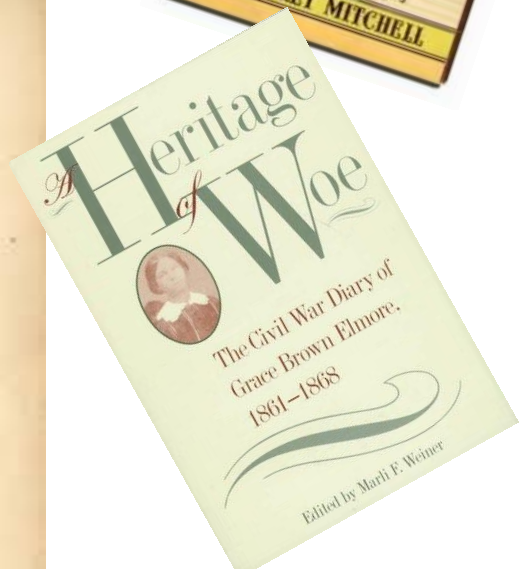
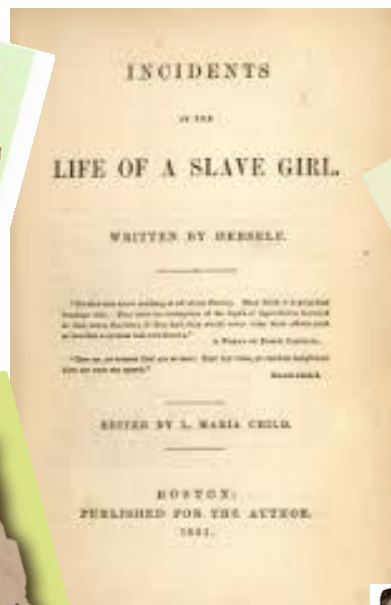
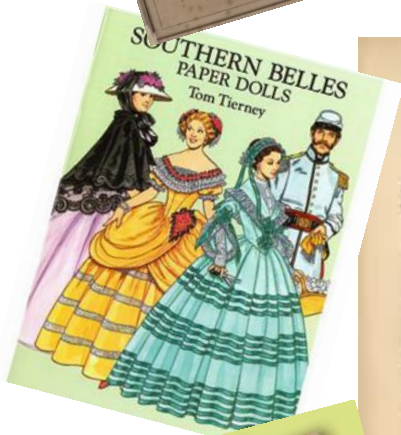
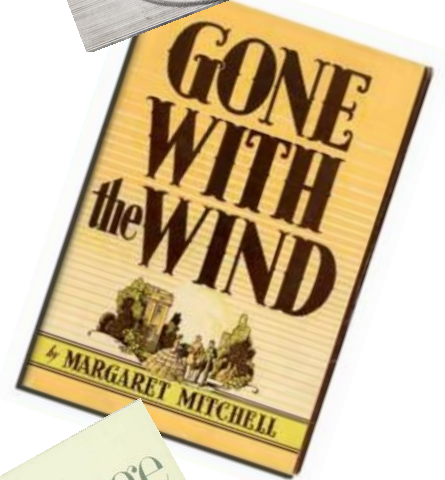
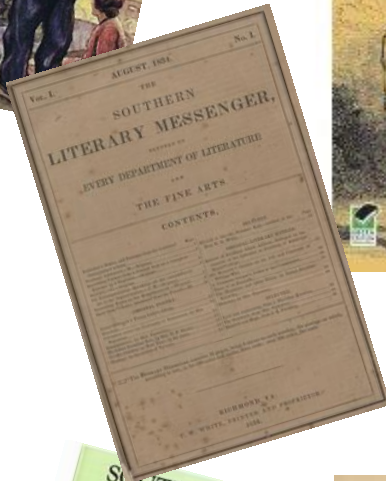
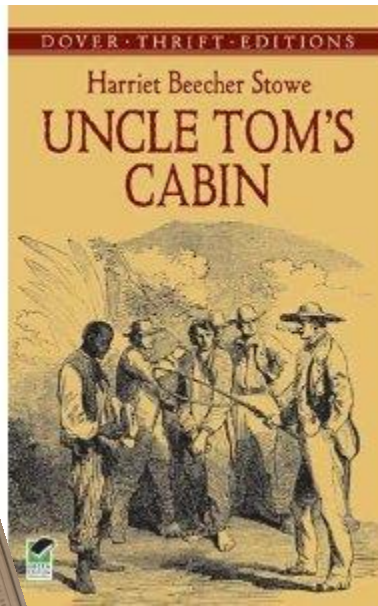


# Module Three: Literature of the Civil War Era



*Lifelong learning  
 Intuitive Insight  
 Theatre of Life  
 Enriching Education  
 Radical Richness  
 Artistry of form and language  
 Truth in the Telling  
 Undeniably pleasurable  
 Rapturous appreciation  
 Epiphany in Experience*



## Literary Piece #1: Untitled

**BY: Unknown Author**

Harper's Weekly, May 7, 1864

page 302 (1-2)

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

My name is Daniel Tyler, and my skin is dark, as my mother's was before me. I have heard that my father had a white face, but I think his heart and life were blacker than my mother's skin. I was born a slave, and remained a slave until last April, when I found deliverance and shelter under the flag that my master was fighting to dishonor.

I shall never forget the day when freedom came to me. I was working in the fields down in Alabama, my heart full of bitterness and unutterable longings. I had dreamed for two long years of escape from my bondage; the thought sung to me through the dark nights, and filled all the days with a weird sort of nervous expectation. But my dreams had proved nothing more than dreams; the opportunity I yearned for did not come. But that day, working in the fields, suddenly along the dusty road there flashed a long column of loyal cavalry, the old flag flying at its head. How my heart leaped at the sight; how, like revelation, came the thought: "This, Daniel Tyler, is your opportunity!" Need I tell you how I acted upon that thought; how, in one second of time, I leaped out of slavery into freedom, and from a slave became a man?

Well, joining the flashing column, I rode with them for days, coming at last into Baton Rouge, and thence, having joined a regiment of my own people, came to Memphis. Thence four hundred of us came to Fort Pillow. But there are not four hundred of us today, for three hundred and odd were murdered in cold blood only a week ago by Forrest's rough-riders.

It was a day of horrors—that 12<sup>th</sup> of March. There were seven hundred of us in all in the fort—three hundred whites of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and four hundred blacks, as I have said, all under command of brave Major Booth.

