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[Episode 5: The Universe of Battle](#) from PBS (Public Broadcasting Service, 1990) 95:24.

transcript

A FLORENTINE FILMS PRODUCTION SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote There's a photograph I am very fond of. It shows three Confederate soldiers who were captured at Gettysburg; and they have posed in front of or alongside of snake rail fence; and you see exactly how the Confederate soldier was dressed. You see something in his attitude toward the camera that's revealing of his nature; and one of them has his, ah, arms like this. As if he's having his picture made, but he is determined to be the individual that he is; and there's something about that picture that draws me strongly as an image of the war.

[sil.]

David McCullough More than once during the Civil War, newspapers reported a strange phenomenon. From only a few miles away, a battle sometimes made no sound, despite the flash and smoke of cannon and the fact that more distant observers could hear it clearly. These eerie silences were called acoustic shadows.

THE CIVIL WAR EPISODE FIVE

David McCullough In the summer of 1863, a Union warship hunting a Confederate commerce raider off Yokohama, attacked a Japanese fleet for harassing the colony of Westerners there. The United States won its first naval battle against the empire of Japan, but the Confederates got away.

[sil.]

David McCullough In Paris that year, new paintings by Cezanne, Whistler, and Monet were shown in the special exhibit for outcasts. In Russia, Dostoevsky finished *Notes from the Underground*; and in London, Karl Marx labored to complete his masterpiece, *Das Kapital*. For the first six months of 1863, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson had carried out one of the most extraordinary military campaigns in history. Smashing huge Federal armies at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and winning the undying love of the South. But by late May, Confederate luck had changed. Jackson was dead. A thousand miles to the West, Ulysses S. Grant's siege of the rebel stronghold at Vicksburg had gone on so long that Grant himself had taken to the battle out of boredom. As June began, the Confederates inside the town somehow managed to hold on. Now, to draw Federal troops away from Vicksburg, Lee led his army onto Northern soil again looking for the right moment to attack. When it came on the morning of July 1, 1863, it would be in the most ordinary of places. For three days, 150,000 men would make war on each other in the gentle farm land of South Pennsylvania. When the third day was over, it would prove to have been the most crucial day of the entire war. In the South, the war had ruined the economy and yet the Southern fighting spirit was stronger than ever before. In the North, where industry was booming, angry working men would soon take to the streets in protest against emancipation and the war. At the end of the year, Abraham Lincoln would travel to the now quiet fields at Gettysburg and struggle to put into words what was happening to his people.

BARBARA FIELDS Historian

Barbara Fields When a Black soldier in New Orleans said, "Liberty must take the day, nothing shorter." He said in effect that when we count up those who have died, when we surveyed the carnage, it must be for something higher than Union and free navigation of the Mississippi River. During the summer of 1863, a convention of free Black people demanded the right for Black men to take part in the struggle as soldiers. And their key resolutions said, "It is time now for more effective remedies to be thoroughly tried in the shape of warm lead and cold steel duly administered by 100,000 Black doctors."

[sil.]

David McCullough Early in the war, a fugitive slave named Alex Turner had made his way North and join the 1st New Jersey cavalry. In the spring of 1863, he guided his Regiment back to his old plantation at Port Royal, Virginia and killed his former overseer. When the war was over, he went to

New England and found work as a logger. In 1883, his daughter, Daisy, was born.

DAISY TURNER Age 104

Daisy Turner Dear Madam, I am a soldier and my speech is rough and plain. I'm not much used to writing and I hate to give you pain; but I promised I would do it; and he thought it might be so. If it came from one that loved him, perhaps it would ease the blow. By this time, you must surely guess the truth I feign would hide; and you'll pardon me for rough soldier words while I tell you how he died.

1863 The Universe of Battle

PVT. WILLIAM CHRISTIAN "This army has never done such fighting as it will do now. We must conquer a piece. We will show the Yankees this time how we can fight," Private William Christian.

David McCullough Late in May, Lee's army marched toward Pennsylvania. Union troops sent to see what they're up to completely surprised J.E.B. Stuart and his Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station, Virginia; 21,000 mounted men clashed along the Rappahannock for 12 hours. It was the biggest cavalry engagement in American history and it was a standoff; but the North had learned the Confederates were on the move. The flamboyant Stuart embarrassed at having been caught off guard and determined to redeem himself, now took off on another daring ride around the Union Army, with strict orders to stay in close touch with Lee. Lee's 70,000 men were divided into three corps. The first was commanded by James Longstreet, Old Pete, what Lee called "my war horse." The second corps, Stonewall Jackson's old command, was under Richard "Baldy" Ewell who had lost a leg at Second Manassas. The third was led by A.P. Hill, a new corps commander from Virginia who would help stave off disaster at Sharpsburg in 1862. On June 16, Lee's advance column crossed the Potomac into Maryland; an even larger Union Army followed, careful to keep between the Confederates and Washington.

[sil.]

David McCullough The new Union commander was George Meade. Blunt and bookish, he was referred to by subordinates as a "damned old goggle-eyed snapping turtle." If the Union generals were not sure where Lee was going, Lee had no idea where the Union army even was. J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry had ridden too far from the advancing army to keep him informed.

Shelby Foote The Confederates marched through Maryland on and Pennsylvania. It's a very handsome country there. The bonds are magnificent and the green fields and everything, and people watching these Confederates go by and there was a Black body servant in the column and they stopped to, just a halt; and the people in the house asked him what he thought of this country around here; and he said, "This is a beautiful country but it didn't come up to home in my eyes."

[sil.]

David McCullough Panic spread throughout the countryside. Lee's men ceased livestock, food, wagons, and clothing from civilians. Giving them worthless Confederate script in exchange. They also ceased to free Blacks and sent them South into slavery. My friends of Southern officer asked the frighten inhabitants of one Pennsylvania town, "How do you like this way of our coming back into the

Union?"

[sil.]

Daisy Turner It was in the maw of battle. Fast rained the shot and shell. I was standing close beside him and I saw him when he fell. So I took him in my arm and laid him on the grass. It was going against orders, but they think, let it pass. [00:10:44.00]It was a mini ball that struck him. It entered at his side, but we didn't think it's fatal 'til this morning when he died.

Gettysburg: The First day

David McCullough The greatest battle ever fought in the Western Hemisphere began as a clash over shoes. At dawn on July 1, a Confederate infantry officer led his men toward the little crossroads town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Within view of a Lutheran Seminary, whose high cupula, offered a fine prospect of the surrounding farms in rolling hills. There was rumored to be a supply of shoes at Gettysburg and the foot sewer rebels were there to come and dear them. The South came in from the North that day, and the North came in from the South. On the out skirts of town, the Confederates ran headlong into General John Buford's Union cavalry. While both sides sent couriers pounding off for reinforcements, Buford tried desperately to hold his ground; but the Confederates finally overwhelmed him and pushed the Union forces back toward town.

SALLY BROADHEAD "People were running here and there, screaming that the town would be shelled. No one knew where to go or what to do. My husband went to the garden and then picked the massive beans for he declared the rebels should not have won," Sally Broadhead.

David McCullough Every Confederate and Union division in the area now converged on Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

[sil.]

David McCullough By mid afternoon, Confederate troops occupied Gettysburg and Union forces had been driven back south of the town. There, Major General Winfield Scott Hancock managed to rally the fleeing troops into defensive positions on Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge. A sign near the cemetery's gateway read, "All persons found using firearms in these grounds will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

[sil.]

David McCullough During the battle, the artist Alfred Waud sketched the action. Sending his drawings back to New York for engraving. Meanwhile, Sam Wilkerson of the New York Times filed dispatches, sitting next to the fresh grave of his son. Lee arrived in the middle of the afternoon, set up headquarters and urged Ewell to renew the attack before night fall. Ewell chose not to. His men needed rest. By the end of the day, the Union army held the high ground. Rather than attack at headlong, Confederate General Longstreet, wanted to swing around the union position and take a stand between Meade's army and Washington. Then, let the Union attack. Without knowing the enemy's strength, Lee overruled Longstreet. "No," said Lee, "I'm going to whip them here or they are going to whip me."

Shelby Foote He had always counted on Stuart and his cavalry for intelligence as to enemy positions and movements, and he was lacking that. He was groping around, around the landscape blind; and people would come up to him in the field all through those days; and he said, "Can you tell me where Stuart is? Have you seen my cavalry?" Very strange thing for a commander to have to ask. So when Stuart arrived, all he had to show for all these was a couple of hundred wagons and mules and everything else; and he, he saw Lee standing starting looking at him arriving late; and he, he blew the thing by making his announcement at the start and said, "General, I brought you 200 brand new wagons;" and Lee said, "General, they are an impediment to me now. I skewed to hit me with these people." And it was a severe admonishment from Lee; and Lee saw he hurt his feelings so he said, "Come, it will be all right."

SALLY BROADHEAD "I cannot sleep. We know not what tomorrow will bring forth. I think little has been gained so far. Has our army been sufficiently reinforced?" Sally Broadhead.

David McCullough Compared to what was coming, the day had been a skirmish.

[sil.]

THOMAS BATCHELOR "My dear son Albert, I received your affectionate letter yesterday and I assure you, my dear son, it gives me great relief of mind to hear that you and your dear brothers were still in the land of the living. I have not heard one word from you since Barlow Rodgers returned home. May God bless you my dear Albert. Your devoted father, Thomas Batchelor."

Gettysburg: The Second Day

David McCullough Through the night, the two armies continued to gather. After 35-mile all-night march, Union General John Sedgwick arrived with his 6th Corps. By morning, 65,000 Confederates faced 85,000 Federal troops commanded by General George Meade. Hills overlooked the Federal position at either end. To the north, on the Union right, Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill. To the south, the Big and Little Round Tops. Lee wanted them taken. Meade was no less determined to hold his ground.

All commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

David McCullough It took Longstreet all morning and most of the afternoon to shift two divisions into position for the assault on the Round Tops. Assigned to hold the Union position was General Dan Sickles, a turbulent, ex-Tammany Hall politician best known before the war for having shot and killed his wife's lover. Now, Sickles disobeyed orders and marched his men further out from Little Round Top to the Devil's Den, the Wheatfield, and into the Peach Orchard beyond. He was half a mile in front of the Union line on a flat exposed position that left the Round Tops completely undefended.

The rest of the army was amazed. Someone said he stuck out like a sore thumb; and I think it was Hancock who saw him go out and he said, "Wait while you see him tumbling back," and of course he didn't.

David McCullough The Confederates finally attacked at four o'clock in the afternoon. As they swept forward, the 15th Alabama Regiment scrambled up Big Round Top. From there, well above the

fighting, Colonel William C. Oates saw his chance. Little Round Top was completely undefended. "From that position," Oates said, "he could blow the whole Union Army apart."

WILLIAM C. OATES Within half an hour, I could convert Little Round Top into a Gibraltar that I could hold against ten times the number of men that I had.

David McCullough Meanwhile, Meade dispatched General G. K. Warren to the summit. He immediately saw the danger. Only a handful of signal men held the hill. Oates' Confederates were moving down and around the Union left. Warren sent it once for reinforcements. Four Union Regiments raced up Little Round Top.

In a moment, all was excitement. Every soldier seemed to understand the situation and to be inspired by its danger. The way we went, under the terrible artillery fire, shells were exploding on every side, but our men appeared to be as cool and deliberate in their movements as if they had been forming a line upon the parade ground in camp. Up the steep hillside, we ran and reached the crest.

David McCullough At the extreme left of the Union line now is Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's 20th Maine. Oates' Alabamians were already moving between the two hills. Chamberlain's orders were to hold that ground at all costs.

Imagine if you can nine small companies of infantry, numbering perhaps 300 men in the form of a right angle on the extreme flank of an army of 80,000 men put there to hold the key of the entire position against the force at least ten times their number.

JOSHUA LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN Stand firm, you boys from Maine. For not once in a century are men permitted to bear such responsibilities for freedom and justice. For God and humanity are as now placed upon you.

David McCullough 360 Maine men now took cover behind boulders. They had less than ten minutes to spare. At the last possible moment, Chamberlain sent his Company B across the hollow between the hills to bolster his left flank. Before they were in place, Oates' Confederates charged up the slope. Chamberlain assumed Company B had been wiped out. He could not afford the loss. The Maine men opened fire into the charging rebels. Oates' men staggered but regrouped and came at them again.

W.C. WARD "The line had broken because of the timber in the first fire that hit the Federals. A long line of us went down, three of us close together. There was a sharp electric pain in the lower part of the body and then a sinking sensation to the earth, and falling all things growing dark. The one and the last ideas passing through the mind was this is the last of earth," Private W.C. Ward, 4th Alabama

The enemy was pouring a terrible fire upon us. The superior forces giving him a great advantage. The air seemed to be alive with lead. Lines of times were so near each other that the hostile gun barrels almost touched.

David McCullough The Southerners drove the Maine men from their positions five times. Five times they fought their way back again. Saplings were nod in two by bullets.

At times, I saw around me more of the enemy than of my own men. Gaps, openings, swallowing, closing again. Squads of stalwart men who would cut their way through us disappearing as if

translated. All around a strange mingle roar.

David McCullough In an hour and a half, a third of Chamberlain's men fell. Sounds of battle now increased behind the 20th Maine. Chamberlain assumed Little Round Top was being surrounded.

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain Our ammunition is nearly all gone and we are using the cartridges from the boxes of our wounded comrades. A critical moment has arrived and we can remain as we are no longer. We must advance or retreat. It must not be the latter, but how can it be the former?

David McCullough Chamberlain's only choice was to attack. and now he conjured up an unlikely textbook maneuver. With his men almost out of ammunition, he ordered them to fix bayonets. Then while the right of his line held straight, he had his left plunged down the hillside, all the while wheeling to the right like a great gate upon a post, an eye witness said. The Confederates were taken completely by surprise. Those in the front ranks dropped their weapons. Those behind, turned and ran.

Many of the enemy's first line threw down their arms and surrendered. An officer fired his pistol at my head with one hand while he handed me his sword with the other.

David McCullough The Confederates had gone only a few paces when from their left came a second horrifying surprise. Chamberlain's missing Company B, which had found protection behind the stonewall, now rose and fired.

Colonel William C. Oates "While one man was shot in the face, his right hand comrade was shot in the side or back. Someone struck simultaneously from two or three balls from different directions," Colonel William C. Oates.

David McCullough Oates' men wavered, broke, and ran for their lives.

[sil.]

My dead and wounded were then nearly as great in number as those still on duty. They literally covered the ground. The blood stood in puddles in some places on the rocks. The ground was soaked with blood.

David McCullough Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's scanty force captured 400 Confederates. Little Round Top held.

[sil.]

CORPORAL WILLIAM T. LIVERMORE "The Regiment we fought and captured was the 15th Alabama. They said they never were whipped before and never wanted to meet the 20th of Maine again," Corporal William T. Livermore.

David McCullough On the slopes of Little Round Top, farmers from Talladega, Alabama had fought fishermen from Presque Isle, Maine. The two towns were each 650 miles from Gettysburg, which lay almost exactly on a direct line between them. Throughout the days fighting, Colonel A. S. Fremantle, a British observer traveling with Lee, was surprised to hear the sound of a Confederate band playing pokers and waltzes amidst the hissing and bursting of the shells. But far out in front of the Union line

is General Sickles and his men were in desperate trouble. The rebels were closing in from three sides. Confederate shells tore branches from the peach trees and bounded among the men.

PRIVATE ROBERT H. CARTER "The hoarse and indistinguishable orders of commanding officers, the screaming and bursting of shells, canister and shrapnel as they tore through the struggling masses of humanity. The death screams of wounded animals, the groans of their human companions. Wounded and dying and trampling under foot by hurrying batteries, riderless horses and the moving lines of battle. A perfect hell on earth, never perhaps to be equaled, certainly not to be surpassed, nor ever to be forgotten in a man's lifetime. It has never been effaced from my memory day or night for 50 years," Private Robert H. Carter, 22nd Massachusetts.

David McCullough "The balls were whistling so thick," a Texan remembered, "that it looked like a man could hold out a hat and catch it full."

I was within a few feet of General Sickles when he received the wound by which he lost his leg. A terrific explosion seemed to shake the very earth instantly followed by another. I noticed that his pants and drawers at the knee were torn clear off to the leg, which was swinging loose. He was carried from the field coolly, smoking his cigar.

David McCullough Sickles' men counterattacked, fell back, held, pushed the Confederates back, then retreated again through places still remembered for the ferocity of the fighting that happened there. The Wheatfield, the Slaughter Pen, Devil's Den, The Valley of Death. Finally, the fighting subsided. Of the 262 in one Minnesota Regiment, only 47 survived unhurt, 82 percent had fallen in less than five minutes. No Union Regiment in the war suffered greater casualties. Company F of the 6th North Carolina lost 100 percent.

CHARLES BATCHELOR "Dear father, finally I came to poor Albert lying on the ground wounded under the left eye. He had also had a ball shot through his left leg. I had no one to help me bury him from the field. I then called the captain of another company to assist me and we bore Albert 600 yards through a den swamp all bleeding and sore with pain before we could find any of the ambulance's corps to bear him off to the hospital. Taking him in my arms, I assisted him in a stretcher, dropping a tear of grief upon his bleeding face, I bid him goodbye," Charles Batchelor.

Daisy Turner Last night, I wanted so to live. I seemed so young to go. Last week I passed my birthday. I was just nineteen, you know. When I thought of all I planned to do, it seems so hard to die. But now I pray to God for grace, and all my cares gone by. And hear his voice go weaker, as he paused and raised his head and whispered, "Goodbye Mother." And your soldier boy who was dead.

SALLY BROADHEAD Who was victorious or with whom the advantage rests? No one here can tell. Some think the rebels were defeated as there's been no boastings as on yesterday, and they look uneasy and by no means exultant. I fear we are too hopeful. We shall see tomorrow," Sally Broadhead.

David McCullough As the sun set, the Union left and right still held. Lee was sure an all-out Confederate attack on the center the next day would work.

General James Longstreet "When the second day's battle was over, General Lee pronounced it a success, but we had accomplished little toward victorious results," General James Longstreet.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote The first day of fighting was so encouraging; and the second day of fighting, he came within an inch of doing it; and by that time, Longstreet said Lee's blood was up; and Longstreet said, "When his blood was up, there was no stopping him." Longstreet tried to stop him, and Lee said, "No, his there. I made him the enemy and I'm gonna strike him."

ED BEARSS Historian

Ed Bearss General Longstreet, I think, had good reasons to worry about attacking the Union position at Gettysburg. After all it was his corps at Fredericksburg that bowed down the Union troops in front of the stone wall. He could realize what the rightful musket could do, held in the hands of determined troops.

David McCullough The next day was Pickett's Charge.

STEPHEN B. OATES Historian

Stephen B. Oates Lee, by the summer of 1863, had come to believe that he was invincible and so was the army of Northern Virginia. The record would almost invite that when you see how they had fumbled one Union general after the another and it defeated or least fought to a draw the Army of the Potomac almost on every battle after that point; and Lee really did think that if he asked his boys to do something, they would do it, that they would do anything. He had come by Gettysburg then to believe in his invincibility and that of his men, and it was his doom.

Gettysburg: The Third Day

David McCullough The third day began badly for Lee. Ewell's men were driven back from Culp's Hill. Jeb Stuart was supposed to get behind the Federals and attack them from the rear; but Union cavalry stopped and held him. Thanks in part to a series of reckless charges led by 23 year-old General George Armstrong Custer.

[sil.]

David McCullough Everything now depended on Longstreet's attack on the Union center on Cemetery Ridge. Meade saw it coming and was ready for him. The man Lee chose to lead the assault was dashing, perfumed General George E. Pickett, who had never before taken his division into combat.

It was an incredible mistake and as a scarcely trained soldier, he didn't know it was a mistake at that time it was done except possibly Pickett himself who was very happy at a chance for glory; but every man who looked at over that feel whether it's a sergeant or a lieutenant general saw it was a desperate endeavor and I'm sure neither it should not have been made.

David McCullough Pickett's men filed into the woods west of the Emmitsburg Road and waited in the stifling heat. To relieve the tension, some of the men pelted each other with green apples.

Shelby Foote They knew what they were gonna do but they had to wait, and while they were waiting

in form and ready to move out, they were (inaudible) among brush and things. And the rabbit jumped out of the bushes and took off real wood; and one of the soldiers looked after him and howled, "Run old hare. If I was an old hare, I'd run too." It went all valor.

David McCullough Exactly at one o'clock, a giant artillery barrage intended to soften up the Union defenses before the attack, began with a deafening explosion. Meade had just left his commanders finishing their lunch. As an orderly served them butter, a shell tore the man in two.

A storm broke upon us so suddenly that numbers of soldiers and officers would leap from their tents or lazy siestas on grass were stricken and they're rising with mortar wounds and died. Some with cigars clamped between their teeth. Some with pieces of food in their fingers.

ELISHA HUNT RHODES The flying eye and pieces of stones struck some men down in every direction. About 30 men of our brigade were killed or wounded," Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

David McCullough To keep up his men's courage, General Winfield Scott Hancock rode up and down the line without flinching at the screaming shells. A brigadier urged him to take cover. Hancock refused. "There are times," he answered, "when a corps commander's life does not count." Union artillery began to fire back.

FRANK PASCOE "We sat and heard in silence what other expression had with that was not mean for such an awful universal battle. All in the rear of the crest for a thousand yards was the field of the shells' blind fury. Ambulances passing down the tarry town road with wounded men were struck. The hospitals were riddled," Frank Pascoe.

David McCullough Suddenly the Union guns fell silent to conserve ammunition of the attack Meade was sure was coming and to lure the enemy out into the open fields. It worked. At about two o'clock, Pickett asked if his men should go forward. Longstreet, convinced the charge was folly, unable to bring himself to speak, only nodded.

Shelby Foote If you stop and think about it, it would be very much harder not go than to go. It would take them a great deal of courage to say, "(inaudible) I ain't going." Nobody's got that much courage.

David McCullough Now Pickett gave the order. "Up men and to your posts. Don't forget today that you are from Old Virginia." At three o'clock, three divisions, 13,000 men started out of the woods toward the stone wall, a mile and a half away, at a brisk steady pace, covering about a hundred yards a minute. They were silent as they marched. Forbidden this time to fire or even to give the rebel yell until they were on top of the enemy.

More than half a mile, their front extends. Man touching man. Rank oppressing rank. The red flags waived. Their horsemen galloped up and down. The arms of 13,000 men, barrel and bayonet gleamed in the sun. A sloping forest of flashing steel, ride on they move as with one soul. None on that crest now need be told the enemy is advancing. Every eye could see his legions and overwhelming resistless tide. An ocean of armed men sweeping upon us. Always orderly and still upon our crest, no noise and no confusion. General Gibbon rode down the lines cool and calm, and in an impassioned voice, he said to the men, "Do not hurry men and fire too fast. Let them come up close before you fire, and then aim slow."

David McCullough "It was," a Union colonel recalled, "the most beautiful thing I ever saw." Suddenly, the Union artillery on Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top opened fire; and a great moan went up from the Confederate line. "We could not help hitting them at every shot," a federal officer recalled. As many as 10 men at a time were destroyed by a single bursting shell.

[sil.]

David McCullough A Confederate lieutenant cried out to his men, "Home boys, home. Remember home is over beyond those hills." The waiting Union troops began chanting, "Fredericksburg! Fredericksburg! Fredericksburg!"

[sil.]

David McCullough When the first Southerners came within 200 yards, Union General Alexander Hays told his men to fire. Eleven cannon and 1,700 muskets went off at once. Entire regiments disappeared.

The rebel lines were at once enveloped in a dense cloud of dust. Arms, heads, blankets, guns, and nap socks were tossed into the clear air.

[sil.]

David McCullough Still the Confederates came on. They reached the Union line at one place only, a crook in the stone wall known as the angle.

[sil.]

Seconds are centuries, minutes ages. Men fire into each other's faces not five feet apart. Their bayonet thrusts, saber strokes, pistol shots. Men going down on their hands and knees, spinning around like tops. Throwing out their arms, gulping blood, falling legless, armless, headless. There are ghastly heaps of dead men.

Foot to foot, body to body, and men to men, they struggled and pushed and strived and killed. The mass of wounded and heaps of dead entangled their feet; and underneath the trampoline mass, wounded men who could no longer stand fought, drowned in sweat, black with powder, red with blood.

David McCullough The Confederates were led by General Lewis A. Armistead. He stepped over the wall waving his hat on his sword and ceased the Union battery before he was shot down.

[sil.]

David McCullough All the Confederates who breached the wall were killed or captured. The Union line held. Pickett's Charge had failed. These army would never again penetrate so far in the northern territory.

[sil.]

Private Jesse Young "Cheer after cheer rose from the triumphant boys in blue, echoing from Round Top, from Cemetery Hill, resounding in the veil below. Making the very heavens throb," Private Jesse Young.

David McCullough As the rebels staggered back, Lee rode out to meet them. "All this has been my fault," he told them.

Shelby Foote Probably his finest hour was after the repulse of Pickett's Charge. He walked out into the field, met the men retreating and said, "It is all my fault." He told them that. He wrote to the government, to Jefferson Davis and said, "It was all my fault. I asked more of men that should have been asked of them."

David McCullough Pickett was horrified. When told to rally his division for a possible Union counter attack, Pickett answered, "General Lee, I have no division now." Pickett never forgave Lee. Years later, he said, "That old man had my division slaughtered."

[sil.]

Gettysburg was the price the South paid for having R.E. Lee. That was the mistake he made, the mistake of all mistakes.

[sil.]

David McCullough Six thousand five hundred men had fallen or been captured. Half of those who marched out of the woods. All fifteen Regimental commanders had been hit, so would sixteen of seventeen field officers, three brigadier generals, and eight colonels. Every one of the University of Mississippi had been killed or wounded. "Gettysburg," Longstreet said, "had been ground of no value. That day," he added, "was the saddest of my life." Almost a third of those engaged, 51,000 men were lost. The North suffered 23,000 casualties. The South 28,000. The 2,400 inhabitants of Gettysburg now had ten times that number of dead and wounded men to care for.

JENNY McCRERY "Wounded men were brought into our houses and laid side by side in our halls and first story rooms. Carpets were so saturated with blood as to be unfit for further use. Walls were blood-stained as well as books that were used for pillows," Jenny McCrery.

