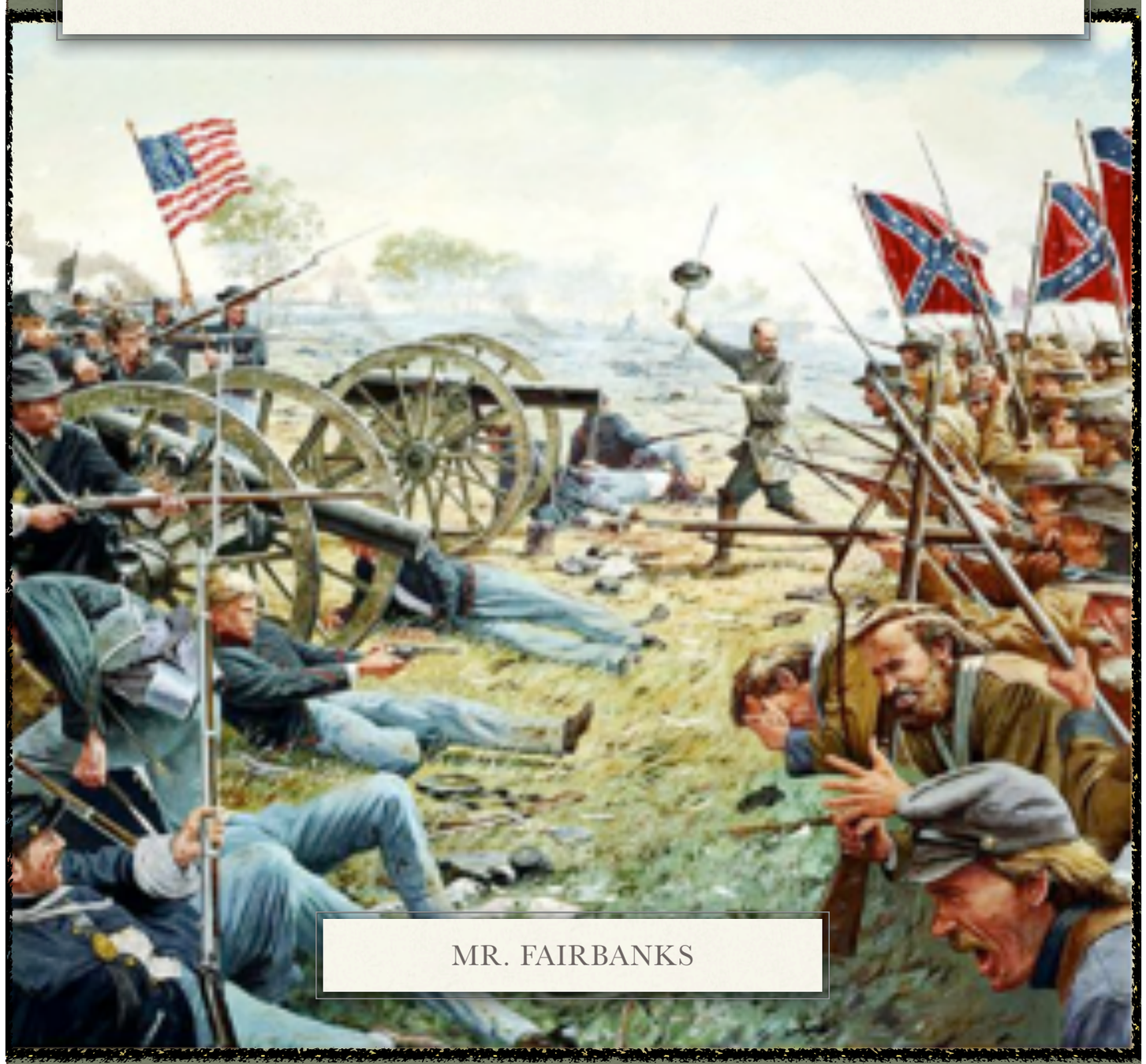
BCCHS United States History

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

HISTORICAL FICTION AND SOURCE MATERIAL

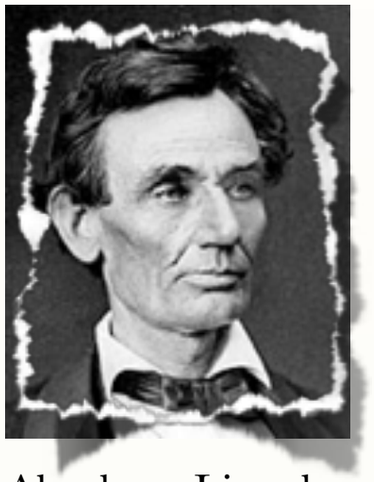


MR. FAIRBANKS

CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION TO THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

The following section provides a short background to the events that produced simmering tensions between North and South, which boiled over into open conflict following the Presidential election of 1860. The content of this section has been taken from John MacDonald's *Great Battles of the Civil War*, and from James Robertson's *The Untold Civil War: Exploring the Human Side of War*.

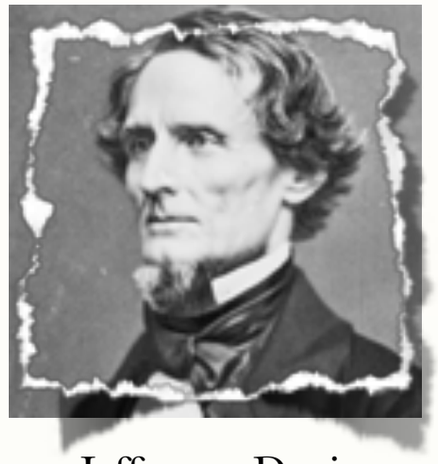


Abraham Lincoln

SECTION 1

The Nation Divided

"The political hostilities of a generation were now face to face with weapons instead of words."
-General Pierre G.T. Beauregard, CSA



Jefferson Davis

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA had been anything but united for some 40 years before the nation was torn by civil war in 1861. This young, fast-developing republic had, in effect, cultivated two societies in its midst, each with a different outlook, different values, different needs. It was a recipe for dissent, though few could have predicted that political squabbling over diverging interests would transform into a bitter four-year conflict costing more than 600,000 American lives.

Slavery, a vital prop to the economy of the Southern states, was at the root of the trouble. In this vast agricultural community, where life was slow, well-ordered, and rather old-fashioned, more than three-and-a-half million blacks were in bondage. Cotton was the principal crop, representing nearly 60 percent of US exports just before the war, and large numbers of slavers were employed to raise and harvest it. Less than six million whites, ranging from the rich, plantation-owning aristocracy to impoverished laborers, occupied this enormous area, which had relatively few cities of any size, and limited manufacturing capacity.

In contrast, the Northern states, where slavery had died out, had many large towns and cities, burgeoning industries, and a thriving farming system to feed its ever-growing population (estimated at 18 million in 1860). European immigrants were streaming in, eager to share in the North's prosperity and optimism. It was commerce, not cotton, that was king in the free states.

The acquisition and settlement of huge new territories to the west fanned contention between the two factions: Southerners sought to extend slavery into these lands, while Northerners attempted to curb the spread of what they regarded as an outdated and undesirable practice.

Between 1820 and 1850, compromise followed uneasy compromise on this issue. Then, in 1854, when demands for the abolition of slavery were gaining widespread support in the North, Congress passed the **Kansas-Nebraska Act**.

This ill-advised piece of legislation left it to **"popular sovereignty"** among the settlers to decide whether these two new territories should be slave or free, thereby opening the way for violent campaigning in which more than 200 people died.

The rift deepened in 1857. First, a financial depression hit the commercial North hard, but left the cotton states untouched and smug in the conviction that their slave-based economy was superior. Next, in ***Dred Scott v. Sandford*** the Supreme Court handed down a judgment in a slave versus master case which rocked Northern sentiment: slaves had no rights under the Constitution and, as the law stood, slavery could not be banned in any territory.

Two years later it was the South's turn to be shaken. there were now more free states than slave states represented in both houses of Congress, tipping the power balance in the North's favor. But more immediately frightening was the abolitionist John Brown's attempt to seize a Federal arsenal and armory at Harpers Ferry and distribute the weapons to slaves to use in an uprising. Here was a threat that could not be ignored, and many voices were raised in both camps for dissolution of the Union, so that North and South could go their separate ways.

Secession from the Union had long been on the lips of politicians in the South, where a state's rights were valued higher than Federal authority; but it was not until the winter of 1860 that a break was finally made. It came after the election of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, to the presidency of the United States. Lincoln, who was anti-slavery and a champion of Northern interests, was perceived by Southerners to herald the downfall of their way of life. South Carolina led the way out of the Union on December 20, promptly followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana.

In early February 1861, at Montgomery, Alabama, representatives of the seceded states met to create a new nation, the Confederate States of America (CSA). The provisional constitution which it adopted was broadly similar to that of the United States, but of course it allowed for the keeping of slaves. The man elected to lead the Confederacy was Jefferson Davis, a former US Secretary of War. A month later, Texas joined the secessionists. More out of cautious defense than a desire to spill blood, President Davis on March 6 called for 100,000 volunteers to serve as militia for a year. As part of its defense plan, the Confederacy seized Federal arsenals and military installations within its territory, but Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, continued defiantly to fly the stars and stripes of the United States.

Calls to surrender the fort and its garrison were declined by the commander, Major Robert Anderson, and, when President Lincoln announced his intention to resupply Sumter, it became evident to the Confederates that they would have to use force to capture it.

At 4:30 a.m. on April 12, 1861, the first shot of the American Civil War was fired by a Southern cannon. The

Confederacy, therefore, was the aggressor, just as Lincoln had wanted it to be. He could now, with justification, appeal to his nation to back him in putting down armed insurrection.

As soon as President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months in the interest of suppressing the rebellion, four so-far undecided slave states int he upper South -- Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas -- opted for the Confederacy. The other border slave states -- Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri -- stayed with the Union, which enjoyed another bonus when the western are of Virginia broke away from its parent state, pledging loyalty to Washington. Eventually, it was admitted to the Union as the state of West Virginia.

Thus the battle lines were drawn: 23 Northern states against 11 Souther. War fever gripped both sides in the weeks after the fall of Fort Sumter, with a rush to muster, arm, and train troops in readiness for what had become an inevitable trial by combat. The South was committed to the defense of the Confederacy, the North was committed to the preservation of the Union, and only force would resolve whose will would prevail.

Review Questions: 1.1 The Nation Divided

1. What was the most important long-term factor that contributed to a division between North and South?

   (A) The importance of cotton growth, primarily for the Northern economy and society.

   (B) The issue of slavery as the backbone of the Southern economy and agricultural production.

   (C) The political animosity between North and South that had developed in response to the secession crisis and the formation of the Confederate States of America.

   (D) The Supreme Court's ruling that slaves deserve greater rights under the Constitution, since they were considered 3/5 of a person.

2. Which of the following was NOT a cause of political and social tension between North and South in the late 1850s?

   (A) The secession of the Deep South, and the eventual formation of the Confederate States of America.

   (B) The legislation passed in the Kentucky-Nebraska Act that allowed settlers "popular sovereignty," or the right to choose to be a slave or free territory.

   (C) The Supreme Court's ruling that slaves had no rights under the Constitution, and that slavery could not be banned in any territory.

3. What was the name of the Supreme Court case that declared that slaves had no Constitutional rights, and that the federal government could not restrict the movement of slavery since it could not infringe upon citizens' rights of property ownership?

   (A) *Marbury v. Madison*

   (B) *Plessy v. Ferguson*

   (C) *Sweatt v. Painter*

   (D) *Dred Scott v. Sandford*

4. What does the term *secession* mean?

   (A) To acquire new territory with the intention of making it a state.

   (B) To create an embargo against foreign trade goods.

   (C) To break away from the Union.

   (D) To declare rights of sovereignty and jurisdiction within a given territory.

5. What event finally drove the Deep South to break from the Union in the winter of 1860?

   (A) The election of Jefferson Davis.

   (B) The election of Abraham Lincoln.

   (C) The John Brown Attack at Harpers Ferry.

   (D) The attack on Fort Sumter.

❖ *From* The Untold Story of the Civil War, *by James Robertson*

SECTION 2

Bad Day at Fort Sumter

Roger Pryor had a chance to fire the war's first shot. Instead, he nearly became its first victim. No one ever accused Pryor of modesty. A young and impetuous secessionist from Petersburg, Virginia, he resigned from the U.S. Congress in early 1861 when his native state held back from seceding. He gravitated toward Charleston, where a showdown loomed between hotheaded South Carolinians and a small Union garrison, besieged at Fort Sumter in the middle of the harbor. "Strike a blow!" Pryor urged the Carolinians, promising them that once blood was shed, "Old Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South."

In the predawn hours of April 12, 1861, Confederate offered Pryor the honor of launching the bombardment of Fort Sumter by pulling the lanyard of the signal cannon. But this fire-eater whose words had helped prime the conflict was not ready to ignite it. "I cannot fire the first gun of the war," he said in a voice husky with emotion.

Hundred of impatient Southerners were ready to fire and did. Fort Sumter at the time was still under construction. It stood on two and a half acres of land and contained five million bricks. Its walls were 50 feet high and pt to 5 feet thick. For 34 hours, Confederates sent more than 3,000 shells exploding over or into the fort. By noon the following day, fires inside Sumter were out of

control, and no help was in sight. Maj. Robert Anderson, the fort's commander, saw nothing left to defend but honor itself. The Federal garrison of fewer than 80 men raised the white flag.

Confederate Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard sent Pryor and three other aids out to accept the fort's surrender. Pryor took no part int he proceedings. His Virginia was still in the Union. While opposing officers completed details, Pryor sauntered to a casemate doubling as the surgeon's quarters. It was hot, stuffy, and tense. He needed a drink and groped about in the dark room for some medicinal whiskey. An alluring black bottle and tumbler were on the table. Without checking the label on the bottle, Pryor poured himself three fingers and tossed it off in a couple of gulps.

The unpalatable liquid was, in fact, iodine of potassium, a lethal drug. Pryor let out a scream that brought Dr. Samuel Crawford, the fort's surgeon, to the room. Pryor confessed what he had done. "If you have taken the amount of that solution that you think you have," Crawford said, "you have likely poisoned yourself." A pale, horrified Pryor begged for aid. Crawford helped him past the lines of Federal casualties to the improvised dispensary (toilet) where he pumped his stomach. Pryor narrowly escaped being the first fatality of the Civil War.

Crawford came under fire for helping Pryor. "Some of us questioned the doctor's right to interpose himself in a case of this kind," Union Capt. Abner Doubleday declared. If a Rebel chose to poison himself, they reasoned, a Union physician had not business rescuing him. Crawford had a neat rejoinder. "I am responsible for all of my medicine because it is federal government property. I could not permit Pryor to carry any of it away." Pryor later lived up to his fighting words by serving as a

Confederate brigadier general. But he would be best remembered as a fitful fire-eater who hungered for war beforehand but found it hard to swallow when it came.

