

GRADE 7, Fourth Quarter

The Civil War

I like to see it lap the miles, And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks; And then, prodigious,
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while In horrid,
hooting stanza; Then chase itself
down hill... Emily Dickinson, "XLIII"

Word Windows into History

Poems, Songs and Documents

Selected for the Themes and Eras Illuminated through American Art

*Prepared by the DePaul University Center for Urban Education
for the Terra Teacher Lab
Terra Foundation for American Art*

These are examples of songs, poems and documents that illustrate times in US history. You can use them to help students understand that a poem or song is a word picture and can be interpreted just as a painting can be—and that in context it makes more sense as well as providing a window into that context.

GRADE 7, Fourth Quarter

The Civil War

Documents

Letter from John Boston, runaway slave
Gettysburg Address (original and transcribed text)
Diary of Confederate Belle Edmonson, January – November, 1864
Letters from Iowa Civil War soldier Newton Scott

The following documents are not reprinted in this binder, but can be accessed at the websites listed below.

The memoirs, diary, and life of Private Jefferson Moses: <http://www.ioweb.com/civilwar>
Civil War Band Music: <http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cwmhtml/cwmhome.html>

Poems and Songs

“When Johnny Comes Marching Home”
“Oh Captain! My Captain!”
“John Brown’s Body”

Eyewitness

American Originals from the National Archives

Free at Last

John Boston - An Escape from Slavery, 1862

The institution of slavery in America is older than the republic itself and so is the story of emancipation. Since colonial days, people held as slaves embraced American principles of liberty and equality as their own best hope for freedom and better treatment. Many acted as agents of their own liberation, claiming their freedom in the courts, in the military, and by fleeing to places where slavery did not exist.

By the onset of the Civil War in 1861, there were 3.9 million slaves in the United States. It was clear to them that slavery was at the heart of the national conflict, and with the nation at war, thousands saw an opportunity for freedom and seized it. Tearing themselves from their families, risking their lives, they fled to the Union Army offering themselves as workers, informants, and soldiers. In countless instances during the Civil War, emancipation was achieved one soul at a time, through extraordinary courage and at immeasurable cost.

In the midst of the Civil War, emancipation was pushed to the top of the nation's agenda as a moral imperative and military necessity. Congress formally proposed the thirteenth amendment outlawing slavery on January 31, 1865; it was ratified on December 6, 1865.

Letter from John Boston, a runaway slave, to his wife, Elizabeth, January 12, 1862



Fleeing slavery in Maryland, John Boston found refuge with a New York regiment in Upton Hill, Virginia, where he wrote this letter to his wife who remained in Owensville, Maryland. At the moment of celebrating his freedom, his highest hope and aspiration was to be reunited with his family.

There is no evidence that Elizabeth Boston ever received this letter. It was intercepted and eventually forwarded to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton.

National Archives, Records of the Adjutant General's Office, 1780's-1917

Excerpt:

"My Dear Wife it is with grate joy I take this time to let you know Whare I am
i am now in Safety in the 14th Regiment of Brooklyn . . . this Day i can Adress you thank god as a free man I had a little truble in giting away But as the lord led the Children of Isrel to the land of Canon So he led me to a land Whare fredom Will rain in spite Of earth and hell Dear you must make your Self content i am free from al the Slavers Lash . . . I am With a very nice man and have All that hart Can Wish But My Dear I Cant express my grate desire that i Have to See you i trust the time Will Come When We Shal meet again And if We dont met on earth We Will Meet in heven Whare Jesas ranes . . ."

—From John Boston's letter to his wife

Envelope for Letter from John Boston, a runaway slave, to his wife, Elizabeth, January 12, 1862

National Archives, Records of the Adjutant General's Office, 1780's-1917



African American soldiers mustered out at Little Rock, Arkansas, drawing by Alfred R. Waud, published in *Harper's Weekly*, May 19, 1866 (Detail)



*Courtesy of the Library of Congress,
Prints and Photographs Division,
Washington, DC*

Pvt. Hubbard Pryor of Georgia, before and after his enlistment in the 44th U.S. Colored Infantry, 1864



*National Archives, Records of the
Adjutant General's Office, 1780's-1917*

Executive Mansion,

Washington, 186 .

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

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died here, that the nation might live. This we may, in all propriety do. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate— we can not consecrate— we can not hallow, this ground— the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; while it can never forget what they died here.

It is rather for us, the living, ^{we here be spoken} to stand here,

ted to the great task remaining before us—
that, from these honored dead we take in-
creased devotion to that cause for which
they here, gave the last full measure of de-
votion— that we here highly resolve these
dead shall not have died in vain; that
the nation, shall have a new birth of free-
dom, and that government of the people by
the people for the people, shall not per-
ish from the earth.



