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

transcript

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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 no more 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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