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *The following segment provides a glimpse into the war that tore a nation, and its families apart.*
- *What does this story reveal about the nature of the American Civil War?*
- *From* The Untold Story of the Civil War, *by James Robertson*

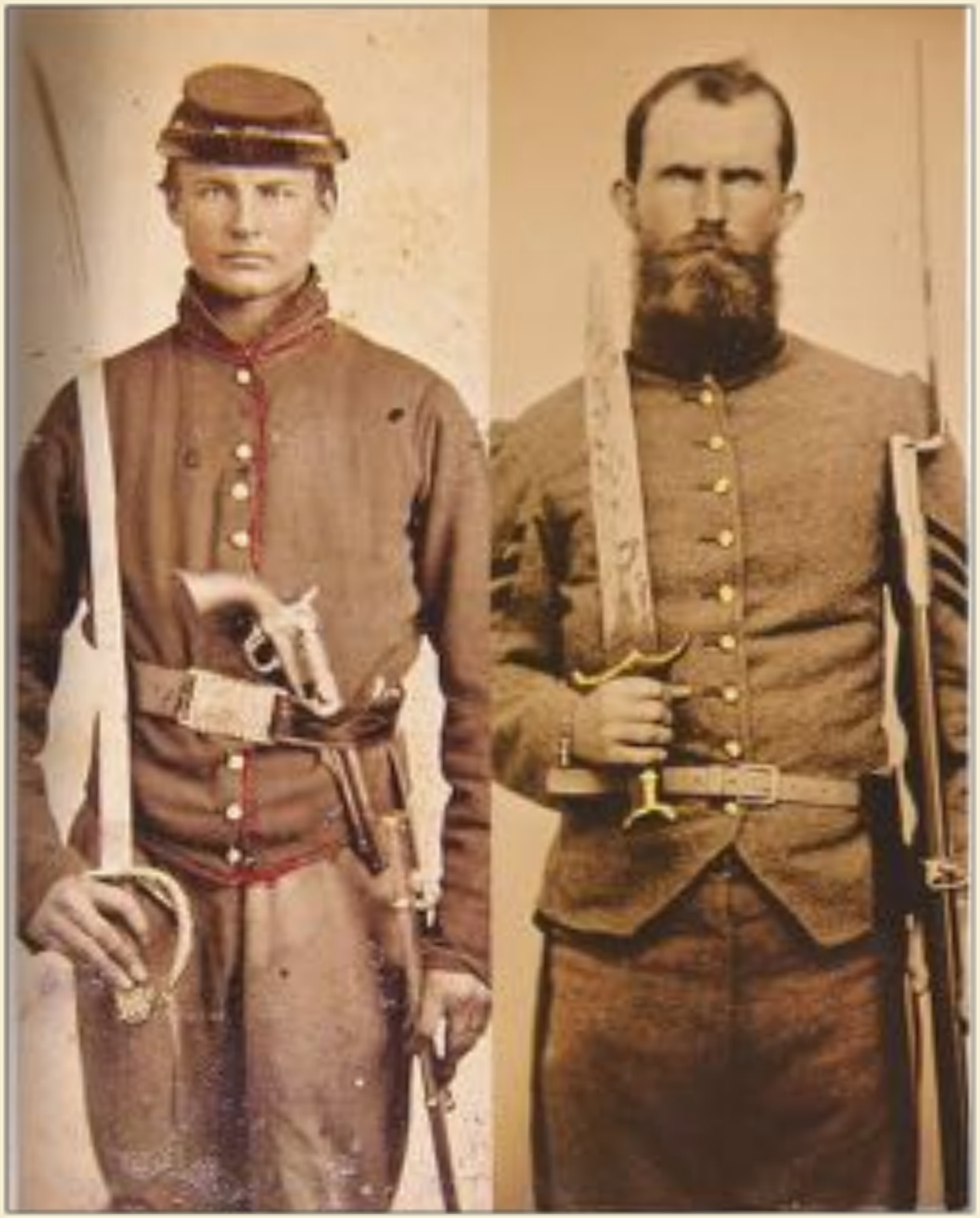
SECTION 3

A Brother's War

The Civil War has often been called "a brothers' war," and for good reason. Hostilities between North and South split states apart and fractured families by pitting father against son and brother against brother, often with tragic consequences. A family in Baltimore was a case in point.

Two brothers, **Clifton and William Prentiss**, became estranged in 1857 over the slavery question. They parted ways in anger, as did many of their fellow Marylanders. When war came, 25-year-old Clifton Prentiss joined the Sixth Maryland (Union) Regiment. William, three years younger, enlisted in the Second Maryland (Confederate) Regiment. The schism between the two seemed permanent.

For four years, William fought wherever the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia campaigned. Clifton saw action with the opposing Federal Army of the Potomac. Early on the morning of April 2, 1865, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant launched a massive attack on Gen. Robert E. Lee's lines at Petersburg. Taking part in that grand assault was Maj. Clifton Prentiss, who led Federals of the Sixth Maryland over the Confederate works. Prentiss was urging his men forward in pursuit of their foes, who were pulling back, when a bullet struck him in the chest and tore aways most of his sternum. Two soldiers bore him to an improvised field hospital nearby.



Others in his regiment scoured the battleground to separate the wounded from the dead.

They came upon a confederate soldier with a horribly mangled leg. Federals sought to make the man comfortable. To their surprise, he asked if the Sixth Maryland was close by. "We belong to that regiment," one Federal answered.

"I have a brother in that regiment," the Confederate replied, "Captain Clifton Prentiss. I am William Prentiss of the 2nd Maryland.

"Why, Captain Prentiss is our major now, and he is lying over yonder wounded."

A soldier ran to where Clifton Prentiss lay injured and told him of William's request. The Union major shook his head and declared: "I want to see no man who fired at my country's flag."

When the colonel of the Sixth Maryland learned of the situation, he ordered the stricken Confederate brought over and placed on a blanket alongside the injured Federal. Clifton Prentiss glared at his younger brother. William Prentis looked at him through a haze of pain and smiled.

That look of affection smothered the hurt and wiped away the anger. As their hands joined, an eight-year separation and four years on opposing sides of the conflict ended in a tearful reconciliation on a torn piece of ground at Petersburg.

The reunion was short-lived. Surgeons amputated William's leg, but the operation did not save him. He lingered for weeks until his death on June 20, 1865. The gaping lesion in Clifton Prentiss's chest would not heal. He

died two months after William's passing.

It would be comforting to say that Clifton and William Prentiss lie side by side today. They do not. Yet for a brief moment in the aftermath of battle, this cruel brothers' war gave way mercifully to brotherly love.

CHAPTER 2

GODS AND GENERALS

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, a professor from Bowdoin College who volunteered to join the Union Army, said, "There's nothing quite so much like God on earth as a General on the battlefield. In this section we get some background information on four of the most influential military commanders of the American Civil War. They are Robert E. Lee and Thomas Jonathan Jackson, fighting for the South and Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain and Winfield Scott Hancock, fighting for the North. After being introduced to these figures, we will see some of the major battles that will dramatically impact the course of the Civil War.

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *The following introduction from Jeff Shaara's* Gods and Generals *provides insight into the four historical figures that will serve as the main characters of the book.*
- *What events transpired in the 1840s-1860s that influenced the course of these men's lives?*
- *What effects did these events in the 1840s-1860s have upon the United States?*
- *What qualities or characteristics do these men appear to have that will enable them to be leaders in the coming conflict?*

SECTION 1

Introduction

TWO EXTRAORDINARY events occur in the mid-1840s. First, the United States Military Academy, at West Point, in a stroke of marvelous coincidence, graduates several classes of outstanding cadets, a group of young men who at the time are clearly superior to many of the classes that have preceded them. The second event is the Mexican War, the first time the armed forces of the United States takes a fight outside its own boundaries. The two events are connected, and thus, together, they are more significant than if they had occurred separately, because the events in Mexico served almost immediately as a brutal training ground for these cadets, who are now young officers.

They are a new breed of fighting man, the college-educated professional soldier, and the Mexican War is the first war to which West Point has given commanders. It is not a popular war, is seen by many opponents as nothing more than a land grab, the opportunity for the United States government to flex its muscles over a weaker enemy, and thus gain the spoils: South Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California. What no one can know at the time is that the experience these young soldiers

receive will have a profound effect on the battlefields of their own country in 1861. Not only do these men bring home the terrible visions of death and destruction, the experience that wars are not in fact great and glorious exhibitions, but they bring home something more—the discovery that the old way of fighting a war, the Napoleonic School, is becoming dangerously outdated.

The discovery comes from the use of the latest improvements in technology, for the rifleman and the cannoneer, for the observer and the bridge builder. Mexico is very much a testing ground for the new killing machines: greater range, accuracy, and firepower. And so, these young officers are schooled not only in the skills of traditional command and tactics, but in the vastly improving knowledge of the art itself, of engineering and mathematics.

The effect that all of this will have thirteen years later, on the battlefields of our own country, cannot be underestimated. One of the many great tragedies of the Civil War is that it is a bridge through time. The old clumsy ways of fighting, nearly unchanged for centuries, marching troops in long straight lines, advancing slowly into the massed fire of the enemy, will now collide with the new efficient ways of killing, better rifles, much better cannon; and so never before—and in American history, never since—does a war produce so much horrifying destruction.

But this is not a story about the army, or about war, but about four men. Three of them serve their country in Mexico, two of them spend the decade of the 1850s in a peacetime army with very little constructive work to do. They are not friends, they do not share the same backgrounds. But their stories tell the stories of many others, weaving together to shape the most tragic event in our nation's history, and so their story is our story.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Born 1807, Lee graduates from West Point in 1829, second in his class, with the unequaled record of never having received a single demerit for conduct in his four years as a cadet. He returns home to Virginia to a dying mother and a scandal-laden family, and so resolves that his life shall bring atonement. Lee possesses an unwavering sense of dignity, and is thus often considered aloof, but his dedication to duty and his care for those around him reveal him to be a man of extraordinary compassion and conscience. His faith is unquestioning, and he believes that all of his accomplishments, all events around him, are the result of God's will.

Lee marries Mary Anne Randolph Custis and has seven children, but he is rarely home—the sacrifice of being a career soldier. He distinguishes himself as a Captain of Engineers, goes to Mexico, and his reputation lands him on the staff of General in Chief Winfield Scott, the grand old man of the army. Lee performs with a dedication and a skill that makes heroes, and Scott promotes him twice, to Lieutenant Colonel. After the war he is named Commandant of West Point, finds it stifling, finds himself growing older with little prospect of advancement beyond his present rank,

and he is not a man who will pull strings, or play politics for favors.

In 1855 the army forms the Second Regiment of Cavalry in Texas, and Lee astounds friends and family by volunteering for command. He sees this as his last opportunity to command real troops in the "real" army, and thus spends five years in the cavalry, which ultimately becomes another thankless and unsatisfying job. Serving under the harsh and disagreeable thumb of General David Twiggs, Lee asks for and is granted leave, after receiving word that his father-in-law, George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington and the patriarch of his family's home, has suddenly died.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

Born 1824 in Pennsylvania, one of twin boys, he graduates West Point in 1844. Hancock serves in Mexico with the Sixth Infantry, but only after waging war with his commanders to let him fight. He leads troops with some gallantry, but misses the army's great final victory at Chapultepec because he has the flu. He watches from a roof-top while his friends and fellow soldiers, Lewis Armistead, George Pickett, James Longstreet, and Ulysses "Sam" Grant, storm the walls of the old fort.

After the war, Hancock marries Almira Russell of St. Louis, considered in social circles, and by most bachelors there, to be the finest catch in St. Louis. She is beautiful and brilliant, and accepts her role as the wife of an army officer always with good grace and a superb ability to charm all who know her. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

Hancock, a large, handsome man, has the unfortunate talent of making himself indispensable in any assignment he is given, possessing an amazing talent for the drudgery of army rules and paperwork. This launches him into a dead-end career as a quartermaster, first in Kansas, then in Fort Myers, Florida, where the Everglades assaults the soldiers there with crushing heat and disease, snakes and insects, and the constant threat of attack from the Seminole Indians. He soon is transferred back to "Bloody Kansas," as the army tries to maintain control of rioting civilians confronting each other over the issue of slavery. Moving farther west with the army, he is named Quartermaster for Southern California and assumes a one-man post in the small but growing town of Los Angeles. But Hancock is never content to be a quartermaster, cannot forget his days in Mexico leading infantry, and aches for duty as a real soldier.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON

Born 1824, Jackson arrives at West Point as a country bumpkin with homespun clothes and no prep school training, unlike the brilliant George McClellan or the aristocratic Ambrose Powell Hill, and has great difficulty at the Point. Jackson struggles with the studies, but has no vices, and so spends his time improving, and acquires a reputation as rigid and disciplined, and graduates in 1846 in the upper third of

his class. All who know him there are certain that if the courses had gone a fifth year, Jackson would have reached the top.

In Mexico, as an artillery officer, he quickly shows his commanders he is not only suited for the heat of battle, but thrives on it. Jackson leads his two small guns into the fight with an intensity that puts fear into the enemy, and into many who serve with him. He is promoted three times, more than anyone in the army, and returns home a major.

After the war, Jackson grows weary of peacetime army life and applies for a position as an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, in Lexington, Virginia. He is far from the most qualified candidate, but his war record and the fact that he is a native of western Virginia, and might assist in drawing recruits from that area, gain him the job. Thus he resigns from the army in 1851; he becomes a major in the Virginia Militia and embarks on a career in academics, for which, justifiably, he will never receive praise.

Jackson becomes a Presbyterian, and earns a reputation in local circles as a man of fiery religious conviction, if not a bit odd in his personal habits. He is seen walking through town with one hand held high in the air, thought by many to be constantly in prayer, and he is often sucking on lemons. He violates the law by establishing a Sunday school for slave children in Lexington, and justifies it by claiming it is the right of all of God's creatures to hear the Word.

In 1854 Jackson marries Eleanor Junkin, daughter of the president of Washington University, but a year later she dies in childbirth, as does the baby. Jackson's grief overwhelms him. He takes a long tour of Europe to recover emotionally, but his physical health, and his eyesight, give him constant trouble.

In 1857 he marries again, this time to Mary Anna Morrison, the daughter of a minister who is the founder of Davidson College in North Carolina. Their first child survives only a month. The tragedies of this time in his life place him more firmly than ever into the hands of his God, and he sees every aspect of his life, every act, as only a part of his duty to please God.

JOSHUA LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN

Born in 1828, Chamberlain graduates from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1852. He is considered brilliant, with an amazing talent for mastering any subject. He enrolls in the Bangor Theological Seminary, considers the ministry as a career, but cannot make the final commitment, for though he often preaches Sunday services, he does not hear the calling. Chamberlain returns to Bowdoin as a teacher and is named to the prestigious Chair formerly held by Dr. Calvin Stowe. Chamberlain is now Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion, and speaks seven languages.

While part of Stowe's circle, Chamberlain becomes well acquainted with Stowe's wife, Harriet Beecher Stowe, who at that time is working on Uncle Tom's Cabin. The book has considerable influence on Chamberlain and causes him to

see far beyond the borders of Maine, to the difficult social problems beginning to affect the country.

He falls desperately in love, and marries Frances "Fannie" Adams, daughter of a strict and inflexible minister. Fannie is a complex and difficult woman, burdened by her own family's awkward collapse—her father marries a woman barely older than she is. Fannie is moody and seemingly hard to please, but Chamberlain loves her blindly. While his distinguished position and title satisfy her, he begins to slide into a long period of discontentment and to focus more on the gathering tide of conflict, the loud and bloody threats to his country.

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *The following segment is from* The Reader's Companion to Military History, *Edited by Robert Cowley and Geoffrey Parker.*
- *Why did Gen. Robert E. Lee think that an invasion into Northern territory would be strategically advantageous, when the Confederates had been winning battles in a defensive war in the South?*
- *What advantages did Gen. McClellan (Union) have, and why did he fail to utilize them?*
- *What were the effects of this battle?*

SECTION 2

The Battle of Antietam

On September 17, 1862, Generals **Robert E. Lee** and **George McClellan** faced off near Antietam creek in Sharpsburg, Maryland, in the the first battle of the American Civil War to be fought on northern soil.Though McClellan failed to utilize his numerical superiority to crush Lee's army, he was able to check the Confederate advance into the north. After a string of Union defeats, this tactical victory provided Abraham Lincoln the political cover he needed to issue his Emancipation Proclamation. Though the result of the battle was inconclusive, it remains the bloodiest single day in American history, with more than 22,000 casualties.

Fought along Antietam Creek, at Sharpsburg, Maryland, this battle brought about America's bloodiest day, the product of Confederate audacity and Union command failure.

Did You Know?

The 1st Texas Infantry lost 82 percent of its men during the Battle of Antietam, the highest casualty rate for any Confederate regiment in one battle of the Civil War.

Following Second Manassas, General Robert E. Lee advanced into Maryland, believing that the potential strategic and political gains justified his defiance of the avowed Confederate defensive

policy. Lee's complex operational plan divided his outnumbered force; disaster loomed when a lost copy of that plan came to the Union commander, Major General George B. McClellan. Slow, cautious, and defensive-minded, however, McClellan wasted all the advantages of his lucky discovery and his two-to-one numerical superiority.

