Biographies


“The New York City Draft Riots of 1863”. http://members.tripod.com/~Chesnutmorgan/draft.html


“Jefferson Davis”. www.jeffersondavis.net


The Sullivan Ballou Film Project, The Man. www.sullivanballou.com

Sarah Edmonds

Can you imagine being a white woman, a white man, and a black man? Sarah can, because she was!

Sarah Emma Edmondson was born in Canada and had a very difficult childhood. At sixteen, she ran away from home to escape an arranged marriage, and changed her name to Sarah Edmonds. She was having a hard time surviving on a woman’s wages and knew that if she were a man, she could certainly get a better job and make more money. She had been a tomboy all her life, so she decided to take the plunge and disguise herself as a man. Sarah cut her hair short, put on men’s clothes, and soon became very successful at selling books door-to-door as Franklin Thompson. A year after Sarah ran away from home, she returned as Frank. Her mother fed and welcomed the stranger to her home, and Frank never revealed his true identity. He later admitted that it was the hardest meal to swallow of any I ever ate (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 14).

When the Rebels fired on Fort Sumter, Frank signed up to fight for the Union. He thought it would be a nice ninety-day adventure. He was rejected due to his height and delicate build, but soon, to meet quota requirements, Frank joined Company F, 2nd Michigan Volunteer Regiment as a nurse (there were only male nurses in the army). Frank spent most of his time caring for volunteers who had contracted one contagious disease or another. This happened a lot because it was many soldiers’ first time in a large group of people, and they had no immunity to fend off these illnesses. Near the end of their ninety-day enlistment, Frank’s regiment participated in the first large-scale battle of the war in Manassas, Virginia, where the Union lost. Frank’s regiment was the first in the Union to agree to stay in the army for three years, instead of returning home.

Shortly after the battle, a phrenologist examined Frank’s head and announced that due to the shape of his skull, he would make an excellent spy (Amazing Women, 14). (Phrenology was a legitimate science in those days. People believed that the shape of your head, including bumps, could tell what kind of person you would be.) Frank’s commanding officers were informed that he should be a spy, and he was ordered to go undercover. (Little did they know that he was already undercover!)

Frank blackened his exposed body parts and put on a wig; he was to enter Confederate lines as a black man. Frank quietly joined a group of slaves who were working on a Confederate fortification. After working with them for a while, Frank slipped past the guards and made his way back to his regiment with blistered hands and a bead full of hastily gathered information about Rebel positions and plans (Amazing Women, 17).

After this, Frank was the mail carrier, the regimental postmaster, an aide to General Philip Kearny during the Seven Days’ Battle, a courier for General O. O. Howard at Fair Oaks, and an aide to General Winfield Scott Hancock at Fredericksburg. During the Battle of Antietam, Frank also disguised himself as a woman for a time, penetrating Rebel lines as a spy. While in another role as a spy, Frank encountered a Confederate captain who tried to force him into the Confederate ranks, so Frank shot him. During this time, Frank also fought with his regiment.
He contracted malaria and knew that he needed medical treatment, but didn’t want anyone to find out that he was a woman. So he deserted. After recovering, Frank was afraid to return to the 2nd Michigan because he would have been arrested. As a result, he became Sarah Edmonds again and spent the remainder of the war in St. Louis working for the U.S. Sanitary Commission (Amazing Women, 19).

After the war, Sarah wrote *Nurse and Spy in the Union Army: Comprising the Adventures and Experiences of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps, and Battlefields* and *Unsexed; or The Female Soldier*. Both were extremely successful. Sarah was married on April 27, 1867, to Linus Seelye.

Sarah attended a reunion of the 2nd Michigan regiment, and because her books never revealed the regiment she had belonged to, everyone was surprised to learn that Private Frank Thompson had been a woman (Amazing Women, 19). Sarah was placed on the pension rolls as a Union veteran, and deserter was removed from Frank Thompson’s record. Sarah was later mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic in 1897 as a member of the George B. McClellan Post, Number 9. She was the only female in the national veterans’ organization. Sarah died in 1907 and is buried in Washington Cemetery’s plot of the Grand Army of the Republic in Houston.

✔️ **SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER**

? Sarah is one of several hundred women who fought in the Civil War disguised as men, but Sarah had actually begun her deception earlier. Why did she first disguise herself as a man?

? What would be the benefits of disguising oneself as a man during mid-1800s?

? What kind of person would run away from home, disguise herself as a man, risk her life as a spy, and fight in battles? Do you have any of these characteristics?

? Sarah’s disguises:

- White woman disguised as a white male
- White woman disguised as a white male disguised as a black male
- White woman disguised as a white male disguised as a white woman
- White male undisguised as a white woman

With all these layers of disguise, do you think Sarah ever got confused and slipped up in one of her roles? What would have happened if she were caught?

? Can you think of any embarrassing or sticky situations that Sarah might have found herself in due to the fact that she was a woman disguised as a man?

? Have you ever pretended to be someone you aren’t?
Phoebe Yates Pember was the head matron of one of the divisions at Chimborazo, a Confederate hospital in Richmond. She was in charge of the finances of all fifteen buildings. In her own building, she was in charge of the administration of medicines, making sure the food was cooked correctly, keeping the bedding clean, and supervising the nurses who cared for six to nine hundred men in her division (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 178).

When Phoebe arrived, the lack of adequate care, sanitization, and organization was obvious. She began her duties on December 1, 1862 and surgeons quickly noticed a remarkable change in the atmosphere (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 178). Cleanliness helped to reduce common diseases such as bone inflammation, surgical fever, and blood poisoning. She also used nearby land to raise cows and goats for hospital food, and she traded cotton yarn and shoes made in the hospital for fresh vegetables, fruit, chickens, and eggs – giving soldiers the first decent food they’d had in a while.

In April 1865, when Union troops were soon to occupy Richmond, ill and wounded patients left any way they could to escape capture by the Yankees. Commenting on their immediate departure, Phoebe wrote, Beds in which paralyzed, rheumatic, and helpless patients had lain for months were empty… Those who were compelled to remain were almost wild at being left in what would be the enemy’s lines the next day; for in many instances they had been exchanged prisoners only a short time before (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 179).

Years later, Phoebe wrote A Southern Woman’s Story. In her memoirs, she described many surgical procedures in ways that the ordinary person could understand. She also described a surgical procedure that would never have been mentioned in a book by a surgeon. One of the patients had been wounded in the arch of his foot, and a large growth of infected matter grew on the wound. Surgeons wouldn’t remove it; they were afraid to damage nerves in his foot. One morning, Phoebe went to see the patient, and the mass was gone, leaving a deep, but clean, hole in his foot. Phoebe wrote that while he was sleeping, a skillful rat surgeon ate the rancid flesh and left a healthy and clean wound (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 182).

Speaking of rats, in Phoebe’s book, she added a rat recipe: The rat must be skinned, cleaned, his head cut off and his body laid upon a square board, the legs stretched to their fullest extent and secured upon it with small tacks, then baste with bacon fat and roast before a good fire quickly like canvas-back duck (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 182). (Don’t try this at home!)

✔️ SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

? Why were the ill and wounded soldiers afraid to be captured again? Why didn’t Phoebe leave?

? Why do you think the wounded soldier didn’t know a rat was eating his foot? How would you react if it happened to you? Do you think the rat saved his life?
Standing only five feet tall, Mary was extremely unusual for her time. She attended Syracuse Medical College, where she was the only female student. She was considered “very unladylike” because she wore pants instead of dresses. General William T. Sherman once said to her, *Why don’t you wear proper clothing? That clothing is neither one thing nor the other* (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 49).

Mary Walker married one of her classmates, Albert Miller, and wore trousers to her wedding. (For this special occasion, she compromised and wore a dress coat over them.) During the ceremony, she refused to promise to be “obedient,” and she kept her own last name (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 48). This was unusual for the time, and even many women would have been shocked by her actions.

Mary and her husband set up a medical practice together. After four years, the practice was doomed, and so was the marriage. In 1860, Mary opened a new office and ran an ad in the *Rome Sentinel* that read, *those who prefer the skill of a female physician to that of a male, have now an excellent opportunity to make their choice* (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 49). Unfortunately, Mary had to close her office because most people did NOT want a woman doctor.

When the Civil War began, Mary moved to Washington. After all, it’s a war – the army will need lots of doctors – even women doctors, right? Wrong. Mary Walker pestered the Surgeon General for days, but he finally decided that as a woman, she was not allowed to go to the field hospitals since they were so close to the battlefields. Instead, she volunteered as a nurse in Washington and treated soldiers wounded at the Battle of Bull Run (Virginia). In early 1862, she offered to help at Forest Hall Prison in Georgetown, but because she was female, she wasn’t allowed (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 49-50).

Mary was angry! She moved to New York and earned another medical degree. With two degrees from great schools, Mary went back to Washington thinking that she could get a military commission.

Mary had big plans, and being a woman was frustrating when it came to achieving her goals. Also, she disagreed with the medical community when it came to treatment methods. For instance, she believed that wounded limbs should be treated with intensive therapy instead of amputation.

General McClellan’s aides wanted nothing to do with her, but still, she claimed to have served on the Fredericksburg battlefield under Union General Burnside. She was strong and opinionated, and she was always around, which got to be a sore spot to the high-level officials in Washington. They wanted her out of the capital, so Secretary of War Edwin Stanton sent her to Tennessee with a recommendation that she be made useful. She arrived after the Battle of
Chickamauga, and General George Thomas needed her skills so badly, he didn’t care whether she was a female or not. Mary became a contract surgeon, which meant that she was a civilian working for the military. Her peers ignored or teased her. One doctor called her a medical monstrosity (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 51).

When her contract was about to end, one of the military surgeons died. In September 1863, General Thomas made Mary an assistant surgeon for the 52nd Ohio. Within days, many of the members of the medical staff requested her dismissal, but no action was taken. Mary’s peers shunned her, and even Confederate troops didn’t think too highly of her either. Confederate Captain Benedict J. Semmes said that We were all amused and disgusted at the sight of a thing that nothing but the debased and depraved Yankee nation could produce. [A woman] was dressed in the full uniform of a Federal surgeon. She was not good looking, and of course had tongue enough for a regiment of men (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 47). As her fellow Union doctors wouldn’t let her do much, Mary began to treat the Southern civilians, whose doctors were serving with the Confederate troops.

On April 10, 1864, Mary was captured by a group of Confederate soldiers. She was held prisoner at Castle Thunder until she was exchanged. When she was released, she worked at the Women’s Prison Hospital in Louisville and at an orphanage in Nashville.

After the war, Mary bothered every official she knew for a commission as a major. In January 1866, Congress offered her a Medal of Honor instead. Mary began to lecture about the benefits of wearing trousers, about her experiences in the war, and about women’s rights. Still, she was viewed as a “freak” – a weird woman who “wanted to be a man.” She was also criticized for campaigning against the use of alcohol and tobacco and for the problems associated with restrictive women’s clothing (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 53-54).

In 1917, three years before women received the right to vote, the United States government asked Mary to return her Medal of Honor because it had not been received for actions performed under enemy fire. Mary refused to return it; telling them You can have it over my dead body (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 54).

Even after being threatened with legal action, Mary refused to surrender her medal and wore it until she died in 1919. Thanks to her great-great niece, Ann Walker, President Jimmy Carter restored Mary’s Medal of Honor on June 11, 1977 (Only Woman Medal of Honor Holder Ahead of Her Time).

In 1982, the U.S. Postal Service honored Dr. Mary E. Walker with a 20-cent first-class postage stamp. (View this picture by visiting www.defenselink.mil/news/Apr1999/9904304d.jpg.) She was the first woman to act as an assistant surgeon in the United States military, and she was the first female to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor.
Kady Brownell

Do you love your boyfriend enough to go to war with him?
Kady was the only woman who fought in the Civil War as a woman.

