

James P. Hartzell Memoir

James P. Hartzell was born at Deavertown Ohio Mar. 27-1847, son of Noah & Nancy Hartzell. Went to school in the winter time, and worked on a farm in summer. Father had a small track of land joining town. The first suit of clothes I bought for myself, I raised beans and sold them, that was in 1859, I was then 12 years old, & I have bought my own ever since.

In 1861 I went to learn the tanners trade, that was about the time the war broke out. I was nothing but a boy, but very brave, I thought I was a man. By & By there was a recruiting officer came along. The fife and drums were a raising a big excitement, and there was quick a large number enlisted, so I thought I would too. So I put my name down. I was a man then sure.

The recruiting was for the 56th Ohio Sherman's old regiment of Mansfield.

So in about one week here came a Seargeant and 3 men after their recruits. I was working at the Tannery, so I thought sure I would get to go. When they came down to get me, my mother was right there, and she says, "no," "that is my boy."

You can imagine how disappointed I was but that settled it for that time. So later on, they were recruiting for the 78th Ohio, to be formed in Zanesville Ohio. So I didn't give my folks any peace, but that would say "no". We had a young man neighbor in our town, named Cherry, who was considered a very moral and good man. He was recruiting for one of the Company's, which, if he got men enough, he would be made a Luetinant. So he only needed a few more to make out his quarter, so he got after my parents, and made all promises that was good, that he would look after me. I wouldn't have anything to do, but cook for him, and be his. I was so determined to go anyway, so they gave him their consent. So on Christmas day in 1861 we went to camp at Zanesville Ohio, called Camp Gilbert. We were assigned to Co., G. Capt Gipssharts' from Noble Co, & a fine old father to me, & David Wheeler if was a father to me, for we hadn't been in Zan. one week, until my friend Cherrie, that I enlisted with, he & Leutinant Jenkins went out in Zan. & got beastly drunk, & he was disonerably discharged from the service, & that left me among strangers. So in place of being Leutinant's cook, I took up my little gun, & knapsack, & was one of those fellows. It is pretly difficult for me at this late day to remember the most important happenings of my soldiers Life, but will give you part that I do remember. We layed in Camp Gilbert until the 11th of Feb, we thought that was

awful. Well it was, for it was a bad winter, it snowed pretty near every day, & we had to drill 2 hrs. in the fore noon & _____ in the afternoons, & the snow some days was up to my knees, for I wasn't very large. I believe my weight at that time was 99 lbs. you can imagine seeing me on the hill at Zan, back of the round house, thermometer at zero, & snow to my knees- for about two months, while at camp at Zan. About a week before, we left a couple of my comrades & myself got a furlough to go home for 24 hrs, so we had to walk. we started on Sat. night about 7 o'clock, for a 16 mile tramp. The boys that were with me hadn't as far to go as I had, so their was a church & a graveyard called Black Oak Grove I had to pass after I left the boys, & it always had the name of being hauntid. no body ever passed their after night, but what seen somebody. Now imagine my feelings, but I braced up & said to myself, "What kind of a soldeir am I, bein a soldeir 2 months, & afraid of ghosts, no", I said, here goes, I'm not afraid of any ghosts, I am a soldeir." Oh, dear, I was brave, you should have seen me. I think my hair was about four feet long, & my heart choked me, but I said "no" I'm not afraid and kept saying that as loud as I could, and running as fast as I could, for about a mile. I never looked back to see if their was any ghosts, but I was about given out.

I wasn't very long getting home after that, about one o'clock in the morning. You ought to have seen my mother, she was so tikeled, as if I had been gone one year. I had to be back that night, so they showed me a good time. All of my friends came to see me. they thought I was a fine looking soldier. I had my army overcoat on, and it covered me down to my feet. Well, my mother got our horse out about 2 oclock & took me back to Zan. That was the last time I saw any of my people except my father for nearly 3 yrs. In a few days after that, on 11th of Feb. we broke camp in the morning and it snowed all day, & they marched us down and put us on the Y. Bridge. We had to stay their until 5 o'clock, until they could get us cars. My father was with me all that day. Poor old Dad. I never will forget his looks that evening, he bade me good bye- poor old man. I could see the tears in his eyes.