David McCullough The Confederacy could not afford such sacrifices. All hope of invading the North was ended. The next day, Lee began the long retreat back to Virginia as the summer downpour washed the blood from the grass and pelted the wounded who rode in the wagon train that stretched 17 miles.

[sil.]

ELISHA HUNT RHODES "July 4. Was ever the nation's birthday celebrated in such a way before? I wonder what the South thinks of us Yankees now. I think Gettysburg will cure the rebels of any desire to invade the North again," Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

David McCullough Despite urgings from Washington, Meade refused to attack Lee's retreating army.

Another opportunity to destroy the army of Northern Virginia was lost. Once again, Lincoln was furious. Meanwhile, Robert E. Lee wrote Jefferson Davis offering to resign

ROBERT E. LEE "Dear President Davis, I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fill the expectations of others. I generally feel of the growing failure of my bodily strength. I anxiously urge the matter upon Your Excellency for my belief that a younger and able man than myself can readily be obtained," Robert E. Lee.

David McCullough The offer was not accepted.

Shelby Foote William Faulkner, in *Intruder in the Dust* says that for every Southern boy, it's always in his reach to imagine it being one o'clock in early July, a day in 1863, the guns are laid, the troops are lined up, the flags are already out of their cases and ready to be unfurled; but it hasn't happened yet and he can go back to the time before the war was going to be lost, and he can always have that moment for himself.

[sil.]

ALBERT BACHELOR "Hospital in Gettysburg. My dear father, it has pleased the God of battles that I should number among the many wounded. Through His infinite kindness and mercy, I'm permitted to inform you that I have recovered. I was wounded in two places. First, through the hip. Second, the ball entered the inner corner of my left eye and came out at the lower tip of my right ear. Both are doing fine and healed up. Write to me, I may get the letter. Your devoted son," Albert Bachelor.

[sil.]

David McCullough After Gettysburg, the residents of Deer Isle, Maine began scanning the casualty list for familiar names. Two privates, John Gray and Isaiah Eaton were badly wounded and soon died in hospitals. Both were buried in the New National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

[sil.]

David McCullough The streets grew quiet when news of Gettysburg reached Clarksville, Tennessee. The 14th Tennessee Regiment had left town two years before with 960 men. When the Battle of Gettysburg began, only 365 remained. By the end of the first day, there were 60 men left. By the end of the battle, there were only three.

A gloom rests over the city. The hopes and affections of the people were wrapped in the regiment, but a terrible responsibility rests upon those who inaugurated this unholy war.

David McCullough On July 26, 1863, Sam Houston, first President of the Republic of Texas, unshakable supporter of the American Union, died at Huntsville, Texas.

SAM HOUSTON I asked of him who build this up and pull us down nations to unite us. I wish if this Union must be dissolved that its ruins be the monument of my grave.

[sil.]

Daisy Turner I carved him out a headboard, as skillful as I could. And if you wish to find it, I can tell you where it stood. I send you back his hymnbook, the cap he used to wear. The lock I cut the night before, of his bright, curly hair. I send you back his bible; the night before he died, I turned its leaves together, and read it by his side. I keep the belt he was wearing; he told me so to do. It has a hole upon the side, just where the ball went through. So now I've done his bidding. There's nothing more to tell; but I shall always mourn with you the boy we loved so well.

She Ranks Me

Our hired men left to enlist just as corn planting commenced. So I shouldered my hoe and have worked out ever since. I guess my services are just as acceptable as his.

David McCullough No conflict in history, a journalist wrote, was so much a woman's war as the Civil War. North and South, women looked for ways to help. In the North, citizens from the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission to organize private relief and check the spread of disease in the army. The disease rate was cut in half. Sanitary commissioners prow the camps demanding they be cleaned up, reforming hospital conditions, insisting on better food; making sure blankets, shoes, medicines, and packages from home were distributed fairly. Prominent men ran the Sanitary Commission. New York lawyer George Templeton Strong was its treasurer. But hundreds of thousands of women in 7,000 local chapters all over the North did the work, sewing, knitting, baking, wrapping bandages, raising funds, organizing rallies.

Mary Livermore "If this war developed some of the most brutal, bestial, and devilish qualities lurking in the human race, it has also shown us how much of the angel there is in the best men and women," Mary Livermore.

David McCullough Mary Livermore, a Chicago minister's wife, organized Midwestern volunteers into 3,000 chapters; and when the army was threatened with scurvy, sent so much food south that one reporter said, "A line of vegetables connected Chicago and Vicksburg." Clara Barton who stood barely five feet tall distributed supplies by mule train, ministered to the wounded from Cedar Mountain to Antietam, and tirelessly lobbied Washington for better care for the men. In a letter home, Catherine Walmsly, a nurse on a hospital ship, decried the confusion and chaos onboard, but she ended goodbye, this is life. George Templeton Strong's wife, Ellie, went South to serve on a hospital ship too.

Ellie's tack sense good nature and energy conquered the USA surgeon in charge at once and coerced all his official dignity into a heartache, grateful cooperation in the care of his cargo of 500 cases, mostly bad ones. I have never given her credit for tied of the enterprise. Pluck, discretion, and force of character she has shown. God bless her.

Ellie Strong We had no Sanitary Commission in the South. We were too poor. We had no line of rich and populous cities closely connected by rail. With us, every house was a hospital.

David McCullough Southern women worked as nurses too despite criticism that it was unlady-like for them to care for ruffians. Sally Tompkins of Richmond and a staff of only six nursed 1,333 wounded men in her private hospital, and kept all but 73 of the alive. A record unmatched by any other Civil War hospital North or South.

[sil.]

David McCullough Mary Ann Bickerdyke, a Quaker widow and Sanitary Commission agent, traveled with the Union Army through four years and 19 battles. Assisting at amputations, brewing barrels of coffee; rounding up cattle, chickens, and eggs to feed the grateful men who called her Mother Bickerdyke. By the end of the war, General Sherman said simply, "She ranks me."

Vicksburg

David McCullough Everyday since late May, U.S. Grant's 200 Union guns had pounded Vicksburg from land while Admiral David Porter's gunboats battered it from the river.

They fired at the city thinking that they will wear out the women and children and the sick, and General Pemberton will be obliged to surrender the place on that account; but they little know the spirit of the Vicksburg women and children.

David McCullough Civilians dug caves in the yellow clay hillside. Some with several rooms fitted out with rugs, beds and chairs, and staffed with slaves; but food ran low. The city's defenders were reduced eating mules, horses, and dogs. The Vicksburg Gazette had to be printed on the back of flowered wallpaper. There was no more newsprint.

Dora Miller "We are utterly cut off from the world, surrounded by a circle of fire. The shower of shells goes on day and night. People do nothing but eat what they can get, sleep when they can, and dodge the shells," Dora Miller.

David McCullough "It was living like plant roots," one woman said. Union troops began calling Vicksburg prairie dog town. Finally, after 48 days of siege, on July 4, the same day that Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg, 31,000 Confederates surrendered. Confederate General John C. Pemberton said it would be an act of cruel inhumanity to subject his men to the terrible ordeal any longer. "Besides," he added, "I am a Northern man. I know my people. I know we can get better terms from them on the 4th of July than on any other day of the year." The stars and stripes was raised above the Vicksburg Courthouse. At the celebration aboard Admiral Porter's flagship on the Mississippi, Grant was the only one who did not touch the wine offered him, but contented himself with a cigar.

William Tecumseh Sherman "Grant is now deservedly the hero. He labored with praise by those who accused him a month ago of all the sins in the calendar, and who next week will turn against him if so blows the popular breeze, vox populi, vox humbug," William Tecumseh Sherman.

Henry Adams "It is now conceded that all idea of British intervention is at an end. I want to hug the army of the Potomac for Gettysburg. I want to get the whole army of Vicksburg drunk at my own expense. I want to fight some small man and lick him," Henry Adams.

David McCullough The Confederacy was cut in two. The Mississippi had become a Union highway. "The father of waters," Lincoln said, "again goes unvexed to the sea."

We have lost the Mississippi and our nation is divided, and there's not enough left to fight for.

David McCullough The 4th of July would not be celebrated in Vicksburg again for 81 years.

Bottom Rail On Top

George Templeton Strong "I found for my substitute a big Dutch boy of twenty or thereabout for the moderate consideration of 1,100 dollars. My alter ego could make a good soldier if he tried. Gave him my address and told him to write to me if he found himself in the hospital or in trouble, and then I would try to do what I probably could to help him," George Templeton Strong.

Wanted A SUBSTITUTE.

David McCullough In July, Lincoln issued the first Federal draft call. All able bodied men between 20 and 45 were enrolled; but the law favored the will to do. Any men willing to pay 300 dollars as a commutation fee or hire a substitute to serve in his place was exempt.

Senator Thaddeus Stevens "The law is a rich man's bill, made for him who cannot raise their sun," Senator Thaddeus Stevens.

David McCullough The fathers of Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt hired substitutes. So did Andrew Carnegie and J.P. Morgan, and two future presidents, Chester A. Arthur and Grover Cleveland.

[sil.]

David McCullough Bounty jumping became a profession. Men signed up from one district long enough to receive a reward for enlisting, then deserted to do the same elsewhere. One man repeated the process 32 times before he was cut. Shaker Elder Frederick Evans came to see Lincoln hoping to have his pass of his community excuse for military service. "We need Regiments of such men as you," Lincoln said, but granted Elder Evans' request. The Shakers were among the first conscientious objectors. On Deer Isle, two prominent local citizens began going house to house delivering induction notices; 149 men were called for the new draft; 42 never showed up; 33 were exempted for medical reasons; two paid substitutes; and one man sold his house and left his wife and several children homeless rather than desert them for the front.

New York City contemplated cessation from the Union too and they want to be declared an open city. There was a great deal of resentment of the influx of Blacks and a lot of resistance to the draft, because men could get better pay in jobs than they ever had and the last thing they want was to go to the war. To go into resentment too that if you could scrape up 300 dollars, you could be exempt; and all those resentments flared up into what's called the New York draft rise.

David McCullough No group was more outraged than the immigrant Irish of New York, who feared the Blacks, who competed for the lowest-paying jobs, and for whose freedom they did not wish to fight. Democratic politicians fan their anger.

Horatio Seymour "Remember this, at the bloody and treasonable and revolutionary doctrine of public necessity can be proclaimed by a mob, as well as by a government," Governor Horatio Seymour, New York.

David McCullough On Sunday, July 12, when the names of the first draftees appeared in the newspapers, along side long list of those who had fallen at Gettysburg, a mostly Irish mob attacked and destroyed the draft office; then fanned out across the city. For three days, the east side of

Manhattan belonged to the mob. Blacks were their main targets. They burned Black boarding houses, a Black church, a Black orphanage, and lynched a crippled Black coachman and set his corpse on a fire while chanting, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis."

George Templeton Strong "July 14, fire bells clanking as they have clanked the bells throughout the evening. Many details come in of yesterday's brutal, cowardly ruffianism and plunder. Shops were cleaned out and Black men hanged in karma in the street for no offense but that of Negritude," George Templeton Strong.

David McCullough Finally, exhausted troops from Gettysburg arrived to impose order. More than a hundred people had been killed. Bloody riots broke out throughout the North as oppositions of the war increased. "The nation," wrote the editor of the Washington Times, "is at this time in a state of revolution; North, South, East, and West."

[sil.]

Abraham Lincoln "You say you will not fight to free Negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you. When victory is won, there will be some Black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clinched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind onto this great consummation," Abraham Lincoln.

[sil.]

Frederick Douglass "The Negro is the key to the situation. The pivot upon which the whole rebellion turns. This war, disguised it as they may, is virtually nothing more or less than perpetual slavery against universal freedom; and to this end, the free states will have to come," Frederick Douglass.

Wendell Phillips "Will the slave fight? If any man asks you, tell him no; but if anyone asks you will a Negro fight, tell him yes," Wendell Phillips.

David McCullough Since the first shots were fired, abolitionists have been pressing the government to put Blacks into battle. Congress authorized colored troops in 1862, but a year went by before the first Black men put on blue coats to serve under White officers.

Ulysses S. Grant "These were the emancipation of the Negro as the heaviest blow yet given the Confederacy. By arming the Negro, we have added a powerful ally. They will make good soldiers," Ulysses S. Grant.

[sil.]

David McCullough Black privates were paid ten dollars a month, three dollars less than Whites. Several Regiments served without pay rather than submit to that inequality. Blacks were rarely promoted.

BARBARA FIELDS Historian

Barbara Fields Many of the Union soldiers who began with stereotypical assumptions about Black men who assumed that they couldn't fight, that they would hand their weapons over to the enemy, that

they would run and so on, had their minds changed in the grimace of circumstances; and some of the documents that tell the story of how people's ideas were transformed are not the sort of documents that you enjoy reading because they speak of how people became companions in death, of how White soldiers learned to respect their Black comrades when they watched how they reacted as people all around were being killed, being butchered.

[sil.]

David McCullough On July 18, just three days after the draft rights ended, 650 men of the all-Black 54th Massachusetts Regiment assaulted a Confederate position at Battery Wagner, South Carolina. Their commander was a Boston abolitionist's son, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw.

[sil.]

It is not too much to say that if this Massachusetts 54th had faltered when this trial came, 200,000 troops to whom it was a pioneer, would never been put into the field; but it did not falter. It made Fort Wagner such a name for the colored race as Bunker Hill has been for 90 years to the White Yankees.

David McCullough Forty percent of the regiment did not return, including Colonel Shaw.

Shelby Foote Shaw led their attack on Battery Wagner who cut to pieces. They never should have made that charge and, and, ah, when it was over, the Confederates were in control, and ah, it was a very hard feeling against White officers of Black Regiments; and Shaw was simply thrown in the burial pit with his soldiers. Ah, Shaw's father later said he was proud to have him buried that way.

David McCullough When the flag bearer fell and the order to withdraw was given, Sergeant William Carney ceased the colors and made it back to his lines despite bullets in the head, chest, right arm and leg. He was the first of 23 Blacks awarded the Medal of Honor, though he had to wait 37 years to get it.

Sergeant Lewis Douglas "Fort Wagner, my dear Amelia. I have been in two fights and am unhurt. I am about to go in another, I believe tonight. Our men fought well on both occasions. How I got out under that fight alive, I cannot tell but I am here. My dear girl, I hope again to see you. I must bid you farewell should I be killed. Remember, if I die, I die on a good cause. I wish we had 100,000 colored troops, we would put an end to this war," Sergeant Lewis Douglas.

[sil.]

David McCullough They constituted less than one percent of the North's population; yet, by the war's end, they would make up nearly one tenth of the Northern Army. Most of the them freed Blacks and runaway slaves.

[sil.]

David McCullough Eighty-five percent of the eligible Black male population had signed on; 180,000 fought to free their people.

Once let the Black man get upon his person, the brass letters, US. Let him get an eagle on his buttons

and a musket on his shoulder, bullets in his pockets, and there is no power on earth which can deny that he has earned the right to citizenship in the United States.

William Tecumseh Sherman "The whole army of the United States could not restore the institution of slavery in the South. They can't get back their slaves any more than they can get back their dead grandfathers. It is dead," William Tecumseh Sherman.

[sil.]

David McCullough Once a Black Union soldier spotted his former owner among a group of Confederate prisoners. "Hello, master," he said, "bottom rail on top this time."

[sil.]

Jerry Sullivan "Folks talk about the fight being nearly over, but I believe there is a heat yet to come. Let the colored man accept to offer the president and the cabinet, take arms, join the army, then we'll whip the rebels. Even if Longstreet and all the streets of the South concentrated in Chattanooga," Jerry Sullivan.

The River of Death

David McCullough Heart against the Tennessee River at the meeting point of two strategically crucial railroads, the City of Chattanooga guarded the gateway to the Eastern Confederacy and the rebel war industries in Georgia. For five months, Union General William Rosecrans resisted Lincoln's urgent calls to drive Braxton Bragg's Confederates out of Tennessee and cease Chattanooga. When summer came, Lincoln demanded more decisive action and at long last Rosecrans moved, launching a series of brilliant and almost bloodless flanking maneuvers. In ten days, he drove Bragg 80 miles through a relentless Tennessee rain. "No Presbyterian rain either," a soldier remember, "but a genuine Baptist downpour." In September, Bragg abandoned Chattanooga and kept backing away until just over the Tennessee line in Georgia where he gathered his forces now bolstered by Longstreet's Virginia veterans, along a meandering creek called Chickamauga.

Shelby Foote Chickamauga is like all Indian words interpreted to mean the river of death. God knows what it really means. Chickamauga was a horrendous battle. Very, a lot of breakthroughs, a lot of hand to hand combat, a long rugged retreat, glorious Southern victory which was unexploited. All the Western heroes were there from Forrest on down. Uhm, it was, it's, it's a great battle.

David McCullough At 8:00 AM on the morning of September 18, Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry ran into a brigade of Federals heading for a little bridge over the creek. By noon, one of Forrest's officers reported the dead were piled upon each other like cordwood to make passage for advancing columns. By nightfall, both lines held. On the second day of fierce fighting, Rosecrans committed a fatal mistake, ordering his troops to close a gap in the Union line that wasn't there. In the process, he opened up a real one and Longstreet's Confederates stormed through. The Union forces broke and ran. "They have fought their last man," Longstreet said, "and even he is running." But George Henry Thomas, a Union man from Virginia refused to retreat and organized a stubborn, last-minute defense that kept the battle from becoming a rout and earned him the nickname The Rock of Chickamauga. The Northern Army limped back into Chattanooga. "Rosecrans was confused and stunned," Lincoln said, "like a duck hit on the head."

David McCullough Bottled up in Chattanooga, the Union forces were miserable. Cold, vermin invested, cut off from all but a thin trickle of supplies. They demolished houses and hacked down every tree and fence in town for fuel. The Confederates besieging the city were in no better shape.

Sam Watkins "In the very acne of our privations and hunger, when the army was most dissatisfied and unhappy, we were ordered into land to be reviewed by the Honorable Jefferson Davis. When he passed us with his great retinue of staff officers at full gallop, cheers greeted in with the words, "Send us something to eat, Master Jeff, I am hungry. I am hungry," Sam Watkins.

[sil.]

David McCullough In October, Ulysses S. Grant, now in command of all Union Armies from the appellations to the Mississippi, hurried to Chattanooga and immediately replaced Rosecrans with Thomas. Braxton Bragg's Confederate Army now occupied the six-mile crest of Missionary Ridge, East of the city. Confederate guns were masked on the 2,000-foot summit of nearby Lookout Mountain, south of town. Grant, down in Chattanooga, resolved to drive them off. The Battle of Chattanooga began on November 24. Union troops storm Lookout Mountain, fighting through such dense fog, that it was remembered as the battle above the clouds.

[sil.]

David McCullough During the night, a besieged Bragg withdrew from the summit of Lookout Mountain to nearby Missionary Ridge.

[sil.]

David McCullough Just before dawn the next morning, Federals stepped out onto an overhanging rock and as the sun rose, unfurled their flag. Thousands of Union men in the valley below broke into a thunderous cheer. The Union had won. The next Union task was to take Missionary Ridge. In command at the bottom of the hill was 115-pound General Phil Sheridan, who pulled a flask from his pocket and toasted the Confederate gunners above him. "Here's at you," he said. The rebels open fire spattering him and his officers with dirt. "That was ungenerous," Sheridan said. "I'll take your guns for that."

[sil.]

David McCullough "Who ordered those men up the hill," Grant asked. "No one," an aide replied, "They started up without orders. When those fellows get started, all hell can't stop them."

Those defending the heights became more and more desperate as our men approached the top. They shouted Chickamauga and though the word itself were a weapon. They thrust cartridges into guns by the handful. They lighted the fuses of shells and rolled them down; but nothing could stop the force of the charge.

John Williams, South Carolina, killed at Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, November 1863.

[sil.]

David McCullough Under Grant's leadership, the Union Army had broken the Confederates' siege at Chattanooga. It was another triumph for Grant. "It was a great victory," Sherman said. "The neatest and cleanest battle I was ever in, and Grant deserves the credit of it all."

[sil.]

David McCullough In the weeks that followed, everybody posed on Lookout Mountain.

[sil.]

David McCullough General Thomas ordered a Union cemetery laid out on the hill called Orchard Knob that had seen savage fighting. A Chaplain asked if the burial should be by state. "No, no. Mixed them up," Thomas said. "I am tired of states rights."

[sil.]

David McCullough At the capital in Washington at noon on December 2, 1863, a 19-foot bronze goddess of freedom triumphant was at last hoisted into place. The great dome was finished.

Walt Whitman "I like to stand aside and look long, long while up at the dome. It comforts me somehow," Walt Whitman.

Benjamin Franklin Jackson "In camp, December 3rd, 1863. It is now just 21 days to Christmas. I would give anything if I could be there to take Christmas with you. Martha, if you get this letter and having a chance, I wish you would send me a old woolen quill for I've not gotten any blankets and we got get any so I'll feel bad of a cold night," Benjamin Franklin Jackson.

Mary Chesnut "Christmas day 1863, General Buckner had seen a Yankee pictorial. Angels were sent down from heaven to bear up Stonewall's soul. They could not find it. Flew back sorrowing. When they got to the golden gate above, they found Stonewall by a rapid flank movement had already caught his way in." Mary Chesnut.

Christian Fleetwood "This year has brought about many changes that at the beginning would have been thought impossible. The close of the year finds me a soldier for the cause of my race. May God bless the cause and enable me in the coming year to follow it on," Christian Fleetwood.

STEPHEN B. OATES Historian

Stephen B. Oates It was an extremely religious age. Both sides wanted to get right with God. John Brown said he was an instrument in the hands of God to bring in the harvest fairy, to free the slaves, and perhaps began the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln finally felt that he too was an instrument in the hand of God and that God was punishing the country for the crime of slavery. Robert E. Lee said that he was an instrument in the hands of God and said at Gettysburg that it's all in God's hands, and then sent the cream of his army to its doom. They really felt that providence was at work in this war. As Lincoln said, "We both pray to the same God. We both evoked in. We both said we were on his side," but it wasn't until 1863 indeed at the end of the war that it became clear where God's judgment was coming down. That was in the whole country. It must now atone in blood for its complicity and

wickedness, the wickedness of slavery.

A New Birth of Freedom

David McCullough The Civil War was fought in ten thousand places, at Big Bend, Big Sandy, and the Big Sunflower River. From Bunker Hill, West Virginia and Blue Springs, Tennessee and Cairo, Illinois, to Golgotha Church, Georgia, and Christianburg, Kentucky. At Citrus Point on the Cimarron River and along Cowskin Bottom. At Pebbly Run and La Glorieta Pass, and Gettysburg.

JAMES SYMINGTON Former Congressman

James Symington I think if I had my choice of all the moments to be present at the, in that war period, it would be at Gettysburg during Lincoln's delivery of his speech. Maybe to have seen him craft those beautiful words, those marvelous healing words, and then deliver them. They were for everyone for all time and they subsumed the entire war, and all in it had showed his compassion for everyone. His love for his people, that's what I'd like to be.

[sil.]

David McCullough On November 19th, Lincoln traveled to Gettysburg to dedicate the New Union Cemetery. The featured speaker was Edward Everett of Massachusetts, a diplomat, clergyman, and celebrated orator. The president had been invited almost as an afterthought to offer a few appropriate remarks. Everett spoke for not quite two hours. Then Lincoln rose. A local photographer took his time focusing, presumable the president could be counted on to go on for a while; but he spoke just 269 words. He started off by reminding his audience that just 87 years had passed since the founding of the nation; and then he went on to involve the Union cause was some of the most stirring words ever spoken. Lincoln was heading back to his seat before the photographer could open the shutter.

[sil.]

Shelby Foote He felt that he had failed, that it was a poor speech, that the people didn't like it. It was so brief, less than two minutes. He felt that he had failed. Lamon, his friend Ward Lamon, who was sitting next to him on the stand, when he sat down there was just a sprinkle of applaud; and he said, "Lamon, I had a speech that won't scow. That's what you say about a plow in the prairies when a mud done come off it."

"The cheek of every American was tingled with shame as he reads the silly, flab, dish-watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States," Chicago Times.

Edward Everett "Dear Mr. President, I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Edward Everett.

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 their nation might live. It is all together

fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hollow 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, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

A Film by KEN BURNS Produced by KEN BURNS and RIC BURNS Written by GEOFFREY C. WARD and RIC BURNS with KEN BURNS Edited by PAUL BARNES BRUCE SHAW TRICIA REIDY Narrated by DAVID McCULLOUGH Voices SAM WATERSTON Abraham Lincoln JULIE HARRIS Mary Chesnut JASON ROBARDS Ulysses S. Grant MORGAN FREEMAN Frederick Douglass PAUL ROEBLING Joshua L. Chamberlain, etc. GARRISON KEILLOR Walt Whitman, etc. GEORGE BLACK Robert E. Lee ARTHUR MILLER William T. Sherman CHRIS MURNEY Pvt. Elisha Hunt Rhodes CHARLEY McDOWELL Pvt. Sam Watkins HORTON FOOTE Jefferson Davis GEORGE PLIMPTON George Templeton Strong PHILIP BOSCO Horace Greelay, etc. TERRY COURIER George McClellan JODY POWELL Stonewall Jackson, etc. STUDS TERKEL Benjamin F. Butler With DEREK JACOBI PAMELA REED JEREMY IRONS RONNIE GILBERT KURT VONNEGUT M. EMMET WALSH GENE JONES HOYT AXTON JEROME DEMPSEY JOHN HARTFORD LARRY FISHBURNE WALT MACPHERSON SHELBY FOOTE COLLEEN DEWHURST BETSY APPLE LATANYA RICHARDSON CAROL CRAVEN BRADFORD WAHSBURN MARISSA COPELAND JESSE CARR HALO WINES WENDY TILGHMAN DAVID MARKS JOE MATTYS and LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EX-SLAVE RECORDINGS Cinematography KEN BURNS ALLEN MOORE BUDDY SQUIRES Assistant Editors PHOEBE YANTSIOS MEREDITH WOODS Apprentice Editors JOSHUA LEVIN ED BARTESKI Coordinating Producer CATHERINE EISELE Associate Producer/Post-Production LYNN NOVICK Co-Producers STEPHEN IVES JULIE DUNFEY MIKE HILL Consultants SHELBY FOOTE BARBARA J. FIELDS C. VANN WOODWARD DON FEHRENBACHER STEPHEN SEARS WILLIAM MCFEELY JAMES MCPHERSON RICHARD SNOW MIKE MUSICK BERNARD WEISBERGER ERIC FONER STEPHEN B. OATES ROBERT JOHANNSEN DANIEL AARON WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG TOM LEWIS CHARLES FULLER CHARLEY MCDOWELL IRA BERLIN GENE SMITH ROBERT PENN WARREN JEROME LIEBLING DAYTON DUNCAN AMY STECHLER BURNS Senior Creative Consultant DAVID McCULLOUGH Associate Producers CAMILLA ROCKWELL SUSANNA STEISEL Additional Cinematography FOSTER WYLIE Research Assistant LOVEL RICHARDSON Assistant Camera AMY STECHLER BURNS BRUCE KERN JEFFREY VICTOR Post Production Coordinator PHOEBE YANTSIOS Editing Interns MIKE BALABUCH JONATHAN BARON ROBERT BLUMENFIELD JENNIFER BROWN DAVID CANTOR CHRISTINE COSCIONI VIDA FITZGERALD MICHAEL FOXWORTH ELISA HABER LINDA KONG PATRICK McGUINN DAVID McQUILING ROBERT MOWEN ERIC MORTENSON DAVID NELSON MYRA PACI Animation Stand Photography THE FRAME SHOP EDWARD JOYCE & EDWARD SEARLES CARLOS SANCHEZ Map Animation BALSMEYER 7 EVERETT, INC. Still Photography ROBERT BURGESS STEPHEN PETEGORSKY Traditional Music JACQUELINE SCHWAB Piano JAY UNGAR Fiddle, Mandolin MATT GLASER Fiddle JESSE CARR Guitar, Recorder, Vocals MOLLY MASON ECKLUND Coronet DON BROOKS Guitar, Mandolin RUSS BARENBERG Harmonica And THE

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[Episode 6: Valley of the Shadow of Death](#) from PBS (Public Broadcasting Service, 1990)
69:19.