The fort consisted simply of earth-works, on which we had mounted half a dozen guns. We knew that Forrest had been pillaging the country all about us, and imagined that perhaps he would pay us a visit; but the thought did not alarm us, though we knew, those of us who were black, that we had little to expect at the hands of the rebels. At last, about sunrise on the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup>, Forrest, with some 6000 men, appeared and at once commenced an attack. We met the assault bravely, and for two hours the fight went on briskly. Then a flag of truce came in from Forrest, asking an unconditional surrender, but Major Bradford—Major Booth having been wounded—declined to surrender unless the enemy would treat those of us who were black as prisoners of

war, which, of course, they refused to do, and the fight went on. The enemy, in the next few hours, made several desperate charges, but were each time repulsed. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they sent in another flag. We ceased firing out of respect to the flag; but Forrest's men had no such notions of honor and good faith. The moment we stopped firing they swarmed all about the fort, and while the flag was yet withdrawing, made a desperate charge from all sides. Up to that time only about thirty of our men had been hurt. But in this charge, the enemy got within the earth-works, and forthwith there ensued a scene which no pen can describe. Seeing that all resistance was useless, most of us threw down our arms, expecting, and many begging for, quarter. But it was in vain. Murder was in every rebel heart; flamed in every rebel eye. Indiscriminate massacre followed instantly upon our surrender. Some of us, seeking shelter, ran to the river and tried to conceal ourselves in the bushes, but for the most part in vain. The savages, pursuing, shot down the fugitives in their tracks.

There was Manuel Nichols, as brave a soldier as ever carried a musket. He had been a free negro in Michigan, but volunteered a year ago to fight for the Union. He, with others, had sought a shelter under the bank of the river, but a cold-blooded monster found him, and putting a pistol close to his head, fired, failing however to kill the brave fellow. He was then hacked on the arm, and only a day after died, delirious, in the hospital. Then there was Robert Hall, another colored soldier, who was lying sick in the hospital when the massacre commenced. The devils gashed his head horribly with their sabres, and then cut off part of his right hand, which he had lifted in a mute appeal for mercy. Then there was Harrison, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, who was shot four times after surrender, and then robbed of all his effects. Before I was shot, running along the river bank, I counted fifty dead Union soldiers lying in their blood. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it, another had got over the bank in the river, and on to a board that ran out into the water, and when I saw him was already stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed. One negro corporal, Jacob Wilson, who was down on the river bank, seeing that no quarter was shown, stepped into the water so that he lay partly under it. A rebel coming along asked him what was the matter: He said he was badly wounded, and the rebel, after taking from his pocket all the money he had, left him. It happened to be near by a flat-boat tied to the bank. When all was quiet Wilson crawled into it, and got three more wounded comrades also into it, and cut loose. The boat floated out into the channel and was found ashore some miles below. There were, alas, few such fortunate escapes.

I was shot near the river just about dark. Running for my life, a burly rebel struck me with his carbine, putting out one eye, and then shot me in two places. I thought he would certainly leave me with that, but I was mistaken. With half a dozen others, I was at once picked up and carried to a ditch, into which we were tossed like so many brutes, where they covered us with loose dirt, and left us to die. Oh, how dark and desolate



it was! Under me were several dead, and right across my breast lay a white soldier, still alive! How he clutched and strained! How, hurt and weak as I was, with only one hand free, I struggled for air and life, feeling my strength waning every moment! It was a strange thing to lie there buried, and yet be able to think and pray. Maybe, friend, you have known what agony was, but you never had such pains of soul as I had down there in that living grave. I thought I could feel the worms gnawing at my flesh; I am sure I had a taste of what death is, with the added pain of knowing that I was not dead, and yet unable to live in that dark, dismal tomb. So I clutched and strained and struggled on, digging upward as I could with my one puny hand. At last—oh joy!—a faint streak of light looked in; my hand had carved an avenue to the world of life! But would I dare to lift my head? Might not some rebel, standing by, strike me down again on the moment? But I could not die *there* in that grave; I *must* escape. Slowly, painfully, I rolled the burden from my breast—*he* was dead by that time—and then carefully crept out from that living death. It was dark, and no one was near. A moment I stood up on my feet; then?

The next thing I remember I was in the hospital where I am now. They had found me just where I fell, and brought me to a place of safety, where, after a while, consciousness returned. I have been here a week now; and I think I shall get well.

I lie in the cot where poor Robert Hall lay when he was butchered by the rebels. They showed me, yesterday, a letter he had written the day before the massacre to his wife. He had learned to read and write at Memphis, after his enlistment, and used to send a message to his wife and children, who still remained there, every week or so. This was his letter which a surgeon had helped him put together:

"Dear Mammy"—it ran—"I am very sick here in the hospital, but am better than I was, and hope to get well soon. They have been very kind to me; and I find it very sweet to suffer for the dear flag that gives me shelter. You must not worry on my account. Tell Katy she must not forget to say her prayers and to study her lessons carefully now while she has an opportunity. And, mammy, take good care of the baby; I dreamed of her last night, and I think how sad it would be to die and never see her little face again. But then chaplain says it will be right in heaven, and he knows better than we do. And, mammy, don't forget we are free now; teach both the darlings to be worth of their estate."

That was poor Hall's letter—it had not been sent, and we have no heart to send it now. He will never see the baby's face here; but then God may let him see it up yonder!

I hope to recover and getaway from here very soon; I want to be in my place again; for I have something to avenge now, and I can not bear to wait. Poor Hall's blood is crying to me from the ground; and I want to be able, sometime, to say to Manuel Nichols's wife, up there in Michigan, that *his* fall has had its compensation. And may God speed the day when this whole slaveholders' rebellion—what remains of it—shall be "Buried Alive!"

**Harper's Weekly, May 7, 1864**



**Questions:**

1. Who is "I" in the text? (RI.1.4)
  
2.
  - A. What does the phrase "the old flag flying at its head" mean? (RI.1.4)
  
  - B. How does this phrase define Daniel's feeling of patriotism? (RI.5.4)
  
3.
  - A. When did Daniel become a soldier? (RI/RL1.1)
  
  - B. Why did Daniel want to join the army?(RI/RL.2.1)
  
  - C. Cite the reasons Daniel gave in the text as justification for his joining the army. (RI/RL4.1-7.1)
  
4. Describe the individuals under Major Booth's command? (RI.1.3)

5. A. Place the events from the reading passage in the correct order on the timeline.



Picture A



Picture B



Picture C



Picture D



Picture E



Picture F

\_\_\_ Rode with  
army to Baton  
Rouge

\_\_\_ Arrived at  
Fort Pillow

\_\_\_ Forest Rough  
Rider's wave a truce  
flag

\_\_\_ The massacre

\_\_\_ Buried alive

\_\_\_ Awaken in  
hospital

B. Explain how each of these events was in some way responsible for Daniel's freedom. (RI.4.3)

6. A. Explain the connotations of waving the truce flag? (RI.RL.1.1)

B. Explain how the use of the phrase "no such notions of honor and good faith" in paragraph six helps to explain the intentions of the Rough Riders? (RL.5.4)

