

★ THE STUDENT'S ★
CIVIL WAR
 150TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION • 1861-1865

WIDIO

Were The key Players in The Civil War?

by Carole Marsh

Southerners were polite in calling slavery a "necessary evil." I call slavery a "positive good." I stand by what I said in Congress—slavery is good for blacks!—**John C. Calhoun**, South Carolina senator, 1837

Boo!
 Boo!

I was born a slave. I worked long and hard for my master 22 years. I finally ran away, and been hiding in a small space in my grandmother's attic for seven years. I'm trying to get to the North and gain my freedom. I finally have my chance. A boat is going to take me there tonight. Perhaps by morning, I'll be free!—**Harriet Jacobs**, North Carolina

Runaways Held in the New Bern, NC, Jail

Two New Negro Men, the one named Joe, about 45 years of age...much wrinkled in the face, and speaks bad English. The

other is a young fellow...speaks better English than Joe, whom he says is his father, has a large scar on the fleshy part of his left arm.... They have nothing with them but an old Negro cloth jacket and an old

blue sailor's jacket without sleeves. Also...a Negro named Jack, about 23 years of age...of a thin visage, beary-eyed...has six rings of his country marks around his neck, his ears are full of holes.

How Come?

When I was born I was black.
 When I grew up I was black.
 When I'm sick I'm black.
 When I go out into the sun I'm black.
 When I die I'll be black.

But you:
 When you were born you were pink.
 When you grow up you are white.
 When you get sick you are green.
 When you go out in the sun you are red.
 When you go out in the cold you are blue.
 When you die you turn purple.
 And you call me colored?

\$50 Reward!

Ranaway from the Subscriber, living in the county of Edgecombe, NC, about eight miles north of Tarborough, on the 24th of August last, a negro fellow named Washington, about 24 years of age, 5 feet and 8 or 10 inches high, dark complexion, stout built, and an excellent field hand, no particular marks about him recollected.

sesquicentennial: (noun) [ses-kwi-sen-ten-ee-uhl] a 150th anniversary or its celebration

Maybe he's on the railroad?

I was born on a plantation near Fayetteville, North Carolina, and I belonged to J.B. Smith. He owned about 30 slaves. When a slave was no good, he was put on the auction block in Fayetteville and sold.

—**Sarah Louise Augustus**

What man can make, man can unmake.—**Frederick Douglass**, abolitionist



1861

We refuse to surrender Fort Sumter!—federal troops, Charleston, South Carolina

We have mounted cannon on the beaches on three sides of Fort Sumter. When the commander still refused to surrender, we launched a 36-hour bombardment!—Confederate soldiers

WAR BEGINS!

This is clearly an act of

war!

—Unionists

Sign me up!

We need 75,000 volunteers to counter these Southern rebels!—Lincoln aide

This just in!

Victory for the Confederates at Fort Sumter!

Outstanding leadership and war strategies bring Yankees to their knees easily and quickly. Louisiana's own Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard earns our state fame. Spectators praise his commanding skills. They've pinned him "The Little Napoleon" and "The Little Creole" for his unparalleled efforts on the battlefield. Let's hear three Hip-Hip-Hoorays for Gen. Beauregard!—**Louisiana newspaper, 1861**

I am so confused. Do we really have to choose between respect for our Union or invading the very states in which our fellow Americans have lived together in peace as neighbors...until now?—Virginian

I've received word that the first shots were fired by the Confederate army on Fort Sumter in South Carolina. Some claim I drove the Confederacy to take the first shot. But I cannot claim responsibility for their actions. A war, which I have dreaded for so long, has officially begun.—**Abraham Lincoln**



CIVIL WAR... WE'RE GOING TO WAR!

—Newspaper headline, 1861



I's Bessie. I in't studyin' no wa'. It be quiet here in my Gullah island in Carolina; don't need no mens spillin' no blood 'round here. I got washin' to do, babies to tend, so don't go on 'bout no wa' 'round here.

