



GOAL 3 | LESSON PLAN | HIGH SCHOOL **The Homefront**

Grades: High School

Approximate Length of Time: 3 hours

Goal: Students will be able to discuss life and the various roles people took on during the American Civil War.

Objectives:

1. Students will be able to complete a graphic organizer, finding key information within primary and secondary sources.
2. Students will be able to address a question about a historic event, providing evidence from primary and secondary sources.

Common Core:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RH.6-8.2

Determine the central ideas or information of a primary or secondary source; provide an accurate summary of the source distinct from prior knowledge or opinions.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RH.9-10.1

Cite specific textual evidence to support analysis of primary and secondary sources, attending to such features as the date and origin of the information.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RH.9-10.9

Compare and contrast treatments of the same topic in several primary and secondary source.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.WHST.11-12.1

Write arguments focused on *discipline-specific content*.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.WHST.6-8.7

Conduct short research projects to answer a question (including a self-generated question), drawing on several sources and generating additional related, focused questions that allow for multiple avenues of exploration.

NCSS STANDARDS FOR SOCIAL STUDIES:

- 1—Culture
- 2—Time, Continuity, and Change
- 3—People, Places, and Environment
- 5—Individuals, Groups, and Institutions

Description: This is an inquiry lesson where students will do research to answer the inquiry question about life on the home front during the American Civil War. Students will develop a hypothesis, search for evidence in multiple primary and secondary sources, and complete a graphic organizer. Through this process students will develop a strong answer to the inquiry question posed at the beginning.

Inquiry Question: How did those who were not on the ‘front lines’ contribute to the war effort?

Material:

- Primary Source Documents Packet
- Secondary Source Documents Packet
- Graphic Organizer
- Highlighters

Procedure:

1. Have students begin with a hypothesis to answer the inquiry question.
2. Students will then read through the *Document Packet*, filling out the *Graphic Organizer* as they progress.

Conclusion:

Students will answer the inquiry question either orally or in essay form. They should use evidence from their primary and secondary sources. They can use the documents, their notes, and their graphic organizer. Students can do additional research to bolster their argument.

Students can share their responses with the class.

Assessment in this Lesson:

1. A completed graphic organizer
2. Notes taken on graphic organizer, documents, or other notes sheets
3. A complete answer to the inquiry question with quotes from the provided documents



Homefront Primary Documents Packet

DOCUMENT A

June 12, 1861

Captain Goodwin.

Sir

I am informed that the volunteers from Stockbridge, all belong to your company [Company K of the 2nd Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry] ; I have there-fore taken the liberty of addressing to you, (Care of Mr Abbott) a box, containing clothing for them, which I beg you to distribute. Each parcel is directed, and upon the top of the box is a towel for each man. The materials for these garments were furnished by our town, and the ladies did the the sewing. Will you be so kind as to inform the men, whence this contribution comes, and say to them; that the ladies of Stockbridge feel an earnest interest in their welfare; and will always gladly do any thing in their power to promote their comfort, and aid them in performing faithfully the duties they have undertaken in their country's service. May God bless you all.

Stockbridge.

June 12th 1861.

Yrs Respectfully

Jeanie Pomeroy.

"Letter from Mary Jane Pomeroy." Mary Jane "Jeanie" Pomeroy to Captain Richard Goodwin. June 12, 1861.

Accessed March 29, 2018.

https://www.masshist.org/database/viewer.php?item_id=2124&img_step=1&pid=25&nodesc=1&mode=transcript#page1.

Jeanie and a group of women in Stockbridge Massachusetts created care packages for the soldiers.

DOCUMENT B

Oct 29, 1861

North Carolina Jackson Co

Dear friend and husband it is with grate pleasure that i rite to you to let you now that mea and my children is well hoping these few lins will find you in good health I have Just red the leter that you sent mea and was glad to her that you was alive But you did not say whether you was well or not But I hope you was I have red 4 leters from you and has rot you 2 and my dear I hant forgot you for i think of you every hour in the day and would all most give up my life if you could bea back at home to stay with mea and your children for Alexand talks about you a many atime times in our county is hard for the poor class of people for every thing is giting so deer that tha cant By hardly a naughf to gan [?] an salt is from nine to ten dollars a sack her and every other thing is proportion thier is good crops made in our county I think corn can bea bought at 50 cts all through the winter and now this people is debard [?] of halling off thir meet I dont now how wee will git our nessaryes for money is scerce here I have got all of our property yet I have not sold eny of it yet and I think that I will keep it for i cant sell it for its worth only Bacon or Beef catle and I hant got eny of that so turn over your fathers folks is all well and giting along very well allison is a working for mea and epects to work 10 or 12 (?) days he has left home and expects to marry before he gos back he is a talking of coming to you but I think it is all a Joke --- _____ [?] is making a good crop of corn and is milking 2 cows thar are increesing and doing well franklin was up a bout a week a go and tha was all well and franklin has a fine son miss Mckiney is deed has Bin dead some 4 weeks thir has bin several deths in our county and her dying words was pray for mea S I Calhoun came clare of killing crane thir is 3 company of volenteers made up in macon county one starts to day thir capt is Alfred Bell and allen amons will start before long wea have quite wram [sic] wither her for this time of year and the most rain i ere saw of a fall wee have had some frost But it hanet done now inJury thir is good crops made in hamburg but it is to warm and wet to gether yet I hope ther will Bea a chang of Wether for a litle cooler Wither would Bea the Best and perhaps would bea helther for you my deer I wish I could see you Wee could have a heep of good fun look on nex page hold on till I git a nother lamp for my lite is Bad har I have got more talow and now i will rite on I would like to have your likness But the people ses that I have got it with mea for thae saz that Elizabeth hamton is a young gim James Franklins helth is a Bout like it was When you left John T _____ [?] folks is all well an ant fany sed to send you howdy for her F..A. Hoopers Funeral was preecht last sabath By Corn From Henderson so I must come to a close By saying that I hope I will see you When your time is out so fare well To James Watson Elizabth Watson T.A. (?) Watson J.F. (?) Watson E. Hamton Watson There is howdy for mea and all of your children her is your shoo strings if you a git them

"Elizabeth Watson." Elizabeth Watson to James Watson. October 29, 1861. Accessed March 29, 2018. <http://wcudigitalcollection.cdmhost.com/cdm/compoundobject/collection/p16232coll5/id/169/rec/9>.

