<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lesson Title</th>
<th>Indian Wars</th>
<th>Teacher</th>
<th>Tracy Lowry</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grade Level</td>
<td>5th</td>
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<tr>
<td>Duration of Lesson</td>
<td>2 - 60 minutes lessons</td>
<td>May do in one day if utilizing ELA block</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lesson Topic</td>
<td>Review and analyze the impact of Manifest Destiny on Native Americans</td>
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<td>SC Standards and Indicators</td>
<td>5-2.4 Provide examples of conflict and cooperation between occupational and ethnic groups in the West, including miners, ranchers, and cowboys; Native Americans and Mexican Americans; and European and Asian immigrants. 5-2.5 Explain the social and economic effects of the westward expansion on Native Americans, including changes in federal policies, armed conflicts, opposing views concerning land ownership, and Native American displacement.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Academic Vocabulary</td>
<td>Manifest destiny, Reservation, Wounded Knee, Chief Joseph, Nez Perce, Battle of Little Big Horn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lesson Materials</td>
<td>1 Smart Lesson 2 Art Images with questions 3 Samuel’s, John G. Burnett’s letter/story 4 Venn diagram worksheet. 5. Grading Rubric</td>
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Lesson Set

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Content Objective(s)</th>
<th>Explain the cause and effect relationship of U.S. treatment of Native Americans as a result of Manifest Destiny. Analyze treatment and defend individual opinions</th>
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</table>
| Literacy Objective(s) | **Standard 5-1** The student will read and comprehend a variety of literary texts in print and nonprint formats. **Indicator**  
5-1.1 Analyze literary texts to draw conclusions and make inferences.  
5-1.6 Analyze the details that support the expression of the main idea in a given literary text.  
5-5.3 Create written descriptions using precise language and vivid details |
| Lesson Importance | Students will understand the impact of settlement on Native Americans |
| Connections to prior and future learning | Past connection to building of the Transcontinental Railroad  
Future connection to the impact of the gold rush |
| Anticipatory Set/ Hook (Engage) | 10 Art images displayed of Native American experience |

Skill Development

Initial “explain” portion of the lesson. Introduce vocabulary, explain/demonstrate/model the skill required for the literacy objective, introduce content components.

The content portion is only a brief introduction; the bulk of the student learning will take place during the guided practice activity.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Introduce content components</th>
<th>The teacher will use the SMART lesson to review prior learning regarding the treatment of Native Americans.</th>
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<tr>
<td>“I do” Skill from literacy objective introduce/explain/model</td>
<td>The text will be read and questions will be asked to stimulate the memory of students’ prior learning. A list will be added to each slide of the cause and effect events that occurred. Vocabulary will be reinforced in context. A short video clip will be shown explaining the U.S. policy of Manifest Destiny.</td>
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Guided Practice

This is the inquiry portion of the lesson, student-centered & often cooperative learning strategies used, teacher acting as facilitator, also known as Explore.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>“We do”</th>
<th>Activity Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>“We do”</td>
<td>A match game from the Smart lesson will be played to further solidify the cause and effect relationships. Then students will work in groups and be given an art image to analyze. Each group will discuss the art and answer the accompanying questions. One person from each group will share their group’s response. Then the students will receive two letters/stories from a soldier and a nine year old Indian who experienced the Trail of Tears. They will partner read the stories and work to complete a venn diagram worksheet.</td>
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Checking for Understanding- “Informal” Assessment

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<td>A discussion will follow sharing reactions to the personal accounts. The teacher will listen to the responses and make mental notes of misunderstandings.</td>
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Closure

Teacher will re-visit content and answer students’ questions developed during the Guided Practice component. Summarize the lesson, clarify content, and revisit content and literacy objectives.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Content Solidified</th>
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<td>Any confusion about the impact of Manifest Destiny on Native Americans will be addressed through discussion.</td>
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Independent Practice

<table>
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<th>“You Do”</th>
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<tr>
<td>“You Do”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Students will then write a reflective response in their social studies journals. They will be required to comment on the causes, effects, and consequences of Manifest Destiny regarding Native Americans. The entries must include at least 5 cause/effect events with the students’ personal opinions about each. Their point of view must be explained. They will be allowed to reference the Art images or the Smart slides for assistance if needed.</td>
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</table>
Summative/ “Formal” Assessment

| Assessment  | The students’ journal entries will be graded. Each cause/effect/opinion is worth 20 points. After 5, each additional one is worth 5 points. Two points will be deducted for grammar/spelling errors. |

Differentiation

| During Lesson | Students will be paired and grouped so weak students will be partnered with strong students. The teacher will work with a separate group during the reading component or provide a taped reading of the letter/stories. For weak writers, the teacher may meet with a small group to guide the writing process. The Smart slides and art images will be available as references. Students may also go back to other journal entries for help or refer to their text books. |
| Assessment    | Since the teacher is offering to guide the writing, the assessment will remain the same. |

Materials on following pages
Native American Art Images

Discussion questions.