The Gettysburg Address

Delivered at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863

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Transcript of the "Hay Draft" of the Gettysburg Address

(Differences between the texts of the two drafts are indicated by **emphasis** type. Please note that the Nicolay and Hay versions of the Gettysburg Address differ somewhat from the generally printed Bliss version.)

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

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

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

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Diary of Confederate Belle Edmonson, January - November, 1864

Below are only a few journal entries from Confederate Belle Edmonson.

The rest can be viewed at the following link:

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/fpn/edmondson/edmondson.html>

January, Friday 1, 1864

'Tis New Year, a happy one to our household. Lieut. Spotswood and Eddie came last night. Poor Eddie is greatly in need of clothes.

I do not think we will have much trouble in out Gen'ling the Yanks. I have \$50. G.B. left I intend to devote to that purpose. It is very cold, all nature is robed in Ice.

Notwithstanding the Yanks are such near neighbors, we have had a house full of Rebels all day, four of Henderson's Scouts - Lieut. S. Eddie, Jim & Elb Jeters. Nannie and I went in the buggy over to the smugler's, Joe White, to see if we could not get some things there for Eddie, failed, bro't Lute some soap - almost froze to death - got home at dark, all just finishing dinner, had a splendid time tonight. Our Armys all seem to be Status Quo. God grant successful may be the termination of 1864 - oh! my savior I have buried the past - guide and leade me from temptation. After you, my God, then I live for my Country - God bless our leaders in Dixie.

February, Monday 15, 1864

I did not get up very early, was eating breakfast in my room, when I was startled by the reports of six or seven guns - dressed hurriedly, on arriving at the gate found all the family, both white and black, in the greatest state of excitement - one of the 2nd. Mo - Mr. Brent - relating to them the particulars of the skirmish which had taken place only a few hundred yards from our house - A family of negroes had got this far on their journey from Hernando to Memphis when Mr. Brent met them, and they ordered him to surrender, at the same time fireing . Of course no Southern Soldier would ever surrender to a Negro, he fired five times, being all the leads he had - killed one Negro, wounded another, he ran in the woods and we saw nothing more of him - one of the women and a little boy succeeded in getting off also - the other woman with three girls were carried back to Hernando - The Soldier got a splendid Cavalry horse & equipments, two Mules and another horse - he left expecting the Yankees. Father had the Negro burried where he was killed - No Yankees - Mr. Wilson came, no late news -

August, Thursday 11, 1864

The cry is still no news from Va. Ga. or Mobile - all still holding their own, but no advance from either side. Gen. Dick Taylor has crossed the Mississippi with a heavy force. Forrest sent a great many Wagons to meet him, two Bateries to protect his march until they can form a junction. The Yanks are still advancing at Oxford, last accounts. Gen. Chalmers fought them at Abbeville, fell back, our forces under Gen. Forrest are at Lafayette Springs. The Yanks are in large numbers, yet we are confident of checking their wicked course before they go much farther. A rumor that Gen. Lee had been sent to Ga. while our President was left in command of Va. A nice game of cards after Tea, Lou and I were terribly beaten.

Letters from Iowa Soldier in the Civil War

Below are only a few letters from Iowa soldier Newton Scott. The rest of the transcribed letters, in addition to some original scans can be viewed here:

<http://www.civilwarletters.com/>

Camp Lincoln Keokuk Iowa
October the 24th 1862
To Miss Hannah. M. Cone

Dear Miss

I will Inform you that I am well at this time & that our Co. is all well Except two or three Persons our Mess is all well at the Present & I hope that when this Reaches you that it may find you & Friends well. Yours of the 19 inst is Rec. I was Glad to Hear from you & that you was well But I Had about given up getting any answer from you But Better Late than Never for Indeed Miss Han. I do love to get News from Home for it looks as if that is all the consolation that us Soldiers Have for we are away from Home & We Have to do as Best we can it is & Has Bin verry cold & Disagreeable to Day We cook & Eat out Doors & we Run to the Table & Eat But nearly Freeze our Fingers While Eating We Have one Stove in our Barracks Which Does a great Deal of good But one stove is a small make Shift for 80 or 90 men it is verry cold Standing guard Especialy of nights But If we are Spared to get through the war & Return to our Homes all will be well