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Walt Whitman I had just this moment heard from the front there's nothing yet out of movement but each side is continually on the alert expecting something to happen. To think we are to have here soon what I've seen so many times, the awful loads and trains and boatloads of bloody and pale and wounded young men again. For that is what we certainly will have, I see all the signs here. Walt Whitman

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote Man's belief, uh, had a startling simplicity to it. Uh, for example, a soldier in line at Gettysburg told you will advance a mile across that open valley and take that hill. Uh, I, for one, would say, uh, "General, I don't think we should this, I don't believe we can get there." But they, they, they took it in the matter of course. And you must remember they fought for four years which is, uh, a long time. And the simplicity was severely tested, but they never lost it. They, they have duty of, uh, bravery under adversity, very simple virtues and they had them.

THE CIVIL WAR EPISODE SIX

David McCullough In 1864, a rebellion in China, that cost 20 million lives, finally came to an end. In 1864, the czar's armies conquered Turkestan and Tolstoy finished "War and Peace." In 1864, Louis Pasteur pasteurized wine. Geneva Convention established the neutrality of battlefield hospitals. And Karl Marx founded the International Working Men's Association in London and New York. Nevada became a state. And for the first time, the words "In God We Trust" appeared on a US coin. In 1864, the Civil War was in its fourth year. Union ships controlled the Mississippi. The Union Blockade was tightening. Lee had been beaten at Gettysburg. Vicksburg and Chattanooga had fallen. As Confederate hopes begin to dim, Union objectives became clear, attack the heart of the Confederacy at Atlanta and destroy Lee's army of Northern Virginia. But there was still no real end in sight. As Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant prepare to confront each other for the first time, neither knew what awaited their armies along a hundred mile crescent east of Richmond. To win, one would have to outthink as well as outfight the other.

[sil.]

David McCullough In 1864, for the first time in history, a nation would try to hold an election in the midst of Civil War. After three and a half years of war, Abraham Lincoln's prospects for re-election did not seem bright. For Elisha Hunt Rhodes, stuck in the Union trenches outside Petersburg, the war stretched on interminably. To Confederate Sam Watkins of Franklin, Tennessee, it seemed the death angel was there to gather its last harvest. That same year William Tecumseh Sherman, now in command of the Union's western armies, would set out through the mountains of Georgia for Atlanta. Lieutenant Washington Roebling, who thought he'd seen the worst at Gettysburg, came close to losing his faith in the Union cause. In Washington, a sometime poet, Walt Whitman, worked as a nurse in the crowded Union hospitals until they overwhelmed him.

[sil.]

David McCullough In 1864, the pictures that would come back from the war would be too horrible to look at for years to come.

[sil.]

William Tecumseh Sherman It is enough to make the whole world startled at the awful amount of death and destruction that now stalks abroad. I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple of thousand men as a small affair, a kind of morning dash. And it may be well that we become hardened. The worst of the war is not yet begun. William Tecumseh Sherman

1864 Valley of the Shadow of Death

David McCullough In early 1864, Spotswood Rice, a slave on a tobacco plantation, escaped and made his way to Glasgow, Missouri, where he enlisted in the Union Army.

Spotswood Rice Benton Barracks Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri. My children, a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you and that I want to see you as bad as ever. I feel confident that I will get you. You know Miss Kitty said that I try to steal you, but I let her know that God never intended for men to steal his own flesh and blood. I once thought that I had some respect for them, but now my respect has worn out and I have no sympathy for slaveholders. Spotswood Rice.

Washington, March 1864

Nathaniel Hawthorne The Willard Hotel maybe much more justly called the center of Washington than the Union, neither the Capitol, the White House or the State Department. Everybody may be seen there. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

David McCullough On the afternoon of March 8th 1864, a stubby, rumped man made his way across the crowded lobby of Willard's Hotel. A 14-year old boy carrying a satchel followed in his wake.

Shelby Foote He didn't have his three-stars on yet because he wasn't going to get his commission until the next day, but he just walked up the desk and asked for a room. And, uh, there'd been a great many generals in and out of Willard's, practically all of them been in and out of Willard's. And the desk clerk said he, "Well, I got something up on the top floor, if that will do?" And Grant said, "That'd be fine." And he gave the register to sign and Grant signed it. And when the clerk looked down and saw U.S. Grant and a son, Galena, Illinois, his eyes bugged out of his head.

David McCullough Word spread quickly that the man Lincoln had recently placed to the head of all the Union armies was in the hotel. And when he and his son entered the crowded dining room, everyone stood and cheered. Afterwards, he strolled two blocks up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were giving a reception.

Abraham Lincoln I wish to express my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time so far as I can understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. Abraham Lincoln.

David McCullough Three years earlier, Grant had been notable only for his failures. Now he was the conqueror of Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, come to Washington to receive the rank of Lieutenant General, last held by George Washington.

[sil.]

David McCullough He had command now of 533,000 men, the largest army in the world.

Grant

Ulysses S. Grant I want to push on as rapidly as possible to save a hard fighting. These terrible battles are very good things to read about for persons who lose no friends. But I am decidedly in favor of

having as little of it as possible. The way to avoid it is to push forward. Ulysses S. Grant.

David McCullough Hiram Ulysses Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio on April 27, 1822. His father, Jesse, ran a tannery and its stench was one of his first memories. He was sensitive and withdrawn with people but wonderful with horses. His father taught him hopelessly impractical and got him an appointment to West Point. A clerk mistakenly registered the boy as Ulysses S. Grant and rather than complain, he lived with it. His friends called him Sam.

[sil.]

David McCullough He was graduated in the middle of his class. The next year he was engaged to Julia Dent, the daughter of a Missouri slave-owner. He adored her and she bore him four children. Grant thought the Mexican War wicked but went anyway. I consider my supreme duty was to my flag, he wrote, and served bravely in battle riding alone through a hail of enemy fire to bring ammunition to his men. After the war, the Army sent him to a remote California outpost; very lonely and miserable without his family, he began to drink.

Ulysses S. Grant Dear Julia, I sometimes get so anxious to see you and our children that I am almost tempted to resign and trust the Providence and my own exertions for a living. Whenever I get to thinking up the subject, however, poverty, poverty, begins to stare me in the face.

David McCullough In 1854, he left the Army and returned east to rejoin Julia and work a piece of land his father-in-law gave him. He called it Hardscrabble Farm and could not make a go of it. He tried bill collecting, real estate, raising potatoes, even peddling firewood in the street; nothing worked. One year in St. Louis he pawned his watch to buy Christmas presents for his family. He had been reduced to working as a clerk in his father's harness shop in Galena, Illinois when the war began. As a West Point graduate, Grant was a scarce commodity. He re-entered the Army and never looked back.

John A. Rawlins In this season I saw energies in Grant. He dropped the stoop-shouldered way of walking and set his hat forward on his head in a careless fashion. John A. Rawlins.

David McCullough He was promoted to Brigadier General, won a small battle at Belmont, Missouri then a big one at Fort Donelson at the time when other Northern generals were going down to defeat.

John A. Rawlins The soldiers do not salute him, they only watch him with a certain sort of familiar reverence. They observe him coming and rising to their feet, gather on each side of the way to see him pass. No Napoleonic displays, no ostentation, no speech, no superfluous flummery.

David McCullough He was distinctly unglamorous and had only one personal attendant, a runaway Missouri slave named Bill. He didn't like marching bands and could recognize only two tunes. One was Yankee Doodle, he said, and the other wasn't. He insisted that his meat be cooked dry because even a suggestion of blood on his plate made him sick. Once on the eve of a battle in which thousands of men would die, he had a teamster tied to a tree for six hours for mistreating a horse. He was methodical, dogged, and uncommonly clear-headed under fire.

Shelby Foote Grant the general has, uh, many qualities but he had, uh, a thing that's very necessary for a great general; he had what they call four o'clock in the morning courage. You could wake him up at four o'clock in the morning and tell him that they just turn his right flank and he would be as cool as a

cucumber. He had an ability to concentrate; a good example of that is he would working at his desk, bent over writing and he would need something across the room, a document or something, he would get up and never get out of that crouch position, go over there and pick up the document he needed, come back to his desk and sit down again without ever having straightened up. It's an example of how he could concentrate.

David McCullough He drank bourbon and he got drunk easily. A Galena neighbor, John Rawlins, was made his chief of staff, and took it upon himself to keep Grant sober.

Shelby Foote Grant never got drunk when his wife was around. It was only two conditions when Grant would drink; number one was his wife wasn't there, and the other was there wasn't anything going on. He went on a true bender during the Vicksburg campaign, but it was when nothing was happening. He was as if he, uh, well, there was anything sexual about his wife being out of touch, I'm not too sure, but, but I do know that it was uh, boredom that would, that would make him drink.

David McCullough Now, he traveled south to Meade's headquarters at Brandy Station, near Culpeper, Virginia, the largest Union encampment of the war.

Elisha Hunt Rhodes April 19. Yesterday, the 6th Corp was reviewed by Lieutenant General U.S. Grant. He is a short, thickset man, and rode his horse like a bag of meal. I was a little disappointed in the appearance, but I like the look of his eye. Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

We all felt at last that the boss had arrived

David McCullough While Grant conferred with Meade, members of his staff described Grant's triumphs in the West. Veterans of the Army of the Potomac were not impressed. That maybe, one said, but Grant never met Bobby Lee.

Lee

Can anybody say they know the General? I doubt it. He looked so cold, quiet and grand.

Henry Adams I think that Lee should have been hanged. It was all the worst that he was a good man and a fine character and acted conscientiously. It's always the good men that do the most harm in the world. Henry Adams.

Shelby Foote Lee is uh, one of the most difficult people to talk about because he's been immortalized, or as they call him now, some people, the Marble Man. He's been dehumanized by the glory and the worship. Uh, he, he was a warm, outgoing man, always had time for any private soldier's complaint. Once a Northern soldier being marched to the rear as a prisoner complained to Lee in person that someone has taken his hat, and he said that man got it. And Lee made the man give him his hat back.

David McCullough The man Grant faced across the Rapidan River in Virginia came from a family as celebrated as Grant's was obscure. Robert E. Lee was born in 1807 at Stratford in Westmoreland County, Virginia and was raised by his mother. She taught him to revere General Washington, a neighbor remembered, to practice self-denial and self-control in all things. His father, Light Horse Harry Lee, had been a friend and favorite lieutenant of George Washington. But Light Horse Harry also squandered two wise fortunes before deserting his family for the West Indies. At West Point,

Robert E. Lee did not earn a single demerit. Classmates called him the Marble Model, but liked him in spite of his perfection. He was graduated second in his class in 1829. In 1831, he married Martha Washington's granddaughter, Mary Custis. She bore him seven children and endured his long absences as best she could. The mansion at Arlington with its 250 slaves was her home before it was his. Appointed to the prestigious Corp of Engineers, he was three times promoted for bravery during the Mexican War, where he once met a young Ulysses S. Grant. Superintendent of West Point, captor of John Brown, he was at the start of the War, the nation's most promising soldier. In 1861, Lee refused command of the Union Army and followed his state out of the Union, not because he approved of slavery or cessation, but because he believed his first duty was to Virginia.

ROBERT E. LEE I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor.

The man who stood before us was the realized King Arthur. The soul that looked out of his eyes was as honest and fearless as when it first looked out on life. One saw the character as clear as crystal without complication, and the heart as tender as that of ideal womanhood.

David McCullough A Union girl watching Lee ride past her Pennsylvania home said, "I wished he were ours." Early in the war, he was ridiculed as the King of Spades because of his fondness for entrenching and Granny Lee because of his grey hair and strict ways. But after he drove McClellan off the Peninsula, stopped Pope at Second Manassas, demolished Burnside at Fredericksburg and destroyed Hooker at Chancellorsville, all despite overwhelming odds, he won the unshakeable confidence of Jefferson Davis and the unqualified love of his officers and men.

Shelby Foote He is a very great general and, uh, he, he is superb on both the offensive and the defensive. Uh, he took long chances but he took them because he had to. If Grant had not had superior numbers, he might have taken chances as long as Lee took. The only way to win was with long chances and it made him brilliant.

David McCullough No one ever called him Bobby Lee to his face. His men called him Marse Robert or Uncle Robert. He had a terrible temper which he worked all his life to control. When angered, his icy stare was unforgettable.

Shelby Foote There was young man brought before him for some infraction of the rules, and can you imagine being brought before General Lee for having broken the rules? And the young man was trembling and Lee said, "You need not be afraid; you'll get justice here." And the young man said, "I know it, General, that's what I'm scared of."

David McCullough He referred to the Union Army as "those people" rather than as the enemy. Now, those people had a new commander whom Lee had not tested.

In the Wilderness

Shelby Foote When Grant began his Spring Campaign at '64, he took what they called the heaviest. The heavy artillery man out of the forts in Washington and put them in the field, and many of them have been in the army two or three years who never had heard or shot, fire at an angle. And as these units marched in the camp, they were so much larger than the combat regiments that the soldiers along side the road used to say, "What division is that?" They were so many of them. But they had some

fierce things. The first time they go into combat, they did have a mangled corpse that, of artillery casualty by the side of the road with a blanket over him. And as the new green regiments came abreast and they whisked the blanket, blanket off and said, "That's, this is what waiting for you up ahead." Not a, not a very pleasant story.

Ulysses S. Grant To get possession of Lee's Army was the first objective. With the capture of his army, Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside his stronghold than in it. Ulysses S. Grant

[sil.]

John B. Gordon This advance by General Grant inaugurated the Seventh Act and beyond to Richmond drama, played by the armies of the Union. General John B. Gordon.

James Longstreet That man, Grant, will fight us everyday and every hour till the end of the war. General James Longstreet.

David McCullough Grant's plan called for four simultaneous blows. William Tecumseh Sherman had orders to strike out from Chattanooga for Atlanta. Franz Sigel would advance up to Shenandoah Valley. Benjamin Butler was to lead an army up from the James River and George Gordon Meade was to lead the army of the Potomac 110,000 strong south against Lee. "Wherever Lee goes, you will go also," Grant told Meade and Grant would come along too. Lee's strategy was unchanged: Destroy the Union resolve to wage war. He would refuse to fight Grant in the open, force him to attack fortified Confederate positions and there by offset Grant's superior numbers. The bloody cost of trying to force the South back into the Union at gun point would bolster any war sentiment in the north.

James Longstreet If we can break up the enemies arrangements early and throw him back, he will not be able to recover his position or his morale until the presidential election is over and then we shall have a new president to treat with. General James Longstreet.

[sil.]

Washington Roebling April 1st 1864. The president came down to Culpepper to review the army. President was mounted on a fractious horse. Soon after the march began, his tall hat fell off, his pantaloons slipped up to the knees showing his white homemade drawers which President Lee slipped up also revealing a long hairy leg. While we were inclined to smile, we were very much a grinned to see our poor president compelled to endure such torture. Washington Roebling.

A.M. Stewart On the morning of May 4th 1864, we, with the entire grand army of the Potomac were in motion toward the Rapidan. The dawn was clear, warm and beautiful. As the almost countless encampments were broken up with bands in all directions playing lively airs, banners waving, regiments, brigades, and divisions falling into line. The scene even to eyes long familiar with military displays was one of unusual grandeur. Chaplain A.M. Stewart.

David McCullough Lee's 60,000 men were waiting for Grant in the tangled thicket known as "The Wilderness" in which they had trapped the same army under Joseph Hooker only a year before.

Covered by a dense forest, almost impenetrable by troops in line up battle, the undergrowth was so

heavy that it was scarcely possible to see more than 100 yards in any direction. The movements of the enemy could not be observed until the lines were almost in collision.

David McCullough Advance units of the Union Army camped for the night on the old Chancellorsville battlefield where winter rains had washed open the shallow graves.

In glades, they meet skull after skull where pine cones lay, the rusted gun, green shoes full of bones, the moldering coat and cuddled up skeleton and scores of such. Some start as in dreams and comrades lost bemoan. By the edge of these wild stonewall had charged, but the year and the man were gone.

[sil.]

Frank Wilkinson It grew dark and we built a fire. The dead were all around us. Their eyeless skulls seem to stare steadily at us. The trees swayed and side gently in the soft wind. Private Frank Wilkinson.

David McCullough The Battle of the Wilderness began in chaos; units got lost, fired on their own comrades, officers tried to navigate by compass.

[sil.]

David McCullough But on the second day, Union forces drove through the Confederate center. As a worried Lee watched, General John Gregg's Texans hurried to plug up the hole.

Scarcely had we moved a step when General Lee in front of the whole command raised himself in the stirrups, uncovered his gray hairs and with an earnest voice exclaimed, "Texans always move them."

[sil.]

Never before in my lifetime did I ever see such a scene as was enacted when Lee pronounced these words. A yell rant the air that must have been heard for miles around. A courier riding by my side with tears coursing down his cheeks exclaimed, "I would charge hell itself for that old man."

David McCullough The Texans held the position until reinforcements came. By the end of the day, the Confederates has smashed Grant's right, seized two generals, and 600 prisoners and come close to cutting the Union's supply line.

[sil.]

David McCullough Grant received these reports without comment.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote Right in the middle of the Battle of the Wilderness, all staff man who had been fighting in the east all this time and he had just come from the west, kept talking about Bobby Lee, Bobby Lee. He will do this and do that. General Grant finally told them, "I'm tired of hearing about Bobby Lee. You think he's gonna do a double somersault and land in our area. Quit thinking about what he's gonna do to you and think about what you're gonna do to him, bring some guns up here." Things like

that. Grant, he's wonderful.

ED BEARSS Historian

Ed Bearss The Wilderness is probably not the bloodiest battle in the war, but the most terrible battle in the war in many ways. Grant in two days loses more men than Hooker did, did at Chancellorsville. But in the Wilderness, the leaves from the previous year covered the ground. And using the type of weapon they used in the Civil War, you have lots of lit and linen smoldering, falling into the leaves and it will set these leaves a fire. And men who have been shot badly to the bawls, with broken legs, will not be able to move as the fire starts burning toward them and large numbers of wounded men will perish in the flames.

David McCullough Grants first move had been a disaster. The Wilderness had caused 17,000 men. That night, brush fires raged through the woods, 200 wounded federal soldiers burned alive while the entrenched armies listened to their screams.

Clara Barton I am holding my breath in awe at the vastness of the shadow that floats like a pole over our heads. It has come that men has no longer an individual existence but is counted in thousands and measured in miles. Clara Barton.

David McCullough In the Wilderness, surgeons amputated limbs without let-up for more than 100 hours and sent back behind the lines 2,000 thousand wounded men each day.

Carl Shurtz As a wounded man was lifted on the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the wounded limb. Some ether was administered. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron and the cutting began. The operation accomplished; the surgeon would look around with the deep sigh and then, next. Carl Shurtz.

Washington Roebling The Wilderness was a useless battle fought with great loss and no result. Washington Roebling.

Shelby Foote Grant, in the Wilderness, after that first night in the Wilderness went to his tent, broke down and cried very hard. Some of the staff members said they'd never seen a man so unstrong, but he didn't cry until the battle was over him, and he wasn't crying when it began again next day.

David McCullough What was different about Grant became clear the next morning when he gave the order to march. For the first time after a defeat, the army of the Potomac was moving forward.

Elisha Hunt Rhodes May 7. If we were under any other general except Grant, I should expect to retreat, but Grant is not that kind of soldier. Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

David McCullough "Our spirits rose," one Union man remembered. "We marched free. The men began to sing." "Ulysses," another soldier said, "Don't scare worth a damn."

[sil.]

ROBERT E. LEE General Grant is not going to retreat. He will move his army to Spotsylvania. I'm so

sure of his next move that I have already made arrangements.

Shelby Foote He knew what Grant was gonna do because he can make himself Grant for long enough to figure out what Grant would do in a situation. When they fired, let's see five or six generals before they got to Grant and by the time they let McClellan go, Lee said, "I'm afraid they're gonna keep making these changes until they get someone I don't understand." They never got anyone he didn't understand, but they finally got Grant who knew how to whip him and did.

David McCullough In the first years of the war, battle was bloody but sporadic. From now on, it would be waste without a break. From the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, it would not stop for 30 days. It was one soldier wrote "living night and day within the valley of the shadow of death.

Mary Chesnut May 8. The dreadful work is beginning again. John L. Miller my cousin, killed at the head of his regiment. The blows now fall so fast on our heads; it is bewildering. Mary Chesnut.

[sil.]

David McCullough At Spotsylvania, the two armies mauled each other for days without gaining ground. It was the most relentless exchange of fire in the history of warfare up to that time. Some men were hit by so many bullets that their bodies fell apart. A Union veteran remembered it simply as the most terrible day I had ever lived.

The enemy's dead were piled upon each other in front of the captured breast works in some places four layers deep. Below the mass of fast decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs showed that there were wounded men still alive. The place was well-named, the Bloody Angle.

[sil.]

David McCullough The two armies lost another 20,000 men.

[sil.]

May 12, Yellow Tavern, Virginia. General J.E.B. Stuart killed.

David McCullough When Lee got the news, he said, "I can scarcely think of him without weeping."

Move by the left flank

David McCullough Again and again Lee anticipated Grant. And again and again, the Union commander skirted south and east in a semicircle. Two armies locked in a brutal clumsy stranglehold as the battle lines lurched toward Richmond.

Robert E. Lee We must destroy this army of Grant's before he gets to the James. If he gets there, it will become a siege and then it will be a mere question of time.

Ulysses S. Grant May 11th. We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting and the result up to this time is much in our favor. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

David McCullough Grant continued his stubborn flanking maneuvers in an attempt to get around Lee's right and move on Richmond.

[sil.]

Shelby Foote He did it with superior numbers and doggedness, kept going, move by the left flank, move by the left flank, move by the left flank and Lee's backing up the whole time losing men that he couldn't replace.

Washington Roebling May 15th, 1864. Dear Emily, the papers must have told you that we've been fighting a little. Our corps has only 12,000 left out of 27,000. Uncle Robert E. Lee isn't licked yet by a long shot and if we are not mighty careful, he'll beat us. I think we have done very well to reward that fate so far. Tomorrow, we have another battle. I don't think it will amount to much. Washington Roebling.

David McCullough Grant and Lee now race through a crossroads called Cold Harbor near the Chickahominy River. Again, Lee got there first and ordered his men to dig in and prepare for the all-out assault he knew would follow. As they settle down for the night on June 2nd, veterans on the Union side sensed what was coming.

Horace Porter The men were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper and pinning them to the backs of their coats so that their bodies might be recognized and their fate made known to their families at home. General Horace Porter.

David McCullough When the bugles blew for the attack at 4:30 a.m., 60,000 Union men started toward the unseen enemy. The Battle of Cold Harbor had begun.

I had seen the dreadful carnage in front of Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, but I had seen nothing to exceed this. It was not war; it was murder.

[sil.]

Those were men who knew how to take a position where you can do the most killing from. The whole army was lined up there waiting, and hoping, and praying some would come out at them. Then Grant threw three course at them and approximately seven minutes, they've shot about 7,000 men down. It was a bloody mess. It's the only thing Grant ever admitted that he'd done wrong.

Ulysses Grant I've always regret it that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made. No advantage whatever was gained to compensate for the heavy loss we sustained.

[sil.]

David McCullough When another assault was suggested, Union officers rejected the idea outright. "I will not take my regiment in another such charge," said a New Hampshire captain. "If Jesus Christ himself should order it."

David McCullough After the battle, the diary of a young Massachusetts volunteer was found spattered with blood. Its last entry read, "June 3rd 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia. I was killed."

[sil.]

Washington Roebling Our matters here are at deadlock, unless the rebs commit some great error, they will hold us in check until kingdom come. We're thoroughly tired and disgusted. These two armies remind me very much of two school boys trying to stare each other out of countenance. Everyone knows that if Lee were to come out of his entrenchments, we could whip him, but Bob Lee is a little too smart for us. Washington Roebling.

David McCullough From the Wilderness to Cold Harbor in a single month, the army of the Potomac had lost 50,000 men, half as many as it lost in three years of struggle.

June 5th, 1864. Our people lost very severely yesterday. In every calculation that we make, we make ourselves out to be 20,000 men stronger. Yet, in every fight, they show as many men as we have and they always show us long a line as we do, no matter how long we make ours. June 7th 1864, another one of my best friends in the army has been killed. One goes after the other with perfect regularity.