The battleground Lee selected was well suited for defense but dangerous as well, having the Potomac River behind him. McClellan planned to overwhelm Lee's left flank but failed to exercise command control, so the combat diffused south along the battle line.

The first four hours of fighting, much of it across farmer David Miller's thirty-acre cornfield, were indecisive. Next came a series of bloody head-on attacks against Lee's center that finally overran the area afterward called Bloody Lane. The last action of the day was against Lee's right, where Union troops pierced the line (weakened to reinforce other sections) but were stopped by late-arriving Confederate reinforcements.

Lee withdrew across the river on September 18, suffering 10,318 casualties (of 38,000 engaged) to McClellan's 12,401 (of 75,000). The draw that the Union claimed as a victory provided the Lincoln administration enough justification to issue the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. A series of graphic battlefield photographs of the dead, taken by Alexander Gardner, brought to the home front "the terrible earnestness of war."

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *Following the Union's bloody victory at Antietam in September 1862, President Lincoln wanted to follow up the victory with another assault on General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia.*
- *Since General George B. McClellan refused to fight aggressively enough, President Lincoln fired McClellan and put General Ambrose Burnside in his place.*
- *General Burnside decided to send the bulk of the Union forces at General Lee's Confederates, who were dug in behind walls around the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia.*
- *Given the difficulties facing Union forces in this attack, is Burnside's strategy wise?*

SECTION 3

The Battle of Fredericksburg

As the dawn mist cleared on December 13, the Federal Army of the Potomac braced itself to advance from its positions around the city of Fredericksburg. Its objective was to dislodge the seasoned veterans of General **Robert E. Lee's** Army of Northern Virginia, entrenched on rising ground to the south of the city.

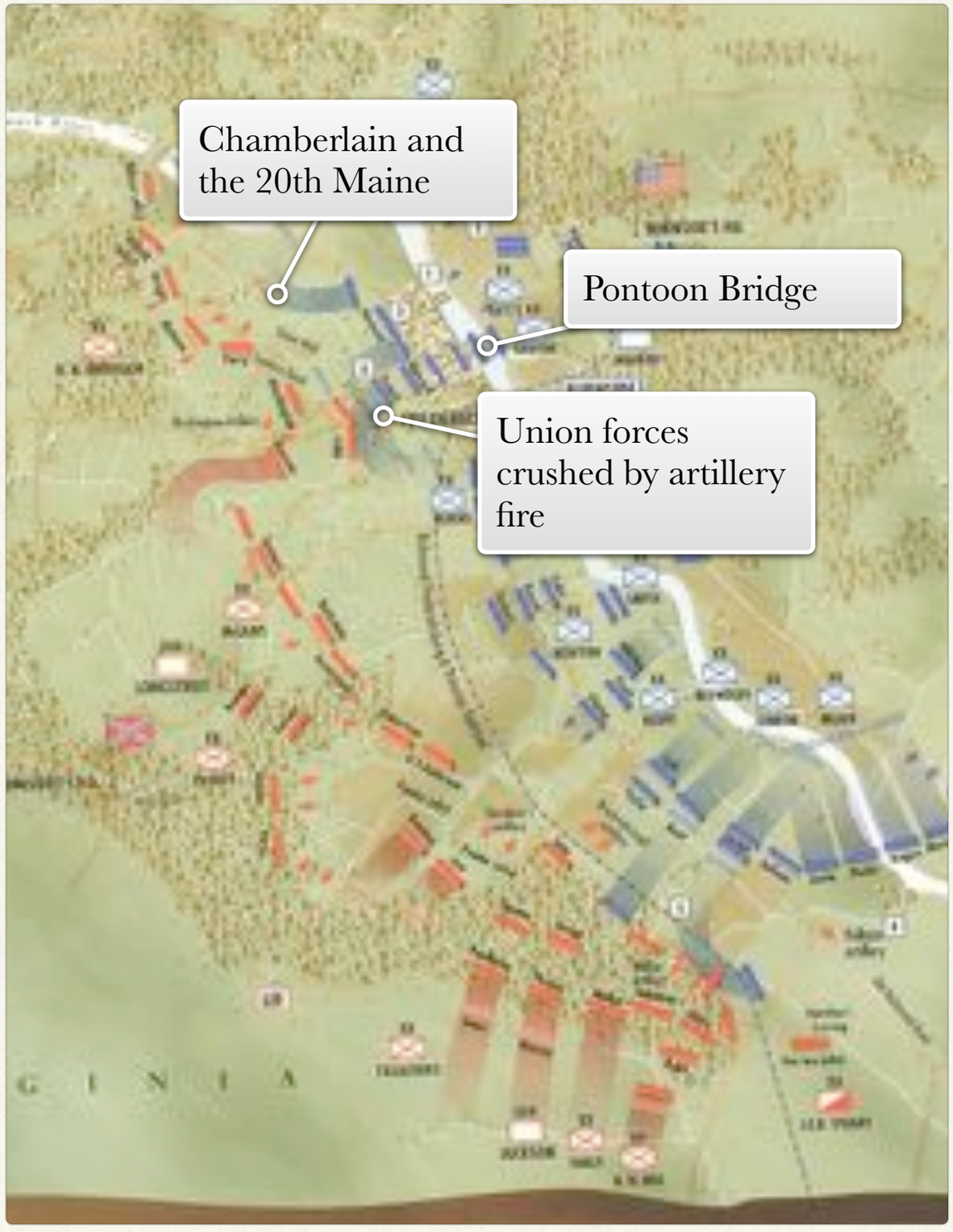
From 10 a.m., for several hours, heavy fighting took place on the Rebel right, but the Federals (Union forces) were unable to break **Lieutenant General Stonewall Jackson's** line. Later that morning, as the fighting on the Union left was going on, thousands more Federal troops began to prepare themselves for an assault on the Rebel left-center, positioned on and at the base of a gently rising hill called Marye's Heights.

The Confederates here had a formidable defensive position: artillery from the crest of the heights commanded the open ground that stretched toward the city. Running along the base of the heights was a worn away track, known afterward as the Sunken Road. This was protected on its forward edge by a stone wall. Behind this, the Rebel infantry could fire on the enemy with minimum exposure.

Thus, as Federal troops mounted continuous attacks throughout the afternoon, they were met by a "sheet of fire" as volley after volley of rifle bullets tore into their ranks.

Map 1.1: Battle of Fredericksburg (Confederate Perspective)

Map 1.2: Battle of Fredericksburg (Union Perspective)



BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *After the Battle of Fredericksburg, the Union forces marched through mud and blizzards to chase General Robert E. Lee and the Confederate forces. The loss at Fredericksburg and the "mud march" caused the Union forces to have incredibly low morale. What they needed now was a victory.*
- *Following the debacle at Fredericksburg, the Union replaced General Burnside with "Fighting Joe" Hooker in hopes that General Hooker could bring the victory the Union so desperately needed.*
- *What was Hooker's plan at Chancellorsville? Did he adequately prepare before the battle began?*
- *How did Generals Lee and Jackson use Hooker's poor planning to their advantage?*

SECTION 4

The Battle of Chancellorsville

". . . the attacking force emerged from the forest and rushed on . . . in such multitudes that our men went down before them like trees in a hurricane."

-Major General Oliver O. Howard, Union (after the battle)

By April 1863, **Major General Joseph Hooker** had performed a tremendous feat: he had moved nearly four corps of Union forces with cavalry and artillery support, wagons, and ambulances to a designated point of concentration. This was Chancellorsville crossroads, ten miles west of Fredericksburg and in the rear of **General Robert E. Lee's** army.

It was an exceedingly dangerous moment for the South, since Lee, with only about 60,000 troops and without **Lieutenant General James Longstreet**, who was on detached service with two divisions, was caught in the jaws of a vise: 45,000 Union soldiers were in front of Lee and 70,000 behind him. It was no wonder, then, that Hooker crowed: "The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle upon our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

Lee had no intention of either flying or being destroyed, no matter how disastrous the situation appeared. Reconnaissance proved to Lee that the Union right wing was unprotected, and together with Lieutenant General Stonewall Jackson, he devised a way to attack these Union troops, but still remained undetected by the main body of the opposing army: while Lee held off 75,000 Union troops with only 14,000 Rebels east of Chancellorsville, Jackson began a flank march with the rest of the army.

The area around Chancellorsville, where Hooker had established his headquarters, was known as the Wilderness. Dense forests extended for 20 miles from east to west and 15 miles from north to sought, and were deemed to be impassable for large bodies of men. but the Rebels had been shown a route through, by way of the Brock Road, which looped southwest before joining the Orange Plank Road. This road led to the Orange Turnpike, along which the Federal troops were deployed.

It took Jackson's ten-mile column of infantry nine hours to complete their march on the warm spring day of May 2. Lee had taken a tremendous risk in dividing his army before a superior force; but his confidence was not misplaced. For, when the Rebels burst upon the Federal right flank at about 5 p.m. that day, Lee not only released his army from the threat of an imminent encirclement, but also seized from Hooker a considerable victory, which the Federal commander had claimed prematurely.

Map: Battle of Fredericksburg

THE CIVIL WAR HOSPITAL

- *Out of the roughly 620,000 soldiers killed in the Civil War, nearly 240,000 of them died from disease due to the poor and unsanitary conditions of field hospitals and medical treatment.*
- *Civil War hospitals, particularly those in the field were anything but sanitary. Not much was known at that time about the need to sterilize equipment, change linens and keep the hospital clean to minimize the chance of diseases lingering within its walls and spreading to others.*
- *Civil War surgeons would often use tables from private residences to treat the wounded and dying as a raised surface was necessary. Civil War surgery could be a grisly task and amputations would be performed with disturbing rapidity often near a window so that the severed limbs could be tossed out into a pile.*

SECTION 5

Mother Bickerdyke Connects Northern Communities to Their Boys at War

In May 1861, the Reverend Edward Beecher of Galesburg, Illinois, read a disturbing letter to the congregation. Two months earlier, Galesburg had proudly sent 500 of its young men off to join the Union army. They had not yet been in battle. Yet, the letter reported, an alarming number were dying of diseases caused by inadequate food, medical care, and sanitation at the crowded military camp in Cairo, Illinois. In the rush to mobilize men for the war, the Union army was overwhelmed with the task of readying recruits for battle and had made few provisions for their health when they were not in combat.

The shocked and grieving members of Beecher's congregation quickly decided to send not only supplies but also one of their number to inspect the conditions at the Cairo camp and to take action. In spite of the warnings that army regulations excluded women from encampments, the congregation voted to send their most qualified member, **Mary Ann Bickerdyke**, a middle-aged widow who made her living as a "botanic physician." This simple gesture of community concern launched a remarkable Civil War career.

"Mother Bickerdyke, as she was called, immediately set to work cleaning the hospital tents and the soldiers themselves, and finding and cooking nourishing food for them. The hospital director, who resented her interference, ordered her to leave, but she blandly continued her work. When he reported her to the commanding officer, General Benjamin Prentiss, she quickly convinced the general to let her stay. "I talked sense to him," she later said.

A plainspoken, hardworking woman, totally unfazed by rank or tender masculine egos, Mother Bickerdyke single-mindedly devoted herself to what she called "the Lord's work." The ordinary soldiers loved her; wise generals supported her. Once, when an indignant officer's wife complained about Bickerdyke's rudeness, General William Tecumseh Sherman joked, "You've picked the one person around here who outranks me. If you want to lodge a complaint against her, you'll have to take it to President Lincoln."

Other communities all over the North rallied to make up for the army's shortcomings with supplies and assistance. By their actions, Mother Bickerdyke and others like her exposed the War Department's inability to meet the needs of the nation's first mass army. The efforts of women on the local level -- for example, to make clothing for men from their communities who had gone off to the war -- quickly took on national dimensions. The Women's Central Association of Relief (WCAR), whose organizers were mostly reformers in the abolitionist, temperance (abstaining from alcohol), and education movements, eventually had 7,000 chapters throughout the North. Its volunteers raised funds, made and collected food, clothes, medicine, bandages, and more than 250,000 quilts and comforters, and sent them to army camps and hospitals. All told, association chapters supplied an estimated $15 million worth of goods to the Union troops.

In June 1861, responding to requests by officials of the WCAR for formal recognition of the organization, President Abraham Lincoln created the U.S. Sanitary Commission and gave it the power to investigate and advise the Medical Bureau. The commission's more than 500 "sanitary inspectors" (usually men) instructed soldiers in such matters as water supply, placement of latrines, and safe cooking.

In 1862 Mother Bickerdyke became an official agent of "the San," as it was known. She was an unequalled fundraiser. In speaking tours throughout Illinois, she touched her female listeners with moving stories of wounded boys whom she had cared for as if they were her own sons. Her words to men were more forceful. It was a man's business to fight, she said. If he was too old or ill to fight with a gun, he should fight with his dollars. With the help of Bickerdyke's blunt appeals, the Sanitary Commission raised $50 million for the Union war effort.

As the Civil War continued, Mother Bickerdyke became a key figure in the medical support for General Ulysses S. Grant's campaigns along the Mississippi River. She was with the army at Shiloh, and as Grant slowly fought his way to

Vicksburg, she set up convalescent hospitals in Memphis. Grant authorized her to commandeer any army wagons she needed to transport supplies. Between fifty and seventy **"contrabands"** (escaped former slaves) worked on her laundry crew. On the civilian side, the Sanitary Commission authorized her to draw on its supply depots in Memphis, Cairo, Chicago, and elsewhere. In a practical sense a vital "middlewoman" between the home front and the battlefield, she was also, in a symbolic and emotional sense, a stand-in for all mothers who had sent their sons to war.

The Civil War was national tragedy, ripping apart the political fabric of the country and causing more casualties at least 620,000 exceeded the number of dead in all the other wars from the Revolution through the Vietnam War. Yet in another sense, it was a community triumph. Local communities directly supported and sustained their soldiers on a massive scale in unprecedented ways. As national unity failed, the strength of local communities, symbolized by Mother Bickerdyke, endured.

CHAPTER 3

THE WAR & CIVIL LIBERTIES

The Civil War forced the federal government to assume powers unimaginable just a few years before. Abraham Lincoln took as his primary task leading and unifying the nation in his role as commander in chief. He found the challenge almost insurmountable. After the fall of Fort Sumter, military necessity prompted Lincoln to call up the state militias, order a naval blockade of the South, and vastly expand the military budget, all without Congressional approval, since Congress was not in session. In an effort to keep the border states from seceding, military necessity like wise prompted other early actions, such as the suspension of ***habeas corpus*** in order to prevent Southern sympathizers from instigating further rebellion.

Lincoln was the first president to act as commander in chief in both a practical and a symbolic way. He actively directed military policy, because he realized that a civil war presented problems different from those of a foreign war of conquest. Lincoln wanted above all to persuade the South to rejoin the Union, and his every military order was dictated by the hope of eventual reconciliation. At the same time, he presided over a vast expansion of the powers of the federal government.

LIMITS OF CIVIL LIBERTIES

- *The following sources are several newspaper articles pertaining to Lincoln's infringement upon Civil Liberties.*
- *What does the following section reveal about Civil Liberties during wartime?*
- *Should the Federal Government be able to infringe upon Civil Liberties during times of war, especially if the reason for that infringement is to protect the nation and its people?*
- *Which side of this argument do you favor? What should be the limits of free speech in wartime?*

SECTION 1

The Limits of Civil Liberties in Wartime

On May 5, 1863, **Clement Vallandigham**, the nation's most outspoken **"Copperhead"** (a term Republicans applied to Northern dissenters and those suspected of aiding the Confederate cause during the Civil War), was arrested at his home in Dayton, Ohio, on the charge of traitorous speech. Immediately brought before a military court, he was speedily convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, a sentence that Lincoln himself changed to banishment. Vallandigham's arrest caused a riot in his hometown of Dayton, a storm of protest from Democratic newspapers, and Democratic "indignation" rallies in many cities. Lincoln responded seriously and extensively to the protests, taking the time to compose a careful statement that was published in the *New York Tribune* on June 15, 1863.