DOCUMENT C

April 22, 1862

Pigeon River NC April 22d 1862

My Dear Husband

As I promised you that I would write once a week I will try to do so though I have no news at all to communicate excepting little family matters perhaps that will be better than none at all. The River is up now and has been for a week so that we have not had any papers or letters. It is so provoking when we are so anxious to hear. I think we ought to build a bridge across Pigeon but so it is. We have heard rumors of a fight near you and we are very anxious to know all about it. I feel so bad when your letters fail to come. It gives me the blues in spite of all I can do to prevent it. Time [?] and I have been talking today about what a nice thing it would be to give Mr. Lenore's [?] company a diner when they return. Right when they had a diner before they started, when I think of the time for you all return I can hardly sit still and wait. Then it makes me feel bad to think how many brave fellows have been sent home in advance who have been utterly unconscious that they were among their native mountains again. I have had experience enough to make me feel sad, even when I think of returning Soldiers I allude to my poor Brother. His company, the Rough and Ready guards will soon be home, and I hear of many who are preparing to welcome them home. Some girls are ___ing to be married then, and are anticipating a great deal of pleasure. But Eby [Ely?] has long since been at Home. We will not have the joy of clasping his hand Welcoming him back. No, no sweetly he sleeps. Then rest on my Brave brother until the Resurrection morn I do not know whether my last letter has reached you or not. If it has you are anxious to know how Rufus is by this time. I am happy to tell you that he is mending. He has dreadful sore eyes. It makes me think of what you said of yourself. When he first wakes in the morning, he can't see one bit till I bathe his eyes. I saw Miss Sallie Cathey the other day. She says the baby looks more like you than ever. Since you was ___ened. I begrudge Sallie that little chat [?] she had with you. I little thought when you went off that you would have to stay all the time without coming back to see me, and your little boy Well I hope and pray that the time is not very far off when you will be at home for though I can't walk with you like I used to do yet we can have many a pleasant long talk. I never saw vegetation so forward as it is now at this season of the year. It is pretty cold now and very wet. Farmers are very much behind hand it would do your very soul good to ride up Pigeon valley now and see how pretty and green the meadows and wheat fields look. It is said that there never was a finer prophet for wheat than there is now in the western counties. We hear that the Militia is all called out of Burnsville to fight the Tories in Madison. I hope they will not have to stay long. If they do I don't know what will be done for some one to make bread there. You see I am nearly [?] done you must excuse such a foolish letter from me this time. I want to quit writing to you and talk awhile don't you want to chat with your loving wife

"Kezia Stradley Osborne Letter." Kezia Stradley Osborne to Roland C. Osborne. April 22, 1862. Accessed March 29, 2018. <http://wcudigitalcollection.cdmhost.com/cdm/compoundobject/collection/p16232coll5/id/37/rec/28>.

DOCUMENT D

Excerpt

Cambridge

Monday, November 2d, 1862

My dearest Netta,

Frank or I can muster so much money at present. I will send it in two or three days. We have been very busy cutting petticoats & sacks for the contrabands. My Maryanne cut out fifteen sets with linings throughout in one day. She hardly sat down. I did what I cd you wd have smiled to see me kneeling down before an uncouth sack pattern- slashing here & there at a gay material, once a window curtain & now to be made into a most picturesque suit for some Ebony Matron or Maid. Red Moreen with blue belts & black borders. Stone coloured stuff with red stripes round the bottom & up the sides- sack trimmed to match. Two old blanket shawls I had made into dresses. They were two which Frank & I exchanged when I went abroad & have kept until now for sentiment. But even this has now to be sacrificed. A beggar man asked me at the door this afternoon to give him "some invisible thing"- & this is the only sort of article remaining within the scope of charity. Good night darling. With love to all

Your most loving

Lizzy.

"Letter from Elizabeth Sedgwick Child." Elizabeth Sedgwick Child to Henrietta Ellery Sedgwick. November 2, 1862. Accessed March 29, 2018.

https://www.masshist.org/database/viewer.php?item_id=2345&img_step=1&pid=25&nodesc=1&mode=transcript#page1.

Elizabeth is writing to her sister.

DOCUMENT E

Excerpt

Nov 18th/62

Staunton

Dear Mary:

Let me congratulate you upon being rid of the Yankees though I am late in the day doing it, better late than never", an old proverb says. Mrs. Tde. brought me both letters she received from you, and from your account you must have been very much annoyed by their presence. We have been several times alarmed, for fear the Yankees would get us, but they have not succeeded yet, and I trust Jackson will never give us up to them. They have been as near at eighteen miles in several directions. At one time we had a regular panic, and almost everybody left Staunton, but after playing "refugee" about a week, they returned and were laughed at a great deal about it. We have not had school at the Institute since the war began. Mr. Wheat has had a boy's school and Mr. Phillips has been manager of a clothing Factory established for the benefit of the soldiers. Mrs. Forrest has the best school in town now, and I walk there, about a mile, every morning to take French lessons. Mr. Ide teaches music there.I have not been well for some time. I had a slight attack of typhoid fever this summer and have not gotten entirely over it yet. As a necessary consequence I have lost all my beautiful suit of hair, which of course distresses me very much. How is your cousin Sue? And what has become of your Sister Jennie? I do not know when I took such a fancy to any body from a description as I did to her. We have been having a very pleasant time lately, as the Fauquim Artillery have been stationed here for the last three weeks but much to our sorrow they were ordered away yesterday and of course had to go. As Staunton is the central depot for the troops, and persons going to and coming from the army have to pass through, we necessarily got acquainted with a good many gentlemen, so not withstanding the war we have enjoyed ourselves very much. I heard of a very narrow escape a cousin of mine had when the laboratory at Jackson, Mississippi, blew up. He is one of the officers in charge of it and only happened to be out of the building at the time, because he was sick. I am so thankful he was not hurt. He is one of my favorite cousins. You may have heard me speak of him, Steve Kinney, he was at West Point when you were here. Mr. Ide was here this morning and says he sent you a daguerreotype of Ella, the other day. Do you ever expect to come back to Staunton? By the by, I met Mr. John Bledsoe on the street a day or two ago, with his arm in a sling, I do not know whether he was wounded or not. Jakey Points is still in Staunton, has never been in the Army since the first battle of ----- . We had a wedding the other day and who do you think was married? Kittie Woodward. I suppose you remember her. She lived at the Lunatic Asylum. I have written you quite a long letter and you must answer it very soon. Ma joins me in love. Bee went to the country today with Grandpa and Rob has going to an uncle's to stay until Christmas, otherwise they would send some message. Do write soon.

Yours truly

Lizzie

"Lizzie Fackler Letter." Lizzie Fackler to Mary. November 18, 1862. Accessed March 29, 2018.
<http://valley.lib.virginia.edu/papers/A6121>.

Lizzie is writing from Staunton, Virginia.