Mary Chesnut Grant doesn't care a snap that men fall like the leaves fall. He fights to win that chap does. He has the disagreeable habit of not retreating before irresistible veterans. Mary Chesnut.

He keeps his own counts on, padlocks his mouth while his countenance indicates nothing that is gives no expression of his feelings and no evidence of his intention. He smokes almost constantly and has a habit of whittling with a small knife cutting a small stick into small chips making nothing.

Mary Lincoln Grant is a butcher and not fit to be at the head of an army. He losses two men to the enemies' one. He has no management, no regard for life. I could fight an army as well myself. Mary Lincoln.

David McCullough When several of Lee's officers denounced Grant as a butcher, Lee quieted them. "I think Grant has managed his affairs remarkably well up to the present time," he said. Grant kept moving. He slipped his army out of his trenches, crossed the Chickahominy, faded toward Richmond then shifted left again, to the James River. His target now was Petersburg, south of the Confederate capital where he hoped to cut off Lee's supplies and destroy the army of Northern Virginia. For the first time, Lee misjudged Grant's intentions, rushing much of his army to the outskirts of Richmond to meet an attack, Grant did not plan to make. Instead, Union engineers laid a pontoon bridge all the way across the James in just eight hours. On June 12th, the massive army of the Potomac began to cross, it took four days.

[sil.]

Abraham Lincoln General Grant, I begin to see it, you will succeed. God bless you. A. Lincoln.

Petersburg, Virginia

David McCullough 16,000 Union troops under General William Smith were the first to reach Petersburg. The city was defended by fewer than 3,000 Confederates under General Beauregard.

[sil.]

David McCullough Smith moved slowly to the attack. Reinforcements intended to aid him, got lost on the way. Still, his late afternoon assault made progress. When night fell, Petersburg was seen within the Union's grasp. General Winfield Scott Hancock urged a moonlight assault, but Smith begged off, remembering Cold Harbor. During the night, Confederate reinforcements were brought up. The opportunity was gone.

The rage of the enlisted men was devilish, the most blood-curdling blasphemy I've ever listened to, I heard that night.

David McCullough In just six weeks, Grant and Lee had all but crippled each other. And now both armies dug in for a siege. The burrowing would go on for ten months. The men lived in a 20-mile labyrinth of trenches, plague by flies, open to rain in the fierce Virginia sun, and exposed to shell and mortar fire.

John W. Hailing Nothing for excitement except to the few were picked off by sharpshooters. The feeling prevails that sooner or later, this experience will befall us all. Private John W. Hailing.

[sil.]

David McCullough Colonel Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, one of the heroes of Gettysburg, led his regiment in an assault on Petersburg. As he turned to rally his men, a bullet smashed through his pelvis, severed arteries, nicked his bladder. He stayed on his feet leaning on his sword with one hand and waving his men on with the other, until they all had passed him by then he sank to the ground. Doctors did not expect him to live. In tribute to his courage, Grant promoted him on the field to brigadier general. Chamberlain's obituary appeared in the newspapers the next day.

[sil.]

Shelby Foote Petersburg is a magnificent salute to the durability of men on both sides. It was just a, it was a rehearsal for World War I, trench warfare. And they stood up very well to it, but the soldiers always did in that war. They were, it's to us an almost incredible bravery, considering the casualties.

Washington Roebling June 23rd 1864. The demand down here for killing purposes is far ahead of the supply. Thank God, however, for the consolation that when the last man is killed, the war will be over. This war, you know, differs from all previous wars, in having no object to fight for. It can't be finished until all the men on either the one side or the other are killed. Both sides are trying to do that as fast as they can because it would be a pity to spend this affair out for two or three years longer. Washington Roebling.

[sil.]

Mollie Vanderberg Dear Henry, I feel more lonely and sad than I had been in some time. Oh, that I knew what the termination of this awful conflict would be. Henry, I want to see you, but don't you come. Join for the war if it's 40 years. If you get killed, it's the most honorable death. If you escape, I will rejoice. I love thee still. Mollie Vanderberg.

[sil.]

Horace Greeley Our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country longs for peace. Shudders at the prospect of further wholesale devastation, of new rivers of human blood. Horace Greeley.

Now, Fix Me

Alexander Hunter At night, my ward became like a dimmed caverns of the catacombs where instead of the dead in their final rest, they were wasted figures burning with fever and raving from the agony of splintered bones, tossing restlessly from side to side with every ill would seem with human flesh was there to. From the rafters, the flickering oil lamps swung mournfully, casting a ghastly light. Private Alexander Hunter, 17th Virginia.

David McCullough When the war began, there were only a handful of army hospitals in the north. When it ended, the Union was running more than 350, the Confederacy, 154. There were 16 hospitals in Washington alone. When these proved insufficient, men were cared for in the patent office. Even in the house in the Senate chambers. Hospitals were giant warehouses for the dying. The biggest and best, north or south, was Chimborazo at Richmond with 8,000 beds, 5 soup kitchens, ice houses, dairy cattle, a herd of goats, a bakery that turned out 10,000 loaves of bread a day, and a 400 keg brewery.

Walt Whitman Aroused and angry, I thought to beat the alarm and urge relentless war. But soon my fingers failed me. My face drooped and I resigned myself to sit by the wounded and soothed them or silently watch the dead. Walt Whitman.

David McCullough Walt Whitman was too old for the ranks, not qualified to be an officer, not enthusiastic about firing a gun or drawing a sword on another man. But when his younger brother was wounded at Antietam and Whitman went to find him in the hospital, he was appalled by what he saw. He moved to Washington to help with the wounded, giving out small gifts, changing dressings, and reciting his poetry.

Walt Whitman The doctors tell me, I supplied the patients with a medicine which all their drugs and bottles and powders are helpless to yield. That has saved more than one life, so, I go around. Some of my boys die, some get well.

Dorothea Dix No woman under 30 years need to apply to serve in government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black with no boles, no curls, no jewelry, and no hoop skirts. Dorothea Dix.

David McCullough Early in the war, Dorothea Dix volunteered her services to the Union. The 59-year-old crusader for the mentally-ill was put in charge of all women nurses employed by the armies. Tireless and so autocratic, one woman called her Dragon Dix. She barred any applicant she thought interested in romantic adventure. Even nuns were sometimes, turned down. By the end of the war though, the only question she asked potential recruits was, "When you can start?" Under her strict guidance, care for the sick and wounded was vastly improved. Despite the bitter criticism and petty rivalry of male colleagues, she stayed at her post for all four years, the entire war without pay.

[sil.]

Harriet Foote Hawley Army Square Hospital. I am learning not to let myself feel as much as I did at

first. Yet, I never can get used to it. Harriet Foote Hawley.

[sil.]

Shelby Foote They would say it to the doctor who gave them up. And they would ask me about it. I would tell them the truth. I told one man that and he asked, "How long?" I said, "Not over 20 minutes." He did not show any fear; they never do. He put his hand up, so, and closed his eyes with his own fingers and stretched himself out and crossed his arms over his breast. "Now, fix me," he said. I pinned the toes of his stockings together that was a way we laid corpses out. And he died in a few minutes. His face looked as pleasant as if he was asleep. And many is the time, the boys would fix themselves that way before they die.

[sil.]

Lorenzo Strong Lorenzo Strong, Company A, 9th United States Cavalry, shot by a shell last Sunday. The right leg amputated on the field, took a turn for the worse. I stayed and saw all. The doctor comes in and gives him a little chloroform. One of the nurses constantly fans him for it is fearfully hot. He asked to be raised up and they put him in a half sitting posture. He called for Mark, repeatedly, half-deliriously all day. Life ebbs, runs now with the speed of a mill race. His eyes turned back. A crowd including two or three doctors, several students and many soldiers had silently gathered. The struggle goes on and dwindles a little more and a little more and then welcome oblivion, painlessness, death. A pause, the crowd drops away. June 17th 1864. Dearest mother, this place seems to have got the better of me, but I think I shall come home for a short time.

The Remedy Chattanooga, Tennessee

William Tecumseh Sherman I think I understand the purpose of the South properly and that the best way to deal with them is to meet them fair and square on any issue. We must fight them, cut into them, not talk to them, and pursued till they cry, "Enough." War is the remedy our enemies have chosen and I say, let us give them all they want. William Tecumseh Sherman.

David McCullough On the same day that Grant stepped off into the Wilderness, Sherman's grand army of the West moves south from Chattanooga towards Atlanta, 100 miles away. William Tecumseh Sherman and Ulysses S. Grant had survived hard times together. Their friendship had been forged in Kentucky when Sherman had come close to breaking down, persuaded the war that would never end.

William Tecumseh Sherman Grant stood by me when I was crazy and I stood by him when he was drunk. And now, we stand by each other always.

David McCullough Sherman was an orphan and had graduated sixth in his class at West Point when he was only 20. Tall and red-haired, intelligent and irritable. He wore shoes rather than military boots, slept little, and talked a lot, boiling over with ideas, a friend said.

He was always too busy to eat much. He talked and smoked cigars incessantly, giving orders, dictating telegrams, bright and chipper.

David McCullough He hated politicians, profiteers, sentimentalists. Above all, he hated reporters whom he considered worst than spies because they printed military secrets just to sell newspapers.

William Tecumseh Sherman These dirty newspapers scribblers have the impedance of Satan. They come into camp, poke about among the lazy sharks and pick up their camp rumors and published them as facts. They're a pest and I treat them as spies which in truth they are.

David McCullough He was convinced, if he kill them all, there would be news from hell before breakfast. Family friends called him Comp(ph), his men called him Uncle Billy. He was ruthless in war. Now, Grant entrusted his friend with a second most important part of his grand strategy, to seize Atlanta and smash the combined Confederate armies of Tennessee and Mississippi under Joseph E. Johnston.

[sil.]

David McCullough In Washington, Lincoln's chances for reelection were slim. "I'm going to be beaten," Lincoln wrote that summer, "and unless some great change takes place, badly beaten." With Grant stalled at Petersburg, Sherman had to win.

[sil.]

David McCullough Sherman had surveyed parts of Georgia as young lieutenant. "I know Georgia better than the rebels did," he wrote. He knew the fighting there would be scattered and sporadic. "A big Indian war," he called it.

[sil.]

David McCullough Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, who now face Sherman was heartily disliked by President Jefferson Davis. But he was very nearly worshipped by his men.

Sam Watkins I do not believe there was a soldier in his army, but would gladly have died for him. With him, everything was his soldiers. He would feed his soldiers if the country starved. Sam Watkins.

David McCullough Outgunned, outsupplied, and outnumbered almost two to one, Joseph E. Johnston, could only hope to slow Sherman's advance and perhaps lure him into making the kind of doom frontal attack that would help swing the election against Lincoln. But Sherman's advance was a masterpiece of planning. In a matter of hours his engineers replaced burned bridges and repaired ripped up rail lines.

David McCullough When Nathan Bedford Forrest raiders collapsed a tunnel in Sherman's rear, one weary southern private was not impressed. Sherman, he said, probably carried a spare tunnel with him.

David McCullough Slowly, relentlessly, he forced Johnston out of Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, Allatoona, New Hope Church. A surrendering Confederate told his captors, Sherman will never go to hell, he'll flank the devil, and make heaven in spite of the guards.

William Tecumseh Sherman June 14th. We killed General Poke yesterday and made good progress today. William Tecumseh Sherman.

David McCullough At Kennesaw Mountain, north of Atlanta, the Confederates dug in. On June 27th, 13,000 Union men stormed up the mountain and were hurled back. The Federals seemed to walk up and take death, a southerner remembered, as coolly as if they were automatic or wooden men.

I've heard men say that if they ever killed a Yankee during the war, they were not aware of it. I am satisfied that on this memorable day, every man in our regiment killed from 20 to 100 each. All that was necessary was to load and shoot.

David McCullough The Union loss 3,000 men, the Confederates only 750. One or two more such assaults, and they had warned Sherman, would use up this army. Sherman never admitted he had made a mistake at Kennesaw Mountain, but he never repeated it either. Reluctantly, he returned to his slow flanking maneuvers, forcing Johnston back to within sight of Atlanta itself. But there, he stalled just like Grant.

[sil.]

David McCullough Two months of relentless fighting had resulted in identical stalemates. Sherman was stopped north of Atlanta. Grant and Lee were deadlocked outside Petersburg. Without a decisive victory somewhere, Abraham Lincoln was sure to lose the fall election. Time was running out.

[sil.]

Spotswood Rice Miss Kittey Diggs, I want you to understand that Mary is my child and she is a God-given rite of my own. And you may hold on to her as long as you as can, but I want you to remember this one thing that the longer you keep my child from me, the longer you will have to burn in hell and the quicker you'll get there. I have no fears about getting Mary out of your hands. This whole government gives cheer to me and you cannot help yourself. Spotswood Rice.

[sil.]

To be continued A Film by KEN BURNS Produced by KEN BURNS and RIC BURNS Written by GEOFFREY C. WARD and RIC BURNS with KEN BURNS Edited by PAUL BARNES BRUCE SHAW TRICIA REIDY Narrated by DAVID McCULLOUGH Voices SAM WATERSTON Abraham Lincoln JULIE HARRIS Mary Chestnut JASON ROBARDS Ulysses S. Grant MORGAN FREEMAN Frederick Douglass PAUL ROEBLING Joshua L. Chamberlain, etc. GARRISON KEILLOR Walt Whitman, etc. GEORGE BLACK Robert E. Lee ARTHUR MILLER William T. Sherman CHRIS MURNEY Pvt. Elisha Hunt Rhodes CHARLEY McDOWELL Pvt. Sam Watkins HORTON FOOTE Jefferson Davis GEORGE PLIMPTON George Templeton Strong PHILIP BOSCO Horace Greeley, etc. TERRY COURIER George McClellan JODY POWELL Stonewall Jackson, etc. STUDS TERKEL Benjamin F. Butler With DEREK JAKOBI PAMELA REED JEREMY IRONS RONNIE GILBERT KURT VONNEGUT M. EMMET WALSH GENE JONES HOYT AXTON JEROME DEMPSEY JOHN HARTFORD LARRY FISHBURNE WALT MACPHERSON SHELBY FOOTE COLLEEN DEWHURST BETSY APPLE LATANYA RICHARDSON CAROL CRAVEN BRADFORD WASHBURN MARISSA COPELAND JESSE CARR HALO WINES WENDY TILGHMAN DAVID MARKS JOE MATTYS and LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EX-SLAVE RECORDINGS Cinematography KEN BURNS ALLEN MOORE BUDDY SQUIRES Assistant Editors PHOEBE YANTSIOS MEREDITH WOODS Apprentice Editors

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Nathan Bedford Forrest I require able-bodied men with good horse and gun. I wish none but those who desire to be actively engaged. Come on boys, if you want a heap of fun and to kill some Yankees. Nathan Bedford Forrest.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote Bedford Forrest's, granddaughter lived here in Memphis. She recently died and I got to

know her and she would let me swing his general saber around my head once, which was a great treat. And I had thought a long time and I will quote on and said, "I think that the war produced two authentic geniuses. One of them was your grandfather and the other was Abraham Lincoln." And then there was a silence at the other end of the phone, and she said, "Well, you know, in our family, we never thought much of Mr. Lincoln." She didn't like my coupling her grandfather with Abra, Abraham Lincoln, all these years later. Southerners are very estranged about that war.

THE CIVIL WAR EPISODE SEVEN

David McCullough There was fighting all across the country. The Sabine Crossroads near the Texas-Louisiana border, and down the Red River. On the Little Blue in Missouri, at Poison Spring in Jenkins Ferry in Arkansas, and far out in Indian Territory.

[sil.]

David McCullough By the summer of 1864, the Union initiative had ground to a halt. Despite its powerful industrial machine, despite increasing hardships for the South, the North was losing control of the war. As the casualty list grew longer, opposition to the war increased.

[sil.]

David McCullough With the presidential campaign looming, Abraham Lincoln now knew he would have to do something that had never been done before. Submit to a popular election during the Civil War and win it. "The struggle within and without," an adviser told Lincoln, "is for our national existence."

[sil.]

David McCullough At Petersburg, Robert E. Lee's entrenched army continued to resist Ulysses S. Grant's two-month-old siege. To end the stalemate, Union troops were digging deep beneath the Confederate lines. North of Atlanta, William Tecumseh Sherman would have to blast through an impenetrable system of trenches, breastworks and parapets to take the city, if he ever got there. That summer in the sweltering Mississippi heat, Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, would cement his reputation as the most terrifying cavalry commander of the war. Meanwhile in the Shenandoah Valley, a diminutive Union general, Phil Sheridan, would gleefully wreck every farm and village he could lay his hands on. While in Richmond, Jefferson Davis struggled desperately to keep the idea of the Confederacy alive. At the end of the year, Union quartermaster General Montgomery Meigs would lose his son and bring his grief to the doorstep of Robert E. Lee. By the summer of 1864, people could hardly remember that there had ever been a time without war, and many did not believe it would ever end.

1864 Most Hallowed Ground

Henry Raymond Dear Mr. President, the tide is setting strongly against us. Two special causes are assigned to this great reaction and public sentiment. The want of military success at Petersburg and Atlanta and the impression that we are fighting not for Union, but for the abolition of slavery. Henry Raymond, Chairman, Republican National Committee.

[sil.]

David McCullough The siege of Petersburg went on. Morale had never been lower. "We should never have wars like this again," one Union soldier said. In less than six months, from the wilderness to Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor to Petersburg, Grant had nearly destroyed his army. The people are wild for peace, a newspaper reported. Lincoln's reelection is an impossibility.

[sil.]

David McCullough Nevertheless, 140,000 soldiers re-enlisted in the Union Army. Pride and patriotism had much to do with it, and the desire to see the thing through. And so did the promise of a month's furlough. "Three more years of hell," wrote one soldier, "in exchange for 30 days of heaven. Home."

Harper's Weekly. The political campaign which ends in the election of the 8th of November decides the most important question in history. It has always been the fate of Republics to be destroyed by faction. That fear is now about to be confirmed or dissipated forever.

David McCullough The key everyone knew was Atlanta. If Sherman could reach the railroad hub of the South, the war might end at last. But it was the stalemate in Virginia that concern Lincoln now.

A warm place in the field

Elisha Hunt Rhodes July 4th, 1864. The glorious fought has come again, and all he have had quite a celebration with gunfire and shot and shell into Petersburg to remind them of the day. This day makes four fought of Julys that I have passed in the army. The first at Camp Clark, the second at Harris's Landing, the third at Gettysburg, and today at Petersburg. I had a party of officers to dine with me, this was our bill of fare. Stewed oysters, canned, roast turkey, canned, bread pudding, tapioca pudding, apple pie made in camp, lemonade, cigars. Tomorrow, if we march, hardtack and salt pork will be our fare. Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

[sil.]

Harry Hammond The enemy throw a number of shells daily into Petersburg but they do little damage. The women and children seem not to mind them at all. On one street, yesterday, where such a number of shells bursted, I would have considered it a warm place in the field. Women were passing about with little concern, dodging around the corner when they heard a shell coming, or putting their heads out their windows to see what damage they done. A lady yesterday sent Ward Lowe(ph) and myself some ice cream and cakes. Harry Hammond.

[sil.]

David McCullough To relieve the pressure on Petersburg, Lee sent 10,000 men north to push Union troops out of the Shenandoah and harass Washington itself. In charge of the Southern forces was a ruthless Confederate general named Jubal Early. Early attacked Fort Stevens on the outskirts of Washington terrifying the city, despite the 74 forts that now made it the most heavily fortified city on earth.

[sil.]

David McCullough Federal troops, including Elisha Hunt Rhodes, were hastily brought up from Petersburg to protect the capital.

July 12th, 1864. We marched in line of battle into a peach orchard in front of Fort Stevens, and here, the fight began. For a short time it was warm work, but as the president and many ladies were looking at us, every man tried to do his best. Without our help, the small force in the forts would have been overpowered. Jubal Early should have attacked early in the morning, but Early was late.

[sil.]

David McCullough Meanwhile, to stop William Tecumseh Sherman's advance on Atlanta, Nathan Bedford Forrest was also on the move.

Nathan Bedford Forrest

Shelby Foote You ask him about ah, the most man in the world in some ways. Forrest was ah, ah, a natural genius. Someone said that he was born to be a soldier in the way John Keats was born to be a poet. Ah, he had some basic principles that when you translate them, they, they fit right into the Army Manual. When he said get there first with the most men, ah, he's saying, "Take the interior alliance and bring superior force to bear." Uhm, he had some very simple things. He used to say, "Hit 'em on the end," and he use to say, "Keep up the scare." And these are all good military principles we expressed in Forrest's own way. And he was able to look at a piece of ground and see how to use it. He had a marvelous sense of topography, uhm, he, he could see the, the, the, the key to a position and know where to hit.

David McCullough "Forrest," William Tecumseh Sherman later said, "was the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side. "He was the son of an illiterate blacksmith. He made himself a millionaire selling land, cotton and slaves. In 1861, he enlisted as a private then quit to raise and equip an entire cavalry battalion out of his own pocket. By the end of the war, he had become lieutenant general, the only man on either side to rise so far. He was the most feared cavalry commander of the war. The wizard of the saddle, wounded four times in battle, and famous for having horses shot out from under him.

ED BEARSS Historian

Ed Bearss Old Bedford Forrest, he's the most colorful man in the war. He killed more men than any other general officer ever has, had more horses shot out from under him than any other officer ever had.

Shelby Foote He had 30 horses shot from under him in the course of the war and he killed 31 men in hand to hand combat. He said, "I was a horse ahead at the end."

David McCullough He was a master of the lightning raid and an expert at winning against long odds. He fought his battles, he said, by ear. And he could anticipate an enemy's movements with uncanny precision.

Shelby Foote He was on a surprising battle once. It was a place called Parker's Crossroads up in Tennessee. He was on a raid. And he was, ah, closing in on an opponent and fixing to finish him off when he was attacked in the rear by a force that he did not suspect within many miles and everybody was terribly upset. And they said, "General, what shall we do?" and he said, "Split in two and charge both ways," and did, and got out.

David McCullough In June 1864, in an attempt to cut-off Sherman's supplies at Brice's Crossroads near Tupelo, Mississippi, Forrest outdid even himself. The Union Army coming to stop him was nearly three times as strong as his, but Forrest was unimpressed. Factoring in the mud-clogged roads and the blazing mid-June sun, he predicted the Union cavalry would arrive well ahead of the Union infantry giving him time to whip it on his own terms. It all happened exactly as he said. No army, it seemed, could stop him. Forrest was free to slash at Sherman's forces, slowing his approach to Atlanta.

William Tecumseh Sherman Forrest must be hunted down and killed if it cost 10,000 lives and bankrupts at Federal Treasury. William Tecumseh Sherman.

Summer, 1864

Who shall revive me within hopes that bloomed at the opening of Grant's campaign. All are tired of this damnable tragedy. Each hour is but sinking us deeper into bankruptcy and desolation. New York World.

David McCullough The summer of 1864 was the North's darkest hour. Grant's losses had been appalling. His army was stalled in front of Petersburg. His grand strategy apparently come to nothing. Franz Sigel's army had been routed in the Shenandoah. Ben Butler was bottled up in a loop of the James River called the Bermuda Hundred. Even William Tecumseh Sherman was stalled outside Atlanta.

Horace Greeley Mr. Lincoln is already beaten. He cannot be re-elected and we must have another ticket. Horace Greeley.

David McCullough No nation had ever held an election in the midst of a civil war. No president since Andrew Jackson had won a second term. Long after Lincoln was nominated, politicians in his own party still hoped to reconvene and pick another nominee. Even Lincoln believed his re-election unlikely.

Abraham Lincoln We cannot have free government without elections, and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly be claimed to have already conquered and ruined us. Abraham Lincoln.

After four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, we demand that immediate effort be made for a cessation of hostilities at the earliest practicable moment. Democratic National Platform

David McCullough The Democrats wanted an end to the war, with or without victory. Their nominee was General George McClellan, whose ambition had not shrunk since Lincoln removed him from command.

McClellan was our first commander and as such, he was almost worshipped by his soldiers. The political friends of General McClellan well understood that fact and it was a very crafty thing for them to nominate him as their candidate for the presidency.

David McCullough The South rejoiced at McClellan's nomination. "The first ray of real light," Vice-President Alexander Stephen said, "since the war began." Wherever it could, the South exploited anti-war feeling in the North. The Confederate government sent money to support the Union Peace Movement. It painted Lincoln as the candidate of war. The campaign was ugly. Democrats charged at the real goal of Old Abe's war was miscegenation, a new word for the blending of White and Black. Republicans charged Democrats with treason. The 1864 presidential election had become a referendum on the war itself.

STEPHEN B. OATES Historian

Stephen B. Oates All the word from all Republicans even on the lo, most local level indicated that Lincoln couldn't possibly win. The fortunes of war had turned too badly, too sour for the Union. At one really poignant moment, Lincoln set in the privacy of his office contemplating the fact that he probably wasn't going to be re-elected and that McClellan, of all people, would replace him as president.

Abraham Lincoln This morning, as for some days passed, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the president-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

David McCullough Pressured to drop emancipation as a condition of peace with the South, Lincoln refused. "The proclamation had promised freedom," Lincoln said, "and the promise being made must be kept."

Abraham Lincoln I should be damned in time and in eternity if I were to return to slavery, the black warriors who have fought for the Union.

Spies

[foreign language]

Spy Johnson was shot near a coffin.

[sil.]

David McCullough Even before Bull Run, stolen secrets in intricate codes streamed between Washington and Richmond.

[sil.]

David McCullough Allan Pinkerton ran the Northern Secret Service, while Confederate Major William Norris had a spy network that extended as far north as Montreal. In 1864, several Southern

agents even invaded Vermont. Spies were everywhere.

Mary Chesnut Women who come before the public are in a bad box now. All manner of things they say, come over the border under the huge hoops now worn. So they are ruthlessly torn off. Not legs, but arms are looked for under hoops. And sad to say, found. Mary Chesnut.

David McCullough Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a Washington widow ran a Confederate spy ring just a few blocks from the White House. Much of her information came from an infatuated suitor, Senator Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee.

[sil.]

David McCullough Imprisonment failed to stop Belle Boyd from coaxing secrets out of Union officers in Washington and passing them on in code to Richmond inside rubber balls that she toss from her cell window to a shadowy agent she knew only as CH. Her admirers called her La Belle Rebel.