The next morning we found ourselves in Cincinnati, where we embarked on the steamer Tecumsa, for the battlefield of Fort Donaldson Tennasee on the Cumberland river, where that terrible battle was in progress. This was the 16th, which was my first battle. Five days after leaving home we formed our lines & sent out our skirmishers, which I was one of them, & don't you think the Rebels surrendered about 14 thousand. So that was a good day's work, and we were put on duty & we moved up to Dover. We layed at Dover about three weeks & lost over one hundred of us their with disease. I was with a party that was

sent up the river with a barge & tow boat afterward, & it rained all the time we were gone. The river raised, and we couldn't get back, so we went back on some high ground & quartered in an old haymow & we had nothing to eat but fresh pork, & we had to kill that ourselves. Think of us eating fresh pork without salt or bread, meat lone for 4 days. We fmally got out of their and took across the hills for camp. We were all day getting to camp & it was only 4 miles down the river, & when we got their, they had moved camp out of the river & went from their across to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River.

From their we went to Crump's Landing. That is where we were when the battle of Shiloh commenced on the 6th day of Apr 1862. I was on pickett that Sunday morning Apr 6, '62 at Crump's Landing about 13 miles from Shiloh & could hear every shot. It sounded as if it was right on us all day. The canons roared, & we could hear the musketry so plain. So we got marching orders. They got us out in the road & we stood for about 3 hrs before we moved. So by & by orders came. We were in Gen. Lew Walic's (?) Division at that time & it commenced raining & they got us on the wrong road. So we didn't get in until about 11 o'clock at night. Dear, oh, dear, what a day that was. We could see men coming all day long from the battle, some wounded, some pretty near naked & wet. They had to swim the streams. They would tell us not to go for they would capture us for they had killed & captured all of them. They did come pretty near, if darkness had stayed away a little longer, they sure would have captured most of them, but the gunboats kept them back. They had most of Grant's army driven over the banks of the Tennessee supportid by the gun boats which kept up firing all night, & it a thundering & lightning. Imagine our feelings laying in speaking distance of the rebels, but they didn't molest us. So during the night Nelson crossed the river with 20,000 & we came in with 21,000 more & as soon as day broke we went after them. It was charge after charge until 4 o'clock Mon. afternoon before they turned their backs. Talk about dead people & dead horses. You couldn't walk for them.

About 5 o'clock Sabbath afternoon our prospects gloomy & dark, 40,000 of our men had stubbornly contested foot by foot the ground of a widely extended camp, with one hundred thousand of the best armed & equipped Croups the Southern Confederacy ever sent to the field. They had fought all day without breakfast, dinner, or supper, all the batteries that had been brought off the field & the sieze guns & heavy mortors which had been moved from the river. War brought in to action & in front of our wearied ranks. The gunboats also opened their broad sides upon the enemy & it rained down a storm of shot & shell & grape (?) which has no precedent in the records of artillery warfare. The thunder was terrible, it sounded as though the elements of Distruction in nature had united their powers, rage, &

violence. The Rebels at first lay flat, but finally retreated. Their men who was captured tell unreadable stories about the effort of our fire such as that. A shell from one of our mortars falling among a dense mass killed & wounded 1,000 men. After the battle we went in camp on the old battle ground, & here again poor water, mud, rain, & hot weather took many of our number to their graves. After the battle we were engaged in digging & making fortifications in front of Corinth. Day & night the troops were engaged in digging. The sieze was fairly inaugerated on the 30 of Apr. & ended on May 30. During this we seldom slept 2 nights in the same camp. During the night we would build works.

The next morning we would move forward to a new position & go through the same operation. So they kept us going all summer. We even got on a train of cars & went up to Jackson Tenn. & run the rebels out of town & planted our colors on the Court House. From their we went to Grand Junction & shipped cotton all summer. We went from their to Bolivar in the fall of 62. I was transferred from Co G. to Co E. I was from Morgan Co. I felt more at home although they used me wise in Co G.