When President Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers, Kady Brownell and her husband, both immigrants, enlisted in the 1st Rhode Island Volunteers under Colonel Burnside. When Burnside discovered there was a woman in his regiment, he made her the color-bearer so she could be with her husband but would not be armed (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 58). This arrangement was shocking, not only because women were not accepted as soldiers, but because the job of color-bearer was extremely dangerous. The enemy always tried to kill the color-bearers so the flag, the rallying point and inspiration of a regiment, would go down or be captured.

Kady was raised on British army posts in Africa, so she knew more about military life than most of Burnside’s fresh recruits. He noticed this with pleasure and gave her the title daughter of the regiment (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 58-59). She made her own uniform, which included pants to protect her legs and a skirt to go over the pants to reveal her gender. Since she wasn’t allowed to carry a musket, Kady strapped a sword to her side.

After traveling to Washington, Burnside and his regiment went to Centerville to meet the approaching Confederate army. Kady was quite a picture on July 21, 1861, when she advanced in the front lines with the men of her regiment. Wearing a red sash, and with her long hair flowing, she carried the colors proudly.

She was the only woman on the field that day. Despite many enemy efforts to take her flag and despite the fact that the men around her were falling back, There she stood, unmoved and dauntless, under the withering heat, and amid the roar, and blood, and dust of that terrible July day. Shells went screaming over her with the bowl of an avenging demon, and the air was thick and hot with deadly singing of the Minie balls (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 62).

When it was obvious that her regiment was losing, the retreat began. Instead of retreating in an orderly fashion, the men were panicked and ran for their lives toward the rear. Kady stayed where she was until Confederate soldiers were within a few hundred yards of her. Finally, a retreating Pennsylvania soldier grabbed her hand and said, Come, sis; there’s no use to stay here just to be killed; let’s get into the woods (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 62).

She ran with him and they had only gone a short distance when he was struck in the head with a cannon ball (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 63). Eventually she found a stray horse and rode it to safety.

The regiment’s ninety-day enlistment was about to expire but Kady, her husband, and most of the men reenlisted in the new 5th Rhode Island. Kady was no longer a color-bearer because Federal regulations wouldn’t allow it. Instead, she went as the daughter of the regiment (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 63). Her duties would have been to care for the soldiers by bringing water, helping the wounded, and giving encouragement when needed.
In March 1862, Kady saved the regiment from destruction by “friendly fire.” It was near New Bern, North Carolina, and its orders were to capture the town from the Confederates. The 5th Rhode Island began to advance toward the enemy – but it didn’t tell the other Union troops in the area what it was about to do. They saw the 5th Rhode Island approaching and assumed that they were Confederates. (This was because it was early in the war, and uniforms had not yet been standardized.) Kady realized the regiment was in danger! She ran to the head of the ranks and frantically waved her bonnet. Fortunately, the other Union troops recognized this signal and didn’t fire on their comrades (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 63-64).

Unfortunately, Kady’s husband was injured at the battle of New Bern. His recovery time was so long that both he and Kady were honorably discharged. Burnside, who had been promoted to major general, gave her the colors that she had so proudly carried at Bull Run – as well as a sergeant’s sword with her name engraved in the blade (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 64).

**SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER**

Given that Kady performed with great bravery at Bull Run, why did Union army regulations not allow her to be a color bearer?

How did Kady’s role as “daughter of the regiment” conform to the way men expected women to behave during the mid-1800s? How was it different?

Women today can serve in the Army, but not in combat positions. Do you think this is fair? Why or why not?

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**SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER**

What do you think it was like to be the Kady’s husband in that time period? What do you think it was like to be the only woman in the regiment?

Can you find any women who served as a Vivandiere or a Daughter of the Regiment? Where?
Like many kids during the Civil War, this boy just *had* to see the action for himself. John Lincoln Clem, born John Joseph Clem, led a simple childhood until his mother, Magdalene, was killed by a train. Johnny had a sister, Lizzie, and a brother, Louis. Eventually, his father, who worked on the railroad, was remarried to a woman named Elizabeth (*Too Young to Die*, 224).

Near Johnny’s hometown of Newark, Ohio, the 3rd Ohio was recruiting volunteers. He had big plans – and wanted adventure and excitement. Nobody was going to tell him “no” – even if he *was* only four feet tall and nine years old (*Too Young to Die*, 225).

There are many different stories as to how Johnny ended up being a drummer boy. He tried to join the 3rd Ohio but was rejected. Not discouraged, Johnny jumped a train and ran away from home. In 1914, Johnny told *Outlook* magazine the following story:

> I climbed aboard the train with the men of the Third Ohio, got passage in that way as far as Cincinnati, and there I offered myself to the Twenty-second Michigan Regiment. Again I was rejected, by reason of my age; but this time I was not to be kept from joining by any mere legal obstacle (*Too Young to Die*, 225).

He continued to say:

> I went a long with the regiment just the same as a drummer boy, and although not on the muster roll, drew a soldier’s pay of thirteen dollars a month. The pay was not drawn from Government funds, however. It came out of the personal pockets of officers of the regiment, who “chipped in” to make up the amount (*Too Young to Die*, 225).

Johnny saw some very ugly battles at Shiloh and Chickamauga. He served as a drummer and a marker – someone who carried a guidon during battle. (A guidon is a small flag used to mark the position of a regiment on the field.)

In April 1862, at the battle of Shiloh, an artillery shell shattered Johnny’s drum. Johnny showed great bravery and stayed with his commander. After the battle, the regiment promoted him, increased his pay, cut his musket down to size so he could carry it better, and took pictures of him (*We Were There Too*, 110).
The Northern newspapers loved him. After all, what could be more patriotic than a little drummer boy? Don’t modern newspapers still show pictures of kids waving flags on the Fourth of July? Johnny became known as Johnny Shiloh or the Drummer Boy of Shiloh, and several songs and plays were written about him. Later in life, Johnny used this fame to his advantage, as he still had big plans for the US Army. Even the Southern soldiers knew about Johnny, and one soldier said *The Yanks have to send their babies to fight* (*We Were There Too*, 110). This made him very angry.

In September 1863, during the Battle of Chickamauga, Johnny was separated from his regiment. He may have been acting as a guidon or a drummer. A Confederate colonel saw him and yelled, *Stop, you little Yankee devil* (*Too Young to Die*, 229)! Rather than surrender, *Johnny Clem didn’t say a word. He just raised his sawed off musket and took the fellow down* (*John Lincoln Clem*, 1). After this, Johnny became known as the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga and was given another raise.

Johnny was captured after Chickamauga and traded for an officer. He served as a messenger where a pony was shot from underneath him. At Atlanta, he was wounded twice, once in the ear.

After the war, Johnny went back to school and graduated from Newark High School (*Too Young to Die*, 235). He tried to get into West Point, but was not accepted. Still, he managed to convince President Grant (who had been General Grant) to give him an Army job. Grant made him a second lieutenant in the 24th U.S. Infantry (Colored) in December 1871. He made it the whole way to major general, and retired in 1916 (*Too Young to Die*, 235).

He was the last man on active duty who had fought in the Civil War. John Clem was 85 when he died in Texas in 1937. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. with full military honors.
On July 1, 1863 at around 3:00 p.m., Brigadier General John B. Gordon's Georgians attacked General Francis Barlow's First Division, which was located on a small knoll north and slightly east of town. This knoll, or small hill, at the right flank of the Union line was later known as Barlow's Knoll. Gordon's assault was a success, and as the men of the First Division were retreating, one soldier's courage and devotion caught Gordon's eye.

This soldier was General Francis Barlow, who was trying to rally his troops – to get them to stop retreating and make one final, honorable stand. Suddenly, a minie bullet pierced him through the trunk, paralyzing his arms and legs as it passed near his spine (Civil War Chronicle, 321).

John B. Gordon found the officer, lying pale on the ground, and he was struck with pity. He dismounted his horse and gave him water from his canteen. They exchanged names. Both soldiers thought that Barlow was about to die. Gordon and several soldiers carried Barlow to the rear. His last request was for Gordon to carry a message to his wife. He wanted to make sure Mrs. Barlow knew that his last thoughts were of her, and he wanted her to know the name of the kind soldier who helped him as he lay dying. Gordon promised to take the message to her. He found Mrs. Barlow with the Union army and delivered the message under flag of truce.

Convinced that Barlow was dead, Gordon thought no more of the incident. After all, thousands died at Gettysburg. What he didn't know was that the minie ball did NOT kill Barlow. He survived!

Next summer, Francis Barlow saw a newspaper article that said General J.B. Gordon of North Carolina had died. Barlow thought that this was the same general who had helped him at Gettysburg. What he didn't know was that J.B. Gordon was his friend's relative – not the man who helped him. For fifteen years, each general thought the other was dead.

John B. Gordon went on to become a United States Senator. One day, U.S. Representative Clarkson Potter, of New York, invited Gordon to dinner with someone named Francis Barlow. This
Barlow had been a General in the Union Army. [Potter didn’t know anything about what happened at Gettysburg, and Gordon thought this was a different General Barlow. And, Francis Barlow thought there must be another General Gordon (Civil War Chronicle, 321-322).]

Suddenly, the two men found themselves seated across from each other at dinner. Gordon said General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg? Barlow answered Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to Gordon who killed me? Gordon replied I am the man, sir (Civil War Chronicle, 321-322). Both men were stunned! They went on to be good friends until Barlow died in 1896.

✔️ SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

What are the chances of something like this happening? What makes this story one-of-a-kind?

Why would Gordon, who had led the attack on Barlow, stop to speak to him, make him comfortable, and deliver a message to his wife, and conduct her safely to Barlow’s side?
The life of Lewis Armistead was full of setbacks and disappointments. Before the Civil War, he:
- Was forced to resign from West Point twice. Once was for hitting future Confederate General Jubal Early over the head with a dinner plate. The other time was due to an extensive illness.
- Suffered from Erysipelas, but was successfully treated for this disease which destroyed skin tissue
- Lost his first wife, Cecilia Lee Love, and his four-year old-daughter
- Lost his family farm when it burned to the ground
- Remarried, but lost his infant daughter. Then he lost his second wife in an epidemic of cholera

— Lewis Armistead Biography

Lewis Armistead met Winfield Scott Hancock, and his wife, Almira, for the first time in 1844. The three became close friends, and Hancock and Armistead fought together in the Mexican War. The Mexican War became a “training ground” for many future Civil War generals. Hancock and Armistead stayed friends, despite the fact that Armistead went off to fight for the Confederacy and Hancock decided to stay with the Union.

The decision to fight for the Confederacy was a difficult one for Armistead. Like Lee, he felt that his first duty was to protect his home state of Virginia. On the night of his departure, Armistead gave Hancock’s wife his prayer book with *Trust In God And Fear Nothing* inscribed inside, and he gave Hancock a new major’s uniform (*Lewis Armistead Biography*). Neither soldier saw the other again – until Gettysburg.
It was July 3rd, 1863, and there they were - two old and dear friends - facing off on opposing ridges, preparing to destroy one another. What do you think Armistead was thinking as he stood in the blazing sun on Seminary Ridge, straining his eyes to see the enemy troops through the acrid battle smoke? He certainly knew that Hancock was there, commanding Meade’s Second Corps. Maybe he was wondering if his best friend was, even then, looking back at him from his position on Cemetery Ridge. Maybe Armistead’s mind slipped back to the days when they had fought side by side against a common enemy…before they had become one another’s enemy.

Time for reminiscing was cut short when Armistead heard Pickett shouting, *Charge the enemy and remember old Virginia!* (*Lewis Armistead Biography*). The men began to march, with deadly precision, toward Cemetery Ridge. As some of the men neared their target at the Angle, Armistead pushed to the front and noting that the colors had been cut down, he placed his hat high on his sword, shouting, *Come on, boys, give them the cold steel! Who will follow me* (*Battle of Gettysburg*, 51)? As Armistead crossed the wall at the center of Cemetery Ridge, he was shot down.