David McCullough Slaves and former slaves made especially good Union operatives, guiding northern troops through swamps and forests and reporting on their masters. After all, one Union officer said, "They had been spies all their lives." One northern agent, a black servant named Mary Elizabeth Bowser even worked inside the Confederate White House.

[sil.]

David McCullough In November of 1863, a southern courier, Sam Davis, was sentenced to death at Pulaski, Tennessee for spying. On the scaffold, Davis's bravery proved so moving that the commanding general was unable to give the order of execution. Davis finally gave it himself.

The Crater

David McCullough July 21st, Thursday. In front of Petersburg, the mine which General Burnside is making causes a good deal of talk and is generally much laughed at. It is an affair of his own entirely, and had nothing to do with the regular siege. For a month, a regiment of Pennsylvania coal miners work to dig a 500-foot tunnel beneath the Confederate lines and pack it with four tons of gun powder. Burnside's idea was to blow a hole in the Petersburg defenses, then rush through to take the town. Above ground, not far from the tunnel, the unsuspecting Confederate commander was General William Mahone, a veteran of almost every major battle fought by the army of Northern Virginia. At dawn on July 30th, Union sappers lit the fuse.

[sil.]

David McCullough A great crater was torn in the Earth, 30 feet deep, 70 feet wide, 250 feet long. The stunned Confederates fell back then the plan began to fall apart. A precious hour went by before the Union Assault Force got started and when it did, three divisions stormed down into the great hole rather than around it.

David McCullough Their commander, General James H. Ledlie, did not even watch the battle, huddling instead in the bombproof shelter with a bottle of rum. Once inside the crater the Union

soldiers found there was no way up the sheer 30-foot wall of the pit, and no one had thought to provide ladders. General Mahone ordered his men back to the rim to pour fire down upon them.

David McCullough Scores of black troops were killed when they tried to surrender at the Crater, bayoneted or clubbed by Confederates shouting, "Take the white man! Kill the nigger!"

[sil.]

Ulysses S. Grant It was the saddest affair I have ever witnessed in the war. Such opportunity for carrying fortifications I have never seen and do not expect again to have. Ulysses S. Grant.

David McCullough General Ledlie was dismissed from the service. Burnside was granted extended leave and never recalled to duty.

Washington Roebling July 30th 1864. The work and expectations of almost two months have been blasted. The first temporary success had elated everyone so much that we already had imagined ourselves in Petersburg, but 15 minutes changed it all and plunged everyone into a feeling of despair almost of ever accomplishing anything. Few officers can be found this evening who have not drowned their sorrows in the flowing bowl. Washington Roebling.

[sil.]

Robert B. Ely The day has been so excessively hot that I'm almost melted. The thermometer in the wardroom stands at 90 degrees, while on deck the weather is very pleasant, a fair breeze blowing from the east. Everything is dirty, everything smells bad, everybody is demoralized. How are you Ironclad? A man who would stay in an ironclad from choices are candidate for the insane asylum and he who stays from compulsion is an object of pity. Fresh leaks are breaking out everyday. Robert B. Ely.

David McCullough For two full years now, Union troops had occupied Fort Pulaski at the entrance to Savannah Harbor, blocking Confederate's supplies and waiting patiently for a Union Army to come and seize the city itself.

David McCullough To fill the time, the men played baseball, thus becoming the national past time, south as well as north. But 300 miles away, Sherman was stuck in the hills of North Georgia. The enemy must have at least 50 miles of connected trenches, he wrote. The whole county is one vast fort.

Headquarters, U.S.A.

Albinus Fell But I think the damn low cuss of a preacher lied like Dixie. For he said that God has fought all our battles and won our victories. Now, if he had done all that, why is it not in the papers and why has he not been promoted? Sergeant Albinus Fell.

Orville C. Bumpass Is it possible that God will bless a people as wicked as our soldier? I fear not. One unceasing tide of blasphemy and wickedness, coarseness and obscenity. Orville C. Bumpass.

David McCullough Men bet on anything, boxing matches, horse races, baseball games, and cock fights. In Union camps, victorious birds named Grant and Bill Sherman fought losers called, Beauregard, Jeff Davis, and Bob Lee.

Sam Watkins The boys would frequently have a louse race. The lice were placed in plates and the first to crawl off was the winner. There was one fella named Dornin(ph) who was winnin' all the money. We could not understand it. If a fella happened to catch a fairish looking louse, he would call on Dornin(ph) for a race. Dornin(ph) would come and always win the stake. At last we found out Dornin's(ph) trick. He always heated the plate. Sam Watkins.

Rutland, Vermont. Dear Edward, it will be hard to have all my sons go, but if it is right I have nothing to say. As you value your good name, your peace of mind and happiness here and hereafter, do keep aloof from card playing, for imperceptibly you will be led, I fear, to gambling. Your devoted mother.

David McCullough There were in all 450 brothels in Washington D.C. known to steady customers as Fort Sumter, Madam Russell's Bake Oven and Headquarters, U.S.A. Men called a trip there going down the line.

Eli Vessey I had a good time in Washington, lager beer and a horse and buggy, and in the evening horse saddle refreshments, or in plainer words, riding a Dutch cow. I had a good time generally, I tell you. Private Eli Vessey(ph).

The Promised Land

In the City of New Orleans, we could see signs of smothered hate and prejudice to both out color and present characters of Union soldiers. But for once in his life, your humble correspondent walked fearlessly and boldly through the streets of a southern city. And he did this without being required to take off his cap at every step, or to give all the sidewalks to those lordly princess of the sunny south, the planter sons. Oh, chivalry. How hast thou lost thy potent power and charms. By what means, pray tell me, hast thou sold to generate it, as to lose a respect and admiration even if disabled sons of Africa.

David McCullough That summer Congress finally passed legislation giving black soldiers equal pay with whites.

David McCullough On August 5th 1864, Union Admiral David Farragut led 18 ships storming past three-fourths to engage the Confederate fleet guarding Mobile Bay.

David McCullough Farragut suffered from vertigo so intense. He ordered himself latched to the rigging of his flagship. When a mine sank the lead vessel and the captains of the other ships hesitated, Farragut shouted, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead." and rammed and shelled the rebel fleet into submission.

[sil.]

David McCullough It was the first good news for the Union and Lincoln all year.

[sil.]

Benjamin Franklin Jackson In camp, near Atlanta. Dear companion, I seek myself one time more in life to drop you a few lines. I am more out marching. We have been running from one place to another

for five days. I must close for it is a very bad place to write. Benjamin Franklin Jackson.

David McCullough Back in Alabama, Benjamin Franklin Jackson's wife Martha awoke with a start. A morning dove was sitting on her window sill. She took it as a sign her husband had been killed and began to weep silently, so that her family would not hear her grief and think her superstitious. Her husband had been fatally wounded that morning in battle with Sherman's men.

[sil.]

My knives have beheld the promised land. The domes and spires of Atlanta are glittering in the sunlight before us at only eight miles distant.

David McCullough Finally, Sherman was at Atlanta. For more than two months Confederate General Joseph Johnston had kept his army intact. Dodging Sherman's superior force and looking for the right moment to attack. The opportunity never came. An increasingly frustrated Jefferson Davis now removed the popular Johnston. His troops were stunned.

Sam Watkins The news came like a flash of lightning staggering and blinding everyone. Farewell old fellow. We privates loved you because you made us love ourselves. Sam Watkins.

David McCullough Joseph Johnston's replacement was 33-year-old John Bell Hood of Texas. His arm had been mangled at Gettysburg and he'd lost a leg at Chickamauga, but his recklessness remained intact. His men called him "Old Wooden Head."

Robert E. Lee Hood is a bullfighter. I am doubtful as to other qualities necessary. Robert E. Lee.

David McCullough Sherman was delighted with Hood. Sure he would be attacked at last. Many of his units were now armed with Henry repeating rifles capable of firing 15 shots without being reloaded. Outgunned rebels complained the Yankees could now load on a Sunday and keep shooting all week.

[sil.]

David McCullough To cut off Atlanta's rail links with Richmond, Sherman sent 35-year-old General James McPherson's army east of the city. McPherson was a special favored of Sherman's handsome, warm hearted, intelligent. If he live, Sherman predicted, he'll outdistance Grant and myself. Northern papers cheer the Union advance and daily predicted Atlanta's fall.

[sil.]

David McCullough But on July 22nd, Hood rushed to counter the new Union threat. The Battle of Atlanta had begun.

[sil.]

David McCullough It raged all afternoon. The lines forming, falling back, reforming, attacking again. At two o'clock, General McPherson himself went to inspect the imperiled Union position. The road right into a band of rebel skirmishers. Ordered to surrender, McPherson raised his hat politely, turned his horse about and raced for the Union lines. The rebels shot him in the back.

David McCullough Sherman covered the body of his young friend with an American Flag and wept.

Jacob D. Cox Sherman had the rare faculty of remaining calm under great responsibilities and scenes of great excitement. In such times his eccentricities disappeared. His mind seemed never so clear, his confidence never so strong, his spirit never so inspiring in the crisis of some fear struggle. Like that of the day when McPherson fell in front of Atlanta. General Jacob D. Cox

David McCullough Crying McPherson and revenge boys, McPherson and revenge the Union Army smashed down on the rebels.

[sil.]

David McCullough In less than 30 minutes, Hood was forced to withdraw.

[sil.]

David McCullough At Ezra Church, west of the city, Hood again tried to route Sherman's army, again, he failed. A third of his army was gone, 20,000 men and Hood fell back into Atlanta.

Sam Watkins I cannot describe it. I remember I went in the rear of the building and there I saw a pile of arms and legs rotting and decomposing. I have no recollection in my whole life of ever seeing anything that I remember with more horror. Sam Watkins.

[sil.]

David McCullough Behind their ramparts the Confederates waited for Sherman to attack. The Yankee gents can't get their man to charge or work, Sutexon(ph) said, but Sherman saw no need to be so rash. He sealed off the city's supplies and waited.

David McCullough Federal guns began shelling the heavily fortified Confederate trenches and the city beyond.

[sil.]

Saturday, August 21st, another week of anxiety and suspense has passed and the fate of Atlanta is still undecided. It is said that about 20 lives had been destroyed by this terrible missiles since the enemy began to throw them into the city. It is like living in the midst of a pestilence, no one can tell, but he may be the next victim.

David McCullough "Outside Atlanta things were no better; the enemy hold us by an inferior force," Sherman admitted as the siege dragged on. "We are more besieged than they." Both Grant and Sherman, George Templeton Strong predicted from New York are on the eve of disaster.

[sil.]

David McCullough Every evening for a month during the siege, Georgia's sharpshooter played his cornet so beautifully that men on both sides stopped to listen.

[sil.]

David McCullough Finally, on August 31st, the same day that George McClellan was nominated for president, Sherman hurled most of his army against the Macon & Western Railroad south of the city in one more attempt to brake Hood's grip; it worked. September 1st 1864, Hood abandoned Atlanta.

[sil.]

David McCullough Sherman's troops marched in the next day.

"Atlanta is ours and fairly won."

George Templeton Strong September 3rd 1864. "Glorious news this morning, Atlanta taken at last. It is coming at this political crisis the greatest event of the war." George Templeton Strong.

U.S. Grant " Dear General Sherman, I feel you have accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war. And with the skill and ability that will be acknowledged in history as unsurpassed, if not unequaled." U.S. Grant.

David McCullough In Sherman's honor, Grant ordered a 100-gun salute fired into the Confederate works at Petersburg.

Mary Chesnut "Atlanta is gone. That agony is over. There is no hope, but we will try to have no fear." Mary Chesnut.

[sil.]

David McCullough To avenge Sherman's victories in Georgia, six Confederate agents slipped into New York City armed with phosphorus, intend upon burning down the city's most fashionable hotels. They managed to light ten fires and set P.T. Barnum's Museum ablaze. Firemen put everything out, all but one of the Confederates got away. "The people of the North can't be rolling in wealth and comfort," the captured man said before he was hanged, "while we at the South are bearing all the hardship and privations."

[sil.]

David McCullough From the front, on his wedding anniversary, Robert E. Lee wrote home to his wife in Richmond.

ROBERT E. LEE "Dear Mary, do you recollect what a happy day 33 years ago this was? How many hopes and pleasures you gave birth to. God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thankless and sinful I have been. I pray that he may continue his mercies and blessings to us and give us a little peace and rest together in this world."

The Age of Shoddy

Abraham Lincoln "That man Haupt has built a bridge across the Potomac Creek about 400 feet long

and nearly a hundred feet tall, over which loaded trains are running every hour, and there is nothing in it, but beanpoles and cornstalks." Abraham Lincoln.

[sil.]

David McCullough Near Petersburg, the Union camp of City Point on the James River suddenly found itself one of the world's busiest sea ports. With bakeries, barracks, warehouses, 200-acred tent hospital more than a mile of wards, and a new 70-mile railroad built by Herman Haupt in record time to bring supplies and fresh troops right up to the Union trenches. "Not merely profusion but extravagance," a visitor wrote, "soldiers provided with everything."

[sil.]

David McCullough An industrial machine of unparalleled power now kept the war supply streaming to the front. In Cleveland, Ohio when the war began, there was not a single forge or foundry. When the war ended, there were 21, employing 3000 men and turning out 60,000 tons of steel a year. By then the Cold Spring Foundry opposite West Point on the Hudson was producing 7000 artillery projectiles a week, and the military telegraph system was carrying over 3300 messages a day along 15,000 miles of wire.

The world has seen its iron age, its silver age, its golden age, and its bronze age. This is the age of Shoddy.

David McCullough For shrewd northern businessmen there were quick profits in army contracts. Philip Armour gave up gold mining to strike it rich packing pork for the Army. Samuel Colt of Hartford told his men to run the armory night and day with double sets of hands. Jay Cooke sold war bonds, raised more than \$400 million for the Union, and got rich on the commissions. Unscrupulous contractors sold the war department rusty rifles, boats that leaked, caps that melded in the rain. When one manufacturer was asked why the soles of the shoes he supplied fell off after a few minutes marching, he explained that they had been meant for the cavalry.

You can sell almost anything to the government at almost any price you've got the guts to ask.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote I think that the North fought that war with one hand behind its back. At the same time the war was going on the homestead actors being passed, all these marvelous inventions were going on. Ah, in the spring of '64, the Harvard-Yale boat races were going on and not a man in either crew ever volunteered for their Army or the Navy, they didn't need them. Ah, I think that if it had been more southern successes and a lot more, the North simply would have brought that other arm out from behind its back. Ah, I don't think South ever had a chance to win that war.

Can those be men?

David McCullough Out west, "Bloody Bill" Anderson, a Confederate guerilla who rode with Union scouts tied to his bridle led 30 men into Centralia, Missouri, killed 24 unarmed Federal soldiers then ambushed 116 more. On October 26th, Anderson himself was ambushed and killed, but one of his close lieutenants, Jesse James, got away.

David McCullough In Tennessee, Nathan Bedford Forrest's men surrounded Fort Pillow held by a unit of Tennessee Unionists and black troops and demanded its surrender. When the Union commander refused, the fort was overrun. As many as 300 soldiers, most of them Black, were killed; many after they surrendered.

Nathan Bedford Forrest "It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the northern people that Negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners." Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Private George Shaw "I said, Don't shoot me. And one of 'em said, "Go out and hold my horse." I made a step or two and he said, "Turn around. I will hold my horse and shoot you too." Ah, I no, no sooner turned around and he shot me in the face. I fell down as if I was dead. He shot me again and hit my arm, not in the head. I laid there until I could hear him no more, and then I started back. I got back about sun up and wondered about until a gunboat came along; I came up on that with about ten others." Private George Shaw Company B Sixth U.S. Heavy Artillery.

David McCullough In retaliation for Fort Pillow, Grant ended the system under which prisoners had always been exchanged until the South agreed to recognize no distinction whatever between white and colored prisoners; Davis and Lee refused. North and south prisons soon bulged with unexchanged prisoners. Already inadequate prison camps became nightmares.

[sil.]

David McCullough The worst was the Confederate prison near Andersonville, Georgia. Meant to hold a maximum of 10,000 northern prisoners, by August 1864, it had 33,000, the fifth largest city in the Confederacy. Its commandant, a German-Swiss immigrant named Henry Wirz forbade prisoners to build shelters. Most lived in holes scratched in the ground covered by a blanket. The daily ration was a teaspoon of salt, three tablespoons of beans, and a half pint of cornmeal. A foul creek called Sweetwater Branch served as both drinking water and sewer.

One-third of the original enclosure was swampy. A mud of liquid filth voiding from the thousand seething with maggots and foul activity. Death at the hands of the guards on murder and cold blood was merciful besides a systematic study to absolute murder inside by slow death.

[sil.]

David McCullough In one year, 13,000 men died at Andersonville and were buried in mass graves.

[sil.]

Walt Whitman "Can those be men? Are they not really corpses? They lay there, most of them, quite still but with a horrible look in their eyes. The dead there are not to be pitied as much as some of the living that have come from there. If they can be called living." Walt Whitman.

When I was taken prisoner, I weighed 165 pounds, and when I came out, I weighed 96 pounds and was considered stout compared with some I saw.

My heart aches for these poor wretches, Yankees though they are, and I am afraid God will suffer

some terrible retribution to fall upon us for letting such things happen. If the Yankees should ever come to southwest Georgia and go to Anderson and see the graves there, God have mercy on the land.

The People's Resolution

David McCullough With Sherman's victory at Atlanta, Lincoln's chances of re-election were improving. And now came more bad news for the Confederacy; Phil Sheridan and 45,000 men were on the loose in the Shenandoah.

General Phil Sheridan "The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North mountains has been made untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over 2000 barns filled with wheat hay and farming implements and over 70 mills. Tomorrow, I will continue the destruction. When this is completed, the valley will have but little in it for man or beast." General Phil Sheridan.

Shelby Foote He was sent there to clear it out once and for all. Ah, his instructions were to strip it so clean that a crow flying across it would kept to carry its own provender and he came close to doing it.

David McCullough No Union officer was fonder of fighting than Sheridan, none say if Sherman was so relentless. His orders were to follow Jubal Early to the death. Before dawn on October 18th, Jubal Early tried one last time to destroy Sheridan's army by attacking at Cedar Creek, while Sheridan himself was asleep at Winchester 20 miles away. At first, it seemed Early had succeeded, Union forces were driven from their camps. Sheridan mounted his great black horse, Rienzi, and galloped through his retreating men urging them to turn back; they stopped and began to chant his name. "God damn you!" Sheridan shouted, "Don't cheer me, fight!" The Union lines reformed and went back the field. Early fled and the Shenandoah was closed forever to the Confederacy.

Abraham Lincoln "General Sheridan, when this particular war began, I thought a cavalryman should be at least 6 foot 4 inches high, but I have changed my mind. Five feet four will do in a pinch." Abraham Lincoln.

David McCullough At Petersburg, Grant fired a second 100 gun volley into the enemy works.

[sil.]

Walt Whitman "Dear Nat, I think well of the President, he has a face like a Hoosier Michelangelo, so awful ugly it becomes beautiful, with its strange mouth, its deep cut crisscross lines, and its doughnut complexion. I do not dwell on the supposed failures of his government. He has shown an almost supernatural tact in keeping the ship afloat at all. I more and more rely upon his idiomatic western genius." Walt Whitman.

[sil.]

Harper's Weekly. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson had been elected by enormous and universal majorities in almost all the states. This result is the proclamation of the American people that they are not conquered. This is what they confirmed by the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. In himself, he is unimportant, but as the representative of the feeling and purpose of the American people, he is the most important fact in the world.

Abraham Lincoln I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution. This contest has demonstrated to the world that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a Great Civil War.

David McCullough Sherman's and Sheridan's victories had changed the odds. Lincoln carried 55 percent of the popular vote. Only three states; Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey went to George McClellan. Virtually, all of the general's old command the Union Army of the Potomac voted for Abraham Lincoln.

That grand old Army performed many heroic acts, but never in its history did it do a more devoted service than vote for Abraham Lincoln.

[sil.]

Jefferson Davis "Not the fall of Richmond nor Wilmington, nor Charleston, nor Savannah, nor Mobile, nor all combined can save the enemy from the constant and exhaustive drain of blood and treasure which must continue until he shall discover that no peace is attainable unless based on the recognition of our indefeasible rights." President Jefferson Davis.

David McCullough If it hadn't began before, the lost cause was born with his words. As Davis spoke at Richmond, his audience could hear Grant's guns at Petersburg just 20 miles away. More and more, it was becoming a confederacy of the mind.

Shelby Foote It was a realization that defeat was foreordained. Ms. Chesnut once have said it's like in a Greek tragedy while you know what the outcome is bound to be, and we are living in Greek tragedy. And things began to close then on and more and more, ah, there was scarcity of family that hadn't lost someone, ah, there were disruption of society and the blockade which working, they couldn't get very simple things back needles to sew with ah, very simple things. And ah, discourage not to begin to settle and more and more with the realization that they were not gonna win that war. Ah, their political leaders, did everything they could especially Jefferson Davis to assure them that this was the second American revolution, and if they would ah, stand fast the way their forefathers had. The victory was on question if they're gonna come. But realization came more and more, that it was not gonna come especially if they were not gonna get far in recognition. Without which we wouldn't won the first revolution. And all those things closed in on them.

Most Hallowed Ground

David McCullough In the north, the reservoir of men seemed bottomless. Whole units like the third Massachusetts volunteers had still never heard the shot fired in anger. Lincoln now issued a proclamation making the last Thursday of November a national day of Thanksgiving.

[sil.]

David McCullough In the trenches at Petersburg, a 120,000 turkey and chicken dinners were served to Grant's huge army. Only yards away, the Confederates had no feast, but held their fire all day out of respect for the Union holiday. Lincoln called for more men to finish the war. The South had no more men to spare. And William Tecumseh Sherman had began his march to the sea.

[sil.]

We lay in grim repose and expected the renewal of a mortal conflict. The conviction everywhere prevailed that we could sustain, but one more campaign. Captain James FJ Caldwell.

[sil.]

David McCullough On the night of November 25th at the Winter Garden Theatre on Broadway Shakespeare's Julius Caesar opened. Three brothers had the starring roles; Edwin, Julius, and John Wilkes Booth. At one point in Shakespeare's play, Cassius speaks of the assassination of Caesar. How many ages hence shall this our lofty scene be acted over in states unborn and accents yet unknown?

[sil.]

Captain Clap 77th New York wounded at Petersburg. Captain Smith 77th New York wounded at Wilderness. Captain Taylor 61st Pennsylvania wounded at Spotsylvania. Captain Orr 77th New York lost arm at Cedar Creek. Captain Defoe(ph) eye shot out at Spotsylvania. Major Ellis 49th New York died of wound at Spotsylvania. Captain Hickmuth(ph) 49th New York killed at Wilderness. Lieutenant Lyon(ph) 77th New York killed at Spotsylvania. Lieutenant Belding(ph) 77th New York killed at Cedar Creek. Union officers all killed in battle.

Washington Roebling It really looks as if it would never end. The most inspiring side is the flock of buzzards constantly hovering over us and waiting for their feast. Most birds are at least impartial because they eat both sides alike. The same, I suppose, is true of worms. Washington Roebling.

[sil.]

David McCullough By the spring of 1864, Union dead completely filled the military cemeteries of Washington and Alexandria. Secretary of War Stanton ordered the Quartermaster General Montgomery Meigs to choose a new site. Meigs was a Georgian who had served under Lee in the peacetime army, but he had developed an intense hatred for all his fellow Southerners who fought against the Union he still served. Without hesitation, he picked the grounds of Robert E. Lee's home at Arlington for the New Army cemetery and ordered that the Union dead be laid to rest within a few feet at the front door of the man he blamed for their deaths, so that no one could ever again live in the house.

[sil.]

David McCullough In October, Meigs' own son, John, was killed by Confederate guerillas in the Shenandoah and buried in Mrs. Lee's rose garden.

David McCullough At one point that year, the Union Army was sending back 2000 wounded men and dying men a week to Washington. Now, the men Grant was sending to fight Robert E. Lee are being buried in Lee's own front yard. And that yard became Arlington National Cemetery, the Union's most hallowed ground.