What can you tell about the artist’s use of color? Why do you think the clothes are bright and the sky dark?

What are they taking with them and holding on to? What can their postures tell you about this journey?

How much of this picture is people and how much landscape and..... Why do you think that might be important?
What are the signs of hardship in this picture? How does nature mirror hardship?

Why do you think the background is blurry? What can you tell about the condition of the horses?
Battle of Little Big Horn

What can you infer about the two different weapons being used?  
Which group appears stronger?

Why do you think the U.S. soldiers are place on a hill?  
What can you infer by looking at the faces and body position of the people?
Chief Joseph

Why do you think a tree was selected for the background? How can you tell he is a proud chief?

Why do you think his face is clear, yet his clothes are painted in watery colors with fuzzy detail?
Wounded Knee massacre

How can you tell this is a massacre? What does the landscape tell you?

Did they have anywhere to run?

Do you see any settlers’ villages that they might have been bothering?

Can you tell if these are warriors or families?
Why do you think the Indian’s headdress is sparse?

Why is the “Uncle Sam” fat?

What is the purpose of the items each is carrying?

What do think the artist’s view is regarding the Indian Policies?
What does the landscape tell you?

How do the people look to you?

What signs exist of Native American heritage.

What signs of Native American culture are missing?
Manifest Destiny

What direction are the people heading? What do you notice about the sky?

Why do you think the sky is two different colors?

What signs are present that reflect white man’s prosperity?

Where are the Native Americans? Why is there a lady floating in the middle of the picture?
What are the changes made to this man?  

How does his facial expression change?  

Why do you think he looks calmer in the second picture?  

What way do you think he would prefer?
Why do you think these people are dressed like this?

Do they look happy?

Do you think the clothes were colorful?

In what ways do these outfits differ from traditional Indian clothes?
Manifest Destiny

Why do you think this picture is colorful?

Do you think it is a true reflection of the west?

What is the reason the people are on a cliff?

Why do you think there is so much landscape in this picture?
**Samuel's Memory** is told by his great-great grandson, Michael Rutledge, in his paper *Forgiveness in the Age of Forgetfulness*. Michael, a citizen of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, is a law student at Arizona State University.

It is Spring. The leaves are on the trees. I am playing with my friends when white men in uniforms ride up to our home. My mother calls me. I can tell by her voice that something is wrong. Some of the men ride off. My mother tells me to gather my things, but the men don't allow us time to get anything. They enter our home and begin knocking over pottery and looking into everything. My mother and I are taken by several men to where their horses are and are held there at gun point. The men who rode off return with my father, Elijah. They have taken his rifle and he is walking toward us.

I can feel his anger and frustration. There is nothing he can do. From my mother I feel fear. I am filled with fear, too. What is going on? I was just playing, but now my family and my friends' families are gathered together and told to walk at the point of a bayonet.

We walk a long ways. My mother does not let me get far from her. My father is walking by the other men, talking in low, angry tones. The soldiers look weary, as though they'd rather be anywhere else but here.

They lead us to a stockade. They herd us into this pen like we are cattle. No one was given time to gather any possessions. The nights are still cold in the mountains and we do not have enough blankets to go around. My mother holds me at night to keep me...
warm. That is the only time I feel safe. I feel her pull me to her tightly. I feel her warm 
breath in my hair. I feel her softness as I fall asleep at night.

As the days pass, more and more of our people are herded into the stockade. I see 
other members of my clan. We children try to play, but the elders around us are anxious 
and we do not know what to think. I often sit and watch the others around me. I observe 
the guards. I try not to think about my hunger. I am cold.

Several months have passed and still we are in the stockades. My father looks tired. He 
talks with the other men, but no one seems to know what to do or what is going to 
happen. We hear that white men have moved into our homes and are farming our fields. 
What will happen to us? We are to march west to join the Western Cherokees. I don't 
want to leave these mountains.

My mother, my aunts and uncles take me aside one day. "Your father died last night," 
they tell me. My mother and my father's clan members are crying, but I do not 
understand what this means. I saw him yesterday. He was sick, but still alive. It doesn't 
seem real. Nothing seems real. I don't know what any of this means. It seems like 
yesterday, I was playing with my friends.