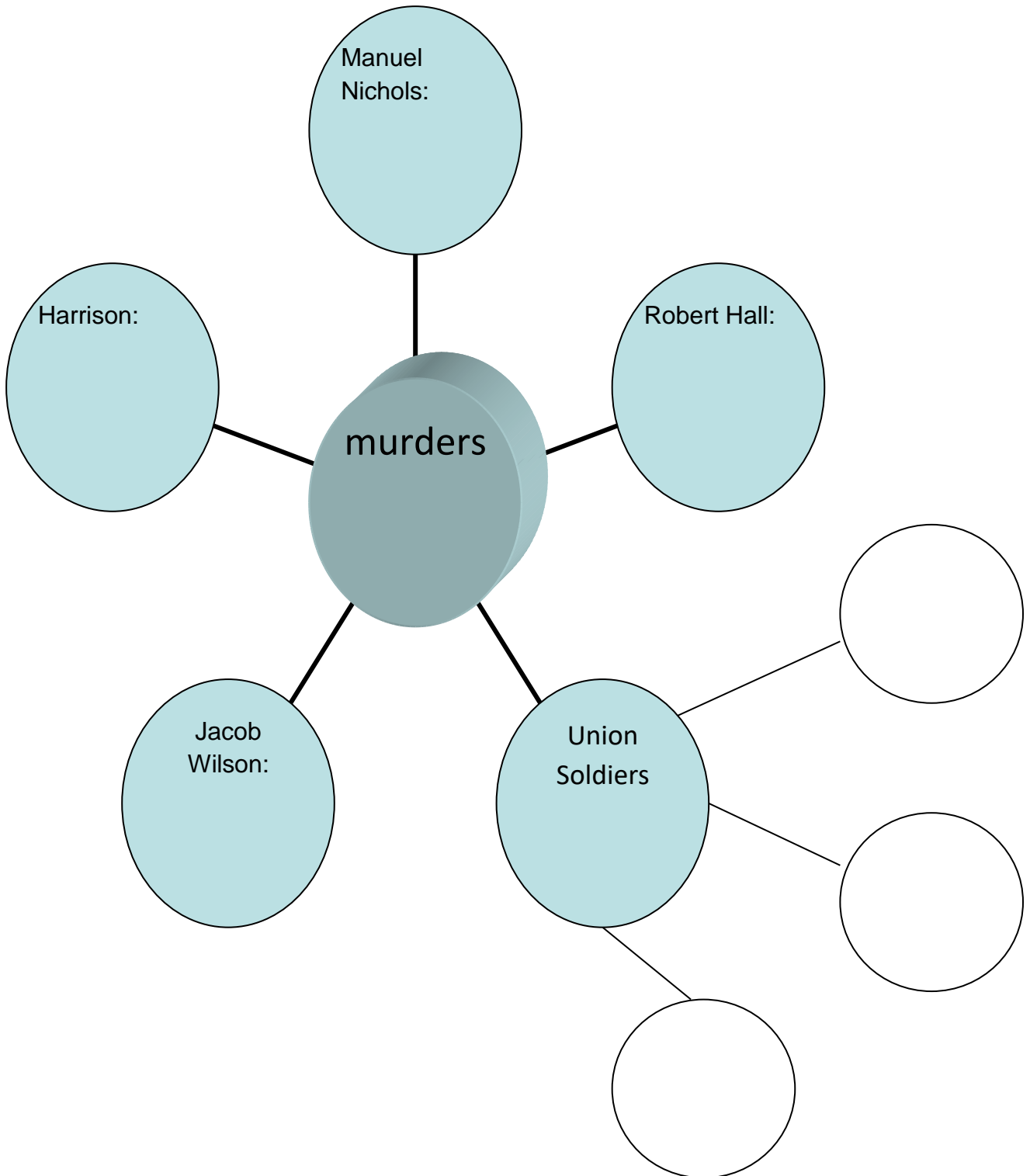
7. How many people died in the massacre?(RI.RL..1.1)

8. Explain how the use of the word 'flamed' in paragraph six shapes the meaning of what is being said in the sentence. (RL.5.4)

9. A. Who does the 'devils' in paragraph six refer to? (RI.1.4)

B. How does the use of this word effect the reader's impression of the Rough Riders? (RI/RL.6.4)

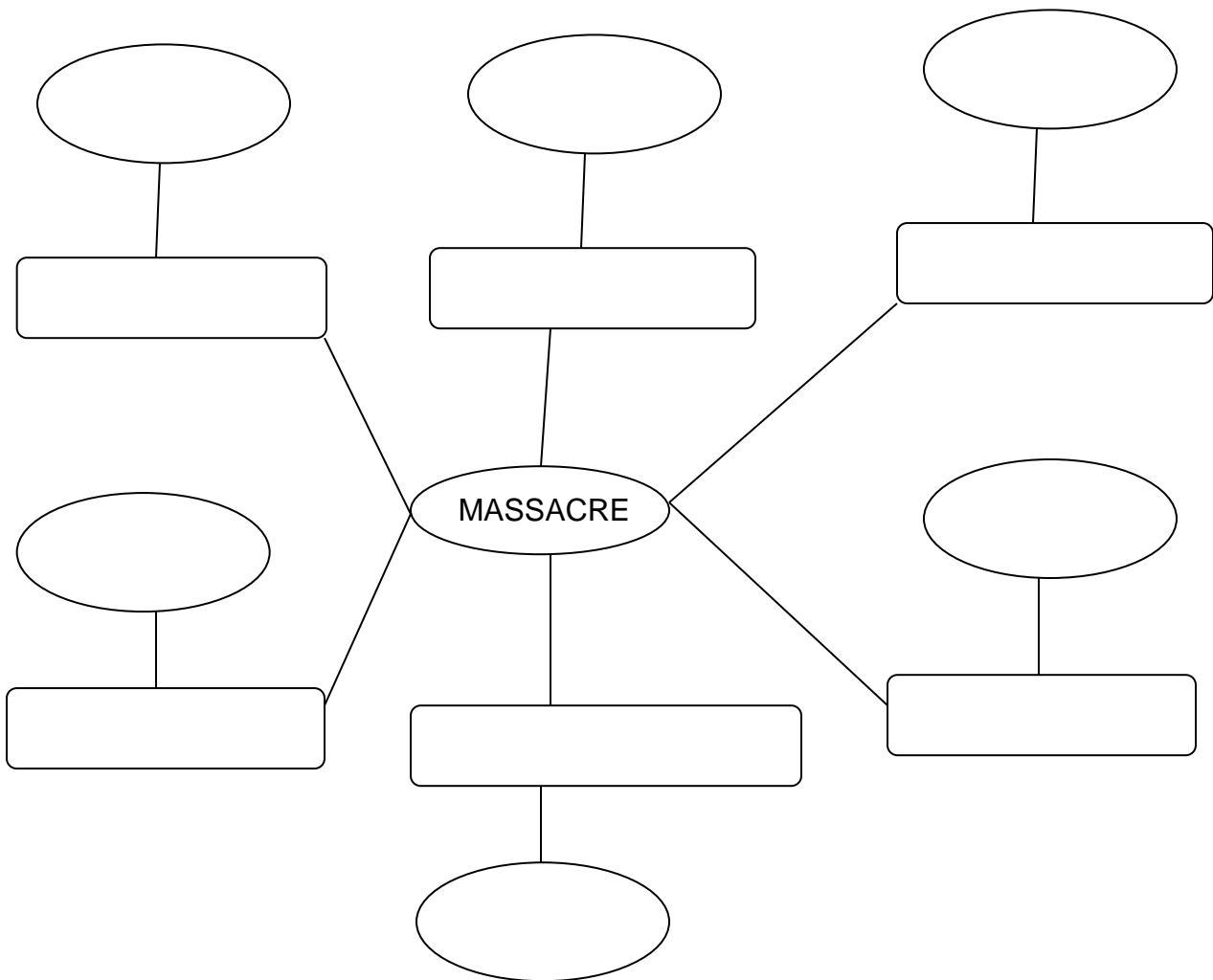
10. A. What similarities can you find in the way the author describes each of the “murders” at Fort Pillow? Complete each of the bubbles in the chart below with a description of a murder. (RI.5.6)