Their was 44 new recruits came to Co G & that over their number, so that let a few of us get to our own county Co. Here at Bolivar is where we organized a whole Cavalry _____ [unclear] did by Rugles from the 20th Ohio Regt. I suppose you have all read about Rugles the spy. This is the man that was in command of the mule cavalry at Bolivar, Tenn. that was made up of men of the 20th & 78th Ohio Regt. & which I was one of their number. Rugles had a brother in the Rebel army & he would dress up in Citezens clothes & go & see him. This brother didn't know he belonged to the Northern army, so he would get information from his Brother all about where their forces were, & then he would come back & report to our general & then the mule cavalry would have to go two days & nights at a time. I remember one time down at Summerville, we had quite a skirmish with Fresh Rebel Cavalry & we had to go or we would all been captured. We spent most of the summer around Bolivar, Jackson, Grand Junction, & Lagrange Tenn. Here at Lagrange is where I got a scar on my hand that I will always carry. & from here is where we started down through northern Miss, for to capture Vicksburg. So on Nov 27, 1862 we left our pleasant camp having been ordered to cook 3 days & be ready to march by 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. Although we didn't know where we were going, yet, our destination was supposed to be south to Hollysprings, as two days would about take us their. the distance being 24 miles from Lagrange. Our transportation had been cut down to one wagon for two company& So we started & we marched & we marched until we reached Albavill Miss. Oh, how it rained their all night & next morning we started for Oxford about 11 miles which we

reached about 8 PM. through one of the muddiest roads, that ever was traveled. But there was a strife gotten up between Quinby's division & ours, to see which could get there first. Gen. Grant promising the advance in future to the division that reached Oxford first, & of course we won the laurels. But it was done by some awful hard marching. we marched on until we reached Coffeville. that is as far as we got. We got word "Come", that Fresh Rebel Cavalry had got in our & captured Holly Springs & all of our supplies. So we had to take the back track.

We got in Abbeyville on Xmas Eve, & we layed over there on Xmas. I never will forget that Xmas day of 62. We hadn't anything to eat but corn. Our Regt. went that day about 3 miles in the country & husked corn all day, & that is all we had to eat. One of my friends Jake Sowers & myself went out about a half a mile to see what we could find, so we came to an old log hut, away over in the woods. so we thought we would go & see what the prospect was. We found a pen with 10 sheep in it. we wasn't very long killing one of the sheep. After we had killed it the old man of the house came out & cried, said that was all he had left & thought we might pay him for the sheep. So I gave him a 10 bill in Confederate money, & he was pleased & so was I, for it was more account to me. We took it to camp & just imagine us cooking mutton on our ramrods by holding it over the fire & then eating that mutton with no salt for Xmas dinner, & parched corn. We arrived back at La Grange Jan 8, about 7 weeks, marched every day but one, & that day we had to husk corn to keep from starving. I remember well my first chew of tobacco was the night we marched into Lagrange about 10 o'clock. We were tired & hungry & Noah Plelcher had some of Cichrans 20 cents plug, his father had sent him from home, & he passed it to me, & asked me if I wanted a chew, & I said "yes". I would eat anything at that moment. So his tobacco tasted good to me that night, so I used it until about 15 years ago, then I quit. We marched through Lagrange & on towards Memphis, where we layed & recruited up, & from there we took the transports down the Miss, for the Vicksburg campaign. We layed at Buriers Landing about 25 miles above Vicksburg, where the Blockade was run, made up of men of our Brigade. I ventured to go with them, but they wanted experienced men that had boated. We layed at Bueyrs Landing quite a while, than we moved to Lake Providence, where we helped in cutting the Levy & letting the Miss river flood Lousianna, & here is where we worked day & night cleaning out channels for to run our boats around Vicksburg, but after the blockade was run, we marched below Vicksburg & crossed the river on a gunboat at a place called Port Hudson. Our regt. was left back that day May 1, 1863 to load our wagons with provisions. So after all the troops had left, we commenced loading about 50 wagons with crackers and sowbelly. We got through about 5 PM. & started with the wagons in front. we marched all night. Oh,