As he lay bleeding, he asked a nearby soldier about Hancock, and was told that his best friend was also wounded. *Not both of us on the same day!* he cried (*Lewis Armistead Biography*). He then said to Captain Henry Bingham, Hancock’s aide, *Tell General Hancock, from me, that I have done him and you all a grave injustice* (*Lewis Armistead Biography*).

Armistead died two days later. Hancock had a long recovery, but lived to fight through the war. He ran for president, but was narrowly defeated by James Garfield in 1880 (*Who was Who*, 280).

✔️ SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

Lewis Armistead gave up his long-standing position in the U.S. Army and fought against his best friend. What does this tell you about the loyalties of men and women during this time period?

Given the choice, do you think you would choose to fight for the United States or for your home state? Why?

What would convince you to fight in a war where your best friend was on the opposite side? Some soldiers fought opposite their fathers, brothers, or other family members. Could you do this?
This letter is from C. M. Avery, commanding officer of Company E, 33rd Regiment, North Carolina, regarding John Caldwell.

My Dear Sir,

I delayed until this time in writing you with the fond hope that I could write you certainly with regard to the fate of your gallant son in the late fight at Gettysburg. My Regiment was engaged in the fight on the 1st July and although greatly exposed suffered very little on the 2d we were under shelling all day on the 3d day we were ordered forward to storm the heights.

We advanced to within forty yards of the Enemy's work and it was here that my little friend Jonny fell. I saw him but a few moments before we were ordered to fall back discharging his whole duty. You cannot imagine my feelings after reforming my Rgt to find him absent and upon being told that he was seen to fall forward on his face. As soon as we fell back the Enemy occupied the ground and hence it is I am forced to write so unsatisfactorily to a fond and doting Father.

I have used every exertion to obtain all the information I could in regard to Jonny and Candor compels me to say that there is very little hope but that he was killed or mortally wounded.

The loss of my little friend is to me one of the most distressing incidents of the war. His noble nature in a short time had won from my bosom the warmest affection. He had made in the Rgt many friends and his death is regretted by officers and men.

To console a Father for an only son is a difficult task

You may have the satisfaction to know that he fell where we would all wish to fall (if it be God's will) with his face to the enemy.

He was in Command of his Company but by this he was not more exposed than he would otherwise have been. The other Sergt. of his Company fell about the same time and is supposed to have been killed.

A wounded Lt. who was near Jonny (but was able to walk off the field) thinks he was shot in the breast.

I will write you again in a few days more especially if I can find any information on which to predicate a hope that Jonny is alive.

Accept for yourself and Mrs. Caldwell my warmest sympathy in account of this distressing casualty.

Very truly yours
C. M. Avery

From C.M. Avery to the father of John Caldwell, July 18, 1863, in the Tod Robinson Caldwell Papers #128, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
Major Sullivan Ballou was in the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers. When he joined the Union Army in 1861, he was a 32-year-old lawyer and a father of two boys, Edgar and Willie. Ballou wrote the following letter to his wife, Sarah, one week before he was killed at the Battle of First Manassas.

July the 14th, 1861
Washington D.C.

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days — perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days' duration and full of pleasure — and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but Thine, O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not bate or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing — perfectly willing — to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows — when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children — is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death — and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles have often advocated before the people and “the name of honor that I love more than I fear death” have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears...
me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me — perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar — that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night — amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours — always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father’s love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters. Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God’s blessing upon them. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan

✔ Some Things To Consider

What does the romantic and loving nature of this letter tell you about Sullivan’s relationship with his wife and children?

What are the costs that Sullivan must pay to defend democracy?

What does his willingness to die for his country say about his devotion to the Union?

What does this mean: I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution.
Today, right or wrong, nursing tends to be seen as a woman’s occupation. Can you imagine a time when there were no female nurses? During the Civil War, nurses were usually men. There were concerns about women being around “rough” soldiers, possibly flirting and searching for husbands. Some people even doubted that women could perform the work – after all, don’t they faint at the sight of blood? Wouldn’t they cry to see so much suffering?

In April 1861, Dorothea knew that there would be a great need for nurses. She planned to start a female Army Nursing Corps consisting of volunteers who would serve without pay. The Surgeon General refused her for two reasons. First of all, everyone knew that the U.S. Army only used male nurses. Secondly, the war would only last ninety days (or less), so extra nurses really wouldn’t be needed (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 194). (At the outbreak of the war, very few people, North or South, thought the war would last longer than three months.)

Miss Dix didn’t give up. Instead of returning to her home in New Jersey, she rented a home in Washington and turned it into a receiving station for hospital supplies (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 195). Fortunately, she was independently wealthy and could afford to do this!

She put notices in Massachusetts newspapers, asking for supplies. The Surgeon General asked Dorothea to collect specific supplies as well, and soon, her house was overflowing with shirts, sheets, canned foods, bandages, lint (to pack deep wounds), jelly, milk, eggs, chickens, and more (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 195)!

Meanwhile, Secretary of War Simon Cameron was very seriously considering Dorothea’s idea regarding women nurses. On April 23, he informed her that she could start her own women’s nursing corps, and he appointed her the Superintendent (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 196).

At first, each regiment had its own hospital of three tents, a surgeon, and two assistants. Dorothea was certain that there would be a need for more hospitals (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 196). She used her authority to convert properties in Washington, such as the Union Hotel, into hospitals. Next, she placed ads for volunteers.

While Dorothea Dix was a champion of women’s nursing, she was very conscious about how women nurses were viewed. Dorothea was all business. Nurses had to meet very strict conditions – some of which might be viewed as strange, by today’s standards: No women under thirty need apply to serve in the government hospitals. All nurses are required to be plain looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, no curls, no jewelry, and no hoop-skirts (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 196). She interviewed EVERY volunteer to make sure that No young ladies [would] be sent at all, but some who can give their services and time and meet part of their expenses or the whole, who will be ready for duty at any hour of day or night—those who are sober,
earnest, self-sacrificing, and self-sustained; who can bear the presence of suffering and never lose self control; who can be calm, gentle, quiet, active, and steadfast in duty (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 197).

After the battle of Manassas (or Bull Run), there were so many wounded and sick in Washington that her hospitals couldn’t hold them all. Quickly, she converted more buildings into hospitals. She found that the Union troops didn’t have enough ambulances, so she bought one and sent it to Manassas (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 198).

Union General John C. Fremont asked Dorothea to go west to start hospitals in St. Louis. As you know, part of Missouri supported the Confederacy and part supported the Union. St. Louis was itself divided in its loyalties. She couldn’t count on help from the people of St. Louis, so she raised funds among her friends in the East. Soon she had organized supply depots and hospitals.

However – there was a big problem. While male nurses were paid $20.50 a month and received rations, clothing, and housing, Dorothea’s nurses were unpaid volunteers. They needed extra help to be able to continue to work, or she would lose her nursing staff! The battle was a hard one, but the first victory was when the government gave nurses food, transportation, and housing. Next, the nurses received 40 cents per day for their work. Because of the government’s help, her nursing staff grew (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 199-200).

Dorothea’s iron will earned her many successes: getting a female nursing corps and making sure it was well cared for was quite a feat. However, many surgeons and staff treated her poorly. They complained bitterly about her nurses. The complaints reported that these women ignored military rules and were only concerned about pleasing Dorothea, the dictator in a petticoat (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 200). Even the U.S. Sanitary Commission had problems with her! She earned the nickname “Dragon Dix.”

In October 1863, General Orders No. 351 was passed. After this date, all nurses would report directly to the highest-ranking hospital officer – not Dorothea. And, after December, no female, unless an exception was made, would be borne upon the Muster and Pay Rolls without authorization by a War Department official (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 200).

Despite these problems, after the war in January of 1867, she received a package in the mail. The letter in the box read, In token and acknowledgment of the inestimable services rendered by Miss Dorothea L. Dix for the care, succor, and relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of the United States on the battlefield, in camps, and hospitals during the recent war, and of her benevolent and diligent labors and devoted efforts to whatever might contribute to their comfort and welfare, it is ordered that a stand of arms of the United States colors [a national flag, complete with all accouterments] be presented to Miss Dix. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 201). “Dragon Dix” was very obviously moved by this gift, and told her friends that no possession will be so prized while I am alive to love and serve my country (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 201).

Her Civil War work was just the tip of the iceberg. Dorothea is even better known for her reforms in taking care of the mentally ill, who were treated extremely poorly in America. Often, they were locked in jails, attics, or cellars. Because of her efforts, the first insane asylums were created in America with the hope that the mentally ill could be treated with compassion.
Arrested at least six times, imprisoned three times, and finally banished, this woman also caused the arrest and imprisonment of her first husband. Who was she? Belle Boyd, known throughout the United States, the Confederate States, and Great Britain as the Cleopatra of the Confederacy, the Secesh Cleopatra, and the Siren of the Shenandoah (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 123). Her reputation even spread to France, where she was known as the beautiful rebel, or La Belle Rebelle (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 123).

Most people found her extremely attractive, as she was tall and blonde with a fountain of curly hair. One man went so far as to say that she was disturbingly attractive, with an irregular face that spoke of joyless recklessness; another said she was so blue-eyed that she was an instant favorite (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 124). Not everyone found her so beautiful, though: some people thought she was unattractive because her nose was too long and she had a dour face (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 124).

When the Civil War broke out, “Isabelle” Boyd was living in Martinsburg, Virginia (now West Virginia.) She was very outspoken as a secessionist, despite the fact that the future West Virginia chose to stay in the Union. In fact, her entire family was outspoken in its support of the Confederacy. Belle’s father fought with Stonewall Jackson, and at least three other members of her family were convicted of being Confederate spies. When she was seventeen, Belle had her chance to follow in the family tradition: she became a spy for Confederate Generals P.G. T. Beauregard and Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 123-124).

How did it happen? On July 3, 1861, the Union army came to Martinsburg. The town was occupied. Unfortunately, the Boyd family was known to have a Confederate banner in the home. A drunken Union soldier came into the house and shouted The Star-Spangled Banner will soon fly from your rooftop (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 124)!

Belle’s mother, not impressed, told the soldier that she’d rather die than see the Union flag flying over her home. The soldier cursed at Mrs. Boyd and threatened her, so Belle shot him! Fortunately, Union General Patterson decided not to charge Belle with murder. After all, the soldier was drunk and Belle had been defending her home and her mother. Besides, she was just a teenager, right (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 124)?

Belle’s reputation spread throughout the area. She used this opportunity to flirt with the Union soldiers. In the process, she found out why General Patterson was in the area to begin with. The plan was for Patterson to prevent Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston from moving south to join other Confederate soldiers under P.G.T. Beauregard. There was going to be a battle somewhere between Washington and Richmond. This was great information! She took this information to Beauregard (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 125).

In early 1862, Belle was caught. She was arrested and sent to a prison in Baltimore. Her strength seems to have been her ability to flirt, for she turned her charm on General John A. Dix, the commanding officer, and was soon returned home. Belle’s mother was glad to see her, but she was worried for her daughter’s safety. To protect her, she sent her to live with an uncle in Front Royal, Virginia. Little did her mother know that this house was not safe, either!
Historians say that May 23, 1862, was **Belle Boyd’s finest hour** (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 127). Union soldiers seized her uncle’s house. Belle managed to eavesdrop and find out their plans to defeat the approaching Confederates. Belle recognized that there was danger to this plan, so she risked her life to take this information to Richard Taylor. She was shot at by Union troops the whole distance of fifteen miles.

Fortunately for Belle, she arrived safely and gave him information on troop strength, location, and plans. Taylor believed her. He took immediate action, attacking before even Stonewall Jackson and the rest of the Confederate troops could arrive. The Union soldiers were caught off guard and retreated. Stonewall Jackson was so grateful that he made Belle an honorary captain for her bravery and initiative.