It is now Fall. It seems like forever since I was clean. The stockade is nothing but mud. 
In the morning it is stiff with frost. By mid-afternoon, it is soft and we are all covered in it. 
The soldiers suddenly tell us we are to follow them. We are led out of the stockade. The 
guards all have guns and are watching us closely. We walk. My mother keeps me close 
to her. I am allowed to walk with my uncle or an aunt, occasionally.
We walk across the frozen earth. Nothing seems right anymore. The cold seeps through my clothes. I wish I had my blanket. I remember last winter I had a blanket, when I was warm. I don't feel like I'll ever be warm again. I remember my father's smile. It seems like so long ago.

We walked for many days. I don't know how long it has been since we left our home, but the mountains are behind us. Each day, we start walking a little later. They bury the dead in shallow graves, because the ground is frozen. As we walk past white towns, the whites come out to watch us pass. No words are spoken to them. No words are said to us. Still, I wish they would stop staring. I wish it were them walking in this misery and I were watching them. It is because of them that we are walking. I don't understand why, but I know that much. They made us leave our homes. They made us walk to this new place we are heading in the middle of winter. I do not like these people. Still, they stare at me as I walk past.

My mother is coughing now. She looks worn. Her hands and face are burning hot. My aunts and uncles try to take care of me, so she can get better. I don't want to leave her alone. I just want to sit with her. I want her to stroke my hair, like she used to do. My aunts try to get me to sleep by them, but at night, I creep to her side. She coughs and it wracks her whole body. When she feels me by her side, she opens her blanket and lets me in. I nestle against her feverish body. I can make it another day, I know, because she is here.

When I went to sleep last night, my mother was hot and coughing worse than usual. When I woke up, she was cold. I tried to wake her up, but she lay there. The soft
warmth she once was, she is no more. I kept touching her, as hot tears stream down my face. She couldn't leave me. She wouldn't leave me.

I hear myself call her name, softly, then louder. She does not answer. My aunt and uncle come over to me to see what is wrong. My aunt looks at my mother. My uncle pulls me from her. My aunt begins to wail. I will never forget that wail. I did not understand when my father died. My mother's death I do not understand, but I suddenly know that I am alone. My clan will take care of me, but I will be forever denied her warmth, the soft fingers in my hair, her gentle breath as we slept. I am alone. I want to cry. I want to scream in rage. I can do nothing.

We bury her in a shallow grave by the road. I will never forget that lonesome hill of stone that is her final bed, as it fades from my sight. I tread softly by my uncle, my hand in his. I walk with my head turned, watching that small hill as it fades from my sight. The soldiers make us continue walking. My uncle talks to me, trying to comfort me. I walk in loneliness.

I know what it is to hate. I hate those white soldiers who took us from our home. I hate the soldiers who make us keep walking through the snow and ice toward this new home that none of us ever wanted. I hate the people who killed my father and mother.

I hate the white people who lined the roads in their woolen clothes that kept them warm, watching us pass. None of those white people are here to say they are sorry that I am alone. None of them care about me or my people. All they ever saw was the color of our kin. All I see is the color of theirs and I hate them.
Children:

This is my birthday, December 11, 1890; I am eighty years old today. I was born at Kings Iron Works in Sullivan County, Tennessee, December the 11th, 1810. I grew into manhood fishing in Beaver Creek and roaming through the forest hunting the deer and the wild boar and the timber wolf, often spending weeks at a time in the solitary wilderness with no companions but my rifle, hunting knife, and a small hatchet that I carried in my belt in all of my wilderness wanderings. On these long hunting trips I met and became acquainted with many of the Cherokee Indians, hunting with them by day and sleeping around their camp fires by night. I learned to speak their language, and they taught me the arts of trailing and building traps and snares. The removal of Cherokee Indians from their lifelong homes in the year of 1838 found me a young man in the prime of life and a Private soldier in the American Army. Being acquainted with many of the Indians and able to fluently speak their language, I was sent as interpreter into the Smoky Mountain Country in May, 1838, and witnessed the execution of the most brutal order in the History of American Warfare.