but I was tired. our CoL got us on the wrong road, so we didn't catch up to the army until 9 o'clock the next day. that was at Port Gibson where we had a Skirmish with a small force of Cavalry. so that was the commencement of the Vicksburg Campaign. so we kept on going with very small _____ & on the 12 of May our brigade was in the advance, & about noon we ran up against them at Miss, where we had quite a battle. we lost several of our men here, but they had to get up to go, so we kept on after them. Part of their forces went to Jackson & part went to Vicksburg, so the morning of the 16 at Champion Hills, Pemberton met with all of his force at Vicksburg, & here we had an old day battle.

We formed in on open field, marched across to a narrow woods down through that woods to an open & the rebels rose up on the other side & gave us one deadly volley, which killed and wounded 97 of our regt. one poor boy Jake Busiker, one of my schoolmates, was shot by my side. I remember how joval he was that morning. we had captured some flour the day before, & we sat up nearly all night & baked flapjacks, & we had our haversacks nearly full of them, & poor Jake would sing that morning, "Haversacks full of flapjacks as we go marching on". So that day he was shot down, but we didn't stop at that, we charged them up the hill & captured a battery of 8 pieces & turned on as they ran towards Blade river. I remember well, it was here Gen. Logan came along & took off his hat & said, "God bless Ohio". That ended the battle of Champion Hill Miss.

At the same time Sherman with 15 corps had driven Jack Jackinson to Jacton & captured that place that was in our rear, so that kept Jackinson out of Vicksburg. we belonged to the 17 corp, McPherson's corp. they crossed Black river that night & went towards Vicksburg, so we crossed the next morning & went that way. This is 20 miles of Vicksburg, & on the 19 we drove them in side of their works, & the morning of the 20 we had our lines from the river along to the river below & our gunboats on the river in front. So we dug & built works until we had dug in their fortes & blowed them up. here is where I got my boot leg torn off with a shell. The shells were bursting over heads all the time, day & night. every other day I was on front duty that means to go out in front & watch & shoot every time we would see a rebels head above the works. We would shoot at it, sometimes it would be the real person, sometimes only a hat on a ramrod, but we would shoot at it just the same. I remember one night our company was on picket duty right under the rebels works, & about midnight their was the awfulest noise, (it sounded like the whole rebel army was coming down through the brush.) I tell you it made my heart jump to my mouth, Blackoak Grove, & the ghost wasn't in it with that, but the shells began to burst, & we soon found out what was the matter. The Rebels had hit a lot of their shells, & throwed them over their works by

hand, for we were right under their work on a side hill, & here is where we were when Gen. Pemberton came out with a flag of Tenn. on the 3rd of July. We heard the conversation between he and Logan, they drank together and quarreled, till Grant came & then we didn't hear anymore. The Rebels and our men were all together that day, some of our & Missouri boys found some of their own folks in the Rebel army. We exchanged crackers and coffee that day for tobacco, & also issued their returns that same day, & the next morning they surrendered 37,000 prisoners, 400 cannon and all of their garrison.