The celebration didn’t last long – Front Royal was occupied by the Union and Belle was arrested and sent to Old Capitol Prison in Washington, DC. News of her capture spread far and wide. One newspaper screamed *The Seesb Cleopatra Is Caged At Last* (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 127)! Again, she was described in vivid terms – some nice, some not so nice. One paper called her a *beautiful adolescent spy*; another called her an *accomplished prostitute* (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 127).

Belle was a difficult prisoner! She waved Confederate flags from her window, sang *Dixie*, and sent messages by using a rubber ball. Her contact would throw the ball into her cell, and Belle would sew messages inside and toss it back through the bars of the window (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 127). Soon she was exchanged and was free to go.

As soon as Belle returned to Martinsburg, she started to spy again – immediately. The Union occupied Martinsburg again; Belle was confined to her home and then sent to Carroll Prison. There, she contracted typhoid fever. She recovered and was to be sent to a jail to perform hard labor when she became ill again.

Was she sick, or just pretending? Who knows! Either way, she was released and told that she must stay away from Union territory – or she would be killed. She managed to get to Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, where she met Jefferson Davis. There she offered to spy for the Confederacy, officially. He agreed and gave her documents to give to Confederate agents in England. He warned her that traveling in a blockade runner could be dangerous. (As part of the Anaconda Plan, the Union was attempting to stop all ships from reaching or leaving the Confederacy. This would stop supplies, food, and people from reaching the South.)

Davis wasn’t kidding about the danger. Belle set sail on May 8, 1864. As luck would have it, the ship was captured, and she was arrested. Again.

Now, as you know, Belle Boyd was single. If you were to pick the person she was LEAST likely to marry, who would it be? How about Ensign Samuel W. Hardinge, the Union sailor holding her captive?
Hardinge and Boyd fell in love. Hardinge persuaded the U.S. government to send Belle Boyd to Canada. He joined her, and the two were married. Unfortunately, he returned to the United States, where he was sent to prison for treason (for helping a Rebel spy escape). He was released, but he died soon afterwards – he had become very ill in captivity (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 130).

Belle left Canada for England, where she was an actress for a short time. She also wrote a book called *Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison*. After the war, she traveled back to the United States, where she acted in some plays (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 130).

Even in later years, she must have kept her charm because she remarried (at least) three times. Unfortunately, all three marriages were just as unlucky as the first. Husband number two was an outlaw named Cole Younger. The next two husbands were Native American warriors. All three died shortly after marriage. And, despite the fact that she was a Confederate spy, Union veterans paid for her funeral and her gravestone (*Amazing Women of the Civil War*, 130). To the end of her days, the unlucky Cleopatra touched the lives of those around her.

**SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER**

Is it unusual for a prisoner to fall in love with his or her captor? Why or why not?

Do you think it was risky for Belle Boyd and Samuel Hardinge to fall in love and get married? Who stood to lose more if they were caught?

Why do you think Hardinge returned to the United States? Why didn’t they stay in Canada for a while?

Throughout her life, Belle Boyd used her good looks and charm to get what she wanted. Do you agree with this? Always? Why or why not?
Fifteen-year-old Elisha Stockwell was living in Wisconsin when he attended a war meeting with two of his friends. Moved by fiery talk and shows of patriotism, all three proudly volunteered to serve the Union.

Elisha’s father had a different view of the matter. He was not about to let his underage son go to war! He scratched Elisha’s name off the list, and the teenager was humiliated. Even his sister was angry, and when she got home she yelled at him for exposing [his] ignorance before the public, and called [him] a little snotty boy, which raised [his] anger. [He] told her, ‘Never mind, I’ll go and show you that I am not the little boy you think I am’ (Boys’ War, 11). The family finally calmed down, his sister and mother apologized, and Elisha was allowed to attend school in the winter. Problem solved, right?

Wrong. The elder Stockwell decided that he and his son would work as colliers instead. (In this process, hardwoods were burned very slowly to produce charcoal, which was used by blacksmiths and in the iron industry.) This was a nasty job – it was very boring and dirty. Going to battle sounded better – at least, it would be more exciting.

Elisha had a plan. He told his parents that he was going to a dance, but instead, he went to a friend’s house. This friend’s father was a Union captain, and the captain was home on leave. Elisha talked to him and convinced him to take him to a recruiting center.

The captain lied and told the recruiting officer that the teenager was probably eighteen, but he wasn’t sure. The recruiting officer didn’t even measure Elisha – he just wrote down that the short young man was five feet five inches tall. (He wasn’t near that height.)

Then Elisha went home to get some clothes. He ran into his sister and told her I had to go down town. She said, ‘Hurry back for dinner will soon be ready.’ I didn’t get back [home] for two years (Boys’ War, 13).

At first, Elisha’s company wasn’t thrilled to see him, or his friend Jim Ferguson. They thought the two were too small and too young to be of much use. However, disease and hard physical labor soon took their toll on the older, larger men.

The teenager saw his first battle at Shiloh in April of 1862. He lay flat on the ground, artillery shells exploding all around him. And as he waited for the command to charge, his thoughts went back to my home, and I thought what a foolish boy I was to run away and get into such a mess as I was in. I would have been glad to have seen my father coming after me (Boys’ War, 33).
Elisha was wounded as a bullet grazed his right shoulder: …it burned like a red hot iron. My first thought was my clothes were afire. I began to realize that the Rebs were shooting at me (Boys War, 20). Then, as his unit charged over a hill, he was shot in the arm as a grape shot came through the tree and knocked me flat as I was putting the cap on my gun. I thought my arm was gone, but I rolled on my right side and looked at my arm and couldn’t see anything wrong with it, so got to my feet with gun in my hands and saw the Rebs coming down hill just like we had (Boys’ War, 36). He was asked to surrender, but ignored the Confederate order.

After following a group of Confederate soldiers for two days, Elisha’s company started back for camp. It started to rain, and the teen soldier didn’t have any blankets. He was soaked to the skin and caught a terrible fever. The effects of this fever lasted his entire life: I was shaking with the ague—they call it malaria fever nowadays. As long as I was in the army and nearly a year after I got home, I had it every time I caught cold (Boys’ War, 56).

Elisha had enlisted with thirty-two men from his town; after two years, only three of them were still living (Boys’ War, 75).

✔️ SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

How many times have you wanted to do something that your parents wouldn’t allow? In this story, who do you think had a better idea of what war was like: Elisha, or his family?

Did you ever do something you knew you weren’t allowed to do, only to find that you “got more than you bargained for?”

During the Civil War, many boys were so anxious to enlist that they lied to get into the army. Would you have wanted to fight that badly? Why or why not? Was it right to do this?

Pretend that you have enlisted to fight in the Civil War without either of your parents’ permission. Write a letter to your parents explaining what you’ve done and why. Try to make them understand your viewpoint.
At the start of the Civil War, Clarissa Harlowe Barton was working as the confidential clerk to the commissioner of patents. (The U.S. Patent office works to help inventors keep the rights to their inventions – this right is protected in the Constitution under Article I, Section 8.) As such, she was the first high-level female employee of the U.S. government.

As you know, at the outbreak of the war, all nurses were male. She volunteered her services in April 1861, when fighting broke out between some of the militia who were traveling to Washington and local secessionists in Baltimore. The wounded came streaming into the U.S. Capitol building, and Clara came to help (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 165).

She was about to return to her job when she saw the huge list of casualties after the Union defeat at Manassas (Bull Run). Clara left the Patent Office, found an empty hall, and began to fill it with items that would be needed for so many wounded. She was short on many necessary items, and the government did not have any agency set up to collect supplies. Clara placed an ad in a newspaper, requesting food, bandages, and clothing. People sent packages by the hundreds! Still, so much more was needed. The war was bloodier and promised to be longer than anyone expected.

Clara wanted to do so much more than collect supplies. She wanted to be in the field caring for the men. Unfortunately, for months she tried to get approval to do more and was rejected each time. When the government found out that she had gathered an enormous amount of supplies, people began to think twice.

She was allowed to take wagons of supplies, and later, a freight car, into battles. She also nursed wounded soldiers at many of the war’s major battles. With no fear for her own life, she moved amongst the wounded, helping those in need, both Confederate and Union. She traveled with the troops and showed great courage and grace in the midst of horrific conditions. Soldiers came to know her as the Angel of the Battlefield (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 172).

She was often exposed to danger. At Antietam, she was bending over to give a wounded soldier a drink of water, and he suddenly lurched backwards. She later remembered that the poor fellow sprang from my hands and fell back quivering in the agonies of death. A bullet had passed between my body and the right arm which supported him, cutting through my sleeve and passing through this chest from shoulder to shoulder (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 171). On another occasion, a shell tore through her dress as she walked.
Close calls didn’t stop Clara from continuing to rescue the boys in blue. When she was asked about her experience at Fredericksburg, she replied that her mind wasn’t big enough to deal with 12,000 casualties (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 171). When asked to describe the aftermath of Fredericksburg, she spoke of a waist-high heap of amputated legs and arms outside of one of the city’s mansions. Inside this elegant home, the floor was so thick with blood that she had to stop periodically and wring it from her skirt (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 171).

Near the end of the war, Clara found another, difficult role: informing families of the fate of missing Union soldiers held prisoner in the south. This led to a new title: General Correspondent for the Friends of Paroled Prisoners. Clara’s new task was immense; of the approximate 300,000 Union graves, only around 165,000 had identifying information, and an estimated 40,000 Union soldiers were missing (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 172). When Clara closed this chapter in her life, she had identified approximately 22,000 soldiers whose families had received no information from the government (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 174).

Clara became a highly paid lecturer in the years after the war. She was on a trip to Geneva, Switzerland when she met the leaders of the Red Cross. The work of the Red Cross was based on the 1864 Treaty of Geneva for the Relief of Sick and Wounded Soldiers. The United States had not yet recognized this document (now commonly referred to as the Geneva Convention).

Clara worked until finally, in 1882, the U.S. Congress ratified the Geneva Treaty. Then, the American Red Cross was started, and Clara was its first president. This was quite an honor – and a challenge. While serving as president, she expanded the organization’s work to include all large-scale disasters, such as hurricanes, tornadoes, forest fires, earthquakes, epidemics, and floods (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 174). Eventually, these guidelines were accepted worldwide.
Wilmer McLean was a farmer who was well known as a pacifist – or, someone who was against war and violence. In July of 1861 he was in his farm house when – pop! pop! – he heard what he thought was the sound of gunfire.

Disturbed, he wanted to see what the noise could possibly be. He rode out on his horse and discovered that there was a battle nearby. Poor farmer McLean – his land happened to be in the middle of the Battle of Manassas (or Bull Run). This was the first large battle of the Civil War, and it was a really embarrassing Union defeat.

Mr. McLean was really upset about the battle – an artillery shell even crashed into his house! He decided that he’d had enough of war and sold his farm. He wanted to go someplace the war couldn’t catch him.

The family moved someplace called Appomattox Court House. McLean continued to farm, until, four years later, a Union soldier stopped him and demanded that he and his family leave the house immediately (Civil War Curiosities, 191-192)! McLean didn’t give up so easily – he finally allowed the soldiers to use his front parlor (The Civil War, 306).

As you know, Appomattox Court House is where the Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered to Union General Ulysses S. Grant. General Lee was dressed in his best uniform, with his sword by his side. General Grant was muddy and rumpled and had forgotten his sword. Still, General Grant was generous and allowed soldiers to take their horses (since they needed them to plant crops). He also gave the Confederates rations (because they had very little food). General Lee thanked Grant, saying, this will have the best possible effect on my men. It will be very gratifying and do much toward conciliating our people (The Civil War, 307).