DOCUMENT F

Beaufort, S.C. Mar. 11th, 1863.

Dear Parents

I little expected, when I received your letters, that I should be in Dixie land, or it was answered, but so it is - I am here. I suffer, although I hardly know whether I am in the body or out. It had been so long since I had made my application to the Freedmans Association, and had heard nothing from it, that I had given up ever hearing from them but, I was summoned to appear before the Clergymans committee for examination. I went, and was accepted, and Mary also, but it was so late in the season, she did not like to take Olie south so I concluded, I could come alone, and here I am. There were two other lady teachers came with me but both entire strangers to me and one another until we met on the steamer that brought us here. We left N.J. on Thursday the 5th and arrived here yesterday the 10th after an unusually long and rough passage. The vessel was very heavily laden and had head winds all the way. I was very seasick for two days and obliged to keep my berth and for the other three - was not able to take scarcely a bit of food, for I still felt the nausea although I did not throw up. I am now so tired and weak. I should be on the bed if it was not for writing letters. So they will go tomorrow, on the vessel we came in, as I may not have another opportunity to send for a week or two and I am anxious to let you all know where I am so I can hear from you as soon as possible. For it will be a long time, to me any way, to wait for letters, and I expect my friends will like to hear of my safe arrival in Dixie, when they knew I was on my way there. I am at the residence of Mr. French, called the Mission House, where all the Teachers stay until they receive their appointments for the different places around here. Where mine will be is as yet unknown to me but shall know in a few days. Beaufort is supplied for the present with Teachers so we shall probably be sent back on some of the Plantations. Mr. French has just come in and says he has good news. One of the largest Plantations on Port Royal Island, belonging to one of the worst of rebels, was bought this morning by the Slaves belonging on that place, and a neighboring one, with money saved from their own earnings of past summer - they paid seven hundred and ten dollars for eight hundred acres. Government is trying to secure all the land she can for the benefit of the Colored Race. I am in one of the most ancient looking houses, large square rooms, immense fireplaces that will hold big logs, beautifully carved Mantel pieces and cornius, elegant pieces of furniture, but all having the marks of War, defaced and broken. I will give you next time a description of the town and the appearance of the country around but I am so tired now I cannot write much more for I am weak from seasickness as well as fatigued from seeing and hearing so much that is new, and interesting. It seems as though I had lived a month in the last six days. I begin to realize something of War where I am now in a sense I never did before. It is as warm as June. Yesterday there was no fire, except in the kitchen, but this morning it was raining and we have fire in our rooms. But now the sun is coming out and it will be very warm again, while you are shivering with cold and the ground covered with snow. Don't fail to write soon so I shall [have] it before many weeks. Love to Grandpa Bailey and Emma. Remember me to any of my friends who may inquire and accept the same from your daughter Martha. Direct to Beaufort S.C. care of Gen. Saxton. Pass this around to Clarissa as I don't think I shall be able to write to her by this stemer [sic].

Martha

"Martha Johnson's Letter." Martha Johnson to Her Parents. March 11, 1863. Accessed March 29, 2018.
<http://vermonthistory.org/research/research-resources-online/civil-war-transcriptions/martha-johnson>.

Martha Johnson was born in Vermont, lived from 1822 to 1871. In 1863 she received a teaching commission from the National Freedman's Relief Association to teach newly freed slaves in the Union occupied area of South Carolina, here she worked until her death in 1871.

DOCUMENT G

Mary Boykin Chestnut
A Diary from Dixie
July 8-30, 1863

We had two days of an exciting drama under our very noses, before our eyes. A party had come to Columbia who said they had run the blockade, had come in by flag of truce, etc. Colonel Goodwyn asked me to look around and see if I could pick out the suspected crew. It was easily done. We were all in a sadly molting condition. We had come to the end of our good clothes in three years, and now our only resource was to turn them upside down, or inside out, and in mending, darning, patching, etc.

Near me on the train to Alabama sat a young woman in a traveling dress of bright yellow; she wore a profusion of curls, had pink cheeks, was delightfully airy and easy in her manner, and was absorbed in a flirtation with a Confederate major, who, in spite of his nice, new gray uniform and two stars, had a very Yankee face, fresh, clean-cut, sharp, utterly unsunburned, florid, wholesome, handsome. What more in compliment can one say of one's enemies? Two other women faced this man and woman, and we knew them to be newcomers by their good clothes. One of these women was a German. She it was who had betrayed them. I found that out afterward.

The handsomest of the three women had a hard, Northern face, but all were in splendid array as to feathers, flowers, lace, and jewelry. If they were spies why were they so foolish as to brag of New York, and compare us unfavorably with the other side all the time, and in loud, shrill accents? Surely that was not the way to pass unnoticed in the Confederacy.

A man came in, stood up, and read from a paper, "The surrender of Vicksburg." I felt as if I had been struck a hard blow on the top of my head, and my heart took one of its queer turns. I was utterly unconscious: not long, I dare say. The first thing I heard was exclamations of joy and exultation from the overdressed party. My rage and humiliation were great. A man within earshot of this party had slept through everything. He had a greyhound face, eager and inquisitive when awake, but now he was as one of the seven sleepers.

Colonel Goodwyn wrote on a blank page of my book (one of De Quincey's - the note is there now), that the sleeper was a Richmond detective.

Finally, hot and tired out, we arrived at West Point, on the Chattahoochee River. The dusty cars were quite still, except for the giggling flirtation of the yellow gown and her major. Two Confederate officers walked in. I felt mischief in the air. One touched the smart major, who was whispering to Yellow Gown. The major turned quickly. Instantly, every drop of blood left his face; a spasm seized his throat; it was a piteous sight. And at once I was awfully sorry for him. He was marched out of the car. Poor Yellow Gown's color was fast, but the whites of her eyes were lurid. Of the three women spies we never heard again. They never do anything worse to women, the high-minded Confederates, than send them out of the country. But when we read soon afterward of the execution of a male spy, we thought of the "major."

Chesnut, Mary Boykin Miller. *A Diary from Dixie*. July 8-30, 1863. Documenting the American South. University of North Carolina, 29 March 2018. <http://docsouth.unc.edu/southlit/chesnut/maryches.html#mches210>

DOCUMENT H

Feb. 19th 1864

What a negligent creature I am I should have been keeping a journal all this time to show to my rebel brothers. I have been studying all the morning and talking all the evening seeking & sighing for rebels. Our king (old Payne) has just passed. I suppose he has killed every rebel in twenty miles of Gallatin and burned every town. Poor fellow! you had better be praying old Sinner! His Lordship left Tuesday. Wednesday three wagons loaded with furniture came over. I do not pretend to say that he sent them No! I indeed, I would not. I would not slander our king. Any old citizen can see by going to his (Paynes) palace that his furniture was not taken from Archie Miller's house & other places near by. He always goes for rebels but- invariably brings furniture. I suppose his task is to furnish the contraband camp, i.e. the camp of his angels (colored).