The Press Supports Vallandigham

A crime has been committed against the most vital right of the poor and the rich, the humble and the exalted -- the right to think, to speak, to live. When this thing is consummated, then

plainly before the American people does Abraham Lincoln stand -- the murder of the nation. The plea of military or governmental necessity is a flimsy screen that will command no respect. No necessity can justify the monstrous outrage.

Source: *Dubuque Herald*, May 14, 1863.

Let us remind Lincoln that Caesar had his Brutus and Charles the First his Cromwell. Let us also remind the George the Third of the present day that he, too, may have his Cromwell or his Brutus.

Source: Orator at the New York indignation rally, quoted in *New York Herald*, May 19, 1863.

Vallandigham was arrested for no crime known to law, sentenced to a punishment never heard of in any free country, and arbitrarily changed by the President to one not recognized by the Constitution.

Source: Henry N. Walker, *Detroit Free Press*, August 26, 1863.

Lincoln Responds

Mr. Vallandigham avows his hostility to the war on the part of the Union; and his arrest was made because he was laboring, with some effect, to prevent the raising of troops; to encourage desertions from the army and to leave the rebellion without an adequate military force to suppress it. He was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the Administration, or the personal interests of the commanding general, but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was waring upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands upon him. If Mr. Vallandigham was not damaging the military power of the country, then his arrest was made on mistake of fact, which I would be glad to correct on reasonably satisfactory evidence.

Long experience has shown that armies can not be maintained unless desertion shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The case requires, and the law and the Constitution sanction this punishment. Must I shoot a simpleminded solder boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is not the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend, into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings till he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible Government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case, to silence the agitation and save the boy, is not only constitutional but withal a great mercy.

Source: Abraham Lincoln, *New York Tribune*, June 15, 1863.

LIMITS OF CIVIL LIBERTIES

- *The following is from* The Reader's Companion to American History, *Eric Foner and John A. Garraty, Editors.*
- *What made the freeing of slaves such a difficult task for Lincoln?*
- *What factors led to the passage of the Emancipation Proclamation?*
- *How was the Emancipation Proclamation limited, and what would be needed to make it permanent after the war?*

SECTION 2

The Fight for Freedom: Emancipation Proclamation

When the American Civil War began, President Abraham Lincoln carefully framed the conflict as concerning the preservation of the Union rather than the abolition of slavery. Although he personally found the practice of slavery abhorrent, he knew that neither Northerners nor the residents of the border slave states would support abolition as a war aim. But by mid-1862, as thousands of slaves fled to join the invading Northern armies, Lincoln was convinced that abolition had become a sound military strategy, as well as the morally correct path. On September 22, soon after the Union victory at Antietam, he issued a preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that as of January 1, 1863, all slaves in the rebellious states "shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free." While the Emancipation Proclamation did not free a single slave, it was an important turning point in the war, transforming the fight to preserve the nation into a battle for human freedom.

Lincoln's Position on Slavery

Slavery was "an unqualified evil to the negro, the white man, and the State," said Abraham Lincoln in the 1850s. Yet in his

first inaugural address, Lincoln declared that he had "no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists." He reiterated this pledge in his first message to Congress on July 4, 1861, when the Civil War was three months old.

Did You Know?

When it took effect in January 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation freed 3.1 million of the nation's 4 million slaves.

What explains this apparent inconsistency in Lincoln's statements? And how did he get from his pledge not to interfere with slavery to a decision a year later to issue an emancipation proclamation? The answers lie in the Constitution and in the course of the Civil War. As an individual, Lincoln hated slavery. As a Republican, he wished to exclude it from the territories as the first step to putting the institution "in the course of ultimate extinction." But as president of the United States, Lincoln was bound by a Constitution that protected slavery in any state where citizens wanted it. As commander in chief of the armed forces in the Civil War, Lincoln also worried about the support of the four border slave states and the Northern Democrats. These groups probably would have turned against the war for the Union if the Republicans had made a move against slavery in 1861.

Contrabands and The Confiscation Acts

But the president's role as commander in chief cut two ways. If it restrained him from alienating proslavery Unionists, it also empowered him to seize enemy property used to wage war against the United States. Slaves were the most conspicuous and valuable such property. They raised food and fiber for the Southern war effort, worked in munitions factories, and served as teamsters and laborers in the army. **Gen. Benjamin Butler**, commander of Union forces occupying a foothold in Virginia at Fortress Monroe on the mouth of the James River, provided a legal rationale for the seizure of slave property. When three slaves who had worked on rebel fortifications escaped to Butler's lines in May 1861, he declared them contraband of war and refused to return them to their Confederate owner. Here was an opening wedge for emancipation, and hundreds of such **"contrabands"** voted with their feet for freedom by escaping to Union lines in subsequent months. By 1862 the trickle had become a flood. Some Union commanders gave them shelter and protection; others returned them to masters who could prove their loyalty to the United States. In August 1861 Congress passed a confiscation act that conferred "contraband" status on all slaves who had been used in direct support of the Confederate war effort. In March 1862 Congress enacted a new article of war forbidding army officers to return fugitive slaves to their masters. Before the war was a year old, therefore, the slaves themselves had taken the initiative that forced Northern authorities to move toward making it a war for freedom.

The Move Towards Emancipation

Most Republicans had become convinced by 1862 that the war against a slaveholders' rebellion must become a war against slavery itself, and they put increasing pressure on Lincoln to proclaim an emancipation policy. This would have comported with Lincoln's personal convictions, but as president he felt compelled to balance these convictions against the danger of alienating half of the Union constituency. By the summer of 1862, however, it was clear that he risked alienating the Republican half of his constituency if he did not act against slavery.

Moreover, the war was going badly for the Union. After a string of military victories in the early months of 1862, Northern armies suffered demoralizing reverses in July and August. The argument that emancipation was a military necessity became increasingly persuasive. It would weaken the Confederacy and correspondingly strengthen the Union by siphoning off part of the Southern labor force and adding this manpower to the Northern side. In July 1862 Congress enacted two laws based on this premise: a second confiscation act that freed slaves of persons who had engaged in rebellion against the United States, and a militia act that empowered the president to use freed slaves in the army in any capacity he saw fit—even as soldiers.

By this time Lincoln had decided on an even more dramatic measure: a proclamation issued as commander in chief freeing all slaves in states waging war against the Union. As he told a member of his cabinet, emancipation had become "a military necessity…. We must free the slaves or be ourselves subdued…. The Administration must set an example, and strike at the heart of the rebellion." The cabinet agreed, but Secretary of State **William H. Seward** persuaded Lincoln to withhold the proclamation until a major Union military victory could give it added force. Lincoln used the delay to help prepare conservative opinion for what was coming. In a letter to journalist **Horace Greeley**, published in the New York Tribune on August 22, 1862, the president reiterated that his "paramount object in the struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery." If he could accomplish this objective by freeing all, some, or none of the slaves, that was what he would do. Lincoln had already decided to free some and was in effect forewarning potential opponents of the Emancipation Proclamation that they must accept it as a necessary measure to save the Union. In a publicized meeting with black residents of Washington, also in 1862, Lincoln urged them to consider emigrating abroad to escape the prejudice they encountered and to help persuade conservatives that the much-feared racial consequences of emancipation might be thereby mitigated.

Lincoln Issues the Emancipation Proclamation

One month later, after the qualified Union victory in the **Battle of Antietam**, Lincoln issued a preliminary proclamation warning that in all states still in rebellion on January 1, 1863, he would declare their slaves "then, thenceforward, and forever free." January 1 came, and with it the final

proclamation, which committed the government and armed forces of the United States to liberate the slaves in rebel states "as an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity." The proclamation exempted the border slave states and all or parts of three Confederate states controlled by the Union army on the grounds that these areas were not in rebellion against the United States. Lincoln had tried earlier to persuade the border states to accept gradual emancipation, with compensation to slave owners from the federal government, but they had refused. The proclamation also authorized the recruitment of freed slaves and free blacks as Union soldiers; during the next 2 1/2 years 180,000 of them fought in the Union army and 10,000 in the navy, making a vital contribution to Union victory as well as their own freedom. Emancipation would vastly increase the stakes of the war. It became a war for "a new birth of freedom," as Lincoln stated in the **Gettysburg Address**, a war that would transform Southern society by destroying its basic institution.

The Thirteenth Amendment

Meanwhile Lincoln and the Republican party recognized that the Emancipation Proclamation, as a war measure, might have no constitutional validity once the war was over. The legal framework of slavery would still exist in the former Confederate states as well as in the Union slave states that had been exempted from the proclamation. So the party committed itself to a constitutional amendment to abolish slavery. The overwhelmingly Republican Senate passed the Thirteenth Amendment by more than the necessary two-thirds majority on April 8, 1864. But not until January 31, 1865, did enough Democrats in the House abstain or vote for the amendment to pass it by a bare two-thirds. By December 18, 1865, the requisite three-quarters of the states had ratified the Thirteenth Amendment, which ensured that forever after "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude … shall exist within the United States."

CHAPTER 4

THE KILLER ANGELS: BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

The following sections in this chapter have been taken from portions of Michael Shaara's highly-acclaimed historical fiction, *The Killer Angels*. The book follows the experiences of several of the leaders in both the Confederate and Union armies during the Battle of Gettysburg. Before the summer of 1863, the Confederate Army had scored important victories, and they felt as though the Cause was within reach. Despite frequent changes in army leadership, despite frequent losses, and despite low morale, the Union continued its fight. The General Lee's choice to invade the North and the Battle of Gettysburg would prove to be a major turning point in the course of the Civil War.

SECTION 1

Status of the Armies at Midpoint of the Civil War

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *The following introduction from Michael Shaara's* Killer Angels *provides insight into the historical figures that will serve as the main characters of the book.*
- *What events had transpired from 1861 to the summer of 1863 that had given the Confederates tremendous confidence?*
- *What events had transpired from 1861 to the summer of 1863 that had led the Union forces to question the success of their war effort?*
- *Which army seems more able to continue fighting this war? Why?*

June 1863

I. THE ARMIES

On June 15 the first troops of the Army of Northern Virginia, Robert E. Lee commanding, slip across the Potomac at Williamsport and begin the invasion of the North. It is an army of seventy thousand men. They are rebels and volunteers. They are mostly unpaid and usually self-equipped. It is an army of remarkable unity, fighting for disunion. It is Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. Though there are many men who cannot read or write, they all speak English. They share common customs and a common faith and they have been consistently victorious against superior numbers. They have as solid a faith in their leader as any veteran army that ever marched. They move slowly north behind the Blue Ridge, using the mountains to screen their movements. Their main objective is to draw the Union Army out into the open where it can be destroyed. By the end of the month they are closing on Harrisburg, having spread panic and rage and despair through the North.

Late in June the Army of the Potomac, ever slow to move, turns north at last to begin the great pursuit which will end at Gettysburg. It is a strange new kind of army, a polyglot mass of vastly dissimilar men, fighting for union. There are strange accents and strange religions and many who do not speak English at all. Nothing like this army has been seen upon the planet. It is a collection of men from many different places who have seen much defeat and many commanders. They are volunteers: last of the great volunteer armies, for the draft is beginning that summer in the North. They have lost faith in their leaders but not in themselves. They think this will be the last battle, and they are glad that it is to be fought on their own home ground. They come up from the South, eighty thousand men, up the narrow roads that converge toward the blue mountains. The country through which they march is some of the most beautiful country in the Union.

It is the third summer of the war.

II. THE CONFEDERATE MEN

ROBERT EDWARD LEE (Confederate)

He is in his fifty-seventh year. Five feet ten inches tall but very short in the legs, so that when he rides a horse he seems much taller. Red-faced, like all the Lees, white-bearded, dressed in an old gray coat and a gray felt hat, without insignia, so that he is mistaken sometimes for an elderly major of dignity. An honest man, a gentleman. He has no "vices." He does not drink or smoke or gamble or chase women. He does not read novels or plays; he thinks they weaken the mind. He does not own slaves nor believe in slavery, but he does not believe that the Negro, "in the present stage of his development," can be considered the equal of the white man. He is a man in control. He does not lose his temper nor his faith; he never complains. He has been down that spring with the first assault of the heart disease which will eventually kill him. He believes absolutely in God. He loves Virginia above all, the mystic dirt of home. He is the most beloved man in either army.

He marches knowing that a letter has been prepared by Jefferson Davis, a letter which offers peace. It is to be placed on the desk of Abraham Lincoln the day after Lee has destroyed the Army of the Potomac somewhere north of Washington.

JAMES LONGSTREET (Confederate)

Lieutenant General, forty-two. Lee's second in command. A large man, larger than Lee, full-bearded, blue-eyed, ominous, slow-talking, crude. He is one of the first of the new soldiers, the cold-eyed men who have sensed the birth of the new war of machines. He has invented a trench and a theory of defensive warfare, but in that courtly company few will listen. He is one of the few high officers in that army not from Virginia. That winter, in Richmond, three of his children have died within a week, of a fever.

Since that time he has withdrawn, no longer joins his men for the poker games he once loved, for which he was famous. They call him "Old Pete" and sometimes "The Dutchman." His headquarters is always near Lee, and men remark upon the intimacy and some are jealous of it. He has opposed the invasion of Pennsylvania, but once the army is committed he no longer opposes. Yet he will speak his mind; he will always speak his mind. Lee calls him, with deep affection, "my old war horse." Since the death of Stonewall Jackson he has been Lee's right hand. He is a stubborn man.

GEORGE PICKETT (Confederate)

Major General, forty-two. Gaudy and lovable, longhaired, perfumed. Last in his class at West Point, he makes up for a lack of wisdom with a lusty exuberance. In love with a girl half his age, a schoolgirl from Lynchburg named LaSalle Corbelle, to whom he has vowed ne'er to touch liquor. Received his appointment to West Point through the good offices of Abraham Lincoln, a personal friend, and no one now can insult Abe Lincoln in Pickett's presence, although Lincoln is not only the enemy but the absolute utterest enemy of all.

On the march toward Gettysburg Pickett's Virginia Division is by a trick of fate last in line. He worries constantly that he will miss the last great battle of the war.

RICHARD EWELL (Confederate)

Lieutenant General, forty-six. Egg-bald, one-legged, recently married. (He refers to his new wife absentmindedly as "Mrs. Brown.") Eccentric, brilliant, chosen out of all Lee's officers to succeed to a portion of Stonewall Jackson's old command. But he has lost something along with the leg that a soldier sometimes loses with the big wounds. He approaches Gettysburg unsure of himself, in command of twenty thousand men.

AMBROSE POWELL HILL (Confederate)

Major General, thirty-seven. Has risen to command the other part of Jackson's old corps. A moody man, often competent, bad-tempered, wealthy, aspires to a place in Richmond society, frets and broods and fights with superiors. He wears a red shirt into battle. He should be a fine soldier, and sometimes is, but he is often ill for no apparent reason. He does not like to follow orders. At Gettysburg he will command a corps, and he will be sick again.

LEWIS ARMISTEAD (Confederate)

Brigadier General, forty-six. Commander of one of George Pickett's brigades. They call him "Lo," which is short for Lothario, which is meant to be witty, for he is a shy and silent man, a widower. Descended from a martial family, he has a fighter's spirit, is known throughout the old army as the man who, while a cadet at the Point, was suspended for

hitting Jubal Early in the head with a plate. Has developed over long years of service a deep affection for Winfield Scott Hancock, who fights now with the Union. Armistead looks forward to the reunion with Hancock, which will take place at Gettysburg.

RICHARD BROOKE GARNETTE (Confederate)

Brigadier General, forty-four. Commands the second of Pickett's brigades. A dark-eyed, silent, tragic man. Followed Jackson in command of the old Stonewall Brigade; at Kerns-town he has made the mistake of withdrawing his men from an impossible position. Jackson is outraged, orders a court-martial which never convenes. Jackson dies before Garnett, accused of cowardice, can clear his name and redeem his honor, the honor which no man who knows him has ever doubted. He comes to Gettysburg a tortured man, too ill to walk. He believes that Jackson deliberately lied. In that camp there is nothing more important than honor.