Unfortunately for Mr. McLean, the surrender was more damaging to his house than Manassas had been. Souvenir hunters took every piece of furniture in his parlor (Civil War Curiosities, 191-192)! General Phil Sheridan took the table Grant used to sign the surrender – for $20 – and Gen. George Armstrong Custer “rode off with another table over his head” (The Civil War, 307). Discouraged, McLean went back to his wife’s family’s home in 1867.

SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER

Go to the National Park Service web site (www.nps.gov/apco) and find out what happened to the McLean house after the war. Does this surprise you?

In a way, the war began and ended at the McLean house. Why? What are the chances of something like this happening?

What else is Gen. Custer known for?
Abraham Lincoln found personal tragedy during the Civil War. He lost a child, watched a bloody conflict, and lost personal friends in the fighting. One friend was Elmer Ellsworth.

Like Lincoln, Ellsworth was born into a poor family. He worked at a dry-goods store and sold newspapers to help support his family (*The Zouave Craze*, 1). He wanted to go to West Point – but that dream was way out of reach. In 1857, he happened to meet a man named Charles DeVilliers who had been a part of the French Zouaves. Ellsworth was really impressed! The reputation of the Zouaves was known worldwide – and even George McClellan (who would eventually command the Union army) was impressed with their skill and devotion.

Ellsworth went to Illinois and studied law with Lincoln. The two became good friends, and Ellsworth helped Lincoln with his presidential campaign. He even went to Washington with the new president, who called him the greatest little man I ever met (*Elmer Ephraim Ellsworth*, 1).

Ellsworth went to Chicago to raise his own Zouave regiment. They had to be morally good and not use tobacco or alcohol (*Origins of the Zouaves*, 1). And they trained. And drilled. And trained. They were good – very good – with routines that made them look fierce. They traveled all across the North and the Midwest and they wowed audiences everywhere. Suddenly, there were Zouave units all over the country!

In New York, Ellsworth organized the Fire Zouaves – made up of men who had been firefighters. They were rough and got into trouble a lot, but they loved Colonel Ellsworth. Because Ellsworth knew Abraham Lincoln, he managed to get the Fire Zouaves included in the plans for the invasion of Virginia (*Origins of the Zouaves*, 1).

On May 24, 1861, the Fire Zouaves marched into Alexandria, Virginia, (then part of Washington, D.C.) to find the telegraph office and the train station. Instead, of going with them, Ellsworth went into the Marshall House Hotel.

He saw a Confederate flag flying from the Hotel and yelled, boys, we must have that flag (*Origins of the Zouaves*, 1)! Ellsworth charged upstairs and grabbed it. The hotelkeeper, James T. Jackson, shot and killed him. Corporal Francis Brownell immediately killed Mr. Jackson.

Northerners were outraged. Ellsworth’s body was taken to the White House. Abraham and Mary Lincoln were deeply saddened. In fact, a soldier tried to give the Confederate flag, stained with Ellsworth’s blood, to Mary Todd Lincoln. She took a fleeting glance at the souvenir; shook her head vigorously, and then closed her eyes, refusing to look at it (*Civil War Curiosities*, 178).

After Ellsworth’s death, the North had a new battle cry: Avenge Ellsworth (*Origins of the Zouaves*, 1)!
At the outbreak of the Civil War, few white Americans, North or South, felt that African Americans could ever make good soldiers. At the core of this belief was the idea that people of African descent were not as brave, intelligent, or morally good as white people. Many whites were afraid to give guns to blacks.

However, free blacks such as the famous Frederick Douglass, as well as abolitionists all across the North, sought to prove this belief wrong. What better way to prove the worth and value of black people than to allow them to fight for their country? If black people showed bravery in battle, who could deny them the rights given to whites?

In 1863, the idea of black soldiers was still a “risky” experiment. There were several “colored” Union regiments raised in the South, but the first Northern black regiment was the 54th Massachusetts (Who’s Who, 584). Its colonel was Robert Gould Shaw, a member of a leading family of white abolitionists in the North, handpicked by Massachusetts Governor Andrew Martin (Black Soldiers, 26). At this time, white officers led “colored” regiments.

The 54th spent much of its time doing hard labor instead of fighting. This was common. Black soldiers even got less pay than white soldiers – simply because they were black. At first, even Shaw was surprised by their willingness to prove themselves in battle – if given a chance.

At the same time, the Confederacy was outraged that black soldiers were organized to fight against them. The South threatened blacks; saying that any black soldiers captured in Union uniform would be sold into slavery, and any white officer caught leading them would be executed immediately (Saint-Gaudens’ Memorial to Shaw and the 54th, 1).

The 54th participated in a few actions, such as a raid on Darien, Georgia and a “false attack” or feint at James Island. The 54th – and Shaw himself – was very embarrassed and unwilling to participate in the burning of Darien (Black Soldiers, 26). Shaw was a gentleman, and a proud, strict officer. Because of his training, the 54th gained esprit de corps – a sense of pride in belonging to a regiment.

Finally, the 54th fought at Morris Island, South Carolina. On July 18, 1863, the 54th led two white regiments in assaulting Battery Wagner, a heavily defended Southern fort. This mission was nearly impossible and several white regiments had already failed. Still, Shaw and the 54th fought with incredible bravery and skill. They knew that being captured was not an option – they would rather die than be forced into slavery. Many soldiers, including Shaw, had some-
thing very big to prove – that no one would say they didn’t fight like men. In the words of Governor Andrew, their work was at once so proud, so precious, so full of hope and glory (Black Soldiers, 26).

One quarter of the regiment died, including Robert Gould Shaw (Who’s Who, 584). Confederates buried the 54th in a common grave. Shaw was buried with his men – which was meant to be an insult. Rather than being insulted, Robert's family was very pleased and his father spoke with pride when he said, We hold that a soldier’s most appropriate burial-place is on the field where he has fallen (Black Soldiers, 30). His family felt that Robert would have been honored to remain with the men he had become so proud of.

So many brave men were lost in this assault – men who had hope and promise. The losses weren’t in vain, though. A reporter for the New York Tribune wrote that the 54th did well and nobly…They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate (American Originals: The 54th Massachusetts).

Tragically, Sergeant Robert J. Simmons of the 54th was wounded, lost an arm, and died as a result of the fight at Battery Wagner. He didn’t know that on July 15th, a mob of angry whites beat his nephew to death as a result of the New York City draft riots; his sister and mother were terrorized as well (Black Soldiers, 30). The 54th and Robert Gould Shaw played a big part in proving that the black man made an excellent soldier. Despite this monumental show of bravery, there was still much work to do in gaining actual equal rights for African Americans. Perhaps this is the greatest tragedy of Battery Wagner.

Some Things to Consider

Optional Activity: Watch the movie Glory. What obstacles did the men of the 54th have to overcome in order to fight?

One man earned the Congressional Medal of Honor for his role at Fort Wagner. Who was this man? (Go to the library or Internet to find this information.)

If black soldiers were fighting for the same rights as white soldiers, who was left out? Did women – black or white – have rights during the Civil War?
Cailloux and Crowder
African-American Heroes at Port Hudson

High bluffs held by Confederate sharpshooters. Mississippi backwater. Swamps of willow, cottonwood and cypress trees. These are a few of the features protecting Port Hudson, a fortification that held six thousand Confederates (Black Soldiers, 19). And Port Hudson, Louisiana, along with Vicksburg, Mississippi, was one of two remaining strongholds on the Mississippi River. Union General Nathaniel P. Banks, of the Union Department of the Gulf, was in charge of taking this site. But how?

Part of Banks’ troops included the 1st and 3rd Louisiana Native Guards. The 3rd Louisiana was made up of former slaves and white officers. The 1st was made up of free black men and black officers – and the fact that it had black officers made it very unusual. Many of the men in the 3rd had ancestors who had fought in the Battle of New Orleans in 1815 (Black Soldiers, 13). Two officers in the 3rd were Captain Andre? Cailloux (k?-you) and Lieutenant John Crowder.

Cailloux, who was born a slave and earned his freedom, had property and could speak French and English (Black Patriot: Andre? Cailloux, 1). He was well known in New Orleans and had been educated in Paris (Black Soldiers, 20). Crowder exaggerated his age and was 16 when he enlisted. When confronted, he said if Abraham Lincoln knew that a colored Lad of my age could command a company, what would be say (Black Soldiers, 20)?

First, the white regiments tried to attack the fortress at Port Hudson. They failed. Then the job fell to the black regiments. On May 27, 1863, the 1st and 3rd Louisiana Native Guards charged three times against the Confederate works. They were picked off by sharpshooters and cut down by artillery fire. They tried to wade through the swamp and they tried to climb up the bluffs. No matter what they did, they could not reach the fortifications. They showed great courage, but didn’t kill a single Confederate soldier. The fortress was unreachable. Nearly 200 black soldiers died – or 20% of their forces (Black Soldiers, 22).

John Crowder was mortally wounded and carried to the rear, where he died later that day (Black Soldiers, 22). Andre? Cailloux had his arm shattered by a bullet. Still, he did not go to the rear. He stayed out front and led his troops until his voice was hoarse and he was weak from losing so much blood (Black Soldiers, 22). Suddenly, an artillery shell killed him.

Union and Confederate troops called a truce to bury their dead. However, Union troops were not allowed to collect their fallen black comrades. Andre? Cailloux lay on the battlefield for six weeks – until late July – before he was finally buried. The black community of New Orleans grieved. A rebellious white priest named Claude Paschal Maistre presided at Cailloux’s funeral.

Still, the fight at Port Hudson was not a total loss. African American soldiers finally began to receive a small portion of the respect and recognition they deserved. As a newspaper published by free blacks in New Orleans stated, Cailloux (and Crowder) showed valor, patriotism, and courage [that] vindicated [the] race from the charge that it lacked manliness (Andre? Cailloux: Black Patriot, 1).
Abraham Lincoln

Born February 12, 1809, our sixteenth President was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky. His family moved to Indiana when he was seven and he grew up on the edge of the frontier. He had little formal education, but read anything he could get (when not working on his father's farm).

In 1830, the Lincoln family moved to Illinois. Except for a short time in 1832, when he volunteered to fight in the Black Hawk War, Abraham Lincoln worked in a grocery store. At the same time, he studied law and tried to win a seat on the Illinois State Legislature. He didn't get it the first time, but he kept trying and won the position in 1834 as a Whig.

Abraham met Mary Todd in Springfield, Illinois where he was a lawyer. They were married in 1842. Her family was not pleased! Still, they had four sons. Only one lived to adulthood.

Lincoln worked as a lawyer in the early 1850s after one term in Congress from 1847 to 1849. Abraham Lincoln joined the new Republican Party in 1856. He became a famous national figure after the Lincoln-Douglas Debates. These occurred in 1858 when Lincoln debated with Stephen A. Douglas about the Kansas-Nebraska act. This act said that Kansas and Nebraska would join the Union and could decide for themselves whether they would be free or slave. It was an upsetting law for some people because it went against the Missouri Compromise, which didn't allow states north of 36° 30' to be slaveholding states. Abraham Lincoln was against the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

This belief put him in the middle of the huge national controversy. Lincoln’s anti-slavery platform made him extremely unpopular with Southerners and his nomination for President in 1860 upset them. Still, he was elected president on November 6, 1860. When this happened, Southerners began to talk of secession – which had been looming in the background since the 1820s. The Civil War was not caused by Lincoln’s election, but the election was one of the main reasons why 1861 was when the war broke out.

Lincoln decided to fight rather than to let the Southern states secede, but this wasn’t because of his feelings on slavery. Rather, he felt it was his sacred duty as President of the United States to preserve the Union at all costs. He did not issue his famous Emancipation Proclamation until January 1, 1863 after the Union victory at the Battle of Antietam.

The Emancipation Proclamation, which was based on the President’s right to seize the property of those in rebellion against the State, only freed

Lincoln in 1861. From Battles and Leaders I.
slaves in areas of the Confederacy where Lincoln’s forces had no control. Still, it changed the spirit of the war, making it, from the Northern point of view, a fight both to preserve the Union and to end slavery.