There ain't been food or supplies and half of Fort Sumter was burnin' from artillery fire. Major Anderson surrendered the fort last night. He told us to bring the Stars and Stripes down and raise a bed sheet instead. We've been ordered to evacuate today, but first we've gotta conduct a 100 gun salute to the American flag. I'm gonna man my cannon, fire, and get off this pile of rocks!—**Private Daniel Hough**

* During the official surrender ceremony's 100-gun salute, Private Hough's cannon prematurely discharged and killed him. His was the first death of the Civil War.

I don't agree with secession, nor slavery. Just one month ago I was Field Commander for the Union Army. Today, Virginia has seceded from the Union. Therefore, I have to resign all ties to the Union and devote myself to the cause of the South. I am a Virginian and I cannot bring myself to fight against my state, my brothers, my friends, or my family!—**Robert E. Lee**

I worked night and day for 12 years to prevent war, but could not. The North was mad and blind, would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came.—**Jefferson Davis**

**UNITED WE STAND!
DIVIDED WE FALL!**



There are plenty of men spies, and there are even some women spies. But I'll bet that I am the only spy that is a dog! My human, Mrs. M. and I went on a walk to go see Gen. Beauregard. On our way, Confederates stopped and searched us to make sure we didn't have any secret documents. They had no idea that I had a secret report hidden beneath a fake layer of fur that Mrs. M. had sewn onto my back!—**Dog Spy**

My uniform doesn't fit. Pants too long! Flannel shirt too short and itches like mad. Hat feels like a bag on my head. I'm dog-tired of doin' drills over and over again. I complained but they say I gotta learn to OBEY! Three weeks of this and it's on to Washington. I'll cut down my uniform and go, but I got no patriotism inside.—**Warren Lee Goss, Union soldier**

Couldn't they find me one that fit better?!



Top Secret

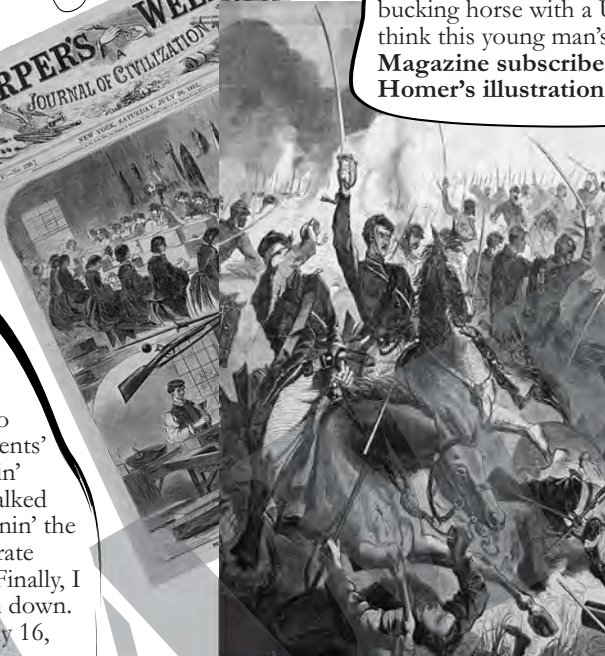


Have you seen the new sketches in *Harper's Magazine*? They're by a young man, Homer-something. There's a magnificent one of a bucking horse with a Union general staring ahead. I think this young man's got some talent!—**Harper's Magazine subscriber describing Winslow Homer's illustrations.**

It's like David and Goliath: The North has plants and industry, 22 million citizens, railroad lines. The South has only 9 million folks, many of them slaves, no money—good luck!—**New York businessman**



I just didn't listen to my parents' grumblin' when I talked about joinin' the Confederate troops. Finally, I wore 'em down. I was only 16, which Momma said was entirely too young to be goin' to war, but I wanted to fight. I'm a little ashamed to admit it, but the day they dropped me off at the train to report for duty, I hid by myself and cried.—**George Gibbs, 16**