March 2d

Snow four inches deep, no winds and the air is quite pleasant, just cold enough to skate. Our king left Monday with a few soldiers in the direction of Hartsville. All the stores are closed by his order and no passes given till his return. Mr. D. has come to get Pa to go and hear what he says to his negroes as he is going to drive them off & he has been so ill used by old Payne that he is afraid to speak without a witness to prove what he said.

March 3d. Snow all melted and weather fine. Gen. Payne rode out this evening to look at the stock, in his last trip he killed only one man (citizen, he always kills citizens when he cant find soldiers) swears he will kill every man in Gallatin and Hartsville if bush whacking isn't stopped shortly.

March 11th Yesterday was the day of elections and as only the union men were allowed to vote nobody knows how it turned out nor do they care. Sallie Montgomery rode out this evening, the pickets would not let her pass, so she slipped them as many do. I suppose they are scared again. Perhaps that scamp John Morgan is about. I only hope he is, for we have not seen a rebel for more than a year and our day must come soon

March 12th Old Payne dined at Mrs. Hales today: every one despises him but are afraid to show it. Yesterday he went up the country a few miles to a Mr. Dalton's whose son came home from the Southern Army the day before and had the same day taken the Amnesty Oath. Riding up to the door he enquired of Mr. Dalton if his son was at home but before he answered his son came to the door. Old Nick then told him to get his horse and go with him. After insulting the father he carried his son a half mile away and shot him six times. One of Payne's escort hearing the young man groan with pain placed a pistol to his temple and remarked, I will stop that, sir, he shot him again. But this is nothing new this is the fifth man that has been shot in this way, besides numbers that have been carried off by scouts and never return.

March 11th I learn today that Gen. Payne had no charge against Mr. Dalton, so he told his (Dalton's) father. After killing him he rode back to the house and told Mr. D. that his son was in sight - he could bury him if he wished. Today a gentleman (Col. E____) was in Paynes office when he was trying a young man about sixteen years old and the only support of an aged father who was with him. His crime was being a rebel. Payne sent the young man to jail telling the guard to bring him out a seven o'clo. The father actually fell upon his knees before the heartless

tyrant but was heartlessly bidden to rise and go home, the young man has never been heard of since.

March 12th Weather moderate; so is old Payne, but as weather is changeable our general is too.

March 16th Pleasant weather cannot last always and as old Hurricane changes with the weather a rainy day bodes no good for us. Today a scout was sent out under Capt. Payne (son of Tempest) and a man with him a stranger. Everyone knows his fate; and many were the prayers that ascended to Heaven for his sake.

"Alice Williamson Diary." Letter from Alice Williamson. February/March 1864. Accessed March 29, 2018.

<https://library.duke.edu/rubenstein/scriptorium/williamson/p08-09/williamson-p08-09.html>.

Alice was 16 years old in 1864, living in Union occupied Tennessee.

DOCUMENT I

September 3 1864 at greenvill E tenn on the knoxville and E tenn rode is an olde towne which I will not stop to describe tho I will say it is the home of Presedent Johnson and one of the aldus towns in Tenniss. Well it was a butifull day and as clare as a bell ever thing was vary quit untill near 3 oclok when there came a rush and ever Union haste heeped with fare for thay had lane sins had lesens in these rodes till thay larnd to fare the resultes for when thay came thay wold make you feele thare presents and fare them too well too my subgest of the day in qustan somthing near 3 I was vary bys preparing somthing for Sundy and maken tomato butar when a rush was heard in the streete and then a nock at the dore and then when I opend it I was surprised to see Jhon Morgan the rebell Rader the king of tare in that parte of the country for he was fared by all who knew him and a grate many who did not knew him for he was the lien of the South or the rebels know I dont want any harde feelen for I hav none and some of the deares friends I have was rebels

he came in and sat neare the dore and smoked his pipe it was not the pipe of pese thoe the pipe of ware and strife he tility his chare back neare the dore and said he was goan to knoxville to change guests with generl carter and when he wold get thare he wold change things and one thing he wold doo wold bee to sende for me and give me a close home for the reste of the ware and see that my develes moute was stoped for if I was as good a rebell as I was a D__ Union woming I wold make some rebell a good wife and used a grate deele of flatery as it made mad and it did him good to tantlise me for I dissliked it very much. after a while in cam a number of rebels and took my cittle of tomato butter of of the fire and porde it out in dishes and carried it off and turnd my bread out of the Baker I mene a small Baker one as was used soth bee fore thay had stoves for I had all I had too little by little now I had no stove and so it was a small baker I was baken in at this time and they took it and turnde it out and when I cald to morging to purtect me he laff me to scorn and said I nede not fare for I had never starved and thay had to live and the Union wimman had to helpe to feed them after setin and smoken sever pips of to baco and tillide me as long as he wish he went too mrs willums has a cosin I have bin tolde of morgans to stope for the nite after the pictus was plaste on gard around the towne he and his body gard stoped at the hase of willums which is on the rare of the scall whare I lived and a hansom suthern home with butifull yard and garden and a very large vinyard in the rare of this house you can amagen the grandre of this hame for it was one of the welthy hames in this lill tone and to this elegint hase morgan and his men went and one of mrs willums sun was a on his staff willum willums tho was usually called Bill for short Capt Henry B Clay of Rogsville Tenss with others thay went to the hase and stoped for the knight and very thing was seteld as as thay that and was fixin for a good time when I and morgan was talking I tolde him he wold run on a snag be for morgng tho he did not think it pasibill to doo for he was confident of sucess in capturn Knoxville in a few day at lest as it drad near the even I took my sun bonet in hand and wente to the street streete and met carnell willum and afte I had past the time of day I asked him to pass me out after my cow as thay was several cows on the hill and he tolde the gard to pass me out and to pass me in when I returnd and I wold gave him sam milk so I was thue the enemies lings and went on after the cow and when I got to it I thode at har and she went daw the hill and I after har and when out of site I crast over in a carn

