

## Genre Comparison Worksheet

The following passages were written about experiences from the French and Indian War. Closely read each passage and record your findings.

Memoir	Personal Narrative	Historical Fiction
<p><i>In the morning we had orders to move forward again, in a column three deep, in order to storm the enemy's breast-works, known in this country by the name of "the Old French Lines". Our orders were to "run to the breast work, and get in if we could." But their lines were full, and they killed our men so fast, that we could not gain it. We got behind trees, logs and stumps, and covered ourselves as we could from the enemy's fire. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying. It happened that I got behind a white-oak stump, which was so small that I had to lay on my side, and stretch myself; the ball striking the ground within a hands' breadth of me every moment, and I could hear the men screaming, and see them dying all around me. I lay there some time. A man could not stand erect, without being hit, any more than he could stand out in a shower, without having drops of rain fall upon him; for the balls com by hands full. It was a clear day—a little air stirring. Once in a while the enemy would cease firing a minute or two, to have the smoke clear away, so that they might take better aim. In one of these intervals I sprang from my perilous situation, and gained a stand which I thought would be more secure, behind a large pine log, where several of my comrades had already taken shelter: but the balls came here as thick as ever. One of the men raised his head a little above the log, and a ball struck him in the centre of the forehead, and tore up his scalp clear back to the crown. He darted back, and the blood ran merrily; and, rubbing his face, said it was a bad blow, and no one was disposed to deny it, for he looked bad enough. We lay there till near sunset; and, not receiving orders from any officer, the men crept off, leaving all the dead, and most of the wounded.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">David Perry, 1758</p>	<p><i>As they approached, they formed themselves into two long ranks, about two or three rods apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English, that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way, as I ran, and if I ran quick, it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet, I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigour I was capable of exerting, and found that it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On recovering my senses, I endeavoured to renew my race; but as I arose, some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so, that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">James Smith, 1755</p>	<p><i>The mass of women and children stopped, and hovered together like alarmed and fluttering birds. But the cupidity of the Indian was soon gratified, and the different bodies again moved slowly onward. The savages now fell back, and seemed content to let their enemies advance without further molestation. But as the female crowd approached the, the gaudy colors of a shawl attracted the eyes of a wild untutored Huron. He advanced to seize it, without the least hesitation. The woman, more in terror than through love of the ornament, wrapped her child in the coveted article, and folded both more closely to her bosom. Cora was in the act of speaking, with an intent to advise the woman to abandon the trifle, when the savage relinquished his hold of the shawl, and tore the screaming infant from her arms. Abandoning everything to the greedy grasp of those around her, the mother darted, with distraction in her mien, to reclaim her child. The Indian smiled grimly, and extended one hand, in sign of a willingness to exchange, while with the other, he flourished the babe over his head, holding it by the feet as if to enhance the value of the ransom. "Here-here-there-all-any-everything!" exclaimed the breathless woman; tearing the lighter articles of dress from her person, with ill-directed and trembling figures; "take all, but give me my babe!"</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">James Fenimore Cooper, 1826</p>
<p>Summarize this piece in 1 sentence.</p>	<p>Summarize this piece in 1 sentence.</p>	<p>Summarize this piece in 1 sentence.</p>

Questions	Memoir	Personal Narrative	Historical Fiction
What is the source telling us?			
What literary details/images stand out to you?			
How does this piece further your understanding of the French and Indian War?			
Is the author credible? How do you know?			
Who were the authors?	D. Perry was a 16 year old from Massachusetts who was in one of the bloodiest battles on July 8, 1758, of the French and Indian war at Fort Carillon in Ticonderoga. He wrote this memoir later in life.	J. Smith was an 18 year old woodcutter who was taken captive in 1755 in Pennsylvania. He spent 5 years living among the Ohio Indians before running away and returning home in 1760. He published this narrative in 1799.	Author J. Fenimore Cooper is best known for <i>The Leatherstocking Tales</i> . His version of the massacre at Fort William Henry is depicted here in an excerpt from <i>Last of the Mohicans</i> which was published in 1826.

As a reader and interpreter of history-what conclusions can you draw about each genre?