J. E. B. STUART (Confederate)

Lieutenant General, thirty. The laughing banjo player, the superb leader of cavalry who has ridden rings around the Union Army. A fine soldier, whose reports are always accurate, but a man who loves to read about himself in the Richmond newspapers. His mission that month is to keep Lee informed of the movement of the Union Army. He fails.

JUBAL EARLY (Confederate)

Major General, forty-six. Commander of one of Ewell's divisions. A dark, cold, icy man, bitter, alone. Left the Point to become a prosecuting attorney, to which he is well suited. A competent soldier, but a man who works with an eye to the future, a slippery man, a careful soldier; he will build his reputation whatever the cost. Dick Ewell defers to him. Longstreet despises him. Lee makes do with the material at hand. Lee calls him "my bad old man."

III. THE UNION MEN

JOSHUA LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN (Union)

Colonel, thirty-four. He prefers to be called "Lawrence." A professor of rhetoric at Bowdoin University, sometime professor of "Natural and Revealed Religion," successor to the chair of the famed Professor Stowe, husband to Harriet Beecher. Tall and rather handsome, attractive to women, somewhat boyish, a clean and charming person. An excellent student, Phi Beta Kappa, he speaks seven languages and has a beautiful singing voice, but he has wanted all his life to be a soldier. The university will not free him for war, but in the summer of 1862 he requests a sabbatical for study in Europe. When it is granted he proceeds not to France but to the office of the Governor of Maine, where he receives a commission in the 20th Regiment of Infantry, Maine Volunteers, and marches off to war with a vast faith in the brotherhood of

man. Spends the long night at Fredericksburg piling corpses in front of himself to shield him from bullets. Comes to Gettysburg with that hard fragment of the Regiment which has survived. One week before the battle he is given command of the regiment. His younger brother Thomas becomes his aide. Thomas too has yearned to be a soldier. The wishes of both men are to be granted on the dark rear slope of a small rocky hill called Little Round Top.

JOHN BUFORD (Union)

Major General, thirty-seven. A cavalry soldier, restless and caged in the tamed and political East, who loves the great plains and the memory of snow. A man with an eye for the good ground, already badly wounded and not long to live, weary of stupidity and politics and bloody military greed. At Thorofare Gap he held against Longstreet for six hours, waiting for help that never came. Too good an officer for his own advancement, he rides a desk in Washington until luck puts him back in the field, where he is given two brigades of cavalry and told to trail Lee's army. He is first into Gettysburg, where he lifts up his eyes to the hills. He is a man who knows the value of ground.

JOHN REYNOLDS (Union)

Major General, forty-two. Perhaps the finest soldier in the Union Army. Like Lee before him, a former commander of West Point, a courteous man, military, a marvelous horseman, another gentleman. His home is not far from Gettysburg. He has fallen in love late in life, but the girl is Catholic and Reynolds has not yet told his Protestant family, but he wears her ring on a chain around his neck, under his uniform. Early that month he is called to Washington, where he is offered command of the army. But he has seen the military results of maneuvering by armchair commanders Halleck and Stanton, and he insists that the army cannot be commanded from Washington, that he cannot accept command without a free hand. He therefore respectfully declines. The honor passes to George Meade, who is not even given the option but ordered to command. And thus it is John Reynolds, not Meade, who rides into Gettysburg on the morning of the First Day.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE (Union)

Major General, forty-seven. Vain and bad-tempered, balding, full of self-pity. He takes command of the army on a Sunday, June 28, two days before the battle. He wishes to hold a Grand Review, but there turns out not to be time. He plans a line of defense along Pipe Creek, far from Gettysburg, in the unreal hope that Lee will attack him on ground of his own choosing. No decision he makes at Gettysburg will be decisive, except perhaps the last.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK (Union)

Major General, thirty-nine. Armistead's old friend. A magnetic man with a beautiful wife. A painter of talent, a picture-book general. Has a tendency to gain weight, but at this moment he is still young and slim, still a superb presence, a man who arrives on the battlefield in spotlessly clean linen and never keeps his head down. In the fight to come he will be everywhere, and in the end he will be waiting for Lew Armistead at the top of Cemetery Hill.

SECTION 2

Chamberlain

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *The Union forces are headed toward Gettysburg, hoping to stop the Confederate forces before they reach Washington, D.C.*
- *Lawrence Chamberlain is now the commanding officer of the 20th Maine regiment. The 20th Maine has stopped for camp, and Chamberlain is awoken in the morning to find out that he is to look after 120 mutineers (men who refuse to do their duty).*
- *What choice is Chamberlain given regarding these mutineers? How does he deal with this issue?*
- *What, according to Chamberlain, is the Cause for the Union? Why does he choose to fight?*

He dreamed of Maine and ice black water; he awoke to a murderous sun. A voice was calling: "Colonel, darlin'." He squinted: the whiskery face of Buster Kilrain.

"Colonel, darlin', I hate to be a-wakin' ye, but there's a message here ye ought to be seein'."

Chamberlain had slept on the ground; he rolled to a sitting position. Light boiled in through the tent flap. Chamberlain closed his eyes.

"And how are ye feelin' this mornin', Colonel, me lad?"

Chamberlain ran his tongue around his mouth. He said briefly, dryly, "Ak."

"We're about to be havin' guests, sir, or I wouldn't be wakin' ye."

Chamberlain looked up through bleary eyes. He had walked eighty miles in four days through the hottest weather he had ever known and he had gone down with sunstroke. He felt an eerie fragility, like a piece of thin glass in a high hot wind. He saw a wooden canteen, held in the big hand of Kilrain, cold

drops of water on varnished sides. He drank. The world focused.

"… one hundred and twenty men," Kilrain said.

Chamberlain peered at him.

"They should be arriving any moment," Kilrain said. He was squatting easily, comfortably, in the opening of the tent, the light flaming behind him.

"Who?" Chamberlain said.

"They are sending us some mutineers," Kilrain said with fatherly patience. "One hundred and twenty men from the old Second Maine, which has been disbanded."

"Mutineers?"

"Ay. What happened was that the enlistment of the old Second ran out and they were all sent home except one hundred and twenty, which had foolishly signed three-year papers, and so they all had one year to go, only they all thought they was signing up to fight with the Second, and Second only, and so they mutineed. One hundred and twenty. Are you all right, Colonel?"

Chamberlain nodded vaguely.

"Well, these poor fellers did not want to fight no more, naturally, being Maine men of a certain intelligence, and refused, only nobody will send them home, and nobody knew what to do with them, until they thought of us, being as we are the other Maine regiment here in the army. There's a message here signed by Meade himself. That's the new General we got now, sir, if you can keep track as they go by. The message says they'll be sent here this morning and they are to fight, and if they don't fight you can feel free to shoot them."

"Shoot?"

"Ay."

"Let me see." Chamberlain read painfully. His head felt very strange indeed, but he was coming awake into the morning as from a long way away and he could begin to hear the bugles out across the fields. Late to get moving today. Thank God. Somebody gave us an extra hour. Bless him. He read: … *you are therefore authorized to shoot any man who refuses to do his duty.* Shoot?

He said, "These are all *Maine* men?"

"Yes, sir. Fine big fellers. I've seen them. Loggin' men. You may remember there was a bit of a brawl some months back, during the mud march? These fellers were famous for their fists."

Chamberlain said, "One hundred and twenty."

"Yes, sir."

"Somebody's crazy."

"Yes, sir."

"How many men do we now have in this Regiment?"

"Ah, somewhat less than two hundred and fifty, sir, as of yesterday. Countin' the officers."

"How do I take care of a hundred and twenty mutinous men?"

"Yes, sir," Kilrain sympathized. "Well, you'll have to talk to them, sir."

Chamberlain sat for a long moment silently trying to function. He was thirty-four years old, and on this day one year ago he had been a professor of rhetoric at Bowdoin University. He had no idea what to do. But it was time to go out into the sun. He crawled forward through the tent flap and stood up, blinking, swaying, one hand against the bole of a tree. He was a tall man, somewhat picturesque. He wore stolen blue cavalry trousers and a three-foot sword, and the clothes he wore he had not taken off for a week. He had a grave, boyish dignity, that clean-eyed, scrubbed-brain, naïve look of the happy professor.

Kilrain, a white-haired man with the build of an ape, looked up at him with fatherly joy. "If ye'll ride the *horse* today, Colonel, which the Lord hath provided, instead of walkin' in the dust with the other fools, ye'll be all right—if ye wear the hat. It's the *walkin*', do you see, that does the great harm."

"*You* walked," Chamberlain said grumpily, thinking: shoot them? Maine men? How can I shoot *Maine* men? I'll never be able to go home.

"Ah, but, Colonel, darlin', I've been in the infantry since before you was born. It's them first few thousand miles. After that, a man gets a limber to his feet."

"Hey, Lawrence. How you doin'?"

Younger brother, Tom Chamberlain, bright-faced, high-voiced, a new lieutenant, worshipful. The heat had not seemed to touch him. Chamberlain nodded. Tom said critically, "You lookin' kinda peaked. Why don't you ride the horse?"

Chamberlain gloomed. But the day was not as bright as it had seemed through the opening of the tent. He looked upward with relief toward a darkening sky. The troops were moving in the fields, but there had been no order to march. The wagons were not yet loaded. He thought: God bless the delay. His mind was beginning to function. All down the road and all through the trees the troops were moving, cooking, the thousands of troops and thousands of wagons of the Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, of which Chamberlain's 20th Maine was a minor fragment. But far down the road there was motion. Kilrain said,

"There they come."

Chamberlain squinted. Then he saw troops on the road, a long way off.

The line of men came slowly up the road. There were guards with fixed bayonets. Chamberlain could see the men shuffling, strange pathetic spectacle, dusty, dirty, ragged men, heads down, faces down: it reminded him of a history-book picture of impressed seamen in the last war with England. But these men would have to march all day, in the heat. Chamberlain thought: not possible.

Tom was meditating. "Gosh, Lawrence. There's almost as many men there as we got in the whole regiment. How we going to guard them?"

Chamberlain said nothing. He was thinking: How do you force a man to fight—for freedom? The idiocy of it jarred him. Think on it later. Must do something now.

There was an officer, a captain, at the head of the column. The captain turned them in off the road and herded them into an open space in the field near the regimental flag. The men of the regiment, busy with coffee, stood up to watch. The captain had a loud voice and used obscene words. He assembled the men in two long ragged lines and called them to attention, but they ignored him. One slumped to the ground, more exhaustion than mutiny. A guard came forward and yelled and probed with a bayonet, but abruptly several more men sat down and then they all did, and the captain began yelling, but the guards stood grinning confusedly, foolishly, having gone as far as they would go, unwilling to push further unless the men here showed some threat, and the men seemed beyond threat, merely enormously weary. Chamberlain took it all in as he moved toward the captain. He put his hands behind his back and came forward slowly, studiously. The captain pulled off dirty gloves and shook his head with contempt, glowering up at Chamberlain.

"Looking for the commanding officer, Twentieth Maine."

"You've found him," Chamberlain said.

"That's him all right." Tom's voice, behind him, very proud. Chamberlain suppressed a smile.

"You Chamberlain?" The captain stared at him grimly, insolently, showing what he thought of Maine men.

Chamberlain did not answer for a long moment, looking into the man's eyes until the eyes suddenly blinked and dropped, and then Chamberlain said softly, "*Colonel* Chamberlain to you."

The captain stood still for a moment, then slowly came to attention, slowly saluted. Chamberlain did not return it. He looked past the captain at the men, most of whom had their heads down. But there were eyes on him. He looked back and forth down the line, looking for a familiar face. That would help. But there was no one he knew.

"Captain Brewer, sir. Ah. One-eighteen Pennsylvania." The captain tugged in his coat front, produced a sheaf of papers. "If you're the commanding officer, sir, then I present you with these here prisoners." He handed the papers. Chamberlain took them, glanced down, handed them back to Tom. The captain said, "You're welcome to 'em, God knows. Had to use the bayonet to get 'em moving. You got to sign for 'em, Colonel."

Chamberlain said over his shoulder, "Sign it, Tom." To the captain he said, "You're relieved, Captain."

The captain nodded, pulling on the dirty gloves. "You're authorized to use whatever force necessary, Colonel." He said

that loudly, for effect. "If you have to shoot 'em, why, you go right ahead. Won't nobody say nothin'."

"You're relieved, Captain," Chamberlain said. He walked past the captain, closer to the men, who did not move, who did not seem to notice him. One of the guards stiffened as Chamberlain approached, looked past him to his captain. Chamberlain said, "You men can leave now. We don't need any guards."

He stood in front of the men, ignoring the guards. They began to move off. Chamberlain stood for a moment looking down. Some of the faces turned up. There was hunger and exhaustion and occasional hatred. Chamberlain said, "My name is Chamberlain. I'm Colonel, Twentieth Maine."

Some of them did not even raise their heads. He waited another moment. Then he said, "When did you eat last?"

More heads came up. There was no answer. Then a man in the front row said huskily, in a whisky voice, "We're hungry, Colonel."

Another man said, "They been tryin' to break us by not feedin' us." Chamberlain looked: a scarred man, hatless, hair plastered thinly on the scalp like strands of black seaweed. The man said, "We aint broke yet."

Chamberlain nodded. A hard case. But we'll begin with food. He said, "They just told us you were coming a little while ago. I've told the cook to butcher a steer. Hope you like it near to raw; not much time to cook." Eyes opened wide. He could begin to see the hunger on the faces, like the yellow shine of sickness. He said, "We've got a ways to go today and you'll be coming with us, so you better eat hearty. We're all set up for you back in the trees." He saw Glazier Estabrook standing huge-armed and peaceful in the shade of a nearby tree. "Glazier," Chamberlain said, "you show these men where to go. You fellas eat up and then I'll come over and hear what you have to say."

No man moved. Chamberlain turned away. He did not know what he would do if they did not choose to move. He heard a voice: "Colonel?" He turned.

The scarred man was standing.

"Colonel, we got grievances. The men elected me to talk for 'em."

"Right." Chamberlain nodded. "You come on with me and talk. The rest of you fellas go eat." He beckoned to the scarred man and waved to Glazier Estabrook. He turned again, not waiting for the men to move off, not sure they would go, began to walk purposefully toward the blessed dark, wondering again how big a guard detail it would take, thinking he might wind up with more men out of action than in, and also: What are you going to say? Good big boys they are. Seen their share of action.

"Gosh, Lawrence," Tom Chamberlain said.

"Smile," Chamberlain said cheerily, "and don't call me Lawrence. Are they moving?" He stopped and glanced pleasantly backward, saw with delight that the men were up

and moving toward the trees, toward food. He grinned, plucked a book from his jacket, handed it to Tom.

"Here. This is Casey's *Manual of Infantry Tactics*. You study it, maybe someday you'll make a soldier." He smiled at the scarred man, extended a hand. "What's your name?"

The man stopped, looked at him for a long cold second. The hand seemed to come up against gravity, against his will. Automatic courtesy: Chamberlain was relying on it.

"I'm not usually that informal," Chamberlain said with the same light, calm, pleasant manner that he had developed when talking to particularly rebellious students who had come in with a grievance and who hadn't yet learned that the soft answer turneth away wrath. *Some* wrath. "But I suppose somebody ought to welcome you to the Regiment."

The man said, "I don't feel too kindly, Colonel."

Chamberlain nodded. He went on inside the tent, the scarred man following, and sat down on a camp stool, letting the man stand. He invited the man to have coffee, which the man declined, and then listened silently to the man's story.

The scarred man spoke calmly and coldly, looking straight into Chamberlain's eyes. A good stubborn man. There was a bit of the lawyer about him: He used chunky phrases about law and justice. But he had heavy hands with thick muscular fingers and black fingernails and there was a look of power to him, a coiled tight set to the way he stood, balanced, ugly, slightly contemptuous, but watchful, trying to gauge Chamberlain's strength.

Chamberlain said, "I see."

"I been in eleven different engagements, Colonel. How many you been in?"