fee and went to friend hase that had aded me more then one time and gat a horse and went to are forses that was at Buls gap and sente the word in to ar forses when gilim who was genrell then when he hard the news he did not blve it as he said it was a womans tale the carnell of the 3 teness whos name is Brownlow and the 10 mishigen and seven others said they wold goo and after thay talked and at last thay started tho I must say gilimman did not diserve any of the honer of that grate ded for had it bin left to him he wald not of went and when he did goo he went be hind so far thare was no danger of any harme in eny way coming at him and the Advans gard went to Mrs Willums has and did not finde him and was in a rage as it was now a bot seven a clock the mornng of the 4 of septimbe as mrs willums said he was gone to Abangton virginy when I went to live geenevill the eveng be for I had give a colord woman 25 to wach him and when I got back and fond he had gone I went and aske har whare he was she said come and after goan thue the hase she panted a man under a bush or grape vine in the middl of the garden and said to take him for that was morgen now he was undress only his under close he was crurch down and I stepd to the streete and lade my hand on a man sholder and said sur if you will tar the fins dan I will in sure you morgan now the fins I speke of was a bord fens for the particen of the graps and it was vary hevvy bords or plank set up ende way and it is not nesery to say it cam down for it did then I advans and shode him too the man and thay try to git him to surrender tho he wold not he sat as long as he had any thing to sate then he was shot neare the midle and fell back and he did not more thin strack the grand when he was cat by too of our men and thode on the horse of the 3 party and caried to a distens of a few milles on the nox vill rode and garded him thare till gilam cam up then when he was gone the rebels too the one and the cannig balls fell thick and fast and a grate and mte rash came down and I was captured and garded at my dore and the rope was thare to hange me on the same limb that Fry and harmen hung for 3 days and thay was not cut dow and as the tranes wold pass the men wold strack ther ded body with thare canes and this is the lim I was to hang from so said the rebels bat god has so often cared for me and mine and he did now and thay swore and raged and shot the bulits fell like hale in a shorte time tho it semes like a longe time arond the corner of mcdalles store like a bloke clad and E J Brooks of the 10 mishig and the 3 teness and and a numbe of othe came and capturede me and took the men a pris ner that was garden me one of them was and I steped back in the hass to my 2 childran to in joy the freedom of a free American woman again

"Sarah E. Thompson's Account of Morgan's Defeat." Letter from Sarah E. Thompson. September 3, 1864. Accessed March 29, 2018. <https://library.duke.edu/rubenstein/scriptorium/thompson/1864-09-03/1864-09-03.html>.

Sarah E. Thompson accounts the events during which she helped to capture John Hunt Morgan, a Confederate general. Thompson resided in Tennessee and became a Union spy after her husband's death.

DOCUMENT J

New Berne April 1st 1865

My dear Husband,

It is a very long time since I heard from you, and I feel very anxious, if you would only direct care of Miss Pearson, I should be sure to get the letters. I want you to send what Co. you belong to, and tell me how you are. I am well so is Alice she seems to be getting along in school right well. I wish you would send me some money, for I can't get rations. They only feed the child now.

Sister is with me yet, and is very well. I have waited to get an answer from you, and it is so long. I had to write to you.

I got a letter from brother Jo. He is well, I have only heard from Austin once. He was very well then. Write me soon.

Now I want you to send me a paper from your Capt stating what Co. you are in etc, then I can draw rations. I should like to draw wood.

Your loving Wife

Lucinda Lawrence

"Letter from Lucinda Lawrence." Lucinda Lawrence to Private Canny Lawrence. April 1, 1865. July 2017. Accessed March 29, 2018. <https://gettysburgcompiler.org/2017/07/19/i-long-for-the-time-to-come-when-you-will-come-home-a-letter-to-a-usct-soldier-from-his-wife/>.

Lucinda writes to her husband who joined the United States Colored Troops (USCT). During the time of her letter, Lucinda is in a Union occupied area of North Carolina.

DOCUMENT K

4th Mo. 16th day 1st day [Sunday, April 16, 1865]

"A sad day of absorbing interest and distress, we cannot withdraw our minds one moment from the shocking calamity which has burst so suddenly upon us. Charles went to meeting - a little after 12 noon, John Stabler came from Washington, Hannah went out to hear what one could - then after dinner walked over a little while to gather more particulars of the awful catastrophe - he says, there was the most intense excitement that he ever witnessed, all day, yesterday in Washington, the whole City was draped in mourning, every yard of black material in all the stores, was sold out to furnish it, all business was stopped & men walked the streets in tears, - Seward & his son were better, & it was thought how they might recover - Johnson was inaugurated yesterday. I hope & trust he may fill the responsible office of Chief Magistrate better than has been feared."

"Mary Brooke Briggs Brooke Diary." Letter from Mary Brooke Briggs Brooke. April 16, 1865. Accessed March 26, 2018. <https://www.lib.umd.edu/civilwarwomen/primary-source-evidence/diaries>.

Mary Brookes lived in Maryland.



The Homefront Secondary Source Documents

For these documents, be sure to use your highlighter and take notes throughout. At the end of each document write down some notes about what you learned concerning the roles and responsibilities of those on the home front.

Mobilizing the Home Front

BY SHIRLEY WAJDA

They were not ordered into companies and regiments, but they constituted a great army of their own. Within the first full year of the Civil War, the women of northeastern Ohio, what was once called the Connecticut Western Reserve, had mustered themselves into hundreds of soldiers' aid societies, electing officers and reconnoitering every village, town and city in the region for food, money and hospital supplies.

Raids were not out of the question. Sixteen young women in Cleveland conducted a "blanket raid" less than two weeks after President Abraham Lincoln had declared war. A thousand men, volunteers for the coming fight, had amassed at Camp Taylor, east of the city, and they lacked the supplies necessary for a cold April night on the shores of Lake Erie. The women foraged the city, and by nightfall they had seized, through patriotic appeal, 729 coverlets, among them "delicate rose blankets, chintz quilts, thick counterpanes." By sundown others had provided "two carriages heaped with half-worn clothing" for the men who "had no coats" or "wore thin linen blouses." By the end of the next day enough bedclothes had been secured to ensure a night's warm sleep for all the new recruits.

In June 1861 three wealthy women with careers in philanthropy, Rebecca Rouse, Mary Clark Brayton and Ellen F. Terry, formed the Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society; four months later they joined with other local benevolent associations to create the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio, the first such organization in the Union to be aligned with the United States Sanitary Commission.

From there a web of regional and local societies emerged. Within a month, 120 organizations had affiliated with the society; by July 1862, some 445 societies in northern Ohio, western Pennsylvania, western New York State, southern Michigan and Wisconsin had sent money and goods to the Cleveland society's "depot" at 95 Bank Street (now West Sixth Street). By war's end, the Soldier's Aid Society of Northern Ohio would count 525 auxiliary societies in just the 18

northeastern-most counties of Ohio, raising and making over \$1 million worth of food, clothing and hospital stores.