B. How does the way the author describes these murders influence the portrayal of the scene on March 12<sup>th</sup>? (RL.5.6)

11. A. In the diagram below complete the rectangles with words/phrases from the text that describe the massacre on March 12<sup>th</sup>? Then in the connecting circles write a synonym or paraphrase of the word/phrase you wrote in the rectangle. Use a thesaurus to help you find a synonym. (RI.3.4, L.3.5, L.4.3 & 5.3 merge, W.5.8)

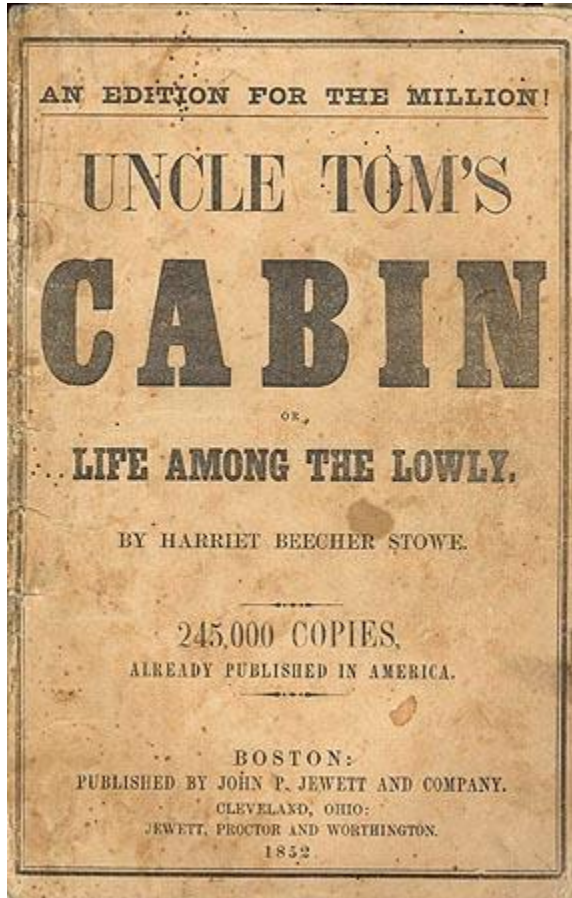


B. How does the use of these words help to define the tone set by the author throughout the entire reading passage? (RI/RL.6.4)

12. What effect did Robert Hall's letter have upon Daniel? (RI.1.3)
  
13. A. In your own words, explain what "And may God speed the day when this whole slaveholders' rebellion—what remains of it—shall be "Buried Alive!" means. (RI/RL.6.4)  
  
B. Use the paraphrase you wrote above to make an inference about what Daniel may do next. (RI/RL.2.1)
  
14. In your own words, summarize the main idea of this passage. Cite specific examples in your summary. (RI/RL.4.2)

## Literary Piece #2: Uncle Tom's Cabin

By: Harriet Beecher Stowe



The book may be read in its entirety at:  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/203/203-h/203-h.htm#link2HCH0001> or the abridged version at:

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/11171/11171-h/11171-h.htm> (abridged version)

**VIDEO:** Go to: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pWq8RSUXxf4> (Part 1) and

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-5EyXG5Vrmk> (Part 2). Watch

parts one and two of the movie of Uncle Tom's Cabin and answer the questions below.



1. Where & when does this movie take place? (SL1.4)
2. Who are the main characters? (SL.1.4)

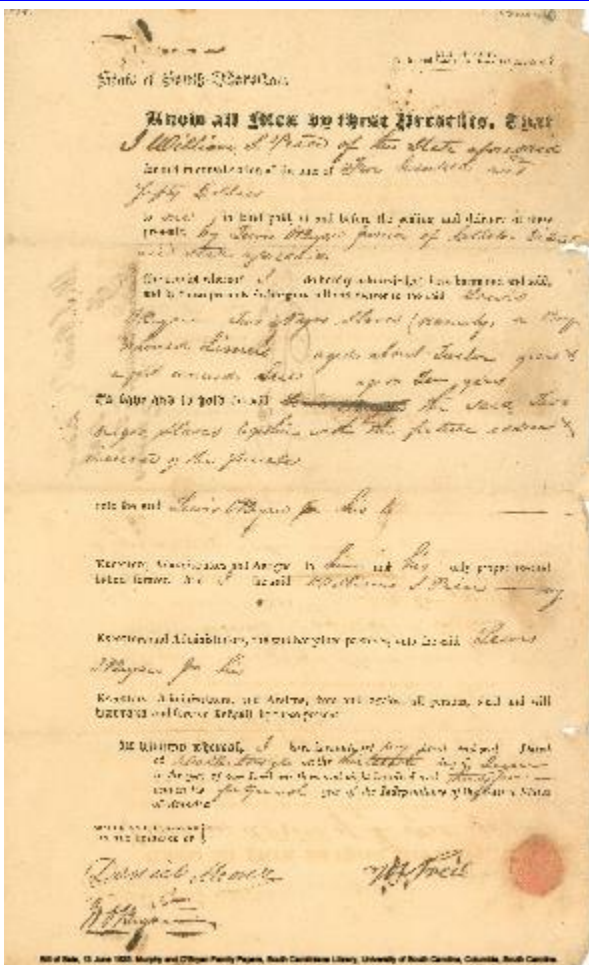


7. In part two of this movie, Eliza and her son were helped by a minister while Tom was befriended by a little girl. Assume that the minister and the little girl were from the north and that their actions/feelings towards the issue of slavery were representative of most Northerners. Contrast these two 'northern reactions to the attitude held by 'southerners' on the topic of slavery. What does this tell you about the growing divide between the North and the South before civil war broke out? (SL.11-12.3)
  
8. Why do you think this book was so popular when it was first published? Evaluate the social and political connotations this book may have had at the time of its first publication. (SL.8.2)
  
9. Think about Daniel's escape from slavery in the Untitled Piece from Harper's Weekly that you previously read. How does what happened to Tom in this movie provide justification for Daniel's actions? What evidence can you give to support your analysis of this comparison? (SL.8.2)

10. When Tom was sold his owner created a Bill of Sale very similar to the one found below. Examine the Bill of Slave and the transcript to answer the questions which follow.

