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[Episode 9: The Better Angels of Our Nature](#) from PBS (Public Broadcasting Service, 1990) 68:36.

transcript

A FLORENTINE FILMS PRODUCTION

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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