On a summer Saturday I sat in the Western Reserve Historical Society's reading room and carefully unfolded the letters from one such auxiliary, that of my hometown of Vienna. Although I could not locate any wartime diaries or letters of Vienna's residents, or its 90-plus soldiers (a tenth of the town's 1860 population), I had already worked my way through the local newspaper, *The Western Reserve Chronicle*. Now the unpublished letters allowed me to explore the Vienna Soldiers' Aid Society members' work and to link town support for the Vienna Society to the vicissitudes of the war.

Led by no women of special wealth or influence beyond their shared Connecticut heritage and family connections, Vienna's Soldiers' Aid Society was organized in late 1861, when the Union was coming to realize that the war would last longer than a season. Even as it organized, skepticism abounded: in their initial letter to Rebecca Rouse, the members asked whether the quartermaster was selling donated articles to the soldiers and pocketing the money.

The society's month-to-month success was largely a function of whether Vienna's soldiers had recently engaged in battle. The oft-used phrase "our suffering soldiers" could be read selfishly and selflessly. On April 10, 1862, too soon for the community to have responded to the Battle of Shiloh that had ended just three days earlier, the society secretary, Docia Woodford Squires, sent a "small box of hospital stores" with an apology for "our inactivity in doing for" the soldiers. Citing "much sickness and so many deaths in our usual quiet town the past winter," Squires told Rouse that "it has been almost impossible to do aught for benevolence out of our own limits."

That changed as the news spread that 12 Vienna men had fought at Shiloh. At 11 p.m. on April 16, Squires sent Rouse two boxes: the first contained "20 lbs of Maple-Sugar, 9 lbs Dried-Elderberries, 1 can Maple-Molasses, 5 lbs Dried Peaches, 21 lbs dried Currants, 10 lbs Dried-Beef, Also a small bag of dried plums, cherries, Raspberries & Strawberries," while the second was filled with "2 P[ie]c[e]d-quilts; 14 Pillows, 34 Pillow-cases, 12 Sheets, 100 Linen Towels, 5 Shirts (half-worn), 6 Boxes Lint, 540 Yds Bandages, 2 Pairs Socks, Also some pieces cotton." A postscript boasted that 79 cans of concentrated chicken "nicely soddered [sic] up" had been added to the shipment. "What think you of our day[s] work in a small town?" Squires proudly asked.

Pride quickly turned to worry. Vienna's society had acted before receiving the Cleveland society's circular warning against canned chicken, and in its next letter the society was "anxious to hear what state they were in when they reached you." Many other auxiliaries had also canned in haste. It seemed that no chicken in northeast Ohio was pardoned from this patriotic duty. Stewed, reduced and sealed in handmade, tin-plated iron cans sealed with lead solder, the concentrated chicken stored in the Cleveland society's Aid Rooms fermented, releasing "an ominous 'chipper' and bubble ... among the cans on the shelf, followed by a gaseous explosion" and a "decidedly stronger 'bouquet.'" Of the 2,811 cans of chicken received in Cleveland, two-thirds were unfit to use.

The society's shipments ebbed during the next few months. But they picked up again with the enlistment of 19 men from Vienna into the newly formed 105th Ohio Volunteer Regiment. They mustered in on Aug. 20 at Camp Cleveland and the very next day received orders to go to Kentucky.

The lack of training and what the regiment's member-historian Albion Winegar Tourgée later described as a "hell-march" across Ohio and Kentucky exacted a toll on the unit. On Oct. 8, The Western Reserve Chronicle published a letter relating that 10 men, including two from Vienna, had been hospitalized. The letter's author added that daily he saw "some article sent by some of the soldiers aid societies of Trumbull County," where Vienna is located.

As the county's residents read this news the 105th was engaged in the Battle of Perryville on Oct. 8, only 48 days after mustering and with no training in close-order drill; they lacked even a battle flag. The wounded flooded into makeshift hospitals in and around Perryville and Louisville, opening multiple lines of (mis)communication and supply diversions. Vienna's Laura Woodford reported to Rouse on Oct. 22:

Some Soldiers from the hospitals in Kentucky ... bring rather discouraging accounts about the patients getting any of our dried & canned fruits — Jellies, &c. we have often heard such reports but these last reports seem to discourage people about sending such things more than any previous report. I hope we may be able to do considerably for our suffering soldiers. There are but few who take or seem to take much interest in helping us.

Were Vienna's residents weary from worry as so many of their neighbors and family were in harm's way? Had prices so risen that support for other families' men could not be sustained? Or had the war's setbacks deflated the aid spirit in Vienna? "Our people are as bitterly disappointed in the result as the rebels can be," the Chronicle reported a week later for the wider region. "They failed in taking Cincinnati and Louisville, and we failed in capturing them."

In January 1863, the women published in the Chronicle that they had met with "some discouragement, owing to the various rumors in circulation ... that the hospital stores are misapplied, that the needy ones do not receive them." Referring readers to the Sanitary Commission field reports and soldiers' letters that "a great deal of suffering is alleviated" by the work the soldiers' aid societies do, the women of Vienna pledged themselves to "continue in the good work in which we are engaged." Dependent on the precarious balance of good news and good will, fighting rumors about the Sanitary Commission strengthened by news of government contractors' shoddy practices, the Vienna Soldiers' Aid Society could only keep faith that its work would continue to find support. Though it struggled through to the end of the war, it proved a vital source of supplies and solace to the town's soldiers fighting and suffering far away.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Vienna bears on its cool grey granite the names of fallen and the names of men who returned home, some of whom died of their battle wounds years later. But the names of the women who nursed them from afar with wine and dried fruits, who

tucked words of comfort and encouragement into the hospital shirts they sewed, are recorded only in fading inks on yellowing letter paper.

Wajda, Shirley T. "Mobilizing the Home Front." *New York Times*, October 13, 2012. Accessed March 29, 2018. <https://opinionator.blogs.nytimes.com/2012/10/13/mobilizing-the-home-front/>.

Notes on roles and responsibilities on the home front:

Youth in Wartime

BY MARCIE SCHWARTZ

“In these few months” wrote twelve-year-old Celine Fremaux of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, “my childhood had slipped away from me. Necessity, human obligations, family pride and patriotism had taken entire possession of my little emaciated body.” Children on the Civil War home front encountered trials, hardships, and violence that forced them to grow up quickly amidst a nation at war with itself.