Original document may be viewed at:

<http://www.teachingushistory.org/ttrove/billofsale.htm> (accessed August 28, 20113)



## Transcript

### Bill of Sale

Printed and Sold by W. Riley, 110 Church-st.}

**State of South Carolina**

**Know all Men by these Presents, That J. William S. Price of the State aforesaid for and in consideration of the sum of Five hundred and fifty dollars to me in hand paid, at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, by Lewis O'Bryan Junior of Colleton District and State aforesaid.**

**(the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge) have bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain, sell and deliver to the said Lewis O'Bryan Two Negro Slaves. (namely, a Boy named Limus aged about twelve years & a girl named Sue aged Ten years**

**To have and to hold the said Lewis O'Bryan the said two Negro slaves together with the future issue & increase of the female Unto the said Lewis O'Bryan Jr. his**

**to**  
**Executors, Administrators and Assigns:**  
to him and his only proper use and

**behoof forever. And I the said William J Price---- my**

**Executors and Administrators, the said bargained premises, unto the said Lewis O'Bryan Jr his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, from and against all persons, shall and will Warrant and forever Defend by these presents.**

**In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal Dated at Walterborough on the thirteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty four—and in the forty ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America.**

**SEALED AND DELIVERED  
IN THE PRESENCE OF  
Daniel Moorer [?]**

A. Suppose you did not know what a Bill of Sale was. What words/phrases in the document above help to clarify the purpose of this document? (RI/RL.4.1)

B. How old were the slaves sold in this document and what were their names? (RI.RL.1.1, RI/RL.2.1)

C. Look at this extract from the Bill of Sale.

**“To have and to hold the said Lewis O’ Bryan the said two Negro slaves together with the future issue & increase of the female Unto the said Lewis O’ Bryan Jr. his to \_\_\_\_\_ Executors, Administrators....”**

What does the underlined phrase infer in the context of this phrase? (RI/RL.7.1)

### Literary Piece #3: The Women Who Went to the Field BY CLARA BARTON



#### Introduction to the text

1. What can you infer this poem will be about based on the title? (RI/RL.1.1)
  
2. Who is Clara Barton? (RI/RL.2.1)
  
3. Before reading the entire poem answers the first few questions posed by Clara, based on your preliminary thoughts. (RI/RL.2.1)
  - A. What did the women go into the fields to do?
  - B. Were they just in the way?
  - C. What did women know about war?
  - D. What could they do/what use could they be?

*The following is a poem written and delivered by Clara Barton in 1892. The poem describes the nurse's work on the Civil War battlefield.*

The women who went to the field, you say,  
 The women who went to the field; and pray,  
 What did they go for? - just to be in the way? -  
 They'd not know the difference betwixt work and play,  
 What did they know about war, anyway ?  
 What could they do? - of what use could they be?  
 They would scream at the sight of a gun, don't you see?  
 Just fancy them round where the bugle notes play,  
 And the long roll is bidding us on to the fray.  
 Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,  
 And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields  
 When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches hot;-  
 They never will wait for the answering shot.  
 They would faint at the first drop of blood, in their sight.  
 What fun for us boys,-(ere we enter the fight;)  
 They might pick some lint, and tear up some sheets,  
 And make us some jellies, and send on their sweets,  
 And knit some soft socks for Uncle Sam's shoes,  
 And write us some letters, and tell us the news.  
 And thus it was settled by common consent,

That husbands, or brothers, or whoever went,  
 That the place for the women was in their own homes,





There to patiently wait until victory comes.  
 But later, it chanced, just how no one knew,  
 That the lines slipped a bit, and some 'gan to crowd through;  
 And they went, - where did they go? - Ah; where did they not?  
 Show us the battle, - the field, - or the spot  
 Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air  
 That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there,  
 Who wiped the death sweat from the cold, clammy brow,  
 And sent home the message; - "T is well with him now"?  
 Who watched in the tents, whilst the fever fires burned,  
 And the pain-tossing limbs in agony turned,  
 And wet the parched tongue, calmed delirium's strife  
 Till the dying lips murmured, " My Mother," " My Wife"!  
 And who were they all ? - They were many, my men:  
 Their record was kept by no tabular pen:  
 They exist in traditions from father to son.  
 Who recalls, in dim memory, now here and there one.-  
 A few names where writ, and by chance live to-day;  
 But's a perishing record fast fading away.  
 Of those we recall, there are scarcely a score,  
 Dix, Dame, Bickerdyke, - Edson, Harvey and Moore,  
 Fales, Wittenmeyer, Gilson, Safford and Lee,  
 And poor Cutter dead in the sands of the sea;  
 And Frances D. Gage, our "Aunt Fanny" of old,  
 Whose voice rang for freedom when freedom was sold.  
 And Husband, and Etheridge, and Harlan and Case,  
 Livermore, Alcott, Hancock and Chase,  
 And Turner, and Hawley, and Potter and Hall,  
 Ah! the list grows apace, as they come at the call:  
 Did these women quail at the sight of a gun?  
 Will some soldier tell us of one he saw run?  
 Will he glance at the boats on the great western flood,  
 At Pittsburg and Shiloh, did they faint at the blood?  
 And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,  
 And her calm, stately presence gave strength to his men.  
 And Marie of Logan; she went with them too;  
 A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 't is true.  
 Her young cheek grows pale when the bold troopers ride.  
 Where the "Black Eagle" soars, she is close at his side,  
 She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt breath,  
 And the wave of her hand stays the Angle of Death;  
 She nurses him back, and restores once again  
 To both army and state the brave leader of men.

She has smoothed his black plumes and laid them to sleep,  
 Whilst the angels above them their high vigils keep:  
 And she sits here alone, with the snow on her brow -  
 Your cheers for her comrades! Three cheers for her now.  
 And these were the women who went to the war:  
 The women of question; what did they go for?  
 Because in their hearts God had planted the seed  
 Of pity for woe, and help for its need;  
 They saw, in high purpose, a duty to do,  
 And the armor of right broke the barriers through.  
 Uninvited, unaided, unsanctioned ofttimes,  
 With pass, or without it, they pressed on the lines;  
 They pressed, they implored, till they ran the lines through,  
 And this was the "running" the men saw them do.  
 'T was a hampered work, its worth largely lost;  
 'T was hindrance, and pain, and effort, and cost:  
 But through these came knowledge, - knowledge is power.-  
 And never again in the deadliest hour  
 Of war or of peace shall we be so beset  
 To accomplish the purpose our spirits have met.  
 And what would they do if war came again?  
 The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then.  
 They would bind on their "brassards" and march to the fray,  
 And the man liveth not who could say to them nay;  
 They would stand with you now, as they stood with you then,  
 The nurses, consolers, and saviours of men.