In addition to his work during the Civil War, Lincoln also started a number of peaceful pieces of legislation that would change the character of the nation after the war was over. The Morrill Act of 1862 established the state university system, while the Homestead Act, also 1862, offered 160 acres of free land to settlers moving to the West.

In 1864, Lincoln ran again for President, although it was within his power, because of the war, to suspend the election, and despite the fact that he feared he would not win. Nevertheless, he was re-elected, and his inauguration speech, March 4, 1865, set the tone he intended to take when the war finally ended. His one goal, he said, was “lasting peace among ourselves.” He called for “malice towards none” and “charity for all.” The war all but ended only a month later.

On April 14, 1865, while attending a play at Ford’s Theatre in Washington, D.C., Abraham Lincoln was shot by Confederate sympathizer, John Wilkes Booth. He died the following day, and with him died the hope of reconstructing the nation without bitterness.
All Northerners were supportive of African Americans and eagerly hoped that blacks would soon be free. Right? Not quite. Many people have forgotten about the New York City Draft Riot of July 1863. This extremely ugly chapter in American history was many years in the making.

In New York City (and elsewhere in the North), white workers had long feared black workers. Originally, blacks worked as longshoremen (people who unload and load ships), brick makers, waiters, servants, and hod carriers (or, trays on poles used to carry bricks or coal) (www.africana.com). Irish and German immigrants, escaping struggles in their homelands, competed for these jobs and replaced the blacks. However, these immigrant groups tried to get better pay for this backbreaking, tedious work. When they went on strike, business owners hired impoverished blacks to replace them. The result: low wages and racial tensions (From Slavery To Freedom, 204-5).

To make matters worse, the Union passed a Conscription Act in 1863. Men could be drafted into the army – which desperately needed new soldiers. The bad part of the law was that men could get out of the draft by paying $300. For a laborer, this was an impossible sum of money – a whole year’s pay! Poor laborers felt insulted – they felt like they’d been driven out of their jobs and being sent off to war – to free more of the people who were taking their jobs in the first place (From Slavery to Freedom, 205). The Emancipation Proclamation held the threat of sending even more blacks North, desperately seeking a means of supporting their families.

In anger and desperation, mobs in New York lashed out. They were mad at blacks and at wealthy people who had the money to get out of the draft. They attacked people of other ethnic groups, too. For example, a 63-year old Mohawk Indian was killed by the mob, leaving behind an 8-year-old orphan (Civil War Chronicle, 336).

The mob started out by destroying the draft office. Then they spread to railroads and shops. Women and children began to participate too – some out of anger, and some trying to protect their families and homes. Soon, anybody who worked with the black community was a target for violence – innkeepers who housed blacks, storekeepers, and even police officers. (Police officers were sometimes called to accompany blacks who were acting as strikebreakers). On Monday afternoon, the Superintendent of Police was beaten senseless and dragged through the streets (Draft Riots, 1). Enter George Rallings.

Very little is known about this police officer. However, somehow, on July 13, 1863, he learned that the mob was about to attack the Negro Orphanage. Showing great courage, Officer Rallings evacuated the building, and saved about 260 ex-slave children. One child was killed (Who’s Who, 529). Most certainly, all of the children would have died without his help. The building was burned to the ground.

The riot continued for days. Over time, a huge mix of people got involved in the riots. Hundreds of buildings were destroyed or damaged, 50 people were killed, and 128 were wounded (Draft Riots, 1). Actual figures are difficult to obtain, but total property loss was at least $1,500,000 (Draft Riots, 1). It took General George Meade’s men, returning from Gettysburg, to stop the rioting.
Brice’s Crossroads was a stunning Confederate victory, but many lives were forever changed because of it. Like many Southerners, Mississippi civilians like Samuel Agnew and his little brother, Erskine, suddenly found their home thrown into the center of battle.

Samuel had heard battle rumors for several days. On June 10, 1864, he learned that Union soldiers had camped at a neighboring farm. To keep the family mules from being taken, he and his brother took them to a dense part of the woods a mile away from the house. As they waited, they heard a mysterious roar – it was the Union Army. A passerby told them that their yard was “black with Yankees!” Terrified, they worried about their family.

They also heard that “thousands” of black soldiers were with the Yankees. This report was an exaggeration. There were three black regiments fighting at Brice’s Crossroads – one of them was the 55th United States Colored Troops (USCT). Many of these soldiers were former slaves. Eager for a chance to prove their ability, they fought with bravery that took many people by surprise. One of them was 23-year-old Private George Barton. George was probably frustrated because his regiment was asked to guard the wagon train. How would he ever prove himself in battle?

The weather was so hot that men dropped dead from the unbearable heat. It had been raining and men cut off their pant legs to get through the mud. Worse yet, in its panic, the Union army had created a traffic jam on the Tishomingo Creek Bridge. Several Union soldiers either jumped or were pushed off the bridge. Some drowned. Mississippi workers found one soldier still in the creek bed – in the 1950s!

George Barton got his chance to fight, but he and his regiment were treated harshly. Samuel Agnew remembered that Confederate soldiers were infuriated by the sight of black soldiers and killed them every chance they got.

Union debris covered the Agnew farm. Samuel and his brother returned home in the morning. Bullets had pierced the farmhouse, but everyone escaped harm by lying flat on the floor. Like so many Southern families during the war, the Agnews found that their home had been badly damaged and their property had been plundered. Union soldiers left no room untouched. Trunks were emptied and not a morsel of food was left for his family. Even the rope to the well bucket was cut.

Dead and dying men surrounded their home. Samuel felt sorry for the dying soldiers because
they were so far from home. Among the dead were several men from the United States Colored Troops. George Barton survived, but it is difficult to imagine his fear and suffering. The 55th, with the rest of the Union Army, retreated. Local citizens used bloodhounds to chase the wounded and exhausted men. If caught, the men of the 55th would have been killed on the spot. George escaped, but his wounded arm wasn’t treated until he reached Memphis, Tennessee, one week after the battle. His battle wound plagued him for the rest of his short life.

After the war, Samuel Agnew became a Presbyterian minister. In 1993, his descendents gave Americans a stunning gift when they began to work with the Civil War Preservation Trust to preserve Brice’s Crossroads. Now, you can visit the battlefield. You can understand the significance of this stunning Confederate victory and appreciate the work the Agnews faced as they tried to return to normal. And, as long as the land survives, the little-known stories of men like Samuel Agnew, George Barton, and others, survive too.
Northern and Southern children usually had very different experiences during the war. In the North, one typical boy named Gerald had a fairly happy war, with little to worry about except his collection of Civil War items (bullets, envelopes with patriotic pictures, and books). Gerald’s father wasn’t in the army and he never mentioned in his diary any relative or family friend who was hurt in the fighting. On the other hand, a Southern girl named Sue Chancellor lost everything.

Sue Chancellor, who was 12 in 1861, wrote about her experiences in a “memoir” (a story about some event in a person’s life). When she wrote her memoir, she was over 70 years old. Like diaries, memoirs and “autobiographies” (books that a person writes about his or her own life) contain a lot of information that historians use when they’re writing about the past. If you’ve read a lot about the Civil War, you might find Sue’s name familiar; in 1863, one of the biggest battles of the Civil War was fought at Chancellorsville, Virginia, where General Thomas “Stonewall” Jackson was mortally wounded.

In fact, Sue Chancellor lived in the “Chancellor House”, one of only a handful of buildings in this little town deep in “The Wilderness” – a densely wooded area in Northern Virginia. The town was named after her family. In her short memoir, Sue wrote about the Confederate soldiers who often stopped by their house early in the war. They asked Sue and her older sisters to play piano and sing and sometimes taught them card games. Yankee soldiers also visited from time to time, but since the Chancellors sided with the Confederacy, the Northern soldiers were less welcome. Sue remembered that whenever Northern soldiers showed up, she would “run and hide and pray…more than and harder than ever in my life, before or since.”

Early in May 1863 – 139 years ago – Major General Joseph Hooker struck at General Robert E. Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia. (Hooker was the new commander of the Army of the Potomac.) Sue’s house stood right between the two armies. In fact, Hooker made her house his headquarters. Sue saw blue-clad couriers “coming and going” all the time and had to put up with the cheerful and very confident Northern officers. That all changed, however, when “Stonewall” Jackson attacked the Union right “flank” (the “end” of the Union army).

The Chancellor house became a hospital and Sue and her mother and sisters were moved into the cellar. Their grand piano became an amputating table and a pile of legs and arms – cut off because they were too damaged to save – grew larger and larger outside one of their windows where doctors had thrown them.

Soon Confederate cannons began to fire on the house and yard. “Such cannonading on all sides, such shrieks and groans, such commotion of all kinds!” Sue exclaimed in her memoir.
“We thought that we were frightened before, but this was far beyond everything.”

The situation soon got worse. The house caught on fire and a Union general helped them to safety. First however, they had to flee their burning home and dash across the yard. It was littered with dead and wounded soldiers. “The woods around the house were a sheet of fire,” wrote Sue. “The air was filled with shot and shell; horses were running, rearing and screaming; the men were amass with confusion, moaning, and praying.”

Luckily, the Chancellors made it through their ordeal unhurt. For a time they were put under arrest by Union authorities, but the guards played cards with them and a friendly drummer boy brought them lemonade. The Chancellors were soon released and the family moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, where Sue’s mother worked in a Confederate hospital. Sue attended school. Their house had burned to the ground. Like so many other Southern families, they had to start their lives over when the war ended two years later.

Not all Southern children got so close to the fighting or suffered as much as Sue. However, tens of thousands of them did have to leave their homes or quit school. They had to learn to live with less of everything – food, clothing, and toys – than before the war. As her memoir shows us, even children were victims of the Civil War.
The Diary of Mary Boykin Chesnut

You know how women sell themselves and are sold in marriage from queens downward, eh? You know what the Bible says about slavery and marriage; poor women! poor slaves! (Chesnut Diary, 20).

These words were from the diary of Mary Chesnut. Before, during and after the war, Mary described Southern life – including historical facts, impressions of people, gossip, and cutting observations on Confederate society.

Most Southerners hoped that the “new” Confederate government would be different from the old Federal government. It was a chance to start over. Instead, human nature stayed the same. Everybody who comes here wants an office, she complained, and the many who, of course, are disappointed raise a cry of corruption against the few who are successful. I thought we had left all that in Washington (Chesnut Diary, 17).

She belonged to a wealthy planter family and every detail of the plantation was arranged; so, she had a great amount of spare time (Glass Ceiling, 3). In her free time, she read, supported her husband’s political ambitions, entertained guests, gossiped, and wrote in her diary.

Both she and her husband had hoped that the secession would be peaceful. When Fort Sumter was fired on, her husband James became an aide to Jefferson Davis. She was familiar with both him and his wife, Varina. Her diary includes some excellent descriptions of the “First Family”. Here is an incident when the Chesnuts arrived to see the Davis family: After a while Mrs. Davis came out and embraced me silently. “It is dreadful,” I said. “The enemy is within forty miles of us – only forty!” “Who told you that tale?” said she. “They are within three miles of Richmond!” I went down on my knees like a stone. “You had better be quiet,” she said. “The President is ill. Women and children must not add to the trouble.” She asked me to stay all night, which I was thankful to do (Chesnut Diary, 246).

Near the end of the war, Varina Davis wrote to Mary, pleading for her to come visit. Mary remembered that Varina wrote about the new baby: [Her] name so long delayed is Varina Anne. My name is a heritage of woe (Chesnut Diary, 378).

