

Title
The Small Hoosier in the big blue clothes.

Title Page
The Small Hoosier in the big blue clothes.
A thrilling and true story.

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To those that shared with me the pangs of
hunger - cold - heat - and thirst, this volume
is affectionately dedicated.

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Preface

I shall offer no apology for writing this little book. A faithful effort to give my readers a true story, leaves no conscientious scruples in the mind of the Author, and I will say, to any that may question the integrity of my story, "that truth is stranger than fiction" and an Amateur author can tell a sublime truth easier than he can polish a story of fiction. From a literary stand point, I know that my work is open to criticism and to those that take pride in criticising I tender to them all the glory there can possibly be to them through my own errors. This will not redound to my own defeat or to their victory. I have seen military discipline from West Point out flanked at the front and defeat was due to the rough and awkward, undramatic earnest fighting of the foe; who with both right and left wings crippled knew not that they were beaten; and with no West Point interpretation of defeat they would punch out the center and turn defeat into victory. The Author will write just like those men fought believing it will meet the approbation of a majority of my readers, who I trust will find enough interest in the following pages to cover their imperfections.

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Chapter I
War for the Union, Slavery-Southern-hatred,
and low tide in American politics.

In the undertaking of this little story, the author is assuming a responsibility that is embarrassing in offering to you the following rough, and crude material out of which only the trained literary historian could polish into sublime colors with attractive force and power.

Therefore I feel that my resources are limited in moving forward my lines of attack upon my readers. If I could give the preceding chapters the sublime effect that Bunyon gave to the Pilgrim's Progress, I would write this story in the similitude of a dream, or if I could imitate the fiction of Dickens where the memorable Oliver Twist figured as a counterpart to a portion of my story, where to the astonishment of his kind benefactors he persisted in asking for more gruel; I know that no charge will ever be preferred against me for literary ability. Modern literature requires that the author should be in one sense a literary milliner, who must use enough flowers, frills, ruffles, and ribbons to hide his real subject; or like our modern style architecture, with enough bay-windows, gables, and angles to hide the main building, in which is all the room,

Comfort, Convenience, and Common sense.

Notoriety gives an author a decided advantage of his readers if he produces one good work, on the reputation of this like the reputable Druggist who can dispose of Cinchona under the label of quinine, he can hold that enviable reputation which like a well established trade mark often recommends to you an inferior article, which you accepted from its reputation to the extent that you never knew you had been humbugged. There are perhaps very few of us that have not been swindled in books and stories, as well as in hats, and shoes, though on whom will you take revenge? "Vengeance is Mine Sayeth the Lord" and we shall not quit reading, and go bare headed, and barefooted, because some unscrupulous Author and merchant has put up fraud on us.

The usually wonder in the beginning of a book or story how it is going to end; some of us know in advance that the yellow back kind will wind up in victory.

I became disgusted with this kind of literature about the time Robert Connor began to neglect the New York Ledger for fast horses, tired of the old story of the border Sioux braves capturing a real nice fellow and his best girl seven hundred miles on the plains and preparing fagots to roast them alive just as the curtain went down with - Continued in our next.

Before undertaking to write this little book I decided that I could not rely altogether on my brain in directing your interest in this work. Though to write the forces of my brain and heart, I should not take my chances before you in this work without the hope of soliciting from my readers that degree of sympathy and feeling that shall cover much of the imperfections of my work.

If I fail to give you only the knowledge of facts, I have given you only the same cold icicle of knowledge that Worts of Andersonville and Jones of Cahaba have had.

Unless the very heart and soul of our National pride is touched it would matter but little to us to see a foreign foe place our flag at half mast, or trail it in the dust.

When the weary days were dragging so slowly by in Cahaba, when hope was almost a mockery, when Americas emblem of freedom was far away in the Federal lines, yet the brave patriotic starving boys in blue could be thrilled with patriotic pride in remembrance of the flag, when they would take up that old National refrain of the Stars Spangled Banner it would call out all the physical energy that could be put into vocal melody. Byron, Poe, or Longfellow never more fully put their heart or soul into lines of poetical genius than there was manifested in this sublime melody.

The hollow cheek and the sunken eye would flush with pride and sparkle with new life as the swelling anthem of old glory welled up so sweetly o'er Cahaba's starving throng. Patriotic inspiration of the soul was carrying us beyond our physical hunger which for the time being was lost among the Nations stars in the blue vault of glory whose stripes we were bearing behind the dark walls of Cahaba. I will not attempt any extensive review of the war for the Union, yet a brief outline of general facts from which this book is derived will be in order.

Writers of rare talent both North and South have reviewed in detail from Sumpters to Appomatox every historical phase of the Rebellion. And I will not here assume to add, diminish, or Criticise, I shall briefly touch upon Cause and effect in explanation of my text of this Chapter. The most peculiar phase of the Rebellion was its unrighteous and sad feature that seemed unjust to our National pride. A people of kindred blood the most enlightened people of the age whose progress and civilization in the new world had no parallel on earth.

Yet, it was truly said by the immortal Lincoln
 That a house divided against its self can not stand
 American liberty is right because it is National.
 Human Slavery was wrong because it was Sectional.