I saw the helpless Cherokees arrested and dragged from their homes, and driven at the bayonet point into the stockades. And in the chill of a drizzling rain on an October morning I saw them loaded like cattle or sheep into six hundred and forty-five wagons and started toward the west. One can never forget the sadness and solemnity of that morning. Chief John Ross led in prayer and when the bugle sounded and the wagons started rolling many of the children rose to their feet and waved their little hands good-by to their mountain homes, knowing they were leaving them forever. Many of these helpless people did not have blankets
and many of them had been driven from home barefooted. On the morning of November the 17th we encountered a terrific sleet and snow storm with freezing temperatures and from that day until we reached the end of the fateful journey on March the 26th, 1839, the sufferings of the Cherokees were awful. The trail of the exiles was a trail of death. They had to sleep in the wagons and on the ground without fire. And I have known as many as twenty-two of them to die in one night of pneumonia due to ill treatment, cold, and exposure. Among this number was the beautiful Christian wife of Chief John Ross. This noble hearted woman died a martyr to childhood, giving her only blanket for the protection of a sick child. She rode thinly clad through a blinding sleet and snow storm, developed pneumonia and died in the still hours of a bleak winter night, with her head resting on Lieutenant Gregg's saddle blanket.

I made the long journey to the west with the Cherokees and did all that a Private soldier could do to alleviate their sufferings. When on guard duty at night I have many times walked my beat in my blouse in order that some sick child might have the warmth of my overcoat. I was on guard duty the night Mrs. Ross died. When relieved at midnight I did not retire, but remained around the wagon out of sympathy for Chief Ross, and at daylight was detailed by Captain McClellan to assist in the burial like the other unfortunates who died on the way. Her unconfined body was buried in a shallow grave y the roadside far from her native home.

The long painful journey to the west ended March 26th, 1839, with four-thousand silent graves reaching from the foothills of the Smoky Mountains to what is known as Indian Territory in the West.

. There is nothing I can do for you." The doom of the Cherokee was sealed. Washington, D.C., had decreed that they must be driven West and their lands given to the white man, and in May 1838, an army of 4000 regulars, and 3000 volunteer soldiers under command of General
Winfield Scott, marched into the Indian country and wrote the blackest chapter on the pages of American history. Men working in the fields were arrested and driven to the stockades. Women were dragged from their homes by soldiers whose language they could not understand. Children were often separated from their parents and driven into the stockades with the sky for a blanket and the earth for a pillow. And often the old and infirm were prodded with bayonets to hasten them to the stockades. In one home death had come during the night. A little sad-faced child had died and was lying on a bear skin couch and some women were preparing the little body for burial. All were arrested and driven out leaving the child in the cabin. I don’t know who buried the body. In another home was a frail mother, apparently a widow and three small children, one just a baby. When told that she must go, the mother gathered the children at her feet, prayed a humble prayer in her native tongue, patted the old family dog on the head, told the faithful creature good-by, with a baby strapped on her back and leading a child with each hand started on her exile. But the task was too great for that frail mother. A stroke of heart failure relieved her 3 sufferings. She sunk and died with her baby on her back and her other two children clinging to her hands.

At this time, 1890, we are too near the removal of the Cherokees for our young people to fully understand the enormity of the crime that was committed against a helpless race. Truth is, murder is murder, and somebody must answer. Somebody must explain the streams of blood that flowed in the Indian country in the summer of 1838. Somebody must explain the 4000 silent graves that mark the trail of the Cherokees to their exile. I wish I could forget it all, but the picture of 645 wagons lumbering over the frozen ground with their cargo of suffering humanity still lingers in my memory.
Let the historian of a future day tell the sad story with its sighs, its tears and dying groans. Let the great Judge of all the earth weigh our actions and reward us according to our work.

Children - Thus ends my promised birthday story. This December the 11th 1890.
Samuel's Story
Burnett's story

Trail of Tears - Two Perspectives

Name: ___________________________  Date: ___________________________
Trail of Tears - Two Perspectives

Directions

Read the two stories then list the differences in the outer circles and list the similarities in the middle.

Questions

1. Are their accounts different or the same?

2. How are they both forced against their will?
### Trail of Tears Two Perspectives - Journal Response

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<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
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<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
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<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
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<td>5th cause/effect/opinion sentence</td>
<td>All three elements presented with opinion explained</td>
<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
<td>Only 2 elements presented OR No opinion explained</td>
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<tr>
<td>Extra credit for additional sentences</td>
<td>Add 2 pts each</td>
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<td>Penalty for grammar/spelling errors</td>
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<td>Deduct 2 pts each</td>
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Total Score __________________
Works Cited

http://www.cherokee.org/AboutTheNation/History/TrailofTears/24502/Information.aspx

Trail of Tears two perspectives

http://home.epix.net/~landis/histry.html

Indian school image

http://streaming.discoveryeducation.com/

Manifest Destiny video clip


Art Images