

Dear Diary... **The Civil War**

Task:

Write 3 diary entries from the following perspectives:

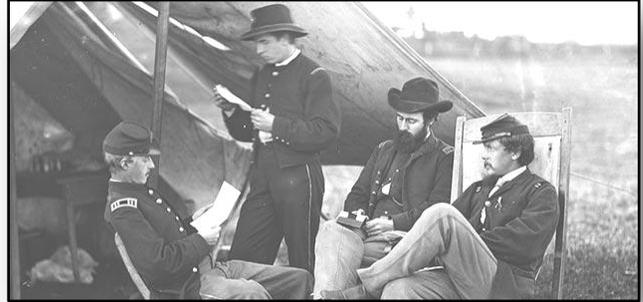
- President Abraham Lincoln
- A soldier
 - Can be from either the North or the South
 - Can be a made up person or an actual historical figure—ex. General Robert E. Lee or General Ulysses S. Grant
- A civilian
 - Can be from either the North or the South
 - Can be a wife, mother, father, sibling of a soldier or just a general citizen

Criteria:

- Each diary entry must be between 150-250 words
- Must be historically accurate

Ideas on what to write about:

- A specific battle
- The draft
- The Emancipation Proclamation
- Andersonville Prison
- Lincoln's Assassination



Where can you go to find information for this assignment?

- <http://www.civilwar.com>
- <http://www.civil-war.net>
- <http://www.pbs.org/civilwar>
- <http://www.historyplace.com/civilwar>
- <http://americancivilwar.com>
- <http://www.mrnussbaum.com/civilwarpage.htm>

The following is the Gettysburg Address, a speech given by President Lincoln following the Battle of Gettysburg. This speech was to consecrate the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate -- we can not consecrate -- we can not hallow -- this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The following are examples of letters from soldiers to their families during the Civil War:

Source: National Park Service, Antietam Battlefield

<http://www.nps.gov/anti/forteachers/upload/Letters%20and%20Diaries%20of%20Soldiers%20and%20Civilians.pdf>



4th N.C. Volunteers

September 30th, 1862 Camp near Bunker Hill

Dear Father, Mother and Sisters,

It has been some time since I wrote to you all. I have heard from you two or three times. I have been in Maryland since I wrote to you and have been in two very hard battles in Maryland and came out unhurt. I see a great deal and could tell you more than I write if I could see you.

Our regiment did not have many wounded nor killed but a good many taken prisoners. Frank Shepherd and John Fennster we suppose are taken. We have not heard from them since the fight. They were not in the fight; were left at the camp. The Yankees took them. On their escape they took a good many of our negroes. That was a great victory at Harper's Ferry. I would like to have been in that. Our men did not fire a gun. They burn the Yankees to death and they give up everything and raised a white flag and attack their army. The men say that they saw it and was the best thing they ever saw. The seventh regiment N.C. was there and saw it all. E. Morrison Scroggs was telling me about how they done. He saw it all. I would like to have been there.

Our regiment used everything we had. I have no blanket nor any clothes but what I have got. I have got the suit on that you sent me. They came in a good time. I like them very well. If I had a good pair of shoes I would be the best clothed man in the regiment. Pa, I want you to have me a pair of boots made. Those shoes you had made for me ripped all to pieces. Our regiment used everything we had.

Cousin Dr. Hill is wounded in the knee very bad. I have nothing more for my paper is scarce. Write soon to your only son.
W. Adams



Sunday Sept. 21, 1862

Dear Folks,

On the 8th we struck up the refrain of "Maryland, My Maryland!" and camped in an apple orchard. We went hungry, for six days not a morsel of bread or meat had gone in our stomachs - and our menu consisted of apple; and corn. We toasted, we burned, we stewed, we boiled, we roasted these two together, and singly, until there was not a man whose form had not caved in, and who had not a bad attack of diarrhea. Our under-clothes were foul and hanging in strips, our socks worn out, and half of the men were bare-footed, many were lame and were sent to the rear; others, of sterner stuff, hobbled along and managed to keep up, while gangs from every company went off in the surrounding country looking for food. . . Many became ill from exposure and starvation, and were left on the road. The ambulances were full, and the whole route was marked with a sick, lame, limping lot, that straggled to the farm-houses that lined the way, and who, in all cases, succored and cared for them. . .

In an hour after the passage of the Potomac the command continued the march through the rich fields of Maryland. The country people lined the roads, gazing in open-eyed wonder upon the long lines of infantry . . . and as far as the eye could reach, was the glitter of the swaying points of the bayonets. It was the Ursi ragged Rebels they had ever seen, and though they did not act either as friends or foes, still they gave liberally, and every haversack was full that day at least. No houses were entered - no damage was done, and the farmers in the vicinity must have drawn a long breath as they saw how safe their property was in the very midst of the army.

Alexander Hunter



My Dear Wife;

Day before yesterday I dressed the wounds of 64 different men - some having two or three each. Yesterday I was at work from daylight till dark - today I am completely exhausted - but shall soon be able to go at it again.

The days after the battle are a thousand times worse than the day of the battle - and the physical pain is not the greatest pain suffered. How awful it is - you have not can have until you see it any idea of affairs after a battle. The dead appear sickening but they suffer no pain. But the poor wounded mutilated soldiers that yet have life and sensation make a most horrid picture. I pray God may stop such infernal work - through perhaps he has sent it upon us for our sins. Great indeed must have been our sins if such is our punishment.

Our Reg. Started this morning for Harpers Ferry - 14 miles. I am detailed with others to remain here until the wounded are removed - then join the Reg. With my nurses. I expect there will be another great fight at Harpers Ferry.

Carrie I dreamed of home night before last. I love to dream of home it seems so much like really being there. I dreamed that I was passing Hibbards house and saw you and Lud. in the window. After then I saw you in some place I cannot really know where - you kissed me - and told me you loved me - though you did not the first time you saw me. Was not that quite a soldier dream? That night had been away to a hospital to see some wounded men - returned late. I fastened my horse to a peach tree - fed him with wheat and hay from a barn near by - then I slept and dreamed of my loved ones away in N.H.

Write soon as you can. Tell me all you can about my business affairs and prospects for the future in Bath. Will Dr. Boynton be likely to get a strong hold there. One thing sure Cad, I shall return to Bath - if I live - and spend my days there. I feel so in that way now. Give me all news you can. Tell Parker and John and the girls to write although I can not answer them all. Tell Parker I will answer his as soon as I can.

In this letter I send you a bit of gold lace such as the rebel officers have. This I cut from a rebel officers coat on the battlefield. He was a Lieut.

I have made the acquaintance of two rebel officers - prisoners in our hands. One is a physician - both are masons - both very intelligent, gentlemanly men. Each is wounded in the leg. They are great favorites with our officers. One of them was brought off the field in hottest of the fight by our 5th N.H. officers - he giving them evidence of his being a mason.

Now do write soon. Kisses to you Clint & Kate. Love to all.

Yours as ever

W.C.