In contrast to the descriptions of Davis, her memories of how other people saw Abraham Lincoln are often humorous: Awfully ugly, even grotesque in appearance, the kind who are always at the corner stores, sitting on boxes, whittling sticks, and telling stories as funny as they are vulgar (Chesnut Diary, 19). She was less than sympathetic after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated: 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 (Chesnut Diary, 380). She was less than pleased with his Emancipation Proclamation.
While Mary Chesnut’s lifestyle depended on slavery, she had many concerns about the institution. For example, she hated auctions: *South Carolina slave holder as I am, my very soul sickens – it is too dreadful* (Glass Ceiling, 4). While she grew up with slaves and respected their ability to work, she thought they were “dirty” and unprofitable (Glass Ceiling, 5).

Some Southerners feared that slaves would murder their owners, as in the case of a friend. In another instance, at the beginning of the war, whites were afraid that blacks would join the Union in battle. This fear caused *blacks [to be] lined up and shot by their masters, who did the deed as coldly as they might shoot birds* (Glass Ceiling, 6). And yet, former slaves were often faithful to their old masters: *There seems to be not a single case of a negro who betrayed his master, and yet they showed a natural...joy at being free....* (Chesnut Diary, 385).

Like many war-time Southerners, she had no special love for the “Yankees” – at hearing about General Lee’s surrender, she wrote that *to keep the despised...South...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* (Chesnut Diary, 379).

She watched a beautiful and proud new country leveled to ruin. *Now, she said, we have burned towns, deserted plantations, sacked villages* (Chesnut Diary, 382). Union soldiers destroyed the family plantation – books and personal items were scattered for miles. Mary noted that the Yankee “deliverers” were a disappointment to many blacks. They thought Union soldiers would free them, but, instead, found some Union soldiers were only up to mischief, robbing and destroying property – black and white (Chesnut Diary, 397).

After the war, Mary Chesnut and her family were penniless. Many of the family’s slaves, who had been freed, had no way to earn a living. Some agreed to stay on the plantation, where they were hired for the 1865 crop season (Glass Ceiling, 6). The family managed to recover some of its wealth.

After her husband died, Mary wanted to earn her own income. She took out her old diaries – 48 volumes in all (Chesnut Diary, xxi) – and made corrections daily. Today, her diary is a fascinating look at Confederate history – from the eyes of someone who lived through it.

**SOME THINGS TO CONSIDER**

Do you think her published diary was different from her original diary? Do you write things differently when you think other people will see them? What kinds of things might you “cut”?

What current events could you write about? Write about something that has happened in your life recently, and then hide your writing in a safe place. Do you think it will be interesting when you are older?
Do you propose to better the condition of the slave? Not at all...it is not humanity that influences you... you want an unjust system of legislation to promote the industry of the United States at the expense of the people of the South” (The Civil War, 16). So said Mississippi Congressman Jefferson Davis in the 1840s. Much of the South agreed. Today, most people assume that the South was solidly behind its president, supporting him in a difficult time of war. Unfortunately, the ill-fated president is probably more highly respected now than he was then.

In The Lost Cause, written in 1866, Jefferson Davis receives mixed praise. In one place the author says [bis] pure morals, well-poised manners and distinguished air, were likely to adorn the high station to which he had been raised, and calculated to qualify him, in many striking respects, as the representative of the proud and chivalrous people of the South (Lost Cause, 91).

In other places, the author is very harsh: His dignity was the mask of a peculiar obstinacy which, stimulated by an intellectual conceit, spurned the counsels of equal minds, and rejected the advice of the intelligent, while it was curiously not inconsistent with a complete subserviency to the smallest and most unworthy of favorites (Lost Cause, 91).

Davis and Abraham Lincoln were born within one year and one hundred miles of each other, in Kentucky log cabins (Civil War I: A Narrative, 5). Unlike Lincoln, Davis received a good education at private schools. In 1828 he graduated from West Point where he met future generals Leonidas Polk, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Robert E. Lee (Civil War I: A Narrative, 7). He was not a great student, but he was well liked.

After West Point, he served with Zachary Taylor in the mid-west. He loved the soldier life. Even more, he loved Knox Taylor, the general’s 16-year-old daughter. Against her father’s wishes, the two married. Only three months later, both contracted malaria; she died, and Davis never looked well again (Civil War I: A Narrative, 9).

Davis devoted himself to improving his plantation and to studying. At 36 he became a U.S. Representative and married Varina Howell. At first meeting, Varina was not overly impressed with him. She wrote: [be] has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion, which offends me, yet he is most agreeable and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself (Civil War I: A Narrative, 10).
As a representative he introduced a bill requiring Federal troops to be removed from Federal forts and replaced by state recruits; this attempt failed (Civil War: A Narrative, 11). Afterwards, he resigned to fight in the Mexican War where he is credited with great skill in battle.

After the war, Davis became a Senator. He was extremely well spoken and strong-willed. He made some powerful enemies, such as General Winfield Scott, who compared him to Pontius Pilate, and Sam Houston, who called him *ambitious as Lucifer and cold as a lizard* (Civil War I: A Narrative, 12-13). He *did* earn the reputation as a fine spokesperson for states rights and the Southern way of life. He could be charming and persuasive.

In 1853, he became Franklin Pierce’s Secretary of War (Civil War I: A Narrative, 14). He was very much against secession at first (even though, legally, he felt states had the right to do so). He knew that if Lincoln were elected, the South would be forced to renounce slavery. This would hurt the South because its economy needed slavery. Some of his works include the Gadsden Purchase (buying land in future New Mexico and Arizona) and a stronger military. He also pushed to extend slavery across the US and wanted to annex land in Cuba and Mexico (Civil War I: A Narrative, 15).

Until January 1861, when Mississippi seceded from the Union, Davis was a member of the U.S. Congress. On February 10th, he received a telegram stating that he had been elected President of the Confederate States of America! Varina Davis later said that her husband spoke of it *as a man might speak of a sentence of death* (Civil War I: A Narrative, 17).

Author Shelby Foote has described him as a *flayed man in a sandstorm* – every bit of criticism hurt his pride (Civil War I: A Narrative, 123). He appeared to be tough and cold on the outside. Yet, when he came home at night, his wife had to comfort a man who was falling apart from worry (Civil War I: A Narrative, 127). Jefferson Davis had a huge job to perform. He had to lead a fledgling nation in time of war – a nation that had to be created piece by piece, and quickly! He was also a public symbol who had to promote the cause of the Confederacy worldwide and create confidence in the Southern people. In short, the task was almost impossible for one man to do. And yet, he often *did* try to do it all himself.

Desperate times led to desperate measures, and at one point, Davis supported arming slaves to defend the Confederacy. He enacted the draft and suspended *habeas corpus* – something he had criticized Abraham Lincoln for having done. Near the end of the war, one War Department official stated that he felt both the President and Vice President should resign (Civil War: Appomattox, ’67) because the people had no confidence in him. Others felt that Davis was not giving enough authority to General Robert E. Lee.

After Lee’s surrender, Davis was captured near Irwinville, Georgia on May 10, 1865. He was taken to Fortress Monroe and imprisoned for two years. He was in shackles until there was a huge outcry because of his bad health – worsened by the years of worry. Soon after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, Davis was investigated under the belief that he had been involved somehow. This charge was later dropped. In 1866, he was indicted for treason and wasn’t released on bail until 1867. He was never prosecuted. Later in life he became the president of a life insurance company.
After the war, as Southerners tried to accept what appeared to be a humiliating reconciliation, Davis became a symbol of the good fight, or, the lost cause. He spoke at various veterans' memorials and ceremonies. Usually, he was accepted with applause and respect.

He was, however, a “man without a country.” The Confederacy had failed, and he was not allowed to become a citizen of the United States. It wasn’t until the 1970s that the administration of Jimmy Carter restored his citizenship (Civil War Curiosities, cover).

When Davis was 81 years old, he contracted bronchitis and a relapse of the malaria that had almost killed him fifty years earlier (Civil War: Appomattox, 1058). His wife attempted to give him a spoonful of medicine when he started to have violent chills. He responded with his last words: Pray excuse me. I cannot take it (Civil War: Appomattox, 1059). His body lay in state at the City Hall in New Orleans, where over 100,000 people came to view him (Civil War: Appomattox, 1059).
Inside a tube four feet tall and three-and-one-half foot wide, seven men sat on a narrow bench and cranked a heavy iron propeller. They had great faith in their mission and their leader: Confederate Lieutenant George Dixon. It didn’t matter that two previous missions – and thirteen men – had already died (National Geographic, 86-90).

After all, George Dixon was incredibly lucky. Before he joined the Confederate army, his sweetheart, Queenie Bennett, gave him a $20 gold piece. Fortunately, he kept the coin in his pocket. His regiment fought at the battle of Shiloh in April 1862. A minie? ball struck him – and hit the coin instead of his leg! The coin was bent, but George saved his limb. George kept the lucky gold coin and had it engraved: My Life Preserver G.E.D (Dixon’s Coin Found, 1).

On February 17, 1864, he was still carrying the coin when he went on his most dangerous mission yet, commanding the submarine H.L. Hunley. He had helped design the vessel and pleaded with General P.G.T. Beauregard for the honor of commanding this mission – using new technology to break the Union Navy’s blockade of Southern ports. The South needed supplies of every kind – and the situation in Charleston, South Carolina, was especially bad (National Geographic, 84). The mission was risky, but, if it succeeded, the rewards would be huge.

The plan was for the H.L. Hunley to sneak up on the U.S.S. Housatonic, “ram” it with a torpedo (or mine), and back away, pulling a cord that would cause the mine to blow up once the H.L. Hunley was far enough away. At 8:45 PM, the Housatonic noticed what appeared to be a porpoise near the ship. Too late, they realized it was the Confederacy’s “infernal machine” (National Geographic, 84). The plan worked.

At 9:25 PM, Confederates on Sullivan’s Island noticed a signal from the Hunley – a blue light that meant they were coming home (National Geographic, 100). That was the last anyone ever saw of the H.L. Hunley. Sixteen-year-old Queenie Bennett waited for her sweetheart to come home, and never had the chance to say goodbye.

Today, no one knows why the H.L. Hunley sank, killing all eight of its crewmembers. We don’t even know the names of all the men. But, ironically, the ill-fated vessel is once again using “high science” in another war 138 years later. This time, the year is 2002 and the war is against terrorism.

The H.L. Hunley was raised from the ocean floor in August 2000 – only a few thousand feet from where the Housatonic was sunk. Researchers knew that all eight crewmembers – and their belongings, which could identify them – would still be inside the vessel. But the submarine was filled with silt (fine, muddy dirt) and packed in sand. How do you find anything in this mess?
Archaeologists wanted to x-ray the submarine to find the crewmembers’ remains. At the same time, they were afraid that x-rays would harm DNA – the body’s genetic code – potentially wiping out a last chance of identifying the crewmembers (*Hunley Research*, 1). This was very important, as several of the skeletons still contained brain tissue (*National Geographic*, 97). Scientists “practiced” on human remains that had been donated to science and found out that there was very little damage to DNA (*Hunley Research*, 1).

Unfortunately, all the wet sand in and around the *Hunley*, and the iron of the ship itself, didn’t let x-rays get to the people inside. The good news is that we wouldn’t have known that x-rays don’t harm DNA unless the *H.L. Hunley* had caused scientists and historians to work together to solve a problem. And, x-rays may have some important new uses in the near future.

For example, in a large disaster like at the Pentagon or World Trade Center after September 11, 2001, searchers could x-ray debris to find out what’s inside. Since x-rays won’t damage human remains, DNA could still be used to identify bodies (*Hunley Research*, 2). (However, let’s pray that there are no more tragedies like these.) The medical community could also benefit from *Hunley* research. If there would be a biological attack, bodies could be “sterilized” so health care workers wouldn’t get sick (*Hunley Research*, 2).