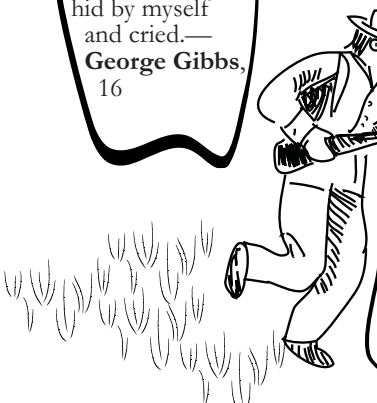
We go'darn Southerners are true patriots! Why we fought the Brits and won! We have real military leaders like Lee and Jackson, and we have lots of land—bring on them Yanks!—**Tennessee tobacco planter**



I was part of a regiment that had just won the battle in Lexington, Kentucky. I was so excited—the whole regiment was laughing, bragging, and getting rowdy in the streets! Part of our winning tradition was to drag the Union flag through the streets, just to let everyone know who was boss. But today, something happened that surprised me. A crazy 17-year-old Union girl named **Ella Bishop** ran up to me, grabbed the flag, wrapped herself in it, and yelled that she would rather die than surrender it! I stood in shock as she ran off. I guess she showed us who was boss!—**Confederate soldier**

When the Yankees set a trap for John Mosby, I set out on foot to warn him. Luckily, I warned Mosby in time and saved his life. I then began to hide messages and money for Mosby underneath a rock near my home. Those Yankees never caught me. They were as dumb as that rock I used as my hiding spot!—**Laura Ratcliffe**

I can't wait to join the Army! Hope the war don't end 'fore I get in!—**North Carolina boy, 16**



After my husband died of an accidental gunshot wound, I decided to join the Confederate army. I disguised myself as a man and joined the battalion of troops known as the "Arkansas Grays." Now I am the lieutenant of the unit and about to lead my troops at Manassas. No one knows that their leader is actually a woman!—**Loreta Janeta Velazquez**



Don't worry about that, son!



Antietam

Finally, we have no Union Army in Virginia! The time is ripe to invade the North on its own turf!—**Gen. Robert E. Lee**



*Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;*

*Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down;*

*In her attic-window the staff she set,
to show that one heart was loyal yet...*

Bloodiest of the War!

I'm just a poor farmer tryin' to get in the fall crops so these worn-out soldiers of ours can eat. Sure hope Gen. Lee and his troops can march on up and whack those Federals into surrender.—**Virginia farmhand**

Gen. McClellan,
My official orders are to take action.
Gen. Lee's army is small in number
and weak. If you attack, you can not
only demand a retreat, but overcome
the entire army post. In the past, you
have hesitated to take your mighty
Army of the Potomac into battle for
fear of loss. But Sir, I must remind
you, this is war! Casualties are
inevitable. This fight is the Union's.
You must act swiftly.
In deepest regard,
President Abraham Lincoln*

*McClellan approached the battle at Antietam with confidence, but as he neared he began to suspect that Gen. Lee had more men. Although this was not so, McClellan gave Lee time to get his men ready. The battle is considered a "victory" for the Union, but President Lincoln was very upset by McClellan's weak attack.



Perhaps my greatest advantage is the delay of McClellan's troops. Though they are larger and better equipped, we continue to win battles over the Union on account of McClellan's leadership. We have only to wait on his hesitation, then attack!—**Gen. Robert E. Lee**

Wed., Sept. 17:
Our army is divided already. Heard the enemy found Lee's battle orders, yet no sight of McClellan and his troops. No, I am wrong—here they appear along Antietam Creek. The sun is just rising. Better get my weary bones up—this is liable to be a day to remember?—**Confederate captain**

Yeehaaaa! What a wild battle! Instead of slamming all his troops at us, Gen. McClellan has made separate attacks, giving us a needed break. Gen. Lane...I hardly know where I am. We are exhausted, confused, but we fight on! Our line almost broken, Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill's men rushed on the scene to hit hard Gen. Ambrose Burnside* at the bridge. Hope those great wads of whiskers on his cheeks go up in flames!—**Confederate soldier**

* Sideburns were named after Gen. Burnside because of his distinctive whiskers.

...we.....quit
fightin'.....after 14 long hours
.....it is dark.....I can't see
.....I can't hear.....
I can't.....
—**soldier**