Here we were under fire from 19 of May to 4 of July, on 22nd of May we made charge on their works and we had to lay until dark to get back. They killed lots of us that day, on 28 we made another one and the result was just the same. Oh, I could tell of so many things but can't write them. After the surrender, they sent our division back to look after Jac Johnson at Black river. We found him drove him on Post, our old battleground Champion Hill. Their we found lots of our buried, the water had washed the dirt off of them, & it was a frightful sight. We camped here all night, next day marched to Clinton Miss, our regt. was left here to guard the wagon train that day the rest of the division had gone. We were scattered all over the town, it was on a hill & our camp & teams was down on flat hills all around. Presently we heard our bugle sound, Fall in", you ought to see us run for camps, & we were ordered to form a hollow square & as we were forming, we could see & hear our Pickets fighting with Wheeler's Cavalry, he had 4,000, we had about 400, but just as he was about to make his charge on quick the balance of our brigade & that saved us from being killed, for we would all died their before we surrendered. This is the place the evening before 3 of my comrades & myself — after we went into camp, started up across a meadow to a house we saw, & when we got in about 500 yrds. From the house, a man came out of the back door, had a gun, & he took aim at us, & shot at us, but he missed us, he might have killed one of us, we went on but we couldn't find him. Some got a lot of meat & went to camp. Next morning we started for Jackson, which was about 20 miles from Clinton. We drove Jac Johnson ahead of us, & he made quick a stand at Jackson, but he had to go, we lost a number of our men here, but we always expect that. We camped here 3 days, we were _____ & I tell you we had a time keeping the fires down, we had orders to shoot down anybody we saw firing a building, but we didn't see anybody. I stood _____ at a house where there were two girls & their mother. I tell you I fared well, thought I was the only one that saved their property they gave me some awful good meals & the city did pretty near all burn, but we saved this house. We went back through their the next spring & I called on these people & they were pleased as if one of their own brothers had come.

They were bound I should stay & have dinner, but I couldn't, for my regt. had already gone across Pearl river. Here is where we burnt down the penitentiary & let out all the convicts. We went back to Vicksburg & layed their all winter, whenever they would hear of a squad of rebels 30 or 40 miles, our brigade would have to go after them over in Louisiana & out to Carelost(?) & up the Yaza river, & back to camp. Here is where I stood on the Bluff above Vicksburg on Richill, & saw the city of Madison blow up, they were loading shells in a hall, and one negro let one drop, & it exploded and Mowed the boat to _____. Here we were on that cold New Year's Day 1864.

I was to advance that night over in the city & that is where I first saw that famous jig called the "Dickslider Jig". I thought it was the finest thing of the kind I ever saw, so I went to practicing it, & got to where I could dance it well myself. I was very fond of music, I had a violin, but I couldn't play, but we had several that could play, so where the violin went, I went also, that is how I got acquainted with the rebel girls, but we had to leave there. Here is where I reenlisted for 3 years more. All of us that reenlisted got a furlough home. We were to go right home, but instead of going home they kept us here & run us everyplace, strike out & be gone a week, & come back & lay in camp 2 or 3 days & then go again. We kept this up until Mar. & then started us on the Meridian Campaign, which is 100 miles out through Champion Hills, Clinton, Black river, Contor Junction. We tore up railroad all of the way, & when we came back we never went into camp. We marched to the transporter, & next day we started up the Miss. river for home.

We were all happy then all right. We got home on the 7th day of April 1864. We had a grand old time for one month all right. Their were quite a number of boys from my town came home with me, & the people tried to give us a good time. We were someplace every night, & just as we began to have a good time, we had to go back. So on the 8th day of May 1864 we all had to meet in Columbus Ohio. Columbus wasn't so large there as it is now. There were no houses above the depot north only Barracks a little old low depot, no viaduct. Had to walk across all of the railroads, so here is where our Col. Had a time gathering the boys together. He would get part of them on & while he would be out after the rest, the boys on the train would start off. We didn't get away from Columbus until 10 at night, so we had just such a time at Cincinnati next morning. So we got out of their next day 4 o'clock for where we took a transport for the Tenn. river, where we got off of the boat and marched for Pulasky Tenn. From their to Huntsville Alabama, here is where my brother John is buried. We layed here all day on the 24 day of June for to rest.