My Self & H.W.Reitzel & J.M. Osborn will Be on guard Sunday & Sunday night I hope that we will leave for a warmer climate Soon. We Have not recd our clothes yet But our Major tells us that we will get them the first of the next week. I hope that we will get them Soon You stated in your letter that Sister Amanda looked for me Home She was verry much mistaken for Indeed it is verry Doubtful Whether I come Home Before we leave Here: If we should Stay Here 5 or 6 weeks yet I would likely come Home But I think that we will leave Here in 2 or 3 weeks our Major tells us that we will leave in 15 days The 30th Regiment Has 3 days Rations cooked & Every thing Ready & will leave to morrow for St. Louis they Have Recd there guns & Success to them I Hope that we will follow Soon I would Inform you that one of Capt Nobles men Died last night His name is Taylor Four of Nobles men & four of our men Starts Home with his Remains in the morning Indeed Dear Miss there is thousands of Poor Soldiers that will see Home & Friends no more in this World If you was in Keokuk & See the number of Sick & Disabled Soldiers it would make your Heart Ache. they are Dieing *illegible* Every Day. But anough of the Hard Side of a Soldiers Life I would tell you the good Side If I know it But don't think that I am Home Sick or Disheartend for such is not the case for I am only telling you a few simple Facts of a Soldiers campaign Indeed I wish never to Return Home Permantly untill this Wicked & God Forsaken Rebellion is Destroyed--
If we had our choices of course we would Be at Home for we are not in the army for fun nor money & Furthermore we wish never to fill a cowards grave & Dear Miss we Have no Fears But that we will Ever Have the good will of those Kind Friends Left at Home. Success to the union Armys & Ere Long may we all Be permitted to Return to our Homes & Live a quiet & Peaceably Lives

Give my love & Respects to all Friends & Reserve a Share for yourself Please write Soon & tell all to Remember & write to the Soldiers for it gives them great Pleasure to hear from Home

In Friendship
Love & Truth
I am Truly yours

Barracks A. Company 36th Iowa Vols
Little Rock Arks Nov. 3rd 1864

Dear Friend

Yours of the 16th inst. is Recd. with Pleasure.. "I was verry glad To hear from you and that you was well..

"This leaves me well at the Present & Hope that when this Reaches you that it may find you well.. The boys of Co A. are mostly well at this time" Your Brother was well on yesterday.. he was up to see us he is Still on Detach Service in the City..

I am sorrow to Infrom you that Zellek H. Collins of our Co. (and Brother to Wm E. Collins Post master in Albia) died hear in Regamental Hospital on the 1st Inst., Diseas Typhoid Fever. Friend Hearvey was a good Soldier & a Social Comrade and we Regret his loss verry much..

Well Han, I have no News of Interest to write to you at this Time But I will write Something & will Try & Do Better in the Future..

I had almost given up getting a letter from you, and I think that we are getting verry Careless in writing to Each other So lets Do Better in the Future. Friend Han, you stated in your letter of the 16th inst that you Often looked over to my old home & thought of the many happy hours that Your Self & I with Two others had Enjoyed.

But one of our Group was now missing.. "Yes how True it is, and I often think of Past Times when I was at home & of the many Pleasant Moments that I have Enjoyed with My Friends & I often ask My Self is it True that Amanda is married.. "But oh it is True," and I cannot help it-and hence I will try & Enjoy My Self as Best I can. Every Person is there own Guardian in that Respect & will have to Risk there Chances Amanda was at Liberty to Do well or Do as She has Done and Now She will have to Do as Best She Can..

You stated that Miss Samatha Gillespy was agoing to get Married Soon.. Please Tell me in your next letter the Lucky mans Name that has Married Miss Samantha.. & also Please, Oh Please Tell me If my Hattie is married yet For I know that She is Tired of Single life Ere this time..

Well Han, I will tell you that we have just Eleven months From tomorrow to Serve for Uncle Sam and If our health & lives is Spared we Expect to Visit our Friends after that Time and Enjoy the Many Pleasures of Friends and the Pleasures of Sweet home I Expect to Return to old Monroe County again If I am Spared to live and have my helath after my Eleven months is served for Uncle Sam... And I hope & think that the War will Be Over By that Time. I think that the Election or Reelection of President Lincoln will Do much Toward the Closeing of the War.. "The Election is near at hand and I I *sic* am glad to tell you that Co. A has No McClellan Men Amongst our No.. I think that Every man that Belongs to Co. A will Vote for Old Abe without a Doubt.. But I must close For it is 8 oclock at night & the Drum is Beating for Roll Call & I must go Please write Soon & give all the News & Particulars & You will Please Excuse my long letter & The Composed letter & Poorly written Remarks & I will Try to Do Better in the Future

Please write Soon with out Delay
Very Respfully Yours,
Newton Scott
Co. A. 36th Iowa

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bells will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
Whn Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

O Captain! My Captain!

by Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths--for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

John Brown's Body

by Anonymous

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
His soul goes marching on.--CHORUS

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul goes marching on.--CHORUS

John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
His soul goes marching on.--CHORUS

The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down,
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down,
The stars above in Heaven now are looking kindly down,
His soul goes marching on.--CHORUS