A quartet of African American children sit in the ruins of Circular Church on Meeting Street in Charleston, South Carolina. (LOC)

Responsibilities

On the home front, both northern and southern children became critical to the war effort in a variety of ways. Children took up jobs that their fathers or brothers had left vacant or those that their mothers could not manage alone as the new head of the household. Children would help tend to livestock and crops, serve as clerks or helpers for the family business, cook meals, and watch their younger siblings while still trying to attend school. At school, children would build little Fort Sumters of mud and wooden blocks [...] put up clothespins for soldiers, ruthlessly slaughtering them with shot from cannons made of old brass pistol barrels fastened to blocks of wood. Thirteen year old Dan Beard of Cincinnati, Ohio recalled making little Jefferson Davises "of potatoes and put sticks in them for legs. We hung the desperate potato men by their necks and shot them with squibs from firecrackers." In the classroom, patriotism was also alive and well. John Bach McMaster of New York City remembered "every morning after Bible reading, the young woman who presided at the piano would sing a war song, the boys joining in, and that done, a second and perhaps a third would follow." Many children, however, dropped out of school to support their families, and many others turned to homeschooling when their schools were closed for lack of funding or attendance, or when their schoolmaster went off to war.

“I was ten years old today. I did not have a cake;” mourned Carrie Berry of Atlanta “times are too hard. I hope that by my next birthday there will be peace in our land.” Shortages of these little luxuries, as well as household goods, were common, especially in the less industrialized South, and children were often tasked with making ends meet by sewing clothes and blankets, as well as making soap, candles, and gathering herbs for medicinal purposes. As the war progressed, many children scrambled to have enough to eat, becoming active participants in the Southern Bread Riots that broke out in most of the major southern cities by 1863. Suffering from a lack of provisions, food and money, children formed looting bands to obtain goods for their families, as evidenced by the ultimatum scratched into a young Richmond girl’s journal: “We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together we are going to take the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the government to give us after it has taken all our men.”



"Six and Eighty Six Knitting for the Soldiers" (The Tribute Book by Frank Goodrich)

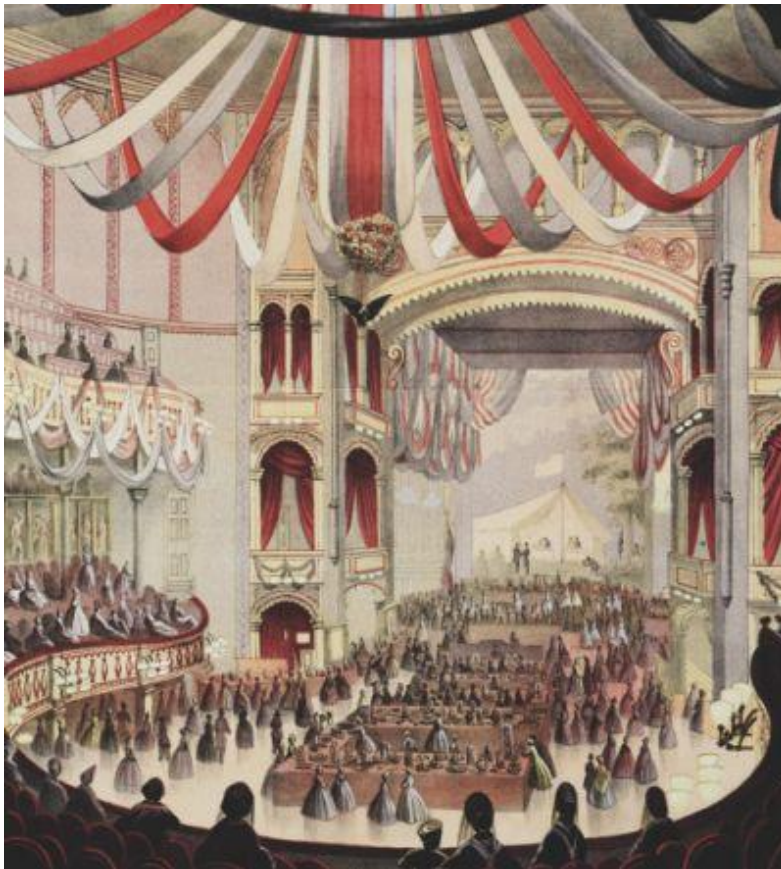
Entertainment

Despite these hardships, children managed to find ways to entertain themselves. “If it had not been for my books” wrote Emma LeConte of Columbia, South Carolina “it would indeed have been hard to bear. But in them I have lived and found my chief source of pleasure. I would take refuge in them from the sadness all around if it were not for other work to be done.” Reading, either from magazines, dime novels or books, was a primary pastime for children on both sides of the conflict.

In the North, magazines like *Student and Schoolmate*, *The Little Pilgrim*, and *Our Young Folks* were popular and contained numerous age appropriate articles, fictional

stories, trivia, songs, games, patriotic plays to be put up, and poems related to the war. Oliver Optic's produced entertaining wartime adventure tales such as *The Young Lieutenant*, *Fighting Joe*, *Sailor Boy*, and *The Yankee Middy*. While the magazine's prose and Optic's adventure stories focused on the drama and heroics of the war, they also promoted patriotism and virtue and the idea that the reader's individual actions, no matter how small, contributed to something greater than themselves. Children were also able to obtain more factual accounts of the war like *Following the Flag* or *Days and Nights on the Battlefield*, battlefield maps, as well as more sensational dime novels.

In the South, paper, ink, and skilled printers were scarce, so new material was restricted mainly to hymns and bowdlerized textbooks designed to meet the same aims as their northern counterparts: make children aware of the issues that caused the war and to rally support for the Confederate war effort. The new textbooks spouted nationalism with names like *The Dixie Primer*, *A New Southern Grammar*, and *The Confederate Spelling Book* and their contents promoted values and issues pertinent to the southern cause. The *1863 Geographical Reader for the Dixie Children* briefly explained the war from a southern perspective: "Thousands of lives have been lost, and the earth has been drenched with blood; but still Abraham is unable to conquer the "Rebels" as he calls the South. The South only asked to be let alone, and to divide the public property equally. It would have been wise of the North to have said to her Southern sisters, 'If you are not content to dwell with us any longer, depart in peace.'"