(<http://www.civilwar.org/education/history/primarysources/the-women-who-went-to-the.html>)

<http://www.nps.gov/ncr/photosmultimedia/photogallery.htm?id=25583136-1DD8-B71C-0783E5DDA7FD1ECE>

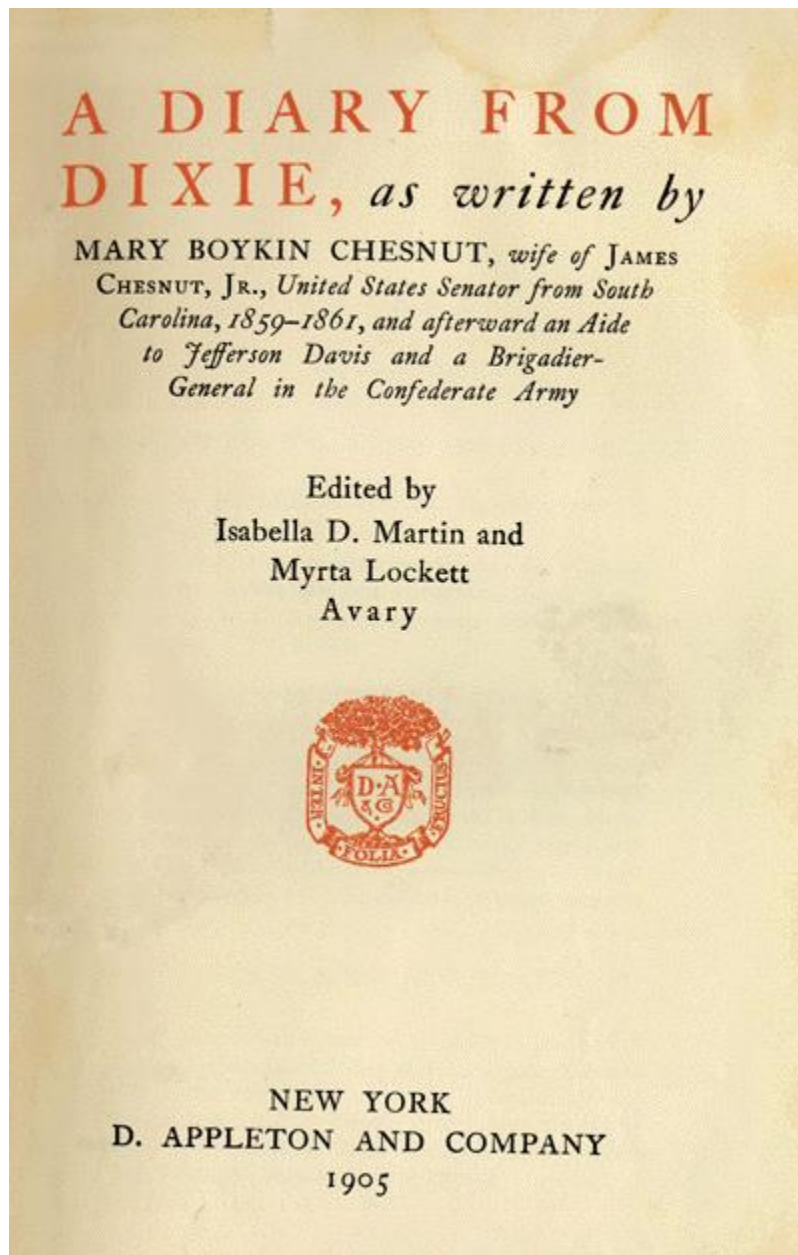


**Use the information provided in the reading above to answer the following questions.**

1. What can be inferred about how society's view of women from the following lines in this poem? (RI/RL.4.1)
  - “They [women] would scream at the sight of a gun.”
  - “Imagine their skirts ‘mong artillery wheels”
  - “And watch for their flutter as they flee ‘cross the fields”
  - “They would faint at the first drop of blood, in their sight”

2. Identify some additional lines in the poem that help you infer how women were viewed in society at this time. (RI/RL.5.1,.7.1)
  
3. What is meant by the following: “But later, it chanced, just how no one knew, that the lines slipped a bit, and some ‘gan to crowd through; and they went, -where did they go?-Ah; where did they not? Show us the battle, -the field,- or the spot where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air that her ear caught it no, and her hand was not there.” (RI/RL.1.1, RI/RL.4.1)
  
4. Identify lines in the poem that help you understand what the women did to help the men in the fields. (RI/RL.4.1, .5.1, .7.1)
  
5. Research the names of soldiers listed in the poem and provide specific details for at least three of them. (RI.5.7)
  
6. What can you infer about these women’s behavior based on the tone of Clara’s questions, as follows, and identify her word choice that helps set her tone? (RI/RL.4.1)
  - “Did these women quail at of a gun?” What does quail mean? (RI.1.4)
  - “Will some soldier tell us of one he saw run?”
  - “And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them then, and her calm, stately presence gave strength to his men
  
10. Interpret Clara’s word use and tone regarding “Marie of Logan”. (RI .6.4)

11. After reading the entire poem answers the following questions posed by Clara, based on your enhanced understanding: 1. what did the women go into the fields to do? Were they just in the way? What did women know about war? What could they do/what use could they be? (RI/RL.2.1)
  
12. Share your interpretations and personal thoughts based on the last section of the poem. (RI.3.6)
  
13. What do you believe was Clara's purpose for writing this poem? (RI.2.6, .8.6)
  
14. Write a short essay likening the main idea/concepts in this poem to something in your own life. Use examples/concepts from the poem to help in the comparison. (W.2.3, W.3.4, W.5.4, W/WHST.6-8-4, W/WHST.11-12.4)

**Literary Piece #4: A Diary from Dixie**

Note: This book can be read in its entirety at:

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/southlit/chesnut/maryches.html>

**Novel Extract from:** <http://docsouth.unc.edu/southlit/chesnut/maryches.html>  
(accessed August 28, 2013)

**XX. CHESTER, S. C.**  
**March 21, 1865 - May 1, 1865**

*April 7th.* - Richmond has fallen and I have no heart to write about it. Grant broke through our lines and Sherman cut through them. Stoneman is this side of Danville. They are too many for us. Everything is lost in Richmond, even our archives. Blue black is our horizon. Hood says we shall all be obliged to go West - to Texas, I mean, for our own part of the country will be overrun.

Yes, a solitude and a wild waste it may become, but, as to that, we can rough it in the bush at home.

De Fontaine, in his newspaper, continues the old cry. "Now Richmond is given up," he says, "it was too heavy a load to carry, and we are stronger than ever." "Stronger than ever?" Nine-tenths of our army are under ground and where is another army to come from? Will they wait until we grow one?

*April 15th.*-What a week it has been - madness, sadness, anxiety, turmoil, ceaseless excitement. The Wigfalls passed through on their way to Texas. We did not see them. Louly told Hood they were bound for the Rio Grande, and intended to shake hands with Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Yankees were expected here every minute. Mrs. Davis came. We went down to the cars at daylight to receive her. She dined with me. Lovely Winnie, the baby, came, too. Buck and Hood were here, and that queen of women, Mary Darby. Clay behaved like a trump. He was as devoted to Mrs. Davis in her adversity as if they had never quarreled in her prosperity. People sent me things for Mrs. Davis, as they did in Columbia for Mr. Davis. It was a luncheon or breakfast only she stayed for here. Mrs. Brown prepared a dinner for her at the station.