That which was morally and Nationally wrong
 could never be politically right yet, we had made
 it legally right in one Section of a National Union.
 Therefore Disunion was inevitable sooner or later.
 The North held the scepter of liberty and justice
 in forbidding the extension of human Slavery in
 our Territories, while the South persistently sought
 to extend it. After Lincoln was elected President
 (the champion of Anti Slavery) the South feared that
 Slavery could only be secured in a confederacy
 of States, which they sought to establish.

The rank and file of the South believed that the
 institutions of human Slavery were right these
 people were born and raised under this belief and
 from a Southern Standpoint ~~that~~ four millions
 of human Slaves were personal property.

The North was expected to encroach upon their
 National and personal rights and undoubtedly human
 Slavery could not have been abolished in half a Century
 without war. All other differences between the North and
 the South were of minor importance, and would
 never have caused the shedding of blood.

During the war the South entertained a bitter hatred
 toward the North; chiefly on account of the Pro Slavery
 feeling; and soldiers captured from the Federal line
 were made to feel the effect of this hatred; Not with-
 standing all the bitter hatred of the South, a hatred
 I was made to feel as a prisoner of war in their

Charge: Yet, I must accord them some provocation. From the firing of the first gun the South was placed on the defensive. We fought them in their homes, the Cities, towns, and Villages, of the sunny South were exposed to torch and devastation, ruin was being left in the wake of the victorious Armies of the North, Thousands of tall Chimneys on the right and on the left stood as silent Sentinels o'er the ruins of once happy homes, under the influence of hatred, revenge, and self defence, a less brave people than the South would soon have been annihilated before the superior and well equipped Armies of the North. Yet the brave sturdy Yeomanry of the South displayed that unequalled courage of which our Nation may well be proud. We that meet them on the field of battle and saw them go bravely down under defeat can stand before the tribunals of National Justice and apologize for the Southern Soldier. Who were lacking in resources, munitions of war, and men. ^{And} In the last two years of the war her soldiers were on the verge of famine.

The North had no provocation for hatred; being far removed from the scene of war, speculation and business was given a new impetus, manufacture in all the departments were calling for men of mechanical skill, the common laborer was sought for on every hand, our agricultural interests had never before been so prosperous, fertile fields were

giving fabulous returns of wealth, Transportation by rail, river, and ocean, had never before assumed such proportions, our intercourse with Europe had not been visibly affected by an internal war, our exports and imports were increased, the busy homes and Cities of the North knew not of the war so far as it effected business, enterprise, wealth and resources. If there is any class of men that have provocation to hurl abuse at the South it is that class of men that were held as prisoners during the war. Yet I am willing to admit that "Circumstances alter Cases" and if there was not a mutual good will between me and my wife I would be ashamed to give my neighbors provocation to suspicion that we were at outs, So would kiss and make up and restore that old lost affection that would cover a multitude of wrong. I don't know how this illustration will strike the average Ex Prisoner of war, yet it is applicable to my own views.

I have heard many unjust things said of the South since the war though invariably by those that were farthest from the front- by men that are brave in time of peace with no starch in their courage in time of war- men that would cowardly bathe a flag of peace in the blood of war- men that will for political purposes assassinate a section of the Country with his tongue are no Statesman. Though unfortunately many of our people have

never been able to discern the difference between a Statesman and a politician, and the latter are largely in the majority in American politics.

The difference between a Statesman and a politician is about this. The former expects to do something for his Country, the latter expects the Country to do something for him.

Had these political agitators been taken out of the political arena the bitterness of the war would of ceased at Appomatox.

But the politician in these days of the X. Rays can see far enough ahead of honesty to defeat the purpose of National Conscience with political policy. There are to many corner lots on the political map that are mortgaged in advance to those whom you are made to believe are ready to die for their Country or perish in the attempt, this class has been inciting wrong and hatred ever since the war.

American jingoism has become a great political commodity. Distance lends enchantment to this brand of patriotism. When you can stay at home and thrash some foreign power three thousand miles away with your tongue for refusing butter on two sides of American bread. But after election his patriotism runs down to zero, and last years oleomargarine on one side of stale bread is about the thing for home use.

“Straining at a foreign quat and swallowing an American Camel.” Cause and effect rendered in the light of National experience has always marked out a way for the people, while we have certainly reached low tide in American Politics with so many political barnacles to retard the speed of the old Ship of State, yet, she will never fail to return to our port where she can anchor safely in the American harbor. While there was so much political bitterness occasioned by the war, but little of it can be laid to the charge of the blue and the gray who introduced no dishonor into American Politics. They represented the military honor of the North and the South to those the victors and the vanquished might have been intrusted the Cultivation of National fraternity, accepting the result at Appomatox when the brave Lee who had betrayed no trust of the South accepted the inevitable in surrendering the broken sword of the South.

The silent invincible Grant permitted no exultation over the result. The Blue and the gray looking silently on the last act of the great drama of the Civil war, and the National horizon was clearing where was again reassembled the bright Stars of American Union that had been eclipsed in the dark clouds of

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war, National peace that had been driven
weeping away in the smoke of battle at
Sumpter, was again on the wing, bearing
back in the morning of victory and peace
the Olive branch that has grown into a great
leafy bower, beneath whose cool shade rests
from the heat of battle the blue and the gray.