Created by: Amanda Goodwin, Triad Local Middle School

Grade level: 8


Allow students, in groups or individually, to examine the letter located at the above link while answering the questions below in order. The questions are designed to guide students into a deeper analysis of the source and sharpen associated cognitive skills.

Level I: Description

1. When was this letter written?

2. Using your social studies textbook, find out the date that the Civil War ended. Was this letter written before or after the end of the war and how long?

3. Where was S. Boyer David being held? Using a map of Ohio locate the specific location of the prison.

Level II: Interpretation

1. After reading this letter, what do you determine is about to happen to S. Boyer Davis?

2. How does he feel about the event that is about to happen?

Level III: Analysis

1. What kinds of hardships do you think prisoners experienced in these camps during the Civil War?

2. How do you think prisoners of war are treated differently now?

3. Do you think what happened to S. Boyer Davis was fair?
My dear friends,

Time is short. Let me tell you of a few things before we part. Friday is near, only one more day. But we must all be done. It appears almost ridiculous but like a drowning man I catch at straws. I am thankful that the time has passed. It is a week ago. Preparations have been made. This only goes to bed a little earlier tonight. You will all follow soon. I have done my duty. I die submissive to God's will. I am not afraid to die, only

"Tell my friends companions, when they meet tomorrow, To hear my mornful story in the good old Richmond town."

Tell them I died a man, a soldier with a clear conscience, a firm trust in God, and ashamed of nothing. I have done my part. Farewell, my dear friends. May a long and happy life be yours. Farewell.

S. Boyce Davis

To Goldsborough Hollingsworth.
Johnson's Island, Ohio. 16th Feb. 1865.

My dear friends,

Time is short, let one letter be for both. Friday is near, only tomorrow. But God's will be done - To hope seems almost ridiculous but like a drowning man I catch at straws. I am, thank God, the same man I was a week ago. Nearness has no affect on me - Tis only going to bed a little earlier tonight - you will all follow soon. I have done my duty, I die submissive to God's will, I am not afraid to die; only. "T all my friends + companions, when they meet + crowd around To hear my mournful story in the good old Richmond town." Tell them I died a man, a soldier with a clear conscience, a firm trust in God, and ashamed of nothing I have done Farewell, my dear friends. May a long and happy life be yours. Farewell.

S. Boyer Davis

To

Goldsborough + Hollingsworth