I went down with her. She left here at five o'clock. My heart was like lead, but we did not give way. She was as calm and smiling as ever. It was but a brief glimpse of my dear Mrs. Davis, and under altered skies.

*April 17th.* - A letter from Mrs. Davis, who writes: "Do come to me, and see how we get on. I shall have a spare room by the time you arrive, indifferently furnished, but, oh, so affectionately placed at your service. You will receive such a loving welcome. One perfect bliss have I. The baby, who grows fat and is smiling always, is christened, and not old enough to develop the world's vices or to be snubbed by it. The name so long delayed is Varina Anne. My name is a heritage of woe.

"Are you delighted with your husband? I am delighted with him as well as with my own. It is well to lose an Arabian horse if one elicits such a tender and at the same time

knightly letter as General Chesnut wrote to my poor old Prometheus. I do not think that for a time he felt the vultures after the reception of the General's letter.

"I hear horrid reports about Richmond. It is said that all below Ninth Street to the Rocketts has been burned by the rabble, who mobbed the town. The Yankee performances have not been chronicled. May God take our cause into His own hands."

*April 19th.* - Just now, when Mr. Clay dashed up-stairs, pale as a sheet, saying, "General Lee has capitulated," I saw it reflected in Mary Darby's face before I heard him speak. She staggered to the table, sat down, and wept aloud. Mr. Clay's eyes were not dry. Quite beside herself Mary shrieked, "Now we belong to negroes and Yankees!" Buck said, "I do not believe it."

How different from ours of them is their estimate of us. How contradictory is their attitude toward us. To keep the despised and iniquitous South within their borders, as part of their country, they are willing to enlist millions of men at home and abroad, and to spend billions, and we know they do not love fighting *per se*, nor spending money. They are perfectly willing to have three killed for our one. We hear they have all grown rich, through "shoddy," whatever that is. Genuine Yankees can make a fortune trading jack-knives.

"Somehow it is borne in on me that we will have to pay the piper," was remarked to-day. "No; blood can not be squeezed from a turnip. You can not pour anything out of an empty cup. We have no money even for taxes or to be confiscated."

While the Preston girls are here, my dining-room is given up to them, and we camp on the landing, with our one table and six chairs. Beds are made on the dining-room floor. Otherwise there is no furniture, except buckets of water and bath-tubs in their improvised chamber. Night and day this landing and these steps are crowded with the *élite* of the Confederacy, going and coming, and when night comes, or rather, bedtime, more beds are made on the floor of the landing-place for the war-worn soldiers to rest upon. The whole house is a bivouac. As Pickens said of South Carolina in 1861, we are "an armed camp."

My husband is rarely at home. I sleep with the girls, and my room is given up to soldiers. General Lee's few, but undismayed, his remnant of an army, or the part from the South and West, sad and crestfallen, pass through Chester. Many discomfited heroes find their way up these stairs. They say Johnston will not be caught as Lee was. He can retreat; that is his trade. If he would not fight Sherman in the hill country of Georgia, what will he do but retreat in the plains of North Carolina with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas all to the fore?

We are to stay here. Running is useless now; so we mean to bide a Yankee raid, which they say is imminent. Why fly? They are everywhere, these Yankees, like red ants, like the locusts and frogs which were the plagues of Egypt.

The plucky way in which our men keep up is beyond praise. There is no howling, and our poverty is made a matter of laughing. We deride our own penury. Of the country we try not to speak at all.

*April 22d.* - This yellow Confederate quire of paper, my journal, blotted by entries, has been buried three days with the silver sugar-dish, teapot, milk-jug, and a few spoons and forks that follow my fortunes as I wander. With these valuables was Hood's silver cup, which was partly crushed when he was wounded at Chickamauga.

It has been a wild three days, with aides galloping around with messages, Yankees hanging over us like a sword of Damocles. We have been in queer straits. We sat up at Mrs. Bedon's dressed, without once going to bed for forty-eight hours, and we were awearry.

Colonel Cadwallader Jones came with a despatch, a sealed secret despatch. It was for General Chesnut. I opened it. Lincoln, old Abe Lincoln, has been killed, murdered, and Seward wounded! Why? By whom? It is simply maddening, all this.

I sent off messenger after messenger for General Chesnut. I have not the faintest idea where he is, but I know this foul murder will bring upon us worse miseries. Mary Darby says, "But they murdered him themselves. No Confederates are in Washington." "But if they see fit to accuse us of instigating it?" "Who murdered him? Who knows?" "See if they don't take vengeance on us, now that we are ruined and can not repel them any longer."

The death of Lincoln I call a warning to tyrants. He will not be the last President put to death in the capital, though he is the first.

Buck never submits to be bored. The bores came to tea at Mrs. Bedon's, and then sat and talked, so prosy, so wearisome was the discourse, so endless it seemed, that we envied Buck, who was mooning on the piazza. She rarely speaks now.



# HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS!

## AN ARMISTICE AGREED UPON!!!

### Lincoln Assassinated and Seward Mortally Wounded in Washington!!

GREENSBORO, April 19, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER No. 14.

It is announced to the Army that a suspension of arms has been agreed upon pending negotiations between the two Governments.

During its continuance the two armies are to occupy their present position.

By command of General Johnston :

[SIGNED,]

ARCHER ANDERSON,

Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

Official Copy : ISAAC HAYNE.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1865.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN :

*President Lincoln was murdered, about ten o'clock last night, in his private box at Ford's Theatre, in this city, by an assassin, who shot him in the head with a pistol ball. At the same hour Mr. Seward's house was entered by another assassin, who stabbed the Secretary in several places. It is thought he may possibly recover, but his son Fred may possibly die of the wounds he received.*

The assassin of the President leaped from the private box, brandishing his dagger and exclaiming : "*Sic Semper Tyrannis—VIRGINIA IS REVENGED!*" Mr. Lincoln fell senseless from his seat, and continued in that condition until 22 minutes past 10 o'clock this morning, at which time he breathed his last.

Vice President Johnson now becomes President, and will take the oath of office and assume the duties to-day.

[SIGNED,]

E. M. STANTON

TO THE CITIZENS OF CHESTER.

CHESTER, S. C., April 22, 1865.

FLOUR and MEAL given out to the citizens by order of Major MITCHELL, Chief Commissary of South Carolina, to be returned when called for, is *badly wanted to ration General Johnston's army.* Please return the same at once.

E. M. GRAHAM, Agent Subsistence Dep't.

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE FORCES S. C.

CHESTERVILLE, APRIL 20, 1865.

The Brigadier-General Commanding has been informed that, in view of the approach of the enemy, a large quantity of supplies of various kinds were given out by the various Government officers at this post to the citizens of the place. He now calls upon, and earnestly requests all citizens, who may have such stores in their possession, to return them to the several Departments to which they belong. The stores are much needed at this time for the use of soldiers, passing through the place, and for the sick at the Hospital.