A Film by KEN BURNS Produced by KEN BURNS and RIC BURNS Written by GEOFFREY C. WARD and RIC BURNS with KEN BURNS Edited by PAUL BARNES BRUCE SHAW TRICIA

REIDY Narrated by DAVID McCULLOUGH Voices SAM WATERSTON Abraham Lincoln JULIE HARRIS Mary Chesnut JASON ROBARDS Ulysses S. Grant MORGAN FREEMAN Frederick Douglass PAUL ROEBLING Joshua L. Chamberlain, etc. GARRISON KEILLOR Walt Whitman, etc. GEORGE BLACK Robert E. Lee ARTHUR MILLER William T. Sherman CHRIS MURNEY Pvt. Elisha Hunt Rhodes CHARLEY McDOWELL Pvt. Sam Watkins HORTON FOOTE Jefferson Davis GEORGE PLIMPTON George Templeton Strong PHILIP BOSCO Horace Greeley, etc. TERRY COURIER George McClellan JODY POWELL Stonewall Jackson, etc. STUDS TERKEL Benjamin F. Butler With DEREK JACOBI PAMELA REED JEREMY IRONS RONNIE GILBERT KURT VONNEGUT M. EMMET WALSH GENE JONES HOYT AXTON JEROME DEMPSEY JOHN HARTFORD LARRY FISHBURNE WALT MACPHERSON SHELBY FOOTE COLLEEN DEWHURST BETSY APPLE LATANYA RICHARDSON CAROL CRAVEN BRADFORD WASHBURN MARISSA COPELAND JESSE CARR HALO WINES WENDY TILGHMAN DAVID MARKS JOE MATTYS and LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EX-SLAVE RECORDINGS Cinematography KEN BURNS ALLEN MOORE BUDDY SQUIRES Assistant Editors PHOEBE YANTSIOS MEREDITH WOODS Apprentice Editors JOSHUA LEVIN ED BARTESKI Coordinating Producer CATHERINE EISELE Associate Producer/Post-Production LYNN NOVICK Co-Producers STEPHEN IVES JULIE DUNFEY MIKE HILL Consultants SHELBY FOOTE BARBARA J. FIELDS C. VANN WOODWARD DON FEHRENBACHER STEPHEN SEARS WILLIAM MCFEELY JAMES MCPHERSON RICHARD SNOW MIKE MUSICK BERNARD WEISBERGER ERIC FONER STEPHEN B. OATES ROBERT JOHANNSEN DANIEL AARON WILLAM E. LEUCHTENBURG TOM LEWIS CHARLES FULLER CHARLEY MCDOWELL IRA BERLIN GENE SMITH ROBERT PENN WARREN JEROME LIEBLING DAYTON DUNCAN AMY STECHLER BURNS Senior Creative Consultant DAVID MCCULLOUGH Associate Producers CAMILLA ROCKWELL SUSANNA STEISEL Additional Cinematography FOSTER WYLIE Research Assistant LOVEL RICHARDSON Assistant Camera AMY STECHLER BURNS BRUCE KERN JEFFREY VICTOR Post Production Coordinator PHOEBE YANTSIOS Editing Interns MIKE BALABUCH JONATHAN BARON ROBERT BLUMENFIELD JENNIFER BROWN DAVID CANTOR CHRISTINE COSCIONI VIDA FITZGERALD MICHAEL FOXWORTH ELISA HABER LINDA KONG PATRICK McGUINN DAVID McQUILING ROBERT MOWEN ERIC MORTENSON DAVID NELSON MYRA PACI Animation Stand Photography THE FRAME SHOP EDWARD JOYCE & EDWARD SEARLES CARLOS SANCHEZ Map Animation BALSMEYER & EVERETT, INC. Still Photography ROBERT BURGESS STEPHEN PETEGOSKY Traditional Music JACQUELINE SHWAB Piano JAY UNGAR Fiddle, Mandolin MATT GLASSER Fiddle JESSE CARR Guitar, Recorder, Vocals MOLLY MASON Guitar, Bass PEGGY JAMES Violin YONATHAN MALIN Flute PETER AMIDON Banjo PETER ECKLUND Coronet DON BROOKS Guitar, Mandolin RUSS BARENBERG Harmonica And THE OLD BETHPAGE BRASS BAND DR. KIRBY JOLLY, DIRECTOR Musical Direction KEN BURNS JOHN COLBY Engineer DON WERSHBA Music recorded at SOUNDESIGN Brattleboro, Vermont and SOUNDTRACK NY New York City "ASHOKAN FAREWELL" Composed by JAY UNGAR Courtesy of Flying Fish Records "WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER" Arranged & Performed by BERNICE JOHNSON REAGON Songtalk Publishing Co. Courtesy of Flying Fish Records "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" Performed by THE SANCTUARY CHOIR of THE ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH DR. JEWEL T. THOMPSON, DIRECTOR "HAIL TO THE CHIEF", "LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD", "PALMYRA SCHOTTISCHE", "HAIL COLUMBIA", "FREISCHUTZ QUICKSTEP", "PARADE", "DIXIE", "BONNIE BLUE FLAG", "LUTO QUICKSTEP", "CHEER BOYS, CHEER", "WALTZ NO. 19", and "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND" Performed by FREDERICK FENNELL and THE EASTMAN WIND ENSEMBLE Courtesy of PolyGram Special Products A Division of PolyGram Records, Inc. "DIXIE" Performed by BOBBY HORTON "THE

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[Episode 8: War Is All Hell](#) from PBS (Public Broadcasting Service, 1990) 68:43.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes We believed that it was most desirable that the North should win, we believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble. We, or many of us at least, also believed that the conflict was inevitable and that slavery had lasted long enough. But we equally believe that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours. And we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[sil.]

We are the veterans of the civil war, '61 to '65. This flag is of the Hawkins' Zouaves, New York. Now salute.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote As a Southerner, I would say, ah, one of the main importances of the war is that Southerners have a sense of defeat, ah, which, ah, none of the rest of the country has, ah. You'll see in the movie, Patton, the actor who plays Patton saying, "We, Americans have never lost a war." And it's a really amazing statement for him to make as Patton because Patton's grandfather was on, in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. And he certainly lost a war.

THE CIVIL WAR EPISODE EIGHT

David McCullough In 1865 in South Africa, Whites drove the Bassouto Tribe from their land. In Afghanistan, Russian troop movements along the border were a cause of great international concern. At a monastery in Austria, Gregor Mendel established the principle of heredity. And in Ireland, the poet William Butler Yeats was born. In 1865 in America, Samuel Clemens published his first short story as Mark Twain. The 13th Amendment abolishing slavery was formally ratified. And the Coo-clocks clan was formed. In 1860, most of the nation's 31 million people lived peaceably on farms or in small towns. By 1865, everything had changed. Sharpsburg, Maryland, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Mississippi, Atlanta, Georgia.

[sil.]

David McCullough By the beginning of 1865, the Confederacy was dying. To the West, only the tattered Confederate Army of Tennessee remained. Its soldiers like Sam Watkins worried more about food and blankets and shoes than fighting. Outside Petersburg, Elisha Hunt Rhodes and 120,000 other Union troops were dug in, unable to dislodge the stubborn rebel army. Atlanta had been razed and Georgia and the Carolinas lay helpless in William Tecumseh Sherman's path. As the new year began, Robert E. Lee assumed command of all southern forces and with it the hopeless task of hurling back the huge Union armies, now closing in from every side. With victory within his grasp, Abraham Lincoln looked forward to a second presidential term and a new challenge: Healing the nation he had struggled so hard to reunite.

Bruce Catton Here was the greatest and most moving chapter in American history. A blending of meanness and greatness, an ending and a beginning. It came out of what men were but it did not go as man had planned. Of all men, Abraham Lincoln came the closest to understanding what had happened. Yet even he, in his final backward glance, had to confess that something that went beyond words had been at work in the land. The Almighty had his own purposes. Bruce Catton.

1865 War is all Hell

William Tecumseh Sherman My aim was to whip the rebels, to humble their pride, to follow them to their innermost recesses and to make them fear and dread us. War is cruelty. There's no use trying to reform it. The crueller is, the soon it will be over. William Tecumseh Sherman.

David McCullough "War is all hell," William Tecumseh Sherman once said. And it was now his aim

to bring that hell to the heart of the Confederacy.

Shelby Foote He saw, from the very beginning, how hard the war was gonna be and when he said how hard the war is gonna be, he was retired on the suspicion of insanity. And then brought back when they decided maybe he wasn't so crazy after all. Sherman is maybe the first truly modern general. He was the first one to understand in the present-day world that civilians were the backers-up of things. And then if you went against the civilians you deprive the army of what kept it going. So he quite purposely made war against civilians.

Sherman's March

David McCullough From Atlanta in late 1864, Sherman proposed to march his army through the heart of Georgia all the way to Savannah. His army would live off the land, destroying everything in its path that could conceivably aid the faltering Confederacy and a good deal that couldn't. "I can make this march," he promised, "and make Georgia howl."

[sil.]

David McCullough Lincoln's advisers thought Sherman's plan foolhardy. The president approved it. "If you can whip Lee and I can march to the Atlantic," Sherman told Grant, "I think Uncle Abe will give us 20 days leave to see the young folks."

Theodore Upson There are rumors that we are to cut loose and march south to the ocean. We're in fine shape and I think could go anywhere Uncle Billy would lead. Private Theodore Upson.

David McCullough Before leaving Atlanta, Sherman ordered all townspeople, White and Black, out of their homes. Then directed his men to burn or destroy anything of use to the rebels. Civilians looted the town and helped spread the blaze throughout the city.

A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholder in this beautiful city, now in flames. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire, the air is filled with flying cinders. The city, which next to Richmond has furnished more material for prosecuting the war than any other in the South, exists no more as a means for injury to be used by the enemies of the Union.

David McCullough Sherman began his march. Sixty-two thousand men in blue were on the move in two great columns. Their supply train stretched 25 miles. A slave watching the army stream passed, wondered aloud if anybody was left up North.

The name of the captain of Atlanta, if he fails now, will become the scuff of mankind and the humiliation of the United States for all time. If he succeeds, it will be written on the tablet of fame. London Herald.

Reaching the hill, just outside the old rebel works, we paused to look back. Behind us lay Atlanta in ruins. A black smoke rising high in the air, hanging like a pall. Then we turned our horses' heads to the east. Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past.

Shelby Foote It had been a cumulative evidence and an army could subsist itself on what was growing in the fields went awesome and, ah, they, they were, a, a moving city like and they would grind their

own corn, ah, grease mills along the way, ah, butchers their own cattle. And Sherman was perfectly satisfied, he can make the march without difficulty with (inaudible) blood. And in fact, they ate better on that march and they did not marching. Sweet potatoes were particularly priced and pork. They had plenty to eat.

This is probably the most gigantic pleasure excursion ever planned. It already beats everything I ever saw soldiering and promises to prove much richer yet.

We had a gay old campaign. Destroyed all we could not eat, stole their niggers, burned their cotton and gins, spilled their sorghum, burned and twisted their railroads and raised hell generally.

David McCullough Sherman's men tore up railroads, heating the rails and twisting them beyond repair. It became a trademark, Sherman's neckties.

[sil.]

David McCullough He forbade his men to plunder the homes they passed, but [0:11:35]neither he nor they took the order very seriously.

I've got a regiment that can kill, gut, and scrape a pig without breaking ranks.

Mary Chesnut They say no living thing is found in Sherman's track, only chimneys, like telegraph poles to carry the news of his attack backwards. Mary Chesnut.

I doubt if history affords a parallel to the deep and bitter enmity of the women of the South. No one who sees them and hears but must feel the intensity of their hate.

[sil.]

As far as the eye could reach, the lurid flames of burning houses lit up the heavens. I could stand out on the veranda and for two or three miles, watch the Yankees as they came on. I could mark when they reach the residence of each and every friend on the road.

David McCullough The troops looted slave cabins as well as mansions, poked their ramrods in the flower beds in search of buried valuables. And burned everything in their path.

The thousand pounds of meat in my smoke house is gone. My 18 fat turkeys, my hens, chickens and fowl, my young pigs are shot down in my yard as if they were the rebels.

[sil.]

The cruelty is practiced on this campaign towards the citizens have been enough to blast the more sacred cause than ours. We hardly deserve success.

[sil.]

David McCullough At Milledgeville, Georgia, Sherman's men boiled their coffee over bonfires of Confederate currency. Held a mock session of the legislature. They passed a resolution, returning

Georgia to the Union. Sherman's men were feasting on delicacies foraged from local farms when a band of emaciated men tottered into the firelight. They were Union escapees from Andersonville Prison. The Indiana colonel remembered that the sight of the starved men, sickened and infuriated his troops.

When foraging now, they think of the tens of thousands of their imprisoned comrades, slowly perishing with hunger and they sweep with the sight of destruction.

David McCullough Before they were through, Sherman and his men would cross 425 miles of hostile territory and wrick \$100 million worth of havoc. The South would never forget.

John Bell Hood We will fight you to the death, it's better to die a thousand deaths than submit to live under you and your Negra allies. General John Bell Hood.

David McCullough Lacking a leg and the use of one arm, John Bell Hood had to be strapped to the saddle each morning but he fought as hard and as recklessly as ever. Hood and his dwindling army now tried to divert Sherman's attention by moving North to join forces with Nathan Bedford Forrest cavalry and invade Tennessee. Sherman was delighted. If he would go to the Ohio River, I'll give him rations, he said. My business is down South. Waiting for Hood in Tennessee was a fresh, well-equipped Union army, a third, again as large as Hood's, commanded by George Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga." At Franklin, Hood ordered a series of 13 hopeless charges in which 12 Confederate generals and 7,000 soldiers were lost. More men in US Grant had lost at Cold Harbor the year before, more than George McClellan lost in all the battles of the seven days in 1862.

Shelby Foote Franklin is a horrendous battle and the flower, the only fell was leaves. There's a strong suspicion that Hood was trying to discipline his army by staging that charge and there's some in truth in it, his army was wrecked. The defeated Nashville is in large part due to what had happened at Franklin a month before.

David McCullough At Nashville, George Thomas attacked what was left of Hood's army.

Sam Watkins My boot was full of blood and my clothing saturated with it. I reached General Hood's headquarters. He was much agitated and affected, pulling his hair with his one handy head but one and crying like his heart would break. Sam Watkins.

David McCullough Hood's army had disintegrated. "I beheld for the first and only time," he confessed, "a Confederate army abandon the field in confusion." Hood resigned. Lee recalled Joe Johnston to active duty and put him in charge of patching together whatever Confederate forces remained outside of Virginia.

We were willing to go anywhere or to file anyone who'd lead us. We were anxious to flee, fight or fortify. I have never seen an army so confused and demoralized. The whole thing seemed to be tottering and trembling.

William Tecumseh Sherman Gentlemen, you cannot qualify a war in harsher terms than I will. We cannot change the hearts of these people of the South but we can make war so terrible and make them so sick of war that generations will pass away before they again appeal to it. William Tecumseh Sherman.

Mary Chesnut Darkest of all Decembers ever my life has known. Sitting here by the embers, stunned, helpless, alone. Mary Chesnut.

The Breath of Emancipation

Charles Jess My name is Charles Jess. I was born in South Carolina as a slave and I was freed when Sherman's army came into the county at Seattle. I was a Union man. I was a slave and could not be anything else because I wanted my freedom and I hoped and expected it would give me my freedom as a deed.

The Negroes followed the army like a sable cloud in the sky before a thunderstorm. They thought it was freedom now or never.

David McCullough Twenty-five thousand slaves fled to Sherman's army. Jubilant he had come to liberate them, but fearful that if they strayed too far from his columns, they would be cut by Confederate guerillas. "Perfect anarchy reigned," one plantation owner said. It was, said another, "The breath of emancipation."

And the Yankees has come and after a while, there'd be a whole troop of men come, they said they were Yankees, all riding horses. And I said, "Where are they going?" They said, "Oh, going home now." And I said, "Well, all of you niggers are all free now."

They gather around me in crowds and I can't find out whether I am Moses or Erin but surely I am rated as one of the congregation.

Theodore Upson It seems the good people in the North are terribly worried about us. They called us the "The Lost Army" and some thought we would never show up again. I don't think they know what kind of an army this is that Uncle Billy has. What if Grant can keep Lee and his troops busy? We can tramp all over this Confederacy. Private Theodore Upson.

David McCullough Throughout the North, people wondered what had happened to Sherman's Army until suddenly, William Tecumseh Sherman emerged near Savannah.

William Tecumseh Sherman December 25th, 1864. Dear Mr. President, I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the City of Savannah with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

ED BEARSS Historian

Ed Bearss He then regrouped at Savannah, and in the last week of January, he starts in the South Carolina. South Carolina gets it even worse than Georgia because they figured that's where the sea session started.

David McCullough Sherman now turned his columns northward into the Carolinas. A relentless winter rain was falling and the Confederate generals were confident no army could march through the mud. But Sherman and his men made a steady 10 miles a day. Battalions of axmen led the way hacking down whole forests to construct corduroy roads.

Joseph E. Johnston When I learned that Sherman's army was marching through the Salkehatchie swamps making its own roads at the rate of a dozen miles a day and bringing its artillery and wagons with it, I made up my mind that there had been no such army in existence since the days of Julius Caesar. Joseph E. Johnston.

David McCullough Sherman's men were still harsher in South Carolina than they had been in Georgia. "Here is where treason began," a private said, "and by God, this is where it shall end." Few houses were left standing.

The wind moans among the bleak chimneys and whistles through the gaping windows. The market is a ruined shell, its spire falling in. The old bell secession that have rung out every state as it seceded lying half-buried in the earth.

David McCullough On February 17th, 1865, Fort Sumter was abandoned along with all of Charleston." This disappointment," Jefferson Davis admitted, "is extremely bitter."

[sil.]

A city of ruins, of desolation, of vacant houses, of widowed women, of rotting wharves, of deserted warehouses, of weed-wild gardens, of miles of grass-grown streets, of acres of pitiful and voiceful barrenness. That is Charleston wherein Rebellion loftily reared its head.

Died of a Theory

Mary Chestnut Jack Middleton writes from Richmond, "The wolf is at the door here." We dread starvation far more than we do Grant or Sherman, famine, that is the word now. Mary Chestnut.

David McCullough Everywhere the Union Armies marched, the back roads filled with Confederate refugees. Thousands fled to Texas in search of a new start. Thousands more flocked to Richmond hoping the Confederate government would care for them. There was little it could do. The Confederate government was coming apart. The governor of North Carolina refused to permit any but his own troops to wear the 92,000 uniforms he was hoarding. In Georgia, Governor Joseph Brown threatened to secede from the Confederacy. State's rights still came first.

Jefferson Davis If the Confederacy fails, there should be written on its tombstone, "Died of a Theory." President Jefferson Davis.

Robert E. Lee I have been up to see the Congress and they do not seem able to do anything except eat peanuts and chew tobacco while my army is starving. Robert E. Lee.

David McCullough Lee begged for more supplies. Davis had none to give. A single stick of firewood cost \$5 in Richmond. A barrel of flour had risen to \$250 and could rarely be found even at that price.

I daily part with my raiment for food. We find no one who will exchange eatables for Confederate money so we are devouring our clothes.

David McCullough Hundreds of Confederate soldiers were deserting everyday, cold, hungry, barefoot,

driven by desperate letters from home.

[sil.]

Lee asked the slaves now be armed to defend the Confederacy. "We must decide," he said, "whether the Negro shall fight for us or against us." "Those willing to fight," he added, "would be freed after the war." The Confederate Congress finally authorized black troops because, as the Richmond examiner said, the country will not deny General Lee anything he may ask for. Six days later, the citizens of Richmond saw an astonishing sight. A new Confederate battalion made up of white convalescents and black hospital orderlies marching up Main Street to the strains of "Dixie".

Howell Cobb You cannot make soldiers of slaves or slaves of soldiers. The day you make a soldier of them is the beginning of the end of the revolution. And if slaves seem good soldiers, then our whole theory of slavery is wrong. Senator Howell Cobb, Georgia.

David McCullough Earlier that winter, the United States Congress had voted 119 to 56 to pass the 13th Amendment to abolish slavery and sent it to the states for ratification. Eleven months later, slavery was officially abolished everywhere and for all time.

Frederick Douglass Verily, the work does not end with the abolition of slavery but only begins. Frederick Douglass.

Walt Whitman I see the president almost everyday. I saw him this morning about 8:30 coming in the business. We've got so that we exchanged bows and very cordial ones. I see very plainly, Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face with its deep cut lines, the eyes always, to me, with a latent sadness in the expression. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, those subtle and indirect expressions of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed. Walt Whitman.

George Nichols March 4th, we captured 25 cannon. General Moore fired them today in a salute in honor of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second term. His first inauguration was not celebrated in North Carolina, but the glorification over the beginning of his second term goes to make up the deficiency. George Nichols.

Washington, March 4, 1865

David McCullough Inauguration day was cold and windy, just as it had been four years earlier. But the US Capitol was now complete, its great iron dome in place, crowned by a bronze liberty. Just before the president began to speak, the clouds parted, flooding the stand with brilliant sunlight.

Abraham Lincoln Fondly, do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among

ourselves and with all nations.

JAMES SYMINGTON Former Congressman

James Symington Can it be anyone, but Lincoln that any of us could be drawn to as the central figure of the war because in a way, he comprehended both sides. We must not be enemies, we must be friends.

David McCullough "I'm a tired man." Lincoln said afterwards, "Sometimes I think I'm the tiredest man on earth."

[sil.]

David McCullough In the crowd just a few yards from Lincoln, was the young actor John Wilkes Booth, a pistol in his pocket. His vantage point on the balcony, Booth said afterwards, had offered him excellent chance to kill the president. "If I had wished."

David McCullough John Wilkes Booth was a fervent believer in slavery and White supremacy, but during four years of war, he had not been able to bring himself actually to fight for the Southern cause.

John Wilkes Booth I have begun to deem myself a coward and to despise my own existence.

David McCullough His mind fixed on Lincoln as the tyrant responsible for all the country's troubles and his own. Booth hatched to scheme to kidnap Lincoln and gathered a worshipful band of dubious conspirators willing to help out. Lewis Payne, a wounded Confederate who had recently sworn allegiance to the Union. David E. Herold, a druggist clerk who was thought by some to be mentally retarded. George Atzerodt, a German-born wagon painter, barely able to make himself understood in English. And John H. Surratt, a sometime Confederate spy whose widowed mother Mary kept a Washington boarding house where Booth and his admirers sometimes met.

David McCullough Two weeks after the inauguration, Booth and his accomplices, all wearing masks, rode out towards the soldier's home where Lincoln often slept hoping to intercept his carriage. The president never came. "So goes the world." Booth wrote, "Might makes right."

David McCullough Late in March, Lincoln sailed down to City Point, Virginia to confer with his generals aboard Grant's floating headquarters, the River Queen. Sherman who had interrupted his march through the Carolinas had met Lincoln only once before in 1861 and found him then a weak in partisan politician, unequal to his task. The talks lasted two days. Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Porter detailed plans for one last major campaign. Lincoln satisfied that victory seemed within reach outlined plans for peace. "If the rebels would lay down their guns and go home," Lincoln said, "they should be walking back as citizens of the United States."

William Tecumseh Sherman I never saw him again. Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to me to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness than any other. William Tecumseh Sherman.

I Want To See Richmond

John B. Gordon My own corps was stretched until the men stood like a row of vedettes, 15 feet apart. It was not a line, it was the mere skeleton of a line. General John B. Gordon.

David McCullough Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee had faced one another in front of Petersburg for nine months. Slowly, steadily, Grant had extended his trenches around Petersburg. Lee's lines have been forced to stretch too, but his army was shrinking. In nine months, 60,000 Southern soldiers had deserted.

All of us think we are whipped now. The men are ragged and they're getting half rations. Some say we'll have to go to Georgia, but the men will not go there.

David McCullough The thinning Confederate lines around Petersburg finally extended 53 miles. Grant's forces numbered 125,000. Lee's had dwindled to 35,000. Lee's only hope lay in moving his army to the southwest to link up with Johnston in the hills of North Carolina and fight on.

[sil.]

David McCullough On March 25th, Confederates under John B. Gordon mounted a sudden night assault that briefly won possession of an earthwork called Fort Stedman. It was Lee's last advance. Grant counter-attacked, racing around the rebel flank to block Lee's escape at Five Forks. There, on April 1st, he routed a Confederate division under George Pickett. The next day, Union forces attacked all along the Petersburg line. Slowly, relentlessly and at great cost, they drove the Confederates out of their trenches. Among the southern dead left behind were shoeless boys as young as 14.

Washington Roebling The conduct of the southern people appears many times truly noble as exemplified for instance in the defense of Petersburg. All men with silver locks laid dead in the trenches side by side with mere boys of 13 or 14. It almost makes one sorry to have to fight against people who show such devotion for their homes and their country. Washington Roebling.

David McCullough A.P. Hill who had served Lee faithfully in a dozen battles and staved off Confederate disaster at Antietam tried to rally his men. Two Union infantrymen shot him dead as he rode between the lines.

He is at rest and we, who are left, are the ones to suffer.

David McCullough Petersburg, the scene of nine months siege fell to Grant's army. As Black civilians cheered the Black soldiers that led the Union columns into the city, Lee's army slipped across the Appomattox River. In Richmond, Jefferson Davis was attending ten o'clock services that Sunday morning at St. Paul's Episcopal Church when the sexton handed him a message.

Robert E. Lee President Davis, my lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening. Robert E. Lee.

I happened to sit on the rear of the president's pew. So near that I plainly saw the sort of gray palette that came upon his face as he read a scrap of paper thrust into his hand.

David McCullough Davis hurried from the church and ordered his government to move to Danville,

Virginia, 140 miles to the south. On the evening of April 2nd, Davis and his cabinet boarded the last train. A series of freight cars labeled Treasury Department, Quartermaster's Department, War Department.

We tried to comfort ourselves by saying in low tones that the capital was only moved temporarily, that General Lee would make a stand and repulse the daring enemy and that we would yet win the battle in the day.

David McCullough A slave dealer named Lumpkin failed to get his 50 chained slaves aboard. He had to unlock \$50,000 worth of property in the street and let them go. The retreating Confederates set fire to much of Richmond. Mobs plundered stores; broke into abandoned houses. The fire on land spread to the Confederate arsenal. The explosion rocked the city and shattered windows from miles around.

[sil.]

Everything was in the wildest confusion, the law characters of the town had broken into everything and were looting the town being aided to a considerable extent by the soldiers who had broken through all discipline.

[sil.]

I saw Confederate soldier on horseback pause under my window. He wheeled and fired behind him, rode a short distance, wheeled and fired again. Coming up the street rode a body of men in blue.

[sil.]

Arriving at the capital, I sprang from my horse first unbuckling the stars and stripes from my saddle. And with Captain Langdon, I rushed up to the roof. Together we hoisted the first large flag over Richmond, and on the peak of the roof, drank to its success.

[sil.]

This is Robert E. Lee. Too crippled by arthritis to travel. Remained in Richmond. The Union commander posted a guard before our house, a black cavalry man, to ensure that no harm came to her.

April 3rd, 1865. Thank God I have lived to see this. It seems to me that I have been dreaming a horrid nightmare for four years, and now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond.

David McCullough On April 3rd, Abraham Lincoln and his son, Tad, arrived at Rocket's wharf aboard the small barge and were escorted through the smoking city by a unit of black cavalry. Freed slaves mobbed the president; laughing, singing, weeping for joy, kneeling before him, straining to touch his clothes. "I know I am free," said one man, "for I have seen Father Abraham and felt him." The president walked about a mile through the crowd and loped up the steps of the Confederate White House, now Union headquarters. When he sat down at Jefferson Davis' desk, the troops outside burst into cheers.

Mary Chesnut "Richmond has fallen, and I have no heart to write about it. They are too many for us. Everything lost in Richmond, even our archives. Blue-black is our horizon." Mary Chesnut.

[sil.]

There is a stillness in the midst of which Richmond, with her ruins and her unchanging spires rest beneath a ghastly fitful glare. We are under the shadow of ruins and the pavements where we walk stretches of the still of devastation, the wreck, the loneliness seemed interminable. There is no sound of life, but the stillness of the catacomb. Only as our footsteps fall dull on the deserted sidewalk and a funeral troop of echoes bump against the dead walls and closed shutters in reply. "And this is Richmond" says a melancholy voice, "and this is Richmond."