"Not that many," Chamberlain said.

"I done my share. We all have. Most of us—" He gestured out the tent flap into the morning glare. "There's some of them no damn good but most of them been all the way there and back. Damn good men. Shouldn't ought to use them this way. Looky here." He pulled up a pants leg. Chamberlain saw a purple gash, white scar tissue. The man let the pants leg fall. Chamberlain said nothing. The man looked at his face, seemed suddenly embarrassed, realized he had gone too far. For the first time he was uncertain. But he repeated, "I done my share."

Chamberlain nodded. The man was relaxing slowly. It was warm in the tent; he opened his shirt. Chamberlain said, "What's your name?"

"Bucklin. Joseph Bucklin."

"Where you from?"

"Bangor."

"Don't know any Bucklins. Farmer?"

"Fisherman."

Former Sergeant Kilrain put his head in the tent. "Colonel, there's a courier comin'."

Chamberlain nodded. Bucklin said, "I'm tired, Colonel. You know what I mean? I'm tired. I've had all of this army

and all of these officers, this damned Hooker and this goddamned idiot Meade, all of them, the whole bloody lousy rotten mess of sick-brained potbellied scabheads that aint fit to lead a johnny detail, aint fit to pour pee outen a boot with instructions on the heel. I'm tired. We are good men and we had our own good flag and these goddamned idiots use us like we was cows or dogs or even worse. We aint gonna win this war. We can't win no how because of these lame-brained bastards from West Point, these goddamned gentlemen, these *officers*. Only one officer knew what he was doin': McClellan, and look what happened to *him*. I just as soon go home and let them damn Johnnies go home and the hell with it."

He let it go, out of breath. He had obviously been waiting to say that to some officer for a long time. Chamberlain said, "I get your point."

Kilrain announced, "Courier, sir."

Chamberlain rose, excused himself, stepped out into the sunlight. A bright-cheeked lieutenant, just dismounted, saluted him briskly.

"Colonel Chamberlain, sir, Colonel Vincent wishes to inform you that the corps is moving out at once and that you are instructed to take the advance. The Twentieth Maine has been assigned to the first position in line. You will send out flankers and advance guards."

"My compliments to the Colonel." Chamberlain saluted, turned to Kilrain and Ellis Spear, who had come up. "You heard him, boys. Get the regiment up. Sound the General, strike the tents." Back inside the tent, he said cheerfully to Bucklin, "We're moving out. You better go hurry up your eating. Tell your men I'll be over in a minute. I'll think on what you said."

Bucklin slipped by him, went away. Chamberlain thought: We're first in line.

"Kilrain."

The former sergeant was back.

"Sir."

"Where we headed.?"

"West, sir. Pennsylvania somewhere. That's all I know."

"Listen, Buster. You're a private now and I'm not supposed to keep you at headquarters in that rank. If you want to go on back to the ranks, you just say so, because I feel obligated—well, you don't have to be here, but listen, I need you."

"Then I'll be stayin', Colonel, laddie."

Kilrain grinned. "But you know I can't promote you. Not after that episode with the bottle. Did you have to pick an officer?" Kilrain grinned. "I was not aware of rank, sir, at the time. And he was the target which happened to present itself."

"Buster, you haven't got a bottle about?"

"Is the Colonel in need of a drink, sir?"

"I meant … forget it. All right, Buster, move 'em out."

Kilrain saluted, grinning, and withdrew. The only professional in the regiment. The drinking would kill him. Well. He would die happy. Now. What do I say to *them*?

Tom came in, saluted.

"The men from the Second Maine are being fed, sir."

"Don't call me sir."

"Well, Lawrence, Great God A-Mighty—"

"You just be careful of that name business in front of the men. Listen, we don't want anybody to think there's favoritism."

Tom put on the wounded look, face of the ruptured deer.

"General Meade has his son as his adjutant."

"That's different. Generals can do anything. Nothing quite so much like God on earth as a general on a battlefield." The tent was coming down about his head; he stepped outside to avoid the collapse. The general and God was a nice parallel. They have your future in their hands and they have all power and know all. He grinned, thinking of Meade surrounded by his angelic staff: Dan Butterfield, wild Dan Sickles. *But what do I say*?

"Lawrence, what you goin' to do?"

Chamberlain shook his head. The Regiment was up and moving.

"God, you can't shoot them. You do that, you'll never go back to Maine when the war's over."

"I know that." Chamberlain meditated. "Wonder if *they* do?"

He heard a flare of bugles, looked down the road toward Union Mills. The next regiment, the 83rd Pennsylvania, was up and forming. He saw wagons and ambulances moving out into the road. He could feel again the yellow heat. Must remember to cover up. More susceptible to sunstroke now. Can't afford a foggy head. He began to walk slowly toward the grove of trees.

Kilrain says tell the truth.

Which is?

Fight. Or we'll shoot you.

Not true. I won't shoot anybody.

He walked slowly out into the sunlight. He thought: But the truth is much more than that. Truth is too personal. Don't know if I can express it. He paused in the heat. Strange thing. You would die for it without further question, but you had a hard time talking about it. He shook his head. I'll wave no more flags for home. No tears for Mother. Nobody ever died for apple pie.

He walked slowly toward the dark grove. He had a complicated brain and there were things going on back there from time to time that he only dimly understood, so he relied on his instincts, but he was learning all the time. The faith itself was simple: he believed in the dignity of man. His ancestors were Huguenots, refugees of a chained and bloody Europe. He had learned their stories in the cradle. He had

grown up believing in America and the individual and it was a stronger faith than his faith in God. This was the land where no man had to bow. In this place at last a man could stand up free of the past, free of tradition and blood ties and the curse of royalty and become what he wished to become. This was the first place on earth where the man mattered more than the state. True freedom had begun here and it would spread eventually over all the earth. But it had begun *here*. The fact of slavery upon this incredibly beautiful new clean earth was appalling, but more even than that was the horror of old Europe, the curse of nobility, which the South was transplanting to new soil. They were forming a new aristocracy, a new breed of glittering men, and Chamberlain had come to crush it. But he was fighting for the dignity of man and in that way he was fighting for himself. If men were equal in America, all these former Poles and English and Czechs and blacks, then they were equal everywhere, and there was really no such thing as a foreigner; there were only free men and slaves. And so it was not even patriotism but a new faith. The Frenchman may fight for France, but the American fights for mankind, for freedom; for the people, not the land.

Yet the words had been used too often and the fragments that came to Chamberlain now were weak. A man who has been shot at is a new realist, and what do you say to a realist when the war is a war of ideals? He thought finally, Well, I owe them the truth at least. Might's well begin with that.

The regiment had begun to form. Chamberlain thought: At least it'll be a short speech. He walked slowly toward the prisoners.

Glazier Estabrook was standing guard, leaning patiently on his rifle. He was a thick little man of about forty. Except for Kilrain he was the oldest man in the regiment, the strongest man Chamberlain had ever seen. He waved happily as Chamberlain came up but went on leaning on the rifle. He pointed at one of the prisoners.

"Hey, Colonel, you know who this is? This here is Dan Burns from Orono. I know his daddy. Daddy's a preacher. You really ought to hear him. Best damn cusser I ever heard. Knows more fine swear words than any man in Maine, I bet. Hee."

Chamberlain smiled. But the Burns boy was looking at him with no expression. Chamberlain said, "You fellas gather round."

He stood in the shade, waited while they closed in silently, watchfully around him. In the background the tents were coming down, the wagons were hitching, but some of the men of the regiment had come out to watch and listen. Some of the men here were still chewing. But they were quiet, attentive.

Chamberlain waited a moment longer. Now it was quiet in the grove and the clink of the wagons was sharp in the distance. Chamberlain said, "I've been talking with Bucklin. He's told me your problem."

Some of the men grumbled. Chamberlain heard no words clearly. He went on speaking softly so that they would have to quiet to hear him.

"I don't know what I can do about it. I'll do what I can. I'll look into it as soon as possible. But there's nothing I can do today. We're moving out in a few minutes and we'll be marching all day and we may be in a big fight before nightfall. But as soon as I can, I'll do what I can."

They were silent, watching him. Chamberlain began to relax. He had made many speeches and he had a gift for it. He did not know what it was, but when he spoke most men stopped to listen. Fanny said it was something in his voice. He hoped it was there now.

"I've been ordered to take you men with me. I've been told that if you don't come I can shoot you. Well, you know I won't do that. Not Maine men. I won't shoot any man who doesn't want this fight. Maybe someone else will, but I won't. So that's that."

He paused again. There was nothing on their faces to lead him.

"Here's the situation. I've been ordered to take you along, and that's what I'm going to do. Under guard if necessary. But you can have your rifles if you want them. The whole Reb army is up the road a ways waiting for us and this is no time for an argument like this. I tell you this: we sure can use you. We're down below half strength and we need you, no doubt of that. But whether you fight or not is up to you. Whether you come along, well, you're coming."

Tom had come up with Chamberlain's horse. Over the heads of the prisoners Chamberlain could see the regiment falling into line out in the flaming road. He took a deep breath.

"Well, I don't want to preach to you. You know who we are and what we're doing here. But if you're going to fight alongside us there's a few things I want you to know."

He bowed his head, not looking at eyes. He folded his hands together.

"This regiment was formed last fall, back in Maine. There were a thousand of us then. There's not three hundred of us now." He glanced up briefly. "But what is left is choice."

He was embarrassed. He spoke very slowly, staring at the ground.

"Some of us volunteered to fight for Union. Some came in mainly because we were bored at home and this looked like it might be fun. Some came because we were ashamed not to. Many of us came … because it was the right thing to do. All of us have seen men die. Most of us never saw a black man back home. We think on that, too. But freedom … is not just a word."

He looked up into the sky, over silent faces.

"This is a different kind of army. If you look at history you'll see men fight for pay, or women, or some other kind of loot. They fight for land, or because a king makes them, or just because they like killing. But we're here for something new. I don't … this hasn't happened much in the history of the world. We're an army going out to set other men free."

He bent down, scratched the black dirt into his fingers. He was beginning to warm to it; the words were beginning to flow. No one in front of him was moving. He said, "This is free ground. All the way from here to the Pacific Ocean. No man has to bow. No man born to royalty. Here we judge you by what *you* do, not by what your father was. Here you can be *something*. Here's a place to build a home. It isn't the land—there's always more land. It's the idea that we all have value, you and me, we're worth something more than the dirt. I never saw dirt I'd die for, but I'm not asking you to come join us and fight for dirt. What we're all fighting for, in the end, is each other."

Once he started talking he broke right through the embarrassment and there was suddenly no longer a barrier there. The words came out of him in a clear river, and he felt himself silent and suspended in the grove listening to himself speak, carried outside himself and looking back down on the silent faces and himself speaking, and he felt the power in him, the power of his cause. For an instant he could see black castles in the air; he could create centuries of screaming, eons of torture. Then he was back in sunlit Pennsylvania. The bugles were blowing and he was done.

He had nothing else to say. No one moved. He felt the embarrassment return. He was suddenly enormously tired. The faces were staring up at him like white stones. Some heads were down. He said, "Didn't mean to preach. Sorry. But I thought … you should know who we are." He had forgotten how tiring it was just to speak. "Well, this is still the army, but you're as free as I can make you. Go ahead and talk for a while. If you want your rifles for this fight you'll have them back and nothing else will be said. If you won't join us you'll come along under guard. When this is over I'll do what I can to see that you get fair treatment. Now we have to move out." He stopped, looked at them. The faces showed nothing. He said slowly, "I think if we lose this fight the war will be over. So if you choose to come with us I'll be personally grateful. Well. We have to move out."

He turned, left silence behind him. Tom came up with the horse—a pale-gray lightfooted animal. Tom's face was shiny red.

"My, Lawrence, you sure talk pretty."

Chamberlain grunted. He was really tired. Rest a moment. He paused with his hands on the saddle horn. There was a new vague doubt stirring in his brain. Something troubled him; he did not know why.

"You ride today, Lawrence. You look weary."

Chamberlain nodded. Ellis Spear was up. He was Chamberlain's ranking officer, an ex-teacher from Wiscasset who was impressed with Chamberlain's professorship. A shy

man, formal, but very competent. He gestured toward the prisoners.

"Colonel, what do you suggest we do with them?"

"Give them a moment. Some of them may be willing to fight. Tom, you go back and see what they say. We'll have to march them under guard. Don't know what else to do. I'm not going to shoot them. We can't leave them here."

The regiment had formed out in the road, the color bearers in front. Chamberlain mounted, put on the wide-brimmed hat with the emblem of the infantry, began walking his horse slowly across the field toward the road. The uneasiness still troubled him. He had missed something, he did not know what. Well, he was an instinctive man; the mind would tell him sooner or later. Perhaps it was only that when you try to put it into words you cannot express it truly, it never sounds as you dream it. But then … you were asking them to die.

Ellis Spear was saying, "How far are we from Pennsylvania, Colonel, you have any idea?"

"Better than twenty miles." Chamberlain squinted upward. "Going to be another hot day."

He moved to the head of the column. The troops were moving slowly, patiently, setting themselves for the long march. After a moment Tom came riding up. His face was delighted. Chamberlain said, "How many are going to join us?"

Tom grinned hugely. "Would you believe it? All but six."

"*How many*?"

"I counted, by actual count, one hundred and fourteen."

"Well." Chamberlain rubbed his nose, astounded.

Tom said, still grinning, "Brother, you did real good."

"They're all marching together?"

"Right. Glazier's got the six hardheads in tow."

"Well, get all the names and start assigning them to different companies. I don't want them bunched up, spread them out. See about their arms."

"Yes, sir, Colonel, sir."

Chamberlain reached the head of the column. The road ahead was long and straight, rising toward a ridge of trees. He turned in his saddle, looked back, saw the entire Fifth Corps forming behind him. He thought: 120 new men. Hardly noticeable in such a mass. And yet … he felt a moment of huge joy. He called for road guards and skirmishers and the 20th Maine began to move toward Gettysburg.

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *General James Longstreet is General Lee's right-hand-man. The two have a strong friendship that is about to be tested by the decisions made at Gettysburg.*
- *Longstreet's men sit around a campfire playing poker with an Englishman named Arthur Fremantle, who is serving as the English representative to the Confederate Army. Why might Fremantle have been sent to the Confederate Army from the British King?*
- *We hear conversation about Armistead (Confed.) and his friendship with Winfield S. Hancock (Union). What does this tell you about the Civil War?*
- *At one point, the men will debate the Cause for fighting against the North. How does this Cause compare to what Chamberlain said in the previous section?*

SECTION 3

Longstreet

In Longstreet's camp, they were teaching the Englishman to play poker. They had spread a blanket near a fire and hung a lantern on a tree and they sat around the blanket slapping bugs in the dark, surrounded by campfires, laughter, and music. The Englishman was a naturally funny man. He was very thin and perpetually astonished and somewhat gap-toothed, and his manner of talking alone was enough to convulse them, and he enjoyed it. His name was Fremantle—Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Lyon Fremantle—late of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, observing for the Queen. There were several other foreigners in the group and they followed Longstreet's headquarters like a small shoal of colorful fish. They were gathered around the blanket now, watching Fremantle perform, and everyone was laughing except the Prussian, Scheibert, a stocky man in a stained white suit, who was annoyed that no one could speak German.

Longstreet sat with his back against a tree, waiting. His fame as a poker player was legendary but he had not played in a long time, not since the deaths of his children, and he did not feel like it now; but he liked to sit in the darkness and watch,

passing the time silently, a small distance away, a member of it all warmed by the fire but still not involved in it, not having to talk.

What bothered him most was the blindness. Jeb Stuart had not returned. The army had moved all day in enemy country and they had not even known what was around the next bend. Harrison's news was growing old: the Union Army was on the move. Longstreet had sent the spy back into Gettysburg to see what he could find, but Gettysburg was almost thirty miles away and he had not yet returned. Longstreet dreamed, storing up energy, knowing the fight was coming and resting deliberately, relaxing the muscles, feeling himself loose upon the earth and filling with strength slowly, as the lungs fill with clean air. He was a patient man; he could outwait the dawn. He saw a star fall: a pale cold spark in the eastern sky. Lovely sight. He remembered, counting stars at midnight in a pasture: a girl. The girl thought they were messages from God. Longstreet grinned: she loves me, she loves me not.