"Brooklyn Sanitary Fair 1864 - the Academy of Music, as seen from the dress circle." (Library of Congress)

While books were the primary forms of entertainment at home, children could venture outside of the home for public shows and events, many of which revolved around the subject of the war. Children and their families often frequented plays, concerts, photography displays, magic lantern shows, martial parades, traveling panorama shows, and, in the North, Sanitary Fairs. The US Sanitary Commission allowed communities to directly support the war effort. Dan Beard recalled “every home and every school, parents, teachers and children were picking lint [for the Sanitary Commission] which was carefully placed on a clean piece of paper and used by the field surgeons to stanch the blood.” Held from late 1863 through 1865, Sanitary Fairs, sponsored by the Commission, raised more than four million dollars and provided some much-needed levity and entertainment. After paying a small entrance fee, families could purchase donated goods, homemade pastries, locally grown crops, souvenirs, attend concerts and speeches, and gawk at war relics from the Revolution as well as captured Confederate armaments, trophies, and flags. Children would contribute their own handmade crafts to the fairs to be sold. “I made a model of a saddlebag loghouse which was very realistic,” wrote Dan Beard “I proudly carried that all the way to the Sanitary Fair. It was sold for seven dollars and a half, which was a severe blow to my artistic soul, because I really thought it was worth about fifty dollars.” Chicago closed its schools during the fairs of 1863 and 1865 so children could attend and support this patriotic event, and newspapers from the time depict children around the country running to see the Fair’s “treasury of useful articles, toys and knickknacks” as well as magic shows, ventriloquists, a “Gipsey tent,” and “a very remarkable animal called the Gorilla.”

The War Comes Home



A young girl in mourning dress with a portrait of her father on her lap. (Library of Congress)

The “home front”, however, especially in the South, was constantly under threat. Many of the battles were named after the towns that witnessed them, guerrilla raids harassed non-combatants, troops were garrisoned in houses and barns, and both armies left homes in ruins and fields littered with the dead and dying. In besieged cities, the situation for children and their families became desperate as the weeks turned into months of shelling. In Vicksburg, frightened citizens sought refuge in basements and even in caves. One young girl, Lucy McCrae, was almost hit by a shell and buried under flying rocks and dirt. “The blood was gushing from my nose, eyes, ears, and mouth,” she wrote “but no bones were broken.” On November 16, 1864, , ten year old Carrie Berry huddled with his family as occupied Atlanta burned around them: “They came burning the store house and about night it looked like the whole town was on fire. We all set up all night. If we had not sat up our house would have been burnt up for the fire was very near and the soldiers were going around setting houses on fire where they were not watched. They behaved very badly [...] nobody knows what we have suffered since they came in.” Smaller southern cities and towns fared no better. In Winnsboro, North Carolina, a young girl witnessed “streets and vacant lots filled with homeless families [...] when bringing bedding, raiment or provisions out of their burning homes, these were destroyed by the brutal soldiers. They stole much that was useless to them, for even Bibles were taken.” A seventeen-year-old widowed mother from Sandersville, Georgia lamented as soldiers “would walk up the steps of the back veranda on which we stood and throwing down the hams and shoulders of our meat would cut them up in our very faces.” After the soldiers left with the rest of their belongings, she “knew that now our last hope for food was gone. I went to bed supperless [...] sadder now was the thought, 'The cows are killed. I will be so hungry I cannot nurse Baby.'”

The northern home front also came face to face with the horrors of war, especially when armies collided in the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. On the first day of the fighting, fifteen-year-old Albertus McCreary watched from his porch as the street filled with “Union soldiers, running and pushing each other, sweaty and black from powder and dust. They called to us for water. While we were carrying water to the soldiers, a small drummer boy ran up the porch, and handing me his drum, said 'Keep this for me.' We were so busy that we did not notice how close the fighting was until, about a half a block away, we saw hand-to-hand conflict. An officer rode his horse up on the pavement and said 'All you good people go down in your cellars or you will all be killed.'” Even when the fighting ceased, townspeople were still left to pick up the pieces of their lives and care for the wounded thrust into their care.



This photo of Frank, Frederick, and Alice Humiston was in their father, Sgt. Amos Humiston's hand when he was found dead on the Gettysburg battlefield. (Library of Congress)

Charles McCurdy, ten years old at the battle of Gettysburg, watched as the wounded in his barn “lay on the threshing floor [...] they had received no care and were a pitiful and dreadful sight.” Fifteen-year-old Tillie Pierce’s house was repurposed as hospital for the wounded of Gettysburg and when she returned home she “fairly shrank back the awful sight presented. The approaches were crowded with wounded, dying and dead. By this time amputating benches had been placed about the house [...] I saw the wounded throwing themselves wildly about and shrieking with pain while the operation was going on. Just outside the yard I noticed a pile of limbs higher than the fence. It was a ghastly sight.” Albertus McCreary’s sister, seventeen-year-old Jennie, was tasked with rolling bandages. She and her next-door neighbors “had not rolled many before we saw the street filled with wounded men. I never thought I could do anything about a wounded man but I find I had a little more nerve than I thought I had. [The first soldier] had walked from the field and was almost exhausted. He threw himself in the chair and said, 'O girls, I have as good a home as you. If I were only there!' He fainted directly afterward. That was the only time I cried.”

Contraband Camps



An escaped slave family arrives within the safety of the Union lines, January 1863 (Library of Congress)

Perhaps the lives most put in jeopardy by the Civil War were those of former slaves and their children. As news of the Confiscation Act of 1861 and the employment of ‘contraband’ (escaped slaves) by the U.S. Navy and U.S Army spread, escaped slaves and their families began to congregate at places like Fort Monroe to appeal to become contraband. More than one hundred camps formed around Union held forts or encampments to house the escaped slaves. Despite being a welcome refuge for many, the camps often became overcrowded, and illnesses such as smallpox became endemic in the more makeshift sites. Children maintained an overwhelming numerical majority in the camp and, despite the varied conditions, all camps had a school. Most refugee children and many adults were able to spend at least some of their time in school, often managed by white northern missionaries. The rest of the hours were used to work in the fields to earn enough money to eat, and children as young as ten were sent out to labor beside adults and typically given “one-quarter pay.” These camps were the center of the home front experience for escaped slaves and presented a world of great contrast: they provided a glimpse of freedom, but poor living conditions and disease often ended the dream before it could truly begin.

Schwartz, Marcie. "Youth in War Time." Civil War Trust. Accessed March 29, 2018.
<https://www.civilwar.org/learn/articles/children-civil-war-home-front>.

Notes on roles and responsibilities on the home front:

Graphic Organizer Home Front

Hypothesis:

Document	Date Written	Place Written	From who to whom. Or who wrote this?	Roles and responsibilities revealed in Document	What does this tell us about life during the Civil War?
A					
B					
C					
D					
E					

F					
G					
H					
I					
J					
K					



Essay

How did those who were not on the ‘front lines’ contribute to the war effort?

Be sure to:

- Introduce precise, knowledgeable claim(s),
- Establish the significance of the claim(s) with evidence – using quotes from primary and secondary source material
- Create an organization that logically sequences the claim(s)
- Use words, phrases, and clauses as well as varied syntax to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships between claim(s) and reasons, and between reasons and evidence.
- Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which they are writing.
- Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from or supports the argument presented.