We had been marching for 5 weeks & this was our first rest, now imagine how we enjoyed it. Here is where the largest spring of water is in the South. So on 25 we started to join Sherman. We marched from Huntsville to the Tenn. river. The first day we worked all night laying bridge across the river Decatur Tenn. Got across about noon the next day. Here we had quite a heavy fight with the enemy, killing & capturing several of their officers & men. After we crossed the Tenn. river, the march through northern Alabama to Rome Georgia was one of great interest & variety. The towns from Decatur to Rome is poor, shabby reeks, the country poor, & very few slaves were seen. The march was over the sand & lookout ranges of mountains, which many poor people inhabited in the most destitute conditions. How they lived seemed a great mystery. The Army passing was a greater terror to them, & we regret to say many of them were robbed and of everything but frequently many were fed & cared for by our army. When we reached the top of the sand mountains and gazed across to the Lookout range rising in the distance before us, mountain piled upon mountain, the majesty of the scene no pen can describe. When on top of Lookout we could hear cannoning of the army of the Tenn. & a distance of 70 miles then engaged in a battle at Lost mountain.

The march was well conducted by General's Blair & Leggett, marching 12,000 men over these mountains, at the rate of 20 miles per day, with all of the artillery & trains was certainly an exhibition of much energy & military ability. Our regt., the 78th, went through loss, or scarcely a murmur. We arrived at Rome June 5, where we began to see the marks of war. I remember well our corps on going through Rome with all of our bands playing. I don't believe I ever felt happier in all of my life. Some of the troupes that was quartered there wanted to know if that wasn't the brass band corp. Rome is situated on the river, and in the midst of a rich country.. This place was afterward chosen for a Gen. Hospital for the army of the Tenn. that was ours. We pushed on the next morning toward the front, which was then at Acworth(?). The march was one continuous battlefield, the country is deserted, the crops all destroyed, & fine plantations dug all over in the erections of fortification by both armys. We reached Acworth June 8, where we took our position on the left in our old place in the army of the Tenn. We are now in battle line, ready to move on the enemy, on the 10th we encountered the enemy's pickets at Big Shanty, where we commenced skirmishing with them. Here is where the famous Andrews Raiders stole the engine & train cars. They fell back to the foot of Kenesaw Mtn., & we began to build a parallel line of works, day by day. We began talking to the works of the enemy, until they were driven to the top of the Mts. The 17th corps. Soon took all of the hills to the left of Mt. Kenesaw. In the morning the enemy had them, at noon we had them. That morning the enemy drove a

wagon load of corn bread into our camp, thought they were in their own camp. We thanked him for the corn bread & put a guard over him & sent him to the rear. At this time we were very short of rations going 3 days without anything to eat, & all of this time was under fire of the enemy & gradually pushing them before us, while advancing & making a charge upon the enemy's lines. We had three captains wounded & one sergeant killed. On July 2nd, we left our position and marched about 15 miles to the right. This movement was successful in causing the enemy to evacuate the mts & retreat near the Chattahoochee river.

At Nickajack (?) creek we encountered the enemy again, & severe skirmishing ensued for several days, & finally we were successful in taking the rebel works & driving them across the river. Here is where I was on Picket. One night I heard a noise below me in the works, & I called "Halt", & I called "halt" twice & no halt. & I shot & I didn't hear anymore noise. This was one o'clock in the morning, & when daylight came & they came to relieve me, the sergeant of the yard wanted to know what the shooting was about on the line last night, & I told him it was me & he wanted to know what I shot at. I told him, I don't know. I heard a noise & it wouldn't halt, so I shot & I didn't hear it anymore, so we went down & we looked & we found a big yellow dog shot through the heart. It looked like a bloodhound & it was at this place I picked blackberries. & also some of our reserve would swim across the river here, & trade rations with the rebels.

On the 16th, we again moved to the extreme left of our army & crossed the river above the rebel- lines, which was successful in flanking the enemy & causing them to retreat to their inner lines around the city. Our division took possession of Decatur & destroyed the railroad & cutting off their communications with Augusta. This was a serious misfortune to the enemy. We then closed in within cannon range of the city of Atlanta, & the Rodman (?) guns of our brigade threw their shot & shell into the heart of the city. Here took place one of the most bloody dramas of the war, in which Gen. McPherson was killed. & where we the 17 corps. did the most terrible fighting encountering the Great part of the rebel army, here the 78th (my regt.) lost heavy. The battle of the 22nd of July before Atlanta, Ga, on the 20th the army of the Tenn. (that is mine), advanced toward Atlanta from near Decatur. The 15th corps. commanded by Gen. Logan on the line of the Augusta R.R. the 17 corps. by Gen. Blair on the left of the R.R. & the 16 commanded by Gen. Dodge on reserve.