By command of Brig. Gen. Chesnut:

M. R. CLARK, Major and A. A. General.

A NEWSPAPER EXTRA.

*April 23d.* - My silver wedding-day, and I am sure the unhappiest day of my life. Mr. Portman came with Christopher Hampton. Portman told of Miss Kate Hampton, who is perhaps the most thoroughly ladylike person in the world. When he told her that Lee had surrendered she started up from her seat and said, "That is a lie." "Well, Miss Hampton, I tell the tale as it was told me. I can do no more."

No wonder John Chesnut is bitter. They say Mulberry has been destroyed by a corps commanded by General Logan. Some one asked coolly, "Will General Chesnut be shot as a soldier, or hung as a senator?" "I am not of sufficient consequence," answered he. "They will stop short of brigadiers. I resigned my seat in the United States Senate weeks before there was any secession. So I can not be hung as a senator. But after all it is only a choice between drumhead court martial, short shrift, and a lingering death at home from starvation."

These negroes are unchanged. The shining black mask they wear does not show a ripple of change; they are sphinxes. Ellen has had my diamonds to keep for a week or so. When the danger was over she handed them back to me with as little apparent interest in the matter as if they had been garden peas.

Mrs. Huger was in church in Richmond when the news of the surrender came. Worshipers were in the midst of the communion service. Mr. McFarland was called out to send away the gold from his bank. Mr. Minnegerode's English grew confused. Then the President was summoned, and distress of mind showed itself in every face. The night before one of General Lee's aides, Walter Taylor, was married, and was off to the wars immediately after the ceremony.

One year ago we left Richmond. The Confederacy has double-quickd down hill since then. One year since I stood in that beautiful Hollywood by little Joe Davis's grave. Now we have burned towns, deserted plantations, sacked villages. "You seem resolute to look the worst in the face," said General Chesnut, wearily. "Yes, poverty, with no future and no hope." "But no slaves, thank God!" cried Buck. "We would be the scorn of the world if the world thought of us at all. You see, we are exiles and paupers." "Pile on the agony." "How does our famous captain, the great Lee, bear the Yankees' galling chain?" I asked. "He knows how to possess his soul in patience," answered my husband. "If there were no such word as subjugation, no debts, no poverty, no negro mobs backed by Yankees; if all things were well, you would shiver and feel benumbed," he went on, pointing at me in an oratorical attitude. "Your sentence is pronounced - Camden for life."

*May 1st.* - In Chester still. I climb these steep steps alone. They have all gone, all passed by. Buck went with Mr. C. Hampton to York. Mary, Mrs. Huger, and Pinckney took flight together. One day just before they began to dissolve in air, Captain Gay was seated at the table, halfway between me on the top step and John in the window, with his legs outside. Said some one to-day, "She showed me her engagement ring, and I put it back on her hand. She is engaged, but not to me." "By the heaven that is above

us all, I saw you kiss her hand." "That I deny." Captain Gay glared in angry surprise, and insisted that he had seen it. "Sit down, Gay," said the cool captain in his most mournful way. "You see, my father died when I was a baby, and my grandfather took me in hand. To him I owe this moral maxim. He is ninety years old, a wise old man. Now, remember my grandfather's teaching forevermore - 'A gentleman must not kiss and tell.' "

General Preston came to say good-by. He will take his family abroad at once. Burnside, in New Orleans, owes him some money and will pay it. "There will be no more confiscation, my dear madam," said he; "they must see that we have been punished enough." "They do not think so, my dear general. This very day a party of Federals passed in hot pursuit of our President."

A terrible fire-eater, one of the few men left in the world who believe we have a right divine, being white, to hold Africans, who are black, in bonds forever; he is six feet two; an athlete; a splendid specimen of the animal man; but he has never been under fire; his place in the service was a bomb-proof office, so-called. With a face red-hot with rage he denounced Jeff Davis and Hood. "Come, now," said Edward, the handsome, "men who could fight and did not, they are the men who ruined us. We wanted soldiers. If the men who are cursing Jeff Davis now had fought with Hood, and fought as Hood fought, we'd be all right now."

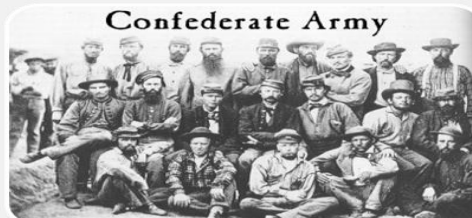


**Directions:** Use the information provided in the text above to answer the following questions.

1. A. How are the "Yankees" and "Southerners" (Confederates) portrayed in this extract? Complete the chart below with examples from the text. (RI?RL.4.1)



Yankees



Confederates

- B. How do these examples define the author's point of view of Civil War events? (RI.8.3)
2. A. How does the author describe the manner in which her life has been effected by the Civil War? (RI.4.3-8.3)
- B. Analyze how these descriptions influence the point of view taken by the author. (RL.5.6)
3. A. What was in the secret 'despatch' the author received on April 22<sup>nd</sup>? (RI/RL.2.1)
- B. What are the main ideas in the newspaper extract (See primary source document embedded in the reading text) the author received? Complete the outline below with the main idea and supporting details of each of the four notices. The first one has been done for you as an example. (RI.3.2)

**General Order #14**

- I. Army suspension of arms agreed upon (Main idea)
- A. Negotiations pending (Supporting details)
- B. Both armies to maintain present positions during negotiations (Supporting detail)

**Message to Major-General Sherman**

I. Lincoln assassinated and Seward mortally wounded (Main idea)

Supporting details

- A. \_\_\_\_\_ (when/where)
- B. \_\_\_\_\_ (how)
- C. \_\_\_\_\_ (information regarding Seward)
- D. \_\_\_\_\_ (information about Seward)

II. \_\_\_\_\_ (Main idea of paragraph two)

Supporting details

- A. \_\_\_\_\_
- B. \_\_\_\_\_

III. \_\_\_\_\_ (Main idea of paragraph three)

**Citizens of Chester**

I. \_\_\_\_\_ (Main idea)

Supporting details

- A. \_\_\_\_\_
- B. \_\_\_\_\_

**Headquarters Reserve Forces S.C.**

I. \_\_\_\_\_ (Main idea)

Supporting details

- A. \_\_\_\_\_
- B. \_\_\_\_\_

4. On April 23d, the author describes 'Southern' life after the surrender came. "Yes, poverty, with no future and no hope." "...we are exiles and paupers."
  - A. Are her judgments/opinions about the future of the south valid? What claims (if any) does she make to support this point of view? (RI.8.8)
  
  - B. What historical references can you make that support/don't support the author's point of view? (RI.8.8-RI.9-10.8)
  
5. Evaluate the author's argument on slavery put forth in the final paragraph. What reasons/evidence are given in support of slavery? (RI.5.8)

## Sources:

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3. <http://www.nps.gov/clba/historyculture/fieldpoem.htm>
4. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/203/203-h/203-h.htm>
5. (<http://www.civilwar.org/education/history/primarysources/the-women-who-went-to-the.html>)
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