"Sir?"

He looked up—a slender, haughty face: G. Moxley Sorrel, Longstreet's chief of staff. Longstreet said, "Major."

"I'm just back from General Lee's headquarters, sir. The General has retired for the night. Everything going nicely, sir. General Lee says we should all be concentrated around Gettysburg tomorrow evening."

"Nothing from Stuart?"

"No sir. But some of General Hill's troops went into Gettysburg this afternoon and claim they saw Union cavalry there."

Longstreet looked up sharply. Sorrel went on:

"They had orders not to engage, so they withdrew. General Hill thinks they were mistaken. He says it must be militia. He's going back in force in the morning."

"Who saw cavalry? What officer?"

"Ah, Johnston Pettigrew, I believe, sir."

"The scholar? Fella from North Carolina?"

"Ah, yes, sir. I think so, sir."

"*Blue* cavalry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why doesn't Hill believe him? Does Hill have other information?"

"No, sir. Ah, I would say, sir, judging from what I heard, that General Hill thinks that, ah, Pettigrew is not a professional and tends to be overexcited and perhaps to exaggerate a bit."

"Um." Longstreet rubbed his face. If there was infantry coming, as Harrison had said, there would be cavalry in front of it.

"What does General Lee say?"

"The general, ah, defers to General Hill's judgment, I believe."

Longstreet grimaced. He thought: We have other cavalry. Why doesn't the old man send for a look? Tell you why: He can't believe Stuart would let him down.

"Have you any orders, sir?" Sorrel was gazing longingly toward the poker game.

"No."

"The men are anxious to have you join the game, sir. As you once did."

"Not tonight, Major."

Sorrel bowed. "Yes, sir. Oh, by the way, sir, General Pickett sends his compliments and states that he will be dropping by later this evening for a chat."

Longstreet nodded. There'll be a complaint from old George. But good to see him. Sorrel moved off into a burst of laughter, a cloud of lovely tobacco. Longstreet sat brooding.

There was an odor of trouble, an indefinable wrong. It was like playing chess and making a bad move and not knowing why but knowing instinctively that it was a bad move. The instincts were yelling. As they used to do long ago at night in Indian country. He gazed out into the black. The stars were obscured. It was the blindness that bothered him. Cavalry in Gettysburg? Harrison would know.

"Sir?"

He looked up again. In soft light: Fremantle.

"Beg your pardon, sir. Most humbly, sir. I'm not disturbing you?"

"Um," Longstreet said. But there was something about the man, prepared for flight, that made Longstreet grin. He was a scrawny man, toothy, with a pipelike neck and a monstrous Adam's apple. He looked like a popeyed bird who had just swallowed something large and sticky and triangular. He was wearing a tall gray hat and a remarkable coat with very wide shoulders, like wings.

He said cheerily, "If I am disturbing you at all, sir, my most humble apologies. But your fame, sir, as a practitioner of poker, is such that one comes to you for advice. I hope you don't mind."

"Not 't'all," Longstreet said. Sometimes when you were around Englishmen there was this ridiculous tendency to imitate them. Longstreet restrained himself. But he grinned.

"What I wanted to ask you, sir, is this. I gather that you are the authority in these matters, and I learned long ago, sir, that in affairs of this kind it is always wisest to go directly, *straightway*, may I say, to the top."

Longstreet waited. Fremantle relaxed slightly, conspiratorially, stroked a handlebar mustache.

"I am most curious, General, as to your attitude toward a subtle subject: the inside straight. On what occasion, or rather, under what circumstance, does one draw to an inside straight? In your opinion. Your response will be kept confidential, of course."

"Never." Longstreet said.

Fremantle nodded gravely, listening. There was nothing else. After a moment he inquired, "Never?"

"Never."

Fremantle thought upon it. "You mean *never*," he concluded.

Longstreet nodded.

"Quite," Fremantle said. He drew back, brooding, then drew himself up. "Indeed," he said. "Well, thank you, sir. Your most humble servant. My apologies for the disturbance."

"Not 't'all."

"I leave you to more important things." He bowed, backed off, paused, looked up. "Never?" he said wistfully.

"Never," Longstreet said.

"Oh. Well, right-ho." Fremantle went away.

Longstreet turned to the dark. A strange and lacey race. Talk like ladies, fight like wildcats. There had long been talk of England coming in on the side of the South. But Longstreet did not think they would come. They will come when we don't need them, like the bank offering money when you're no longer in debt.

A cluster of yells: he looked up. A group of horsemen were riding into camp. One plumed rider waved a feathered hat: that would be George Pickett. At a distance he looked like a French king, all curls and feathers. Longstreet grinned unconsciously. Pickett rode into the firelight, bronze-curled and lovely, hair down to his shoulders, regal and gorgeous on a stately mount. He gestured to the staff, someone pointed toward Longstreet. Pickett rode this way, bowing. Men were grinning, lighting up as he passed; Longstreet could see a train of officers behind him. He had brought along all three of his brigade commanders: Armistead, Garnett, and Kemper. They rode toward Longstreet like ships through a gleeful surf, Pickett bowing from side to side. Someone offered a bottle. Pickett raised a scornful hand. He had sworn to dear Sallie ne'er to touch liquor. Longstreet shook his head admiringly. The foreigners were clustering.

Pickett stopped before Longstreet and saluted grandly. "General Pickett presents his compliments, sir, and requests permission to parley with the Commanding General, *s'il vous plaît*."

Longstreet said, "Howdy, George."

Beyond Pickett's shoulder Lew Armistead grinned hello, touching his hat. Longstreet had known them all for twenty years and more. They had served together in the Mexican War and in the old Sixth Infantry out in California. They had been under fire together, and as long as he lived Longstreet would never forget the sight of Pickett with the flag going over the wall in the smoke and flame of Chapultepec. Pickett had not aged a moment since. Longstreet thought: my permanent boy. It was more a family than an army. But the formalities had to be observed. He

saluted. Pickett hopped out of the saddle, ringlets aflutter as he jumped. Longstreet whiffed a pungent odor.

"Good Lord, George, what's that smell?"

"That's me," Pickett said proudly. "Aint it lovely?"

Armistead dismounted, chuckling. "He got it off a dead Frenchman. Evening, Pete."

"Woo," Longstreet said. "I bet the Frenchman smelled better."

Pickett was offended. "I did not either get it off a Frenchman. I bought it in a store in Richmond." He meditated. "Did have a French name, now that I think on it. But *Sallie* likes it." This concluded the matter. Pickett glowed and primped, grinning. He was used to kidding and fond of it. Dick Garnett was dismounting slowly. Longstreet caught the look of pain in his eyes. He was favoring a leg. He had that same soft gray look in his face, his eyes. Too tired, much too tired.

Longstreet extended a hand. "How are you, Dick?" "Fine, General, just fine."

But the handclasp had no vitality. Lew Armistead was watching with care.

Longstreet said easily, "Sorry I had to assign you to old smelly George. Hope you have a strong stomach."

"General," Garnett said formally, gracefully, "you must know how much I appreciate the opportunity."

There was a second of silence. Garnett had withdrawn the old Stonewall Brigade without orders. Jackson had accused him of cowardice. Now Jackson was dead, and Garnett's honor was compromised, and he had not recovered from the stain, and in this company there were many men who would never let him recover. Yet Longstreet knew the quality of the man, and he said slowly, carefully, "Dick, I consider it a damned fine piece of luck for me when you became available for this command."

Garnett took a deep breath, then nodded once quickly, looking past Longstreet into the dark. Lew Armistead draped a casual arm across his shoulders.

"Dick's been eating too many cherries. He's got the Old Soldier's Disease."

Garnett smiled weakly. "Sure do." He rubbed his stomach. "Got to learn to fight from the squatting position."

Armistead grinned. "I know what's wrong with you. You been standing downwind of ole George. You got to learn to watch them fumes."

A circle had gathered at a respectful distance. One of these was Fremantle, of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, wide-hatted, Adam's-appled. Pickett was regarding him with curiosity.

Longstreet remembered his manners. "Oh, excuse me, Colonel. Allow me to present our George Pickett. Our loveliest general. General Pickett, Colonel Fremantle of the Coldstream Guards."

Pickett bowed low in the classic fashion, sweeping the ground with the plumed hat.

"The fame of your regiment, sir, has preceded you."

"General Pickett is our ranking strategist," Longstreet said. "We refer all the deeper questions to George."

"They do," Pickett admitted, nodding. "They do indeed."

"General Pickett's record at West Point is still the talk of the army."

Armistead hawed.

"It is unbecoming to a soldier, all this book-learning," Pickett said haughtily.

"It aint *gentlemanly*, George," Armistead corrected.

"Nor that either," Pickett agreed.

"He finished last in his class," Longstreet explained. "Dead last. Which is quite a feat, if you consider his classmates."

"The Yankees got all the smart ones," Pickett said placidly, "and look where it got them."

Fremantle stood grinning vaguely, not quite sure how to take all this. Lew Armistead came forward and bowed slightly, delicately, old courtly Lo, giving it a touch of elegance. He did not extend a hand, knowing the British custom. He said, "Good evening, Colonel. Lo Armistead. The 'Lo' is short for Lothario. Let me welcome you to 'Lee's Miserables.' The Coldstream Guards? Weren't you fellas over here in the discussion betwixt us of 1812? I seem to remember my daddy telling me about … No, it was the Black Watch. The kilted fellas, that's who it was."

Fremantle said, "Lee's Miserables?"

"A joke," Longstreet said patiently. "Somebody read Victor Hugo—believe it or not I have officers who read—and ever since then we've been Lee's Miserables."

Fremantle was still in the dark. Longstreet said, "Victor Hugo. French writer. Novel. *Les Misérables*."

Fremantle brightened. Then he smiled. Then he chuckled. "Oh that's very good. Oh, I say that's very good indeed. Haw."

Pickett said formally, "Allow me to introduce my commanders. The elderly one here is Lewis Armistead. The 'Lothario' is a bit of a joke, as you can see. But we are democratic. We do not hold his great age against him. We carry him to the battle, and we aim him and turn him loose. His is what we in this country call an 'Old Family'—" Armistead said briefly, "Oh God" "—although doubtless you English would consider him still an immigrant. There have been Armisteads in all our wars, and maybe we better change the subject, because it is likely that old Lo's grandaddy took a potshot at your grandaddy, but anyway, we had to let him in this war to keep the string going, do you see? Age and all."

"Creak," Armistead said.

"The next one here is Dick Garnett. Ah, Richard Brooke Garnett."

Garnett bowed. Pickett said, "Old Dick is a good lad, but sickly. Ah well—" Pickett made a sad face "—some of us are born puny, and others are blessed with great natural strength. It is all God's will. Sit down, Dick. Now this next one here—" he indicated stoic Jim Kemper "—this one is not even a soldier, so watch him. Note the shifty beady eye? He's a politician. Only reason he's here is to gather votes come next election."

Kemper stepped forward, hand extended warily. He had been speaker of the Virginia House and he was not fond of foreigners. Fremantle took the hand with forced good will. Kemper said brusquely, "Look here now, Colonel. Been wondering when you people were going to get out and break that damned Yankee blockade. How about that?"

Fremantle apologized, grinning foolishly. Now the Prussian was here and the Austrian, Ross. A crowd was forming. Pickett went on to introduce some of his staff: Beau Harrison, his IG, and Jim Crocker. Crocker was moodily sentimental, already a bit drunk. He was returning now after an absence of thirteen years to his old alma mater, Pennsylvania College, in Gettysburg. Someone suggested they drink to that, but Pickett reminded one and all soulfully of his oath to Sallie, schoolgirl Sallie, who was half his age, and that brought up a round of ribald kidding that should have insulted Pickett but didn't. He glowed in the midst of it, hairy, happy. Fremantle looked on, never quite certain what was kidding and what wasn't. He produced some brandy; Armistead came up with a flask; Kemper had a bottle of his own. Longstreet thought: *Careful*. He sat off to one side, withdrawing, had one long hot swig from Armistead's flask, disciplined himself not to take another, withdrew against the trunk of a cool tree, letting the night come over him, listening to them talk, reminiscing. He knew enough to stay out of it. The presence of the commander always a damper. But after a few moments Pickett detached himself from the group and came to Longstreet.

"General? A few words?"

"Sure, George. Fire."

"By George you're looking well, sir. Must say, never saw you looking better."

"You look lovely too, George." Longstreet liked this man. He was not overwhelmingly bright, but he was a fighter. Longstreet was always careful to give him exact instructions and to follow him to make sure he knew what to do, but once pointed, George could be relied on. A lovely adventurous boy, forty-two years old and never to grow older, fond of adventure and romance and all the bright sparkles of youth. Longstreet said happily, "What can I do for you, George?"

"Well, sir, now I don't mean this as a reflection upon *you*, sir. But, well, you know, sir, my division, my Virginia boys, we weren't at Chancellorsville."

"No."

"Well, you know we were assigned away on some piddling affair, and we weren't at Fredericksburg either; we were off again doing some other piddling thing, and now they've taken two of my brigades, Corse and Jenkins, and sent them off to guard Richmond—*Richmond*, for the love of God—and *now*, General, do you know where I'm placed in line of march? *Last*, sir, that's where. Exactly last. I bring up the damned rear. Beg pardon."

Longstreet sighed.

Pickett said, "Well, I tell you, sir, frankly, my boys are beginning to wonder at the attitude of the high command toward my division. My boys—"

"George," Longstreet said.

"Sir, I must—" Pickett noted Longstreet's face. "Now, I don't mean to imply *this* command. Not you, sir. I was just hoping you would talk to somebody."

"George." Longstreet paused, then he said patiently, "Would you like us to move the whole army out of the way and let you go first?"

Pickett brightened. That seemed a good idea. Another look at Longstreet's face.

"I only meant, sir, that we haven't—"

"I know, George. Listen, there's no plot. It's just the way things fell out. I have three divisions, right? There's you, and there's Hood and McLaws. And where I go you go. Right? And my HQ is near the Old Man, and the Old Man chooses to be here, and that's the way it is. We sent your two brigades to Richmond because we figured they were Virginia boys and that was proper. But look at it this way: if the army has to turn and fight its way out of here, you'll be exactly *first* in line."

Pickett thought on that.

"That's possible?"

"Yup."

"Well," Pickett mused. At that moment Lew Armistead came up. Pickett said wistfully, "Well, I had to speak on it, sir. You understand. No offense?"

"None."

"Well then. But I mean, the whole war could be damn well over soon, beg pardon, and my boys would have missed it. And these are Virginians, sir, and have a certain pride." It occurred to him that Longstreet not being a Virginian, he might have given another insult.

But Longstreet said, "I know I can count on you, George, when the time comes. And it'll come, it'll come."

Armistead broke in, "Sorry to interrupt, but they're calling for George at the poker table." He bowed. "Your fame, sir, has preceded you."

Pickett excused himself, watchful of Longstreet. Pickett was always saying something to irritate somebody, and he rarely knew why, so his method was simply to apologize in general from time to time and to let people know he meant

well and then shove off and hope for the best. He apologized and departed, curls a jiggle.

Armistead looked after him. "Hope he brought some money with him." He turned back to Longstreet, smiling. "How goes it, Pete?"

"Passing well, passing well." An old soldier's joke, vaguely obscene. It had once been funny. Touched now with memories, sentimental songs. Longstreet thought: He's really quite gray. Has reached that time when a man ages rapidly, older with each passing moment. Old Lothario. Longstreet was touched. Armistead had his eyes turned away, following Pickett.

"I gather that George was trying to get us up front where we could get shot. Correct? Thought so. Well, must say, if you've got to do all this damn marching at my age there ought to be some action some time. Although—" he held up a hand "—I don't complain, I don't complain." He sat, letting a knee creak. "Getting rickety."

Longstreet looked: firelight soft on a weary face. Armistead was tired. Longstreet watched him, gauging. Armistead noticed.