[sil.]

David McCullough On April 8, Abraham and Mary Lincoln took a drive together past a country cemetery on the outskirts of Petersburg.

Mary Chesnut It was a retired place shaded by trees and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that we stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed, he said, "Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I'm gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."

[sil.]

General Lee was riding slowly along the line of tangled wagons. He rode erect as if incapable of fatigue.

David McCullough Lee's army fled westward, Grant was right behind them.

On and on, hour after hour, from hilltop to hilltop, the lines were alternately forming, fighting, and retreating, making one almost continuous battle. A boy soldier came running back at the top of his speed, when asked why he was running he shouted back, "I'm running 'cause I can't fly!"

David McCullough From Danville on April 4th, Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation pledging to fight on.

We're lamed from the necessity of guarding cities with our army free to move from point to point, nothing is now needed to render our triumph certain, but our own unquenchable resolve. No peace will ever be made with the infamous invaders.

David McCullough On April 6th at Saylor's Creek, Union cavalry and infantry inflicted 6,000 casualties on Lee's army, and captured eight generals including Lee's own son, Custis. He now had fewer than 25,000 men. 125,000 Federal troops were now closing in on Lee from three sides. Union General Phil Sheridan wired Grant, "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." "Let the thing be pressed," Lincoln answered. An officer urged Lee to surrender. The general asked what the country would think of him if he failed to fight on. "The country be damned," said the officer. "There is no country. There has been no country for a year or more. You're the country to these men."

Magnus Thompson The few men who still carried their muskets had hardly the appearance of soldiers. Their clothes all tattered, and covered with mud. Their eyes sunken and lusterless. Yet still

they were waiting for General Lee to say where they were to face about and fight. Magnus Thompson, 35th Virginia Cavalry Battalion.

David McCullough Lee's Confederate army was moving along one side of the Appomattox River. A willow fringed run that any country boy could jump. His pursuers clung to the opposite bank.

Appomattox

Ulysses S. Grant Five p.m., April 7th, 1865, General Lee. The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance. I regarded it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you to surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia." Ulysses S. Grant.

David McCullough On April 8th, Grant again flanked Lee's army and captured two trainloads of supplies. The Confederates were living on handfuls of parched corn. That night, Lee and his weary lieutenants gathered around a campfire near the little village of Appomattox Court House.

John B. Gordon We met in the woods at his headquarters by low-burning bivouac fire. There was no tent, no table, no chairs, no camp stools. On blankets spread upon the ground, our own saddles at the roots of trees, we sat around the great commander. General John B. Gordon.

David McCullough They were almost entirely surrounded, outnumbered nearly five to one without hope of resupply or reinforcement.

By sunrise, we have reached Appomattox station where we might cut Lee's retreat. Already we heard the sharp ring of a horse artillery; there was no mistake. Sheridan was square across the enemy's front, holding it bay all that was left of the proudest army of the Confederacy. It had come at last, the supreme hour.

David McCullough April 9th was Palm Sunday. Lee ordered Gordon to make one more attempt at breaking out. At dawn, just outside Appomattox Court House, Gordon's men drove Federal cavalry from their positions and swept forward to the crest of a hill. Below them, a solid wall of blue was advancing, the entire Union Army of the James.

There is nothing left for me to do, but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.

David McCullough Shortly before noon, Lee dispatched a letter under a white flag into the Union lines. Grant was resting in the field, nursing a blinding headache. "Suddenly, a horseman galloped up at full speed," a reporter noted, "waving his hat above his head, and shouting at every jump." Grant opened the envelope, looked at it, then asked his friend General John Rawlins to read it aloud. Lee would surrender. Grant himself said nothing, "portrayed nomore emotion," a witness said than last year's bird nest, but his headache had instantly disappeared.

No one looked his comrade in the face. Finally, Colonel Duff, chief of artillery, sprang upon a log and proposed three cheers. A feeble hurrah came from a few throats when all broke down in tears.

David McCullough Lee dispatched Colonel Charles Marshall to Appomattox Court House to find a

suitable building in which he and Grant might meet. The streets were almost deserted. Marshall stopped the first civilian he happened to see, Wilmer McLean who reluctantly agreed to loan the armies his house for the occasion.

By a singular coincidence, the meeting of Generals Lee and Grant took place in the house of Wilmer McLean, the same gentleman who, in 1861 at the Battle of Bull Run, had tendered his house to General Beauregard for headquarters. He removed from Manassas after the battle with the intention of seeking some quiet nook where the alarms of war could never find him.

One o'clock came, I turned about. There behind me appeared a commanding form superbly mounted, richly accoutered, of imposing bearing, noble countenance, with expression of deep sadness over-mastered by deeper strength. It was no other than Robert E. Lee. Not long after, appeared another form, plain, unassuming, simple, and familiar to our eyes, but as awe-inspiring as Lee in his splendor and sadness, it was Grant. Sitting his saddle with the ease of a born master taking no notice of anything. All his faculties gathered into intense thought. He seemed greater than I had ever seen him, a look as of another world about him.

David McCullough Lee arrived at the McLean house first, magnificent in a crisp gray uniform, an engraved sword at his side.

"I have probably to be General Grant's prisoner" he explained to an aid, "and thought I must make my best appearance." He waited half an hour for Grant to arrive, the Union commander wore a private's dirty jacket. His boots and trousers were splattered with mud, he had no sword. The two commanders shook hands.

What General Lee's feelings were, I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity with an impassable face. His feelings were entirely concealed from my observation, but my own feelings were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which people ever fought.

Grant reminded Lee that they had met once before during the Mexican War. Lee said he had not remembered what Grant looked like.

Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of the meeting. General Lee called my attention to the object.

James Symington They knew each other. Grant remembered Lee very well; Lee didn't quite remember Grant. That was understandable from the time that they were acquainted back in the early days. But I think it was the sensitivity that the two men had for each other and for the moment, enormous dignity and yet, unnecessary informality. Grant not wanting to get to the point too quickly. Lee bringing him up shortly to the point of why they're together. Lee dressed in his last good uniform. Grant apologizing that he was rushing from the field and didn't have time to change. The, the scribe being unable to hold the pen steady and having it taken by another soldier. The, that, from Lee's point of view, awful moment, and from Grant's point of view glorious moment, and yet for the two of them, a sad and quiet moment. And Lee taking his leave and doffing his hat from Traveler and riding back to his troops after securing those reasonable terms. It was the, it was the beginning of the unification of the country.

David McCullough The terms Grant offered were simple and generous. Confederate officers could keep their sidearms and personal possessions. Officers and men who owned their own horses could keep them too. It was planting season. Grant asked Lee how many men he had, and if they needed any rations. Lee said he no longer knew the size of his army, but he was sure all his men were hungry. Grant offered 25,000 rations.

This will have the best effect upon my men. It will be very gratifying and do much toward conciliating our people.

David McCullough Colonel Ely S. Parker, a Seneca Indian and a member of Grant's staff, inscribed the articles of surrender for the two commanders to sign. The two men shook hands again. Lee left the house, mounted Traveler, and started back toward his army. The Union soldiers began to cheer; Grant ordered them to stop. "The Confederates are now our prisoners," he explained and we do not want to exalt over their downfall. The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again." Lee's men lined the road to his camp.

As he approached, we could see the reins hanging loose and his head was sunk low on his breast. As the men began to cheer, he raised his head, and hat in hand, he passed by, his face flushed, his eyes ablaze.

As he passed, they raised their heads and looked upon him with swimming eyes. Those who could find voice said goodbye. Those who could not speak passed their hands gently over the sides of Traveler.

If one army drank the joy of victory, and the other the bitter draught of defeat, it was a joy moderated by the recollection of the cost at which it had been purchased, and a defeat mollified by the consciousness of many triumphs. If the victors could recall a Malvern Hill, an Antietam, a Gettysburg a Five Forks, the vanquished could recall a Manassas, a Fredericksburg, a Chancellorsville, a Cold Harbor.

David McCullough A crowd of soldiers waited in front Lee's tent. "Boys," he told them, "I have done the best I could for you. Go home now. And if you make as good citizens as you have soldiers, you will do well, and I shall be always be proud of you. Goodbye and God bless you all." He turned and disappeared into his tent.

[sil.]

David McCullough The formal surrender came three days later. General John B. Gordon, shot through the face and wounded four more times in the service of the Confederacy, led 20,000 men toward the Union lines for the last time, not to fight, but to stack their arms and surrender their battle flags. There to receive them was Major General Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, himself wounded six times for the Union, promoted on the field of Petersburg near death; he had somehow survived.

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain On they come with the old swinging route step and swaying battle flags. Before us in proud humiliation stood the embodiment of manhood. Thin, worn, and famished, but erect, and with eyes looking level into ours. Waking memories that bound us together as no other bond. Was not such manhood to be welcomed back into the Union so tested and assured. On our part

not a sound of trumpet more, nor roll of drum, not a cheer, nor word, nor whisper of vain glorying, nor motion of man. But an awed stillness rather and breathholding, as if it were the passing of the dead. Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain.

David McCullough Now, Chamberlain made an extraordinary gesture.

John B. Gordon Chamberlain called his men into line, and as my men marched in front of them, the veterans in blue gave us soldierly salute to those vanquished heroes, a token of respect from Americans to Americans. General John B. Gordon.

At the sound of that machine-like snap of arms, General Gordon started, then wheeled his horse facing me, touching him gently with the spurs so that the animal slightly reared, and as he wheeled, horse and rider made one motion, the horse's head swung down with a graceful bow, and General Gordon dropped his sword point to his toe in salutation.

[sil.]

David McCullough In Washington, fireworks filled the sky, a great crowd gathered around the White House and called for Lincoln. He was too weary to make a formal speech, but asked the band to play Dixie. "I have always thought it one of the best tunes I ever heard," he said. The next day, Lincoln walked over to Alexander Gardner's studio at the corner of 7th and D Street to sit for another portrait. Somehow the glass plate negative cracked while being developed. The photographer made a single print, then threw the negative away. Over the next four years, there would be plenty of time to make more Lincoln portraits. Just a few blocks away, a friend found John Wilkes Booth alone in his darkened room, and asked him if he wanted to get a drink. "Yes," said Booth, who was now drinking a quart of brandy a day, "anything to drive away the blues."

To be continued A Film by KEN BURNS Produced by KEN BURNS and RIC BURNS Written by GEOFFREY C. WARD and RIC BURNS with KEN BURNS Edited by PAUL BARNES BRUCE SHAW TRICIA REIDY Narrated by DAVID McCULLOUGH Voices SAM WATERSTON Abraham Lincoln JULIE HARRIS Mary Chestnut JASON ROBARDS Ulysses S. Grant MORGAN FREEMAN Frederick Douglass PAUL ROEBLING Joshua L. Chamberlain, etc. GARRISON KEILLOR Walt Whitman, etc. GEORGE BLACK Robert E. Lee ARTHUR MILLER William T. Sherman CHRIS MURNEY Pvt. Elisha Hunt Rhodes CHARLEY McDOWELL Pvt. Sam Watkins HORTON FOOTE Jefferson Davis GEORGE PLIMPTON George Templeton Strong PHILIP BOSCO Horace Greeley, etc. TERRY COURIER George McClellan JODY POWELL Stonewall Jackson, etc. STUDS TERKEL Benjamin F. Butler With DEREK JAKOBI PAMELA REED JEREMY IRONS RONNIE GILBERT KURT VONNEGUT M. EMMET WALSH GENE JONES HOYT AXTON JEROME DEMPSEY JOHN HARTFORD LARRY FISHBURNE WALT MACPHERSON SHELBY FOOTE COLLEEN DEWHURST BETSY APPLE LATANYA RICHARDSON CAROL CRAVEN BRADFORD WASHBURN MARISSA COPELAND JESSE CAR HALO WINES WENDY TILGHMAN DAVID MARKS JOE MATTYS and LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EX-SLAVE RECORDINGS Cinematography KEN BURNS ALLEN MOORE BUDDY SQUIRES Assistant Editors PHOEBE YANTSIOS MEREDITH WOODS Apprentice Editors JOSHUA LEVIN ED BARTESKI Coordinating Producer CATHERINE EISELE Associate Producer/Post Production LYNN NOVICK Co-Producers STEPHEN IVES JULIE DUNFEY MIKE HILL Consultants SHELBY FOOTE BARBARA J. FIELDS C.VANN WOODWARD DON FEHRENBACHER STEPHEN SEARS WILLIAM MCFEELY JAMES MCPHERSON RICHARD

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Private Sam Watkins Were these things real? Did I see those brave and noble countrymen of mine laid low in death and weltering in their blood? Did I see our country laid waste and in ruins? Did I see soldiers marching, the earth trembling and jarring beneath their measured tread? Did I see the ruins of smoldering cities and deserted homes? Did I see the flag of my country that I had followed so long furled to be no more unfurled forever? Surely they are but the vagaries of mine own imagination.

[sil.]

Private Sam Watkins But hush! I now hear the approach of battle. That low rumbling sound in the West is the roar of cannon in the distance. Private Sam Watkins, Company H, First Tennessee Regiment.

[sil.]

Walt Whitman Strange, is it not, that battles, martyrs, blood, even assassination should so condense on nationality? Walt Whitman.

BARBARA FIELDS Historian

Barbara Fields It is the event in American History in that, it is the moment that made the United States as a nation. And I mean that in different ways. The United States was obviously a nation when it adopted a constitution. But it adopted a constitution that require the war to be sorted out and therefore, require the war to make a real nation out of what was a theoretical nation as, as it was designed at the Constitutional Convention.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote Before the war, it was said the United States are, grammatically it was spoken that way and thought of as a collection of independent states. And after the war, it was always the United States is, as we say today without being self-conscious at all. And that sums up what the war accomplished. It made us an is.

THE CIVIL WAR EPISODE NINE

David McCullough The Confederate States of America had once stretched from the Rappahannock to the Rio Grande. Its leaders had once dreamed of a tropical empire reaching every southward to Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Brazil.

David McCullough By April 1865, the dream was gone. Richmond had fallen. The Confederate Government, and Jefferson Davis with it, had fled into the wilderness of North Carolina. The Confederate armies, once the terror of the Union, had been battered and starved almost out of existence. And then, forced to surrender at Appomattox where Ulysses S. Grant had finally cornered Robert E. Lee.

David McCullough In April 1865, Elisha Hunt Rhodes would receive the best news of the war and then the worst. In the woods of North Carolina, two old adversaries, William Tecumseh Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston would meet on the field of battle one last time.

David McCullough By then, Confederate Sam Watkins would write, the once proud army of Tennessee had degenerated to a mob.

David McCullough In April 1861, Abraham Lincoln had implored his countrymen not to go to war, to listen to the better angels of their nature. Now, in April 1865, the bloodshed was finally coming to an end.

David McCullough But in Washington, John Wilkes Booth could not accept that the war was over.

David McCullough In four years, more than a million photographs were made of the war. Now, no one seem to want them anymore. Matthew Brady went bankrupt. Thousands of glass plate negatives were lost, mislaid or forgotten. Thousands more were sold to gardeners, not for the images they held, but for the glass itself. In the years that followed Appomattox, the sun slowly burned the image of war from thousands of greenhouse glass panes.

David McCullough "The Civil War," a Harvard professor wrote at that time, "opened a great gulf between what happened before in our century and what has happened since. It does not seem to me as if I were living in the country in which I was born. The war was over and it was not over."

Berry Benson My shoes are gone. My clothes are gone. I'm weary. I'm sick. I'm hungry. My family have all been killed or scattered, and I've suffered all this for my country. I love my country but if this war is ever over, I'll be damned if I ever love another country.

[sil.]

Berry Benson So, Blackwood and I left the army. Our army left and they're on the hill with their arms stacked in the field, all in rows. Never to see it anymore. Telling Clark and Bell goodbye, we crossed the road into the fields and thickets. And then a little while, I lost sight of all that told of the presence of what was left of the army. Berry Benson.

1865 The Better Angels of Our Nature

George Templeton Strong Monday, April 10th, Lee and his army have surrendered. Gloria in Excelsis Deo! They can bother and perplex none but historians, henceforth, forever. There is no such army anymore. God be praised! George Templeton Strong.

[sil.]

Elisha Hunt Rhodes Near Appomattox Court House, Virginia, Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth. Goodwill to men. Thank God, Lee has surrendered and the war will soon end. How can I recall the events of this day? Such a scene only happens once in centuries. General Meade rode like mad down the road with his hat off shouting, "The war is over and we are going home." The men threw their knapsacks and canteens into the air and howl like mad. The rebels are half starved and our men divided their rations with them. I cried and laughed by turn. I was never so happy in my life. I thank God for all of his blessings to me and that my life has been spared to see this glorious day. Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

David McCullough Word of Lee's surrender spread fast. A galloping writer shouted the good news to Sherman's army in North Carolina and one gleeful soldier bellowed back at them, "You're the son-of-a-bitch we've been looking for all these four years."

David McCullough Church bells rang out in every Northern town.

[sil.]

David McCullough The people of Deer Isle, Maine, had followed the steady march of Union victories with the same joy felt by towns all over the North. And when news of Appomattox got out to the islands, shouting horsemen carried it from house to house. But the grieving did not end.

David McCullough Private William Tothucker(ph) succumbed to disease aboard of the transport ship leaving four small children whose memories of him would quickly fade. And the letter came, informing Private Alby N. Stenson's(ph) wife that her husband had been killed near Appomattox Court House, just five days before the Confederates surrender.

David McCullough When the news reached Clarksville, Tennessee, the Union military governor ordered a grand city-wide celebration.

Nannie Haskins All the storehouses were brilliantly lighted. These blue devils desecrated our churches by ringing the bells. They did all in their power to a-rile us. Nannie Haskins.

David McCullough At Vicksburg, 2,000 liberated Union prisoners crowded onto the decks of the steamboat Sultana, gleeful to be on their way North at last. Near Memphis, a boiler exploded and she burst into flames. More than 1,200 men died, still hundreds of miles from home.

Mary Chesnut We are scattered, stunned. The remnant of heart left alive in us is filled with brotherly hate. Whose fault? Everybody blamed by somebody else. Only the dead heroes left stiff and stark on the battlefield escaped. Mary Chesnut.

David McCullough When the news of the surrender reached Edmund Ruffin, the old Virginia secessionist who had fired one of the first shots at Fort Sumter, he draped a rebel flag over his shoulders and shot himself. "Rather than live," he wrote, "in a restored union with members of the Yankee race."

David McCullough "You may forgive us", a surrendering rebel officer told Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain after the ceremony at Appomattox, "but we won't be forgiven. There is a rancor in our hearts which you little dream of. We hate you sir."

Assassination

David McCullough April 14, 1865, was Good Friday. It also marked to the day, the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter. And within the Fort's pulverized walls that morning, everything was being readied for a noontime ceremony. The Fort's old Union Commander Colonel Robert Anderson was to raise the same flag he had been forced to haul down in 1861. An audience of Northern Soldiers and dignitaries, and some 4,000 former slaves watched. Few local Whites chose to attend.

At first, I could not hear Colonel Anderson for his voice came thickly, but in a moment he said clearly, "I thank God that I have lived to see this day". And after a few more words, he began to hoist the flag. It went up slowly and hung limp. A weather-beaten, frayed and shell-torn old flag, not fit for much more work, but when it had crept clear of the shelter of the walls, a sudden breath of wind caught it and it shook its folds and flew straight out above us. I think we stood up. Somebody started the Star-Spangled Banner, and we sang the first verse which is all that most people know. But it did not make much difference for a great gun who's fired close to us from the Fort itself followed, in

obedience to the President's order, by a national salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Fort Sumter.

[sil.]

David McCullough In Washington that same day, John Wilkes Booth dropped by Fords Theater to pick up his mail. A stagehand told him the President and General Grant were both expected to attend that night to see the actress Laura Keane in a British comedy called "Our American Cousin".

David McCullough Booth told his band of devoted followers of a new plan. He would shoot Lincoln and Grant. Lewis Payne was to kill Secretary of State William Seward. George Atzerodt was to shoot the vice president, Andrew Johnson.

David McCullough Early that evening, Booth led his horse out of the Livery stable near Fords Theater.

David McCullough A young boy was told to hold it at the stage door.

David McCullough At the last minute, General and Mrs. Grant begged off the theater party and left the city for Philadelphia. The Lincolns arrived and took their seats in the presidential box. With them were Major Henry Rathbone and his fiancée, Clara Harris.

[sil.]

What would you advise, ma?

Just remember dear, he is rich! Hush! Here he comes.

Oh! Mr. Trenchard, we were just saying how you always seem sure of hitting your mark?

David McCullough The President seemed to be enjoying the play. His wife held his hand. Booth swallowed two brandies at a nearby bar then returned to the theater. He waited for the laughter to rise, then slipped silently into the President's box. He held a dagger in his left hand, the Derringer pistol in his right.

A nasty beast.

Sir, your vulgarity renders you intolerable in polite society!

Maybe I don't know the manners of polite society but I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal, you sockdologizing old man-trap.

David McCullough Booth fired then bolted over the front of the box, caught his right spur on the draped flag and landed on the stage, breaking his left leg. He waved his dagger and shouted something to the stunned audience. Some thought he said "Sic semper tyrannis," "thus be it ever to tyrants," Virginia's state motto. Others heard it as "the South is avenged." For a long moment the theater was still, then Mary Lincoln screamed.

David McCullough The bullet from Booth's pistol had entered the back of Lincoln's head, torn through his brain and lodged behind his right eye. A surgeon from the audience pronounced the wound "mortal."

David McCullough Soldiers carried the unconscious President from the theater into a boarding house across Tenth Street.

Private Jacob Soles We put him on the first floor and laid him on the bed. When we took him into the room, we had to get out. They wouldn't let anybody in whether it was a doctor or something. Private Jacob Soles(ph).

Gideon Welles The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed which was not long enough for him. He had been stripped of his clothes. His slow, full respiration lifted the covers with each breath he took. His features were calm and striking. Gideon Welles.

David McCullough The doctors could do nothing. Mary implored her husband to speak to her and wept so inconsolably, she was finally taken into the front parlor. Cabinet officers stood by, helpless, all night, doubly shocked to hear that Booth's accomplice, Lewis Payne, had stabbed secretary of state Seward then ran out into the street crying, "I'm mad, I'm mad." George Atzerodt had been too frightened to carry out Booth's order to kill the vice president. Around six in the morning, Navy Secretary Welles stepped outside, and found the streets filled with silent, anxious people.

A little before seven, I went back into the room. The death struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way and sobbed aloud, leaning on the shoulder of Senator Sumner.

David McCullough At 7:22 on the morning of April 15, 1865, Abraham Lincoln died. He was 56 years old. Secretary of War Edwin Stanton said, "Now, he belongs to the ages". His pockets contained two pairs of spectacles, a pocket knife, a linen handkerchief and a wallet. In it were nine newspaper clippings, and a Confederate five-dollar bill.

[sil.]

Walt Whitman Mother prepared breakfast and other meals as usual but not a mouthful was eaten all day by either of us. We each drank half a cup of coffee. That was all. Little was said. We got every newspaper, morning and evening, and passed them silently to each other. Walt Whitman.

David McCullough The telegraph carried the news across the country in minutes. No president had ever been murdered.

[sil.]

David McCullough People would remember for the rest of their lives, where they were and what they felt and what the weather was like when they heard what had happened.

Elisha Hunt Rhodes Near Appomattox Court House, Virginia, Saturday, April 15, the bad news has just arrived. Corporal Thomas Parker has just said, President Lincoln is dead, murdered. We cannot realize that our President is dead, may God help his family and our distracted country. Elisha Hunt

Rhodes.

George Templeton Strong I have been expecting this, I am stunned, as by a fearful personal calamity. Though, I can see that this thing occurring just at this time may be overruled to our great good, we shall appreciate it at last. George Templeton Strong.

Gideon Welles On the avenue in front of the White House were several hundred colored people, mostly women and children, weeping and waving their loss. This crowd did not diminish through the whole of that cold, wet day. They seemed not to know what was to be their fate since their great benefactor was dead. And those strong and brave men wept when I met them. The hopeless grief of those poor colored people affected me more than almost anything else. Gideon Welles.

David McCullough Lincoln's casket lay in state, first, in the East room of the White House, then, in the rotunda of the Capitol. He was to be buried in Springfield, Illinois, his adopted home. The small coffin of his son, Willy, who had died in Washington, was disinterred to make the journey with him. Mary Lincoln was too overcome with grief to go. The funeral train took 12 days and traveled 1,662 miles through the soft spring landscape, retracing the route Lincoln had taken to Washington four years earlier.

[sil.]

David McCullough In Philadelphia, Lincoln's coffin lay in the Independence Hall where he declared he would rather be assassinated than surrender the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

[sil.]

David McCullough In New York, the procession took four hours. Scalpers sold choice window positions along the route for \$4 and up. From his grandfather's window, the young Theodore Roosevelt watched the procession pass.

[sil.]

David McCullough At Cleveland, 10,000 mourners pass through a specially built outdoor pavilion, every hour, all day despite a driving rain.

[sil.]

David McCullough It ended in Springfield, on May 4th. The coffin rode to the Illinois Statehouse in a magnificent black and silver hearse borrowed from St. Louis and lay open in the chamber of the House of Representatives where Lincoln had warned that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

[sil.]

David McCullough Among the thousands of people who shuffled past his coffin were many who had known him in the old days. Farmers from New Salem, law clients and rival attorneys, neighbors who had nodded to him each morning on his way to work. Sarah, the President's stepmother, had had a premonition when Lincoln left for Washington four years before. "I felt it in my heart that something

would happen to him," she said, "and that I should see him no more."

[sil.]

David McCullough General Joseph Hooker lead the final slow march to Oak Ridge Cemetery through a gentle spring rain.

[sil.]

Frederick Douglass You, White people, are the children of Abraham Lincoln. We are at best only his step children. Viewed from the genuine abolition ground, Mr. Lincoln seemed tired(ph), cold, dull, and different but measuring him by the sentiment of his country, the sentiment he was bound as a statesman to consult, he was swift, zealous, radical and determined. Taking him all in all, measuring the tremendous magnitude of the work before him, considering the necessary means to ends, infinite wisdom has seldom sent any men into the world better fitted for his mission than Abraham Lincoln. Frederick Douglass.