The crewmembers of the *H.L. Hunley* left behind grieving wives, mothers, and sweethearts. Finally, sometime in 2003, these eight unfortunates will be laid to rest.
William Reeder was born on November 3, 1839, at Massillon, Ohio. His family moved to Peru, Indiana in 1854. There he became a cabinetmaker. He enlisted at Lafayette, Indiana, on July 22, 1861, as a corporal in Company A, 20th Indiana Infantry Regiment.

He was 5 feet, 7 1/2 inches tall with a light complexion, blue eyes, and light hair. He and his comrades remained in camp for several months before receiving weapons or uniforms.

They served in North Carolina until the regiment moved to Virginia, becoming part of the Union Army of the Potomac. On June 25, 1862, at the Battle of Oak Grove (or Crab Orchard), Reeder was wounded. He was hit in the right hip and on the inside of the left leg above the knee by a shell fragment. Reeder was taken to a hospital in Washington, D.C. After his recovery, he remained at the hospital as a cook until April 1863.

He was demoted to private while absent from his regiment. Reeder returned to active duty in May 1863. He refused to re-enlist for another three-year term because he opposed the Emancipation Proclamation and the enlistment of blacks as soldiers.

After Oak Grove, his regiment fought in the following campaigns and battles:

- Seven Days, June 25-July 1, 1862
- Chantilly, September 1, 1862
- Chancellorsville, May 1-5, 1863
- Kelly’s Ford, November 7, 1863
- Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864
- North Anna, May 23-26, 1864
- Petersburg, June 16-18, 1864
- Deep Bottom, July 28-29 and Aug. 14-18, 1864
- Peebles’ Farm, September 29-October 2, 1864
- Hicksford Raid, December 7-12, 1864
- Vaughan Road, March 29, 1865
- Second Manassas, August 29-30, 1862
- Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862
- Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863
- Mine Run, November 26-December 2, 1863
- Spotsylvania, May 8-20, 1864
- Cold Harbor, June 1-3, 1864
- Jerusalem Plank Road, June 22-23, 1864
- Reams’ Station, August 25, 1864
- Burgess’ Mill, October 27, 1864
- Hatcher’s Run, February 5-7, 1865
- Sailor’s Creek, April 6, 1865
- Cold Harbor, June 1-3, 1864

The regiment was present at Appomattox Court House when General Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia on April 9, 1865. It was mustered out of service on July 12, 1865.

After his discharge from the army on July 22, 1864, Reeder returned to Peru and worked as a

Some Things to Consider

- When did Reeder enlist? When was he wounded? When did he return to battle? When was he discharged from the service?
- When Reeder was wounded, which battles did he miss? Which battles did he fight in? Which of these sites did CWPT help to preserve? (Visit www.civilwar.org/accomplishments.htm for help.) What conclusions can you make about the 20th Indiana, Co. A?
- Why do you think Reeder opposed the use of black soldiers? Does his refusal to reenlist surprise you? Why or why not?
cabinetmaker. He married Agnes Catherine Weist on October 21, 1869, in Huntington, Indiana, and they had seven children. Agnes died in 1902. In 1904 he married Martha Weist. He died in Peru (Indiana) on October 5, 1932. You can read his wartime letters by contacting the United States Army Military History Institute at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania.
Valerius Cincinnatus Giles

Valerius Cincinnatus Giles was born on January 26, 1842, in Shelby County, Tennessee. In 1849 his family moved to a farm near Austin, Texas. He had little formal education, but he loved to read.

He enlisted as a private in the “Tom Green Rifles,” which was mustered into Confederate service on July 11, 1861, at Camp Clark, Texas. The company traveled to Richmond, Virginia, where it became Company B, 4th Texas Infantry Regiment. That unit was part of General John Bell Hood’s famous Texas Brigade of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia.

At the Battle of Gaines’ Mill, in June 1862, he received a slight wound in the spine but was able to return to duty by July 8. He was promoted twice.

He was captured in October 1863 in an engagement at Wauhatchie, Tennessee. Giles was imprisoned at Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, Indiana. He recalled later, “Little adventures, scenes, and faces pass before me now and then like some half-forgotten dream, but old Camp Morton stands out before me in all its vivid horror like a great ferocious monster.”

On November 8, 1864, he and a comrade escaped from the Pest (Small Pox) Hospital at the prison. Giles made his way to northern Kentucky and joined a force commanded by Major Walker Taylor, who was there recruiting men for the Confederate army. He fought with Taylor until the end of the war. Giles received his final parole at Louisville on April 28, 1865.

The 4th Texas Infantry Regiment fought in the following engagements:

- Eltham’s Landing, May 7, 1862
- Gaines’ Mill, June 27, 1862
- Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862
- Suffolk Campaign, April 11-May 4, 1863
- Chickamauga, September 19-20, 1863
- Knoxville Campaign, November 17-December 5, 1863
- Spotsylvania, May 8-20, 1864
- Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864
- Seven Pines, May 31-June 1, 1862
- Second Manassas, Aug. 29-30, 1862
- Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862
- Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863
- Wauhatchie, October 28-29, 1863
- Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864
- North Anna, May 23-25, 1864
- Richmond Campaign, June 1864-April 1865.

The remnants of the regiment surrendered at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865.

After the war, Giles worked in the General Land Office in Austin. He married Lou Barnhart in 1873, and they had two children. In August 1879, General Hood died of yellow fever. With other comrades, Giles helped find homes for Hood’s orphaned children. He began writing his memoirs and wrote articles for Texas newspapers about his wartime experiences.

Giles died in Austin on January 31, 1915. His story is found in Rags and Hope: The Memoirs of Val C. Giles, Four Years with Hood’s Brigade, Fourth Texas Infantry, 1861-1865.
It is dark, and the water is cold as it encircles your legs and seeps through your thin and ragged clothes. You keep going, silently, hoping you make it safely to the other side where freedom awaits. What would it feel like to be free? Every time you try to grasp the faraway dream, it slips through your fingers like a cloud on a sunny day.

Suddenly, you hear dogs yelping in the distance. Terrified, you wonder - did they pick up our scent? Are they on our trail? As the fear rises in your throat, you search for the calm eyes of Moses. She will know what to do, you assure yourself. She is a legend throughout the slave South. She risks her life to save the lives of others, because a life in bondage is no life at all.

Before the Civil War, Harriet Tubman smuggled slaves to freedom in Canada on a secret trail known as the Underground Railroad. She had escaped slavery herself. Born Araminta Ross on a Maryland plantation in the 1820's, Harriet slaved as a field hand, scrubwoman, cook, and house servant. One day, after a beating for stealing a lump of sugar, Harriet hid among the plantation's pigs for five days, eating slop.

In 1835, Harriet stood between an overseer and a runaway slave who was being beaten. The overseer threw a two-pound lead weight at the runaway slave, but it hit Harriet in the head. She was in a coma for a long time and never fully recovered from the head injury. Harriet suffered from spells of narcolepsy for the rest of her life.

Harriet was hired out to a local builder named John Stewart, who grew to like and trust her. He allowed her to hire herself out to other plantations when there was little to do on his farm. She paid Stewart $50 each year and then was allowed to keep the rest of the money. In 1844, Stewart gave Harriet permission to marry a free man named John Tubman.

Narcolepsy causes a person to fall asleep suddenly, usually for short periods of time. If you had narcolepsy, how would your life change?

John Stewart seems to have been a kind man, but what is still wrong with this picture of slavery?

What do you know about John Brown at Harper’s Ferry? How might history be different if she had gone along? Do you think the raid might have worked? Why or why not? What might have happened if she were killed at Harper’s Ferry?
One evening, in 1849, Harriet escaped. She was barefoot and had only a little food tied in a kerchief. Her father had taught her how to survive in the woods and how to tell which way was north. To do this she followed the North Star at night and looked for the moss on the sides of trees during the day. Fearing slave catchers and their dogs, Harriet waded in the Choptank River to hide her scent. She remembered the advice of a Quaker woman who had told her to follow the Choptank 40 miles to its beginning. Then follow the road to Camden, and look for a white house with green shutters. A conductor will help you there (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 40).

Harriet helped many other slaves escape to freedom, going by the name of Moses, taken from the song that slaves sang,

\[
\begin{align*}
    \text{Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt land} \\
    \text{Tell old Pharaoh, Let my people go…}
\end{align*}
\]
— Amazing Women of the Civil War, page. 41.

Because of the Fugitive Slave Act, Harriet was forced to live in Canada. There, she met with John Brown. Harriet believed in Brown and advised him so well that he called her General Tubman (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 42). Harriet became ill suddenly – otherwise, she might have been at Harper’s Ferry.

Harriet rescued many slaves that had escaped to the north from slave catchers. In New York, she and a band of friends rescued Charles Nalle from slave catchers while shouting, Drown him rather than let them have him (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 43). Harriet rescued her sister and two of her children from a prison in Maryland, and she rescued the rest of her family from slavery.

When the Federals marched through the South, many slaves were freed. Harriet went to South Carolina in 1862, where she helped to feed and teach them. From there, Harriet worked in a military hospital in Florida. In December of 1862, she returned to South Carolina to help her friend, Colonel Thomas Higginson, recruit black soldiers (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 44).

In 1863, Harriet worked for the Union as a spy. By summer, General David Hunter asked Harriet to help Colonel James Montgomery pull up Confederate torpedo mines in the Combahee River. They were also ordered to destroy railroads and bridges supplying the Confederates and to free slaves. On June 2, one hundred and fifty black soldiers destroyed cotton and homes of secessionists, freeing 756 black prisoners (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 44).

Next year, Harriet helped Union guerrilla activities. In 1864, she traveled to Washington to work as a nurse in the U.S. Sanitary Commission until the end of the war. Harriet was granted a pension in 1890. She bought land that was used to build a nice home for poor blacks. She retired there and died on March 10, 1913. In 1982, the Smithsonian Institution honored her as the only American woman ever to plan and lead a military raid (Amazing Women of the Civil War, 46).
Here are a few Civil War personalities for students to research on their own. They are in no particular order. Obviously, many, many names are left out. Use your creativity, your interests, and your students’ interests to find more names. Rather than doing a book report or writing assignment, you may want to encourage kids to write poems, draw posters, perform skits, write letters, etc. Keep in mind that, sometimes the “oddball” facts of information and strange details are what cause a kid to be “turned on” to history. And, while many students may want to do a report on Robert E. Lee, there is so much information about him that this assignment may be difficult for a student who may be struggling. If you feel like giving your students a challenge, just give them a “tidbit” of really juicy information and have them find out which person you’re talking about. (For example, who was called “Old Fuss and Feathers”? Who rode with Quantrill and became a bank robber?)

William Tecumseh “Cump” Sherman
Rose O’Neal Greenhow
Gen. James Terrill, CSA, and Gen. William Terrill, USA
Louisa May Alcott
Ulysses Simpson Grant (Why was he called “The Butcher”?)
Robert E. Lee (Why was he called “the King of Spades”?)
James Ewell Brown “Jeb” Stuart
Thomas Jonathan “Stonewall” Jackson
Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain
Walt Whitman
Clement Vallandigham (The Man Without a Country)
Mathew Brady (Did he really take all those pictures?)
William Quantrill
Dr. Samuel Mudd (Was he really guilty? Was his treatment fair?)
Jesse James
George Armstrong Custer
Carrie Berry
John Singleton Mosby
Sam R. Watkins, 1st Tennessee (Co. Aytc)
John D. Billings, 10th Massachusetts Battery (Hardtack and Coffee)
George McClellan
Alfred Bellard, 5th New Jersey (Gone for a Soldier)
Stand Watie
Winfield “Old Fuss and Feathers” Scott
Jubal Early
John Brown
Mary Bickerdyke
Frederick Douglass
Benjamin Butler
Cochise
David Glasgow Farragut
Nathan Bedford Forrest
Mary Surratt
John Wilkes Booth
Henry Wirz
James Longstreet
Daniel Sickles (including the “lost leg” and his insanity defense in a murder)