When the day closed the 15 corps. was near the enemy's works at Atlanta. The 17 corps. was in front of a high hill strongly _____ By the evening by citizens it was learned that this hill overlooked Atlanta & was in short range of that city. The noble McPherson we must have that hill. Gen. Blair directed Gen. Leggett commanding 3rd _____ of the 17th AC to

adjust his troops, so as to charge & take the hill in the morning Gen. Leggett did as he was commanded this is one _____ the 3rd he always does for about 6 o'clock A.M. of the 27th we made a charge in the face of a deadly fire of musketry & artillery, & took the hill with many prisoners.

Here ends the writings of James Hartzell. On the following page, a newspaper article is straight pinned to the paper. It reads as follows.

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BOARDING ROUND.

Kind Confederate Mother at Macon.

Usual reception by Wirz Emissaries at Andersonville.

Editor National Tribune: I was captured at Atlanta, Ga. On July 22, 1864 with 20 others of our regiment, about 7 P.M. The prisoners, 2000 in number, captured that day were marched by a long detour to the rear of Atlanta. From there our officers were sent to Charleston, S.C., and we saw them no more. We remained there until the 24th, When we started and marched during that and the following days, and arrived at Lovejoy Station, Whence we took the cars to Macon, Ga. At Macon we were treated with great kindness by the ladies. They brought us warm biscuits, milk, wine and ham, and many other things to which we had long been strangers. One whose name I cannot recall was particularly kind to me, and talked of her own boy in the Confederate army, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. I was only about 17 years of age, and her motherly kindness left an impression which will ever be remembered.

After leaving Macon, we reached Andersonville at noon. We were marched from the station to the front of the stockade and formed in line and introduced to Capt. Wirz. Being in line we were ordered to open ranks and to unslung our knapsacks. The guards then went through our traps, appropriated everything in our possession, whether valuable or worthless, taking even our knives, forks and spoons. By some inadvertence my blanket was left laying in front of me, and when the order "march" was given, with a soldier's instinct, I reached for it, when a revolver was thrust in my face, and there stood Capt. Wirz who, in broken English: "You

tam Yankee, yen I say march, I mean you go." I went, bidding farewell to my blanket. We were then turned in like cattle, without tents or blankets.

While looking in the scene with anxious wonder, I was accosted by G.W. Spankle, a member of our regiment, who had for sometime been a boarder. He was an intimate friend, and his assistance and instructions were of great benefit to me. Twenty men of our regiment together occupied a spot of ground ten feet square appropriated to our use and this was our home. The inmates of the prison were divided into detachments of 250 men, under the charge of a rebel sergeant. These were again sub-divided, forming three divisions, commanded in like manner by a sergeant. The business of the sergeant was to draw and issue rations for their respective commands. This duty was attended to every evening. The first day it would be a half pound of corn bread, half a pint of raw beans and about half a pound of cooked bacon. The next day we would have a half pint of raw corn meal, three spoonfuls of raw rice, raw beans & a piece of corn bread about 3 inches square without any salt in it. The next day we would get about a half a pint of cane. Just they called it molasses but it was thin as water & corn meal a half pint. The next day we would get a piece of fresh saw beef & cornbread. There was no way of cooking anything. We had to eat everything raw. Just as they gave it to us. It was a treat to get to help carry a dead man out. Whoever was so lucky as to get to do that would get to carry in some wood& they could have something to poach their beans with& if they didn't have any beans they could sell their wood for quite a sum. A stick one foot long and 2 inches thick would sell for 50 cents. I paid 75 cents for one onion.

Here ends the journal.

[Webmaster's Note: This transcript was sent to me by a descendant of James P. Hartzell, however, I have lost the sheet of paper with his or her name on it. If that individual will write me with identification, I would be most happy to attribute the contribution appropriately.]