Useless, Useless

David McCullough On April 26, the Union Cavalry trapped John Wilkes Booth in a Virginia tobacco barn and set it to fire. His accomplice, David Herold, surrendered. Booth preferred death, the soldier shot him in the neck. At the end, he asked to have his hands raised, looked at them and said, "Useless, useless." That day, in a farmhouse near Durham station, North Carolina, Confederate General Joseph Johnston surrendered what was left of his army to William Tecumseh Sherman. Jefferson Davis, exhausted but still defiant, fled southward hoping somehow to rally the confederacy from Texas.

Jefferson Davis It may be that with the devoted band of Cavalry, I can force my way across the Mississippi and if nothing can be done there, then I can go to Mexico and have the world from which to choose a location.

David McCullough On May 10th, at Irwinville, Georgia, Union Cavalry caught up with him. With the arrest of his President, the Confederate government ceased to exist. Davis was sent north to Virginia under heavy guard. Northern newspapers spread the false rumor that Davis had been apprehended wearing women's clothes. North and South, he was reviled as the villain of the war.

SHELBY FOOTE Writer

Shelby Foote His misconceptions about Davis are so strange, it is as if a gigantic conspiracy was launched. It was partly launched by Southerners who having been lost the war, they did not want to blame it on the generals, so they blamed it on the politicians. And of course, Davis was a chief politician , so it was Southerners that was more than the Northerners who vilified Captain Davis. The Northerners wanted to hang him from a sour apple tree but the Southerners really tore him down after the war.

David McCullough Davis was imprisoned at Fortress Monroe in a cell kept perpetually lit. He was made to wear chains, though he protested that those are orders for a slave and no man with a soul in him would obey such orders.

CAPTAIN DAVIS Dear Verina. This is not the fate to which I invited you when the future was rose-colored for us both. But I know you will bear it even better than myself. And that of us two, I alone will ever look back reproachfully(ph) on my career.

David McCullough Scattered fighting started on in Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi and even further West where on May 13, 1865, Private John J. Williams of the 34th Indiana became the last man killed in the Civil War in the Battle of Palmito Ranch, Texas. The final skirmish was a Confederate victory.

David McCullough On the morning of May 23, 1865, the American flag flew at full staff above the White House for the first time since Lincoln's death. U.S. Grant and the new President Andrew Johnson stood side-by-side to watch the grand armies of the Republic pass in review down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol.

And so it came, as glorious old army of the Potomac for six hours marching past, 18 or 20 miles long, their colors telling their sad history. It was a strange feeling to be so intensely happy and triumphant and yet to feel like crying.

sil.

David McCullough The great procession took two days. General George Armstrong Custer stole the show the first day, galloping past the dignitaries far ahead of his men, brandishing his saber, his long, yellow hair whipping in the wind. But the crowds cheered loudest the next morning, as William Tecumseh Sherman rode fast at the head of the great army he had led to the sea.

[sil.]

David McCullough By May, most of the Yankees have withdrawn from Clarksville, Tennessee. What remained of the 49th and 14th Tennessee regiments came home. Private John J. Danny(ph) of Company K was not among them. He had died at Chancellorsville. Of the 29 Stewart College seniors who went to war, 16 have been killed in battle. Seven more had died of wounds and disease. In September, railway service to Clarksville was resumed.

David McCullough Deer Isle, Maine, was an indirect casualty of the war. When its men came home, they found fishing had fallen off. There was no money to be made and other industries in nearby towns. The old families moved away. Some of the houses they left behind became summer homes for vacationers. Most of whom were unaware of what had happened there.

[sil.]

David McCullough John Wilkes Booth's accomplices were swiftly tried before military commission. All eight were found guilty, four were sentenced to be hanged including Mary Surratt whose only crime may have been that she owned the boarding house in which the conspirators met. The executions took place in the courtyard of the old penitentiary building on July 7th. Prisoners climbed the 13 steps and sat in chairs while the charges were read aloud. Two priests comforted Mrs. Surratt and shielded her from the sun. White hoods were slipped over their heads.

[sil.]

David McCullough General Winfield Scott Hancock, the hero of Gettysburg, clapped his hands three times and soldiers knocked the front part of the platform out from under the condemned.

[sil.]

David McCullough It took them more than five minutes to die. A Northern newspaper said, "we want to know their names no more."

[sil.]

Walt Whitman Somewhere, they crawled to die, alone, in bushes, low gullies or on the sides of hills. There in secluded spots, their skeletons, bleached bones, tufts of hair, buttons, fragments of clothing are occasionally found yet. Our young men, once so handsome and so joyous, taken from us. The son from the mother. The husband from the wife. The dear friend from the dear friend. Walt Whitman.

The Picklocks of Biographers

David McCullough Three and a half million men went to war. Six hundred and twenty thousand men died in it, as many as in all the rest of Americas wars combined. One quarter of the South's White men of military age were dead. In Iowa, half the man eligible to fight served in the Union Army filling 46 regiments in all. Thirteen thousand and one Iowans died, 3,540 in battle, 515 are prisoners of war and 8,498 of disease. Those figures were typical. The fifth New Hampshire regiment started out from Concord in 1861 with 1,200 men. When they return to New Hampshire after Gettysburg, there are only 380 left. In Mississippi in 1866, one-fifth of the states entire budget was spent on artificial limbs. Millions were left with vivid memories of men who should have still been living, but were not. The survivors went home and got on with the business of living.

Leander Stillwell The morning after my arrival home, I doffed my uniform of first lieutenant, put on some of my fathers old clothes and proceeded to wage war on the standing corn. The feeling I had was sort of queer. It almost seemed sometimes as if I had been away only a day or two and I had just taken up the farm work where I had left off. Leander Stillwell, formerly 61st Illinois.

David McCullough The boys, who had gone after war, were old men now. They walked over the old battlefields with their families, pointing out the places where they had once done things that now seemed impossible even to them.

I had a theoretical notion of having a country but when the war was over, on both sides they knew they'd had a country, they'd been there. They had walked its hills and tramped its roads. They saw(ph) the country and they knew they had a country and I knew that the effort that they had expended and they're dead friends had expended to preserve it. It did that. It made their country on actuality.

[sil.]

David McCullough By the turn of the century, monuments and memorials and statues stood on city parks and courthouse squares from Maine to Mississippi.

Number 220 statue of American soldier, price \$450. When used as a family monument and the photos

of the deceased soldier can be furnished, we will model a new head in a true likeness, the extra cost will be but \$150. The Monumental Bronze Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

[sil.]

Elisha Hunt Rhodes Halls Hill, Virginia, July 4, 1865. Another Independence Day in the army and this has been my fifth. The first we passed at Camp Clark near Washington, the second at Harrison's, London, the third at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the fourth at Petersburg. And today, we are back in Washington without work finished. The day has been fun. Elisha Hunt Rhodes.

David McCullough The war made Elisha Hunt Rhodes. Having risen from private to colonel during the war, he is promoted to Brigadier General after it, then went into the cotton and wool business in Providence. He devoted nearly every idle hour to Veteran's Affairs and never missed a regimental reunion.

[sil.]

Sam Watkins America has no North, no South, no East, no West. The sun rises over the hills and sets over the mountains. The compass just points up and down. And we can laugh now at the absurd notion of their being in the North and the South. We are one and undivided. Sam Watkins.

David McCullough Sam Watkins returned to Columbia, Tennessee, ran the family farm and in the evenings worked on his memoirs, *Company Aytch*. Despite, he said, a house full of young rebels clustering around my knees and bumping my elbows.

James Symington But for the war, these men were like any other possible friends. You can remember the, Thomas Hardy's poem, "Had he and I but met, by some old ancient inn, we like set down to wet, right many a nipper kin, you know, but ranged as infantry standing face to face, I shot at him as he at me and killed him in his place. Strange and curious war is, you shoot a fellow down, you'd treat, if met where any bar is, or help to half a crown." Isn't that it especially in our own society, where these men share the common history, men and women. And share the common love of liberty. Gave it a slightly different English as it spun through their lives. But at the same time, when death came, and their was no more to fight about, they sort of, ocean of love and respect and closed over them again and they were together.

William Tecumseh Sherman I think we understand what the military fame is; To be killed on the field of battle and have our names spelled wrong in the newspapers. William Tecumseh Sherman.

David McCullough William Tecumseh Sherman remained a soldier, fighting Indians and shunning politics until his retirement in 1883. "If nominated, I will not run," he told the Republican delegation urging him to run for president. "If elected, I will not serve." He died in New York City in the winter of 1891. Among the honorary pallbearers who stood bareheaded in the cold wind outside the church was 82-year-old Joe Johnston, who had fought Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas. When a friend warned him he might fall ill, Johnston told him, "If I were in Sherman's place and he were standing here in mine, he would not put on his hat." Johnston died ten days later of pneumonia.

Mary Chesnut April 1866, there are nights here with the moonlight cold and ghastly, and the whippoorwills, and screech owls alone disturbing the silence, when I could tear my hair and cry alone

for all that is past and gone. Mary Chesnut.

David McCullough When James and Mary Chesnut returned to Mulberry Plantation, they found the old house stripped by Union men, the cotton burned. Mary managed to make a little money selling butter and eggs in partnership with her former slave and she continued to write, but she never completed the mammoth task of reworking her war diary.

[sil.]

David McCullough Jefferson Davis was never tried for treason, nor could he ever bring himself to ask for pardon. After two years in prison, he was released on bond and spent the rest of his life living off the charity of a wealthy widow and working on a massive memoir. The rise and fall of the Confederate Government. He died still persuaded of the justice of his cause at the age of 81. Hiram Revels of Mississippi, became the first black man every elected to the United States Senate filling the seat last held by Jefferson Davis. Vice President Alexander Stephens was imprisoned briefly and then reelected to his old congressional seat from Georgia as if it has never been a confederacy.

David McCullough Mary Todd Lincoln never recovered from his husband's murder. Her son Ted died in 1871. Five years later, her eldest son Robert had her committed to a mental institution. She spent her last years in Springfield, rarely leaving her room whose curtains were never raised.

David McCullough For Clara Barton, the angel of the battlefield, the grim work continued. After the war, she went down to Andersonville and help arrange dignified burials for thousands of Union prisoners who had died there, then went on to found the American Red Cross. On November 10, 1865, Henry Wirz, Commandant at Andersonville Prison, was hanged in the yard of the old Capitol Prison in Washington for war crimes. He pleaded he had only followed orders.

David McCullough Walt Whitman published Drum Taps, a book of Civil War poems he thought his finest, then turned largely to prose. His writings revolutionized American literature.

David McCullough Phil Sheridan went out West to take on a new enemy, declaring that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

David McCullough George Armstrong Custer went West too, carrying with him his belief in his own invincibility. In 1876, the Sioux and Cheyenne proved him wrong.

David McCullough George McClellan stayed abroad for three years after losing the election to Lincoln. He heard no slander about himself there, he said. Then he came home and got himself elected Governor of New Jersey.

David McCullough The conqueror of Fort Sumter, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard promoted railroads, managed two Louisiana state lottery, and got rich.

David McCullough Nathan Bedford Forrest promoted railroads too, but failed. In 1867, he became the first Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, but quit. The clan grew too violent even for him.

David McCullough General Dan Sickles somehow escaped court-martial for his plunder at Gettysburg. He had the leg he lost in the Peach Orchard mounted in a miniature casket and gave it to

the army medical museum in Washington where he visited it regularly for 50 years.

David McCullough John Bell Hood who had survived some of the fiercest fighting of the war, died with his wife and daughter in the New Orleans yellow fever epidemic of 1878, leaving ten orphan children.

David McCullough George Pickett never overcame his bitterness over the destruction of his division at Gettysburg. Suffering from severe depression, he turned down offers of command for the ruler of Egypt and the President of the United States and ended up in the insurance business.

David McCullough Confederate General James Longstreet joined the Republican party, served as the Grant's minister to Turkey, dared to criticize Lee's strategy at Gettysburg and for all these things, was considered a traitor to the South by his former comrades in arms.

David McCullough Frederick Douglass continued to fight as hard for civil rights as he had against slavery and became the most powerful Black politician in America. A young visitor once asked him what he should do with his life. Agitate, the old man answered. Agitate, agitate.

David McCullough Julia Ward Howe help lead the American Woman Suffrage Association for 55 years. At her funeral in 1910, 4,000 mourners joined in singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

David McCullough Colonel Washington Roebling left the Army Corps of Engineers, finished his father's bridge in Cincinnati and went on to build the greatest suspension bridge in the world, in Brooklyn.

I have fought against the people of the North because I believe they were seeking to rest from the South its dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.

David McCullough Robert E. Lee swore renewed allegiance to the United States and by so doing, persuaded thousands of his former soldiers to do the same. He was weary, ailing, and without work in the summer of 1865, when an insurance firm offered him \$50,000 just for the use of his name. He turned it down. "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

Shelby Foote He ended up in the noble way you might have expected after you've learned to expect it. He was, he didn't know what to do with himself after the war, his profession was gone, even his country was gone. And he was approached, there was a good deal of hesitation by these people from a little school called Washington College and he accepted the Presidency of Washington College, got an annual salary of \$1,500 and a house to live in and he spent the rest of his life at what after his death was called Washington-Lee.

David McCullough "The greatest mistake in my life," he said, "was taking a military education." And whenever his students and those of the neighboring Virginia Military Institute, march together, Lee made a point of staying out of step. He never returned to Arlington again. Once on his way to Washington, he glimpsed his old home from the passing train. He died in 1870. In his last moments, he went back to the war, ordering A.P. Hill bring up his troops just as Stonewall Jackson had on his death bed at Chancellorsville. Then Lee called out, "Strike the tent!"

[sil.]

For he will smile and give you with unflinching courtesy, prayers, trappings, letters, uniforms, and orders, photographs, kindness, valor and advice and do it with such grace and gentleness that you will know you have the whole of him pinned down, mapped(ph) up, easy to understand, and so you have all the things except the heart. The heart he kept a secret to the end from all the picklocks of biographers.

[sil.]

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era when there is to be a great harmony between the Federal and the Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy but I feel it within me, that it is to be so.

David McCullough The qualities that served Ulysses S. Grant so well in war, stubbornness, independence, aversion to politics deserted him in peace time. He entered in the White House, pledged to peace and honesty and Civil Rights, but corruption tainted his two terms. After the Presidency, he settled in Manhattan where he lend his name to a Wall Street brokerage firm. Another partner in the firm stole millions from the shareholders in 1884 and bankrupted the Grant family. Once again, U.S. Grant was penniless. At almost the same moment, he was found to be suffering from inoperable cancer of the throat. Determined to provide for his family before he died, he set to work writing his memoirs. In the summer 1885, he moved to a cottage at Mt. McGregor in the Adirondacks. Unable now to eat or speak, he sat on front porch in the afternoons, laboring over his manuscript. He finished it on July 16th and died one week later. Grant's memoirs sold half a millions copies and restored his family's fortune.

[sil.]

David McCullough In 1913, the government held 50th Anniversary Reunion at Gettysburg. It lasted three days. Thousands of survivors bivouacked on the old battlefields swapping stories, looking up old comrades.

[sil.]

David McCullough The climax was to be reenactment of Pickett's charge, as the rebel yell rang out and the old Confederates started forward again across the fields among a gigantic gasp of unbelief rose from the Union men on Cemetery Ridge. It was then one onlooker said that the Yankees unable to restrain themselves longer burst from behind the stone wall and flung themselves upon their former enemies. Not in mortal combat, but embracing them in brotherly love and affection.

[sil.]

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain The pageant has passed. The day is over. But we linger, loath to think we should see them no more together. These men, these horses, these colors afield. Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain.

David McCullough Josh Lawrence Chamberlain was at the Gettysburg reunion, still imposing at 83 despite almost constant pain from the unhealed internal damage done him by a Confederate minie ball

at Petersburg. The reunion was, he said, transcendental experience. A radiant fellowship of the fallen. He had received the medal of honor for his courage at Little Round Top. Served four terms as a Governor of Maine and become President of Bowdoin College where he managed to teach every subject in the curriculum except Mathematics. He died of his ancient wound in 1914. The war was over.

Was It Not Real? BARBARA FIELDS Historian

Barbara Fields Who won the war? The Union army obviously won the war in the sense that they are the army left standing holding their weapons when it was all over. So, the soldiers who fought in the Union army, the generals who directed it, the President who led the country during it won the war. If we are not talking just about the series of battles, that finished up with the surrender at Appomattox, but talking instead about the struggle to make something higher and better out the country, then the question gets more complicated. The slaves won the war and they lost the war because they won freedom that is the removal of the slavery. But they did not won the freedom as they understood for you.

JAMES SYMINGTON Former Congressman

James Symington I suppose that slavery is merely the horrible statutory expression of a deeper, of a deeper rift between people based on race. And that is what we struggle still to, to heal and I think the significance of Lincoln's life and his victory was that it, we will never again enshrine these concepts into law but now let see what we can do to erase them from the hearts and minds of people.

STEPHEN B. OATES Historian

Stephen B. Oates The civil war is not only the central event of American History but it's a central event in large ways for the world itself. If we believe today in 20th century, surely we must that popular government is the way to go. It is the way for the emancipation of the human spirit. Then, the Civil War established the fact that a popular government could survive. That it could overcome an internal cessation movement that could destroy it. So, the war becomes, in essence it becomes a testament for the liberation of the human spirit for all time.

David McCullough Four millions of Americans had been freed after four years of agony. But the meaning of freedom in American life remained unresolved. The emancipated slaves own nothing, one Tennessee planter(ph) wrote. Because nothing but freedom has been given them.

David McCullough Thousand of Blacks wandered Southern roads searching for relatives or looking for work or food. Thousands more stayed on their plantations as hired hands or share croppers. The 13th Amendment was followed by a 14th and a 15th, promising full citizenship, and due process for all American men, White and Black. But the promises were soon overlooked. In the scramble for new prosperity and White supremacy was brutally re-imposed throughout the old confederacy. The White South won that war of attrition. It would take another century before Blacks came back the ground for which so many had given their lives.

Barbara Fields I think what we need to remember most of all, is that Civil War is not over until we, today have done our part in fighting it. As well as understanding what happened when civil war generation fought it. William Faulkner said once that history is not was, it's is and what we need to

remember about Civil War is that, the civil is that the Civil War is in the present as well as in the past. The generation that fought the war, the generation argued over the definition of the war, the generation that had to pay the price and blood, that had to pay the price and blasted hopes on a lost future also established a standard that will not mean anything until we have finished the work. You can say that no such things as slavery anymore, we are all citizens. But if we are all citizens, then we have a task to do to make sure that that too is not a joke. If some citizens live in houses and others live on the street, the Civil War is still going on. It's still to be fought and regrettably it can still be lost.

Gettysburg 1863 -- 1938 Paramount News Seventy-five years have gone since Gettysburg, where 43,000 Americans were killed and wounded. For the last time, now, the few survivors join hands... Blue and Gray together. The wounded has healed. Voice: Gene Marshall

Gettysburg's guns are still and the dead sleep on. America's most famous battleground is a camp again. With the road dividing the Blue and Gray. There is no other dividing line now as 2,500 veterans gather from North and South to mark the 75th Anniversary of the America's Armageddon.

[sil.]

Shelby Foote We think that we are wholly superior people. If we've been anything like as superior as we think we are, we would not have fought that war. But since we did fight it, we have to make it the greatest war of all times and our generals where the greatest generals of all time. It's very American to do that.

[sil.]

Berry Benson In time, even death itself might be abolished, Sergeant Berry Benson, a South Carolina veteran from McGowan's brigade, Wilcox's division, A.P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, he had enlisted three months before Sumter, aged eighteen, and served through Appomattox. Saw it so when he got around composing the Reminiscences he hoped would go down amongst my descendants for a long time. Reliving the war in words, he began to wish he could relive it in fact. And he came to believe that he and his fellow soldiers, Gray and Blue, might one day be able to do just that: if not here on earth, then afterwards in Valhalla. "Who knows," he asked as his narrative drew toward its close, "but it may be given to us after this life to meet again in the old quarters, to play chess and draughts, to get up soon to answer the morning roll call, to fall in at the tap of the drum for drill and dress parade, and again to hastily don our war gear while a monotonous patter of the long road summons to battle? Who knows but again the old flags rugged and torn, snapping in the wind, may face each other and flutter, pursuing and pursued, while the cries of victory fill a summer day? And after the battle, then the slain and wounded will arise, and all will meet together under the two flags all sound and well, and there will be talking and laughter and cheers, and all will say, "Did it not seem real? Was it not as in the old days?

A Film by KEN BURNS Produced by KEN BURNS and RIC BURNS Written by GEOFFREY C. WARD and RIC BURNS with KEN BURNS Edited by PAUL BARNES BRUCE SHAW TRICIA REIDY Narrated by DAVID McCULLOUGH Voices SAM WATERSTONE Abraham Lincoln JULIE HARRIS Mary Chestnut JASON ROBARDS Ulysses S. Grant MORGAN FREEMAN Frederick Douglass PAUL ROEBLING Joshua L. Chamberlain, etc GARRISON KEILLOR Walt Whitman, etc GEORGE BLACK Robert E. Lee ARTHUR MILLER William T. Sherman CHRIS MURNEY Pvt. Elisha Hunt Rhodes CHARLEY McDOWELL Pvt. Sam Watkins HORTON FOOTE Jefferson Davis

GEORGE PLIMPTON George Templeton Strong PHILIP BOSCO Horace Greeley, etc. TERRY COURIER George McClellan JODY POWELL Stonewall Jackson, etc. STUDS TERKEL Benjamin F. Butler with DEREK JACOBI JEREMY IRONS KURT VONNEGUT GENE JONES JEROME DEMPSEY LARRY FISHBURNE SHELBY FOOTE BETSY APPLE CAROL CRAVEN MARISSA COPELAND HALO WINES DAVID MARKS PAMELA REED RONNIE GILBERT M. EMMET WALSH HOYT AXTON JOHN HARTFORD WALT MACPHERSON COLLEEN DEWHURST LATANYA RICHARDSON BRADFORD WASHBURN JESSE CARR WENDY TILGHMAN JOE MATTYS and LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EX-SLAVE RECORDINGS Cinematography KEN BURNS ALLEN MOORE BUDDY SQUIRES Assistant Editors PHOEBE YANTSIOS MEREDITH WOODS Apprentice Editors JOSHUA LEVIN ED BARTESKI Coordinating Producer CATHERINE EISELE Associate Producer/ Post-Production LYNN NOVICK Co-Producers STEPHEN IVES JULIE DUNFEY MIKE HILL Consultants SHELBY FOOTE C. VANN WOODWARD STEPHEN SEARS JAMES MCPHERSON MIKE MUSICK ERICK FONER ROBERT JOHANNSEN WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG CHARLES FULLER IRA BERLIN ROBERT PENN WARREN DAYTON DUNCAN BARBARA J. FIELDS DON FEHRENBACHER WILLIAM MCFEELY RICHARD SNOW BERNARD WEISBERGER STEPHEN B. OATES DANIEL AARON TOM LEWIS CHARLEY MCDOWELL GENE SMITH JEROME LIEBLING AMY STECHLER BURNS Senior Creative Consultant DAVID McCULLOUGH Associate Producers CAMILLA ROCKWELL SUSANNA STEISEL Additional Cinematography FOSTER WYLIE Research Assistant LOVEL RICHARDSON Assistant Camera AMY STECHLER BURNS BRUCE KERN JEFFREY VICTOR Post Production Coordinator PHOEBE YANTSIOS Editing Interns MIKE BALABUCH JONATHAN BARON ROBERT BLUMENFIELD JENNIFER BROWN DAVID CANTOR CHRISTINE COSCIONI VIDA FITZGERALD MICHAEL FOXWORTH ELISA HABER LINDA KONG PATRICK McGUINN DAVID McQUILING ROBERT MOWEN ERIC MORTENSON DAVID NELSON MYRA PACI Animation Stand Photography THE FRAME SHOP EDWARD JOYCE & EDWARD SEARLES CARLOS SANCHEZ Map Animation BALSMEYER & EVERETT, INC. Still Photography ROBERT UNGAR Fiddle, Mandolin JESSE CARR Guitar, Recorder, Vocals PEGGY JAMES violin PETER AMIDON Banjo DON BROOKS Guitar, Mandolin MATT GLASER Fiddle MOLLY MASON Guitar, Bass YONATAN MALIN Flute PETER ECKLUND Coronet RUSS BARENBERG Harmonica and THE OLD BETHPAGE BRASS BAND DR. KIRBY JOLLY, DIRECTOR Musical Direction KEN BURNS JOHN COLBY Engineer DON WERSHBA Music recorded at SOUNDESIGN Brattleboro, Vermont and SOUNDTRACK NY New York City "ASHOKAN FAREWELL" Composed by JAY UNGAR Courtesy of Flying Fish Records "WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER" Arranged & Performed by BERNICE JOHNSON REAGON Songtalk Publishing Co. Courtesy of Flying Fish Records "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" Performed by THE SANCTUARY CHOIR of THE ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH DR. JEWEL T. THOMPSON, DIRECTOR. "HAIL TO THE CHIEF", "LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRLY", "PALMYRA SCHOTTISCHE", "PARADE", "DIXIE", "BONNIE BLUE CHEERS", WALTZ NO. 19", and "MARYLAND MY MARYLAND" Performed by FREDERICK FENNELL and THE EASTMAN WIND ENSEMBLE Courtesy of PolyGram Special Products A Division of PolyGram Records, Inc. "DIXIE" Performed by BOBBY HORTON "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" Performed by the UNITED STATES MARINE BAND Courtesy of RCA Records "FUNERAL MARCH NO.1" and "BATTLE HYMN QUICKSTEP" Performed by THE HERITAGE AMERICANA BRASS BAND ROBERT GAROFALO, CONDUCTOR Additional Sound Effects Courtesy of TURNER ENTERTAINMENT CO. Sound Recording CHARLES MEYER ZACK KRIEGER TOM NELSON ALEX GRISWOLD DENNIS TOWNS FRANK STETNER Negative Matching NOELLE PENRAAT Title Design JAMES MADDEN Titles and Opticals EASTERN OPTICAL EFX INC. Color DU ART FILM LABS Voice-Over Recording A&J RECORDING

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