by friendly troops.³⁰

Jim Bone of B Company was wounded by friendly gun fire.³¹ Such was the confusion of combat.

While at the hospital, Ira Owens found time to make his own tally. He came up with seven killed, seventy-eight wounded, and twenty-two missing, which when compared to the effective strength, gave a loss of twenty-seven percent. This was not close to a record, but twenty-seven percent was high.

Before February ended, the army went through a paper reorganization. Miller's brigade, formerly known as the Seventh, became the Third Brigade. Negley's division, formerly the Eighth, became the Second Division, and the center wing was redesignated the Fourteenth Army Corps. The corps was commanded by Maj. Gen. George H. (Pap) Thomas, a Virginian.

It was a seasoned army.

28. Owens, *Greene Co. Soldiers in the Late War*, pp. 53-56.

29. *O. R.*, Series I, Vol. XX, Pt. I, p. 436. See also: (Ohio-General Assembly), *Official Roster of the Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1866*, Vol. VI, pp. 171-204.

30. Robinson, *History of Greene County, Ohio*, p. 721.

31. *Xenia Torch-Light*, January 28, 1863.

Chapter VII

THE ARMY MOVES SOUTHEAST

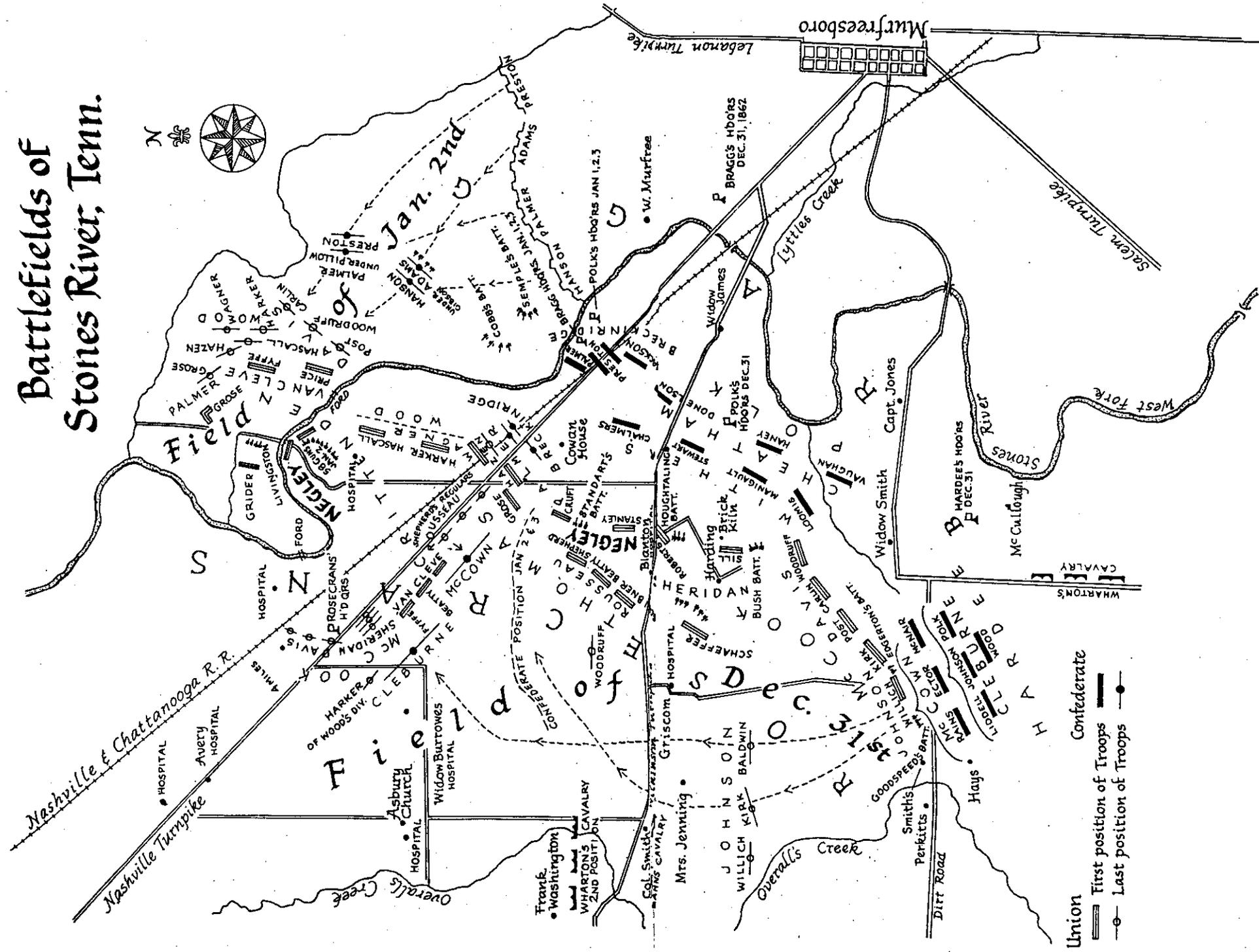
President Lincoln began the year 1863 with something that had been in his mind for a long time. Having determined the battle of the Antietam a Federal victory, he had issued on September 22, 1862, a preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. Then on January 1, 1863, he issued *the* Emancipation Proclamation. "It was not a congressional policy, but flatly an executive decree."¹

The *Xenia Torch-Light* of January seventh printed the entire proclamation. It told the Stones River veterans that if a state or portion of a state was in rebellion against the United States, all slaves within those boundaries were free from January first onward. Further, it would be the responsibility of the military and naval forces of the United States to foster and guard the freedom of those liberated persons. The act was a war measure.

By a stroke of the pen, Lincoln had freed the slaves—where he could not (at that time) enforce his will—thus keeping Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky, and parts of Louisiana, North Carolina, Florida, Virginia, and Missouri in the friendly camp. He, likewise, had ren-

1. Street, *The Civil War*, p. 84.

Battlefields of Stones River, Tenn.



- Union
 Confederate
 First position of Troops
 Last position of Troops