"I'm all right, Pete."

"Course."

"No, really I …" He stopped in midsentence. "I am getting a little old for it. To tell the truth. It, ah …" He shrugged. "It isn't as much fun when your feet hurt. Ooo." He rubbed his calf. He looked away from Longstreet's eyes. "These are damn good cherries they grow around here. Wonder if they'd grow back home."

Laughter broke from Pickett's group. A cloud passed over the moon. Armistead had something on his mind. Longstreet waited. Harrison had to be back soon. Armistead said, "I hear you have some word of the Union Army."

"Right." Longstreet thought: Hancock.

"Have you heard anything of old Win?"

"Yep. He's got the Second Corps, headed this way. We should be running into him one of these days." Longstreet felt a small jealousy. Armistead and Hancock. He could see them together—graceful Lo, dashing and confident Hancock. They had been closer than brothers before the war. A rare friendship. And now Hancock was coming this way with an enemy corps.

Armistead said, "Never thought it would last this long." He was staring off into the dark.

"Me neither. I was thinking on that last night. The day of the one-battle war is over, I think. It used to be that you went out to fight in the morning and by sundown the issue was decided and the king was dead and the war was usually over. But now …" He grunted, shaking his head. "Now it goes on and on. War has changed, Lewis. They all expect one smashing victory. Waterloo and all that. But I think that kind of war is over. We have trenches now. And it's a different thing, you know, to ask a man to fight from a trench.

Any man can charge briefly in the morning. But to ask a man to fight from a trench, day after day …"

"Guess you're right," Armistead said. But he was not interested, and Longstreet, who loved to talk tactics and strategy, let it go. After a moment Armistead said, "Wouldn't mind seeing old Win again. One more time."

"Why don't you?"

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Hell no."

"Really? I mean, well, Pete, do you think it would be *proper*?"

"Sure. If the chance comes, just get a messenger and a flag of truce and go on over. Nothing to it."

"I sure would like just to talk to him again," Armistead said. He leaned back, closing his eyes. "Last time was in California. When the war was beginning. Night before we left there was a party."

Long time ago, another world. And then Longstreet thought of his children, that Christmas, that terrible Christmas, and turned his mind away. There was a silence.

Armistead said, "Oh, by the way, Pete, how's your wife? Been meaning to ask."

"Fine." He said it automatically. But she was not fine. He felt a spasm of pain like a blast of sudden cold, saw the patient high-boned Indian face, that beautiful woman, indelible suffering. Children never die: they live on in the brain forever. After a moment he realized that Armistead was watching him.

"If you want me to leave, Pete."

"No." Longstreet shook his head quickly.

"Well, then, I think I'll just set a spell and pass the time of day. Don't get to see much of you anymore." He smiled: a touch of shyness. He was five years older than Longstreet, and now he was the junior officer, but he was one of the rare ones who were genuinely glad to see another man advance. In some of them there was a hunger for rank—in Jubal Early it was a disease—but Armistead had grown past the hunger, if he ever had it at all. He was an honest man, open as the sunrise, cut from the same pattern as Lee: old family, Virginia gentleman, man of honor, man of duty. He was one of the men who would hold ground if it could be held; he would die for a word. He was a man to depend on, and there was this truth about war: it taught you the men you could depend on.

He was saying, "I tell you one thing you don't have to worry on, and that's our division. I never saw troops anywhere so ready for a brawl. And they're not just kids, either. Most of them are veterans and they'll know what to do. But the morale is simply amazing. Really is. Never saw anything like it in the old army. They're off on a Holy War. The Crusades must have been a little like this. Wish I'd a been there. Seen old Richard and the rest."

Longstreet said, "They never took Jerusalem."

Armistead squinted.

"It takes a bit more than morale," Longstreet said.

"Oh sure." But Longstreet was always gloomy. "Well, anyhow, I've never seen anything like this. The Old Man's accomplishment. Incredible. His presence is everywhere. They hush when he passes, like an angel of the Lord. You ever see anything like it?"

"No."

"Remember what they said when he took command? Called him Old Granny. Hee." Armistead chuckled. "Man, what damn fools we are."

"There's talk of making him President, after the war."

"They are?" Armistead considered it. "Do you suppose he'd take it?"

"No, I don't think he would take it. But, I don't know. I like to think of him in charge. One honest man."

"A Holy War," Longstreet said. He shook his head. He did not think much of the Cause. He was a professional: the Cause was Victory. It came to him in the night sometimes with a sudden appalling shock that the boys he was fighting were boys he had grown up with. The war had come as a nightmare in which you chose your nightmare side. Once chosen, you put your head down and went on to win. He thought: Shut up. But he said:

"You've heard it often enough: One of our boys can lick any ten of them, that nonsense." "Well." "Well, you've fought with those boys over there, you've commanded them." He gestured vaguely east. "You know damn well they can fight. You should have seen them come up that hill at Fredericksburg, listen." He gestured vaguely, tightly, losing command of the words. "Well, Lo, you know we are dying one at a time and there aren't enough of us and we die just as dead as anybody, and a boy from back home aint a better soldier than a boy from Minnesota or anywhere else just because he's from back home."

Armistead nodded carefully. "Well, sure." He paused watchfully. "Of course I know that. But then, on the other hand, we sure do stomp them consistently, now don't we, Pete? We … I don't know, but I feel we're something special. I do. We're good, and we know it. It may just be the Old Man and a few other leaders like you. Well, I don't know what it is. But I tell you, I believe in it, and I don't think we're overconfident."

Longstreet nodded. Let it go. But Armistead sat up.

"Another thing, Pete, long as the subject is up. I've been thinking on your theories of defensive war, and look, Pete, if you don't mind the opinion of an aging military genius, just this once? Technically, by God, you're probably right. Hell, you're undoubtedly right. This may be a time for defensive war. But, Pete, this aint the *army* for it. We aren't bred for the defense. And the Old Man, Lord, if ever there was a man not suited for slow dull defense, it's old R.E."

Longstreet said, "But he's a *soldier*."

"Exactly. And so are you. But the Old Man is just plain, well, too *proud*. Listen, do you remember when he was assigned to the defense of Richmond and he started digging trenches, you remember what they started calling him?"

"The King of Spades." God, the Richmond newspapers. "Right. And you could see how hurt he was. Most people would be. Stain on the old honor. Now, Pete, you're wise enough not to give a damn about things like that. But Old Robert, now, he's from the old school, and I'll bet you right now he can't wait to get them out in the open somewhere where he can hit them face to face. And you know every soldier in the army feels the same way, and it's one of the reasons why the morale here is so good and the Union morale is so bad, and isn't that a fact?"

Longstreet said nothing. It was all probably true. And yet there was danger in it; there was even something dangerous in Lee. Longstreet said, "He promised me he would stay on the defensive. He said he would look for a good defensive position and let them try to hit us."

"He did?"

"He did."

"Well, maybe. But I tell you, Pete, it aint natural to him."

"And it is to me?"

Armistead cocked his head to one side. Then he smiled, shook his head, and reached out abruptly to slap Longstreet's knee.

"Well, might's well be blunt, old soul, and to hell with the social graces. Truth is, Peter, that you are by nature the stubbornest human being, nor mule either, nor even *army* mule, that I personally have ever known, or ever hope to know, and my hat is off to you for it, because you are also the best damn *defensive* soldier I ever saw, by miles and miles and miles, and that's a fact. Now—" he started to rise "—I'll get a-movin', back to my virtuous bed."

Longstreet grunted, found himself blushing. He rose, went silently with Armistead toward the crowd around Pickett. Moxley Sorrel was on his feet, pounding his palm with a clenched fist. The Englishman, Fremantle, was listening openmouthed. The Prussian, Scheibert, was smiling in a nasty sort of way. Longstreet caught the conclusion of Sorrel's sentence.

"… know that government derives its power from the consent of the governed. Every government, everywhere. And, Sir, let me make this plain: *We do not consent*. We will *never* consent."

They stood up as Longstreet approached. Sorrel's face was flushed. Jim Kemper was not finished with argument, Longstreet or no. To Fremantle he went on: "You must tell them, and make it plain, that what we are fighting for is our freedom from the rule of what is to us a foreign government. That's all we want and that's what this war is all about. We established this country in the first place with strong state governments just for that reason, to avoid a central tyranny—"

"Oh Lord," Armistead said, "the Cause."

Fremantle rose, trying to face Longstreet and continue to listen politely to Kemper at the same moment. Pickett suggested with authority that it was growing quite late and that his officers should get back to their separate commands. There were polite farewells and kind words, and Longstreet walked Pickett and Armistead to their horses. Kemper was still saying firm, hard, noble things to Sorrel and Sorrel was agreeing absolutely—mongrelizing, money-grubbing Yankees—and Longstreet said, "What happened?"

Pickett answered obligingly, unconcerned, "Well, Jim Kemper kept needling our English friend about why they didn't come and join in with us, it being in their interest and all, and the Englishman said that it was a very touchy subject, since most Englishmen figured the war was all about, ah, *slavery*, and then old Kemper got a bit outraged and had to explain to him how wrong he was, and Sorrel and some others joined in, but no harm done."

"Damn fool," Kemper said. "He *still* thinks it's about slavery."

"Actually," Pickett said gravely, "I think my analogy of the club was best. I mean, it's as if we all joined a gentlemen's club, and then the members of the club started sticking their noses into our private lives, and then we up and resigned, and then they tell us we don't have the right to resign. I think that's a fair analogy, hey, Pete?"

Longstreet shrugged. They all stood for a moment agreeing with each other, Longstreet saying nothing. After a while they were mounted, still chatting about what a shame it was that so many people seemed to think it was slavery that brought on the war, when all it was really was a question of the Constitution. Longstreet took the reins of Pickett's horse.

"George, the army is concentrating toward Gettysburg. Hill is going in in the morning and we'll follow, and Ewell is coming down from the north. Tomorrow night we'll all be together."

"Oh, very good." Pickett was delighted. He was looking forward to parties and music.

Longstreet said, "I think that sometime in the next few days there's going to be a big fight. I want you to do everything necessary to get your boys ready."

"Sir, they're ready now."

"Well, do what you can. The little things. See to the water. Once the army is gathered in one place all the wells will run dry. See to it, George."

"I will, I will."

Longstreet thought: don't be so damn motherly.

"Well, then. I'll see you tomorrow night."

They said their good nights. Armistead waved farewell.

"If you happen to run across Jubal Early, Pete, tell him for me to go to hell."

They rode off into the dark. The moon was down; the night sky was filled with stars. Longstreet stood for a moment alone. Some good men there. Lo had said, "Best defensive soldier." From Lewis, a compliment. And yet, is it really my nature? Or is it only the simple reality?

Might as well argue with stars.

The fires were dying one by one. Longstreet went back to his place by the camp table. The tall silent aide from Texas, T. J. Goree, had curled up in a bedroll, always near, to be used at a moment's notice. For "The Cause." So many good men. Longstreet waited alone, saw one falling star, reminding him once more of the girl in a field a long time ago.

Harrison [a spy working for the Confederates] came back long after midnight. He brought the news of Union cavalry in Gettysburg. Longstreet sent the word to Lee's headquarters, but the Old Man had gone to sleep and Major Taylor did not think it important enough to wake him. General Hill had insisted, after all, that the reports of cavalry in Gettysburg were foolish.

Longstreet waited for an answer, but no answer came. He lay for a long while awake, but there was gathering cloud and he saw no more falling stars.

Just before dawn the rain began: fine misty rain blowing cold and clean in soft mountain air. Buford's pickets saw the dawn come high in the sky, a gray blush, a bleak rose. A boy from Illinois climbed a tree. There was mist across Marsh Creek, ever whiter in the growing light. The boy from Illinois stared and felt his heart beating and saw movement. A blur in the mist, an unfurled flag. Then the dark figures, row on row: skirmishers. Long, long rows, like walking trees, coming up toward him out of the mist. He had a long paralyzed moment which he would remember until the end of his life. Then he raised the rifle and laid it across the limb of the tree and aimed generally toward the breast of a tall figure in the front of the line, waited, let the cold rain fall, misting his vision, cleared his eyes, waited, prayed, and pressed the trigger.

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *Although the Confederate Army has been successfully fighting a defensive war on Southern soil, General Robert E. Lee has decided to invade the North. His plan: to get around the Union Army in northern Virginia by way of Pennsylvania, then to attack Washington, D.C. in hopes of ending the war.*
- *The Confederate Cavalry, led by General J.E.B. Stuart, is supposed to provide information about the Union Army's whereabouts; however, Stuart and his men are out joyriding. The Confederate Army, therefore, does not realize that the Union forces are moving toward Gettysburg to intercept them.*
- *Why would General Lee take the risk of invading the North, when the Confederates have done so well defending in the South for the past two years?*
- *What kind of problems could General Stuart's absence of information about the Union army create for the Confederate army?*

SECTION 4

The Battle of Gettysburg

"The men and officers of your command have written the name of Virginia today as high as it has ever been written before."

-General Robert E. Lee to Major General George Pickett

after the failure of "Pickett's Charge"

After his victory at Chancellorsville at the beginning of May 1863, Lee decided not to wait to parry the renewed Union advances that were bound to occur some time in the future. Instead, he could just as easily guarantee the safety of Richmond by carrying the war into the North -- Pennsylvania, this time -- and compelling the Federal Army of the Potomac to follow him.

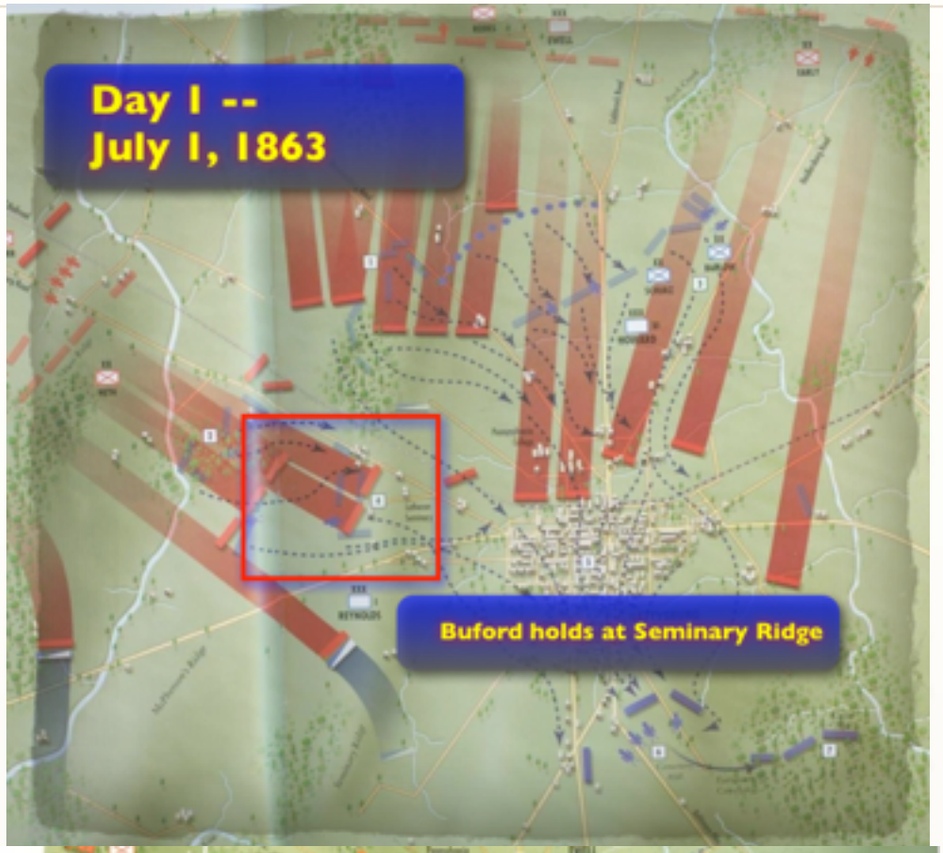
There was another no less significant consideration too: food. Lee intended to subsist on the plentiful resources in Federal territory during the coming campaign so that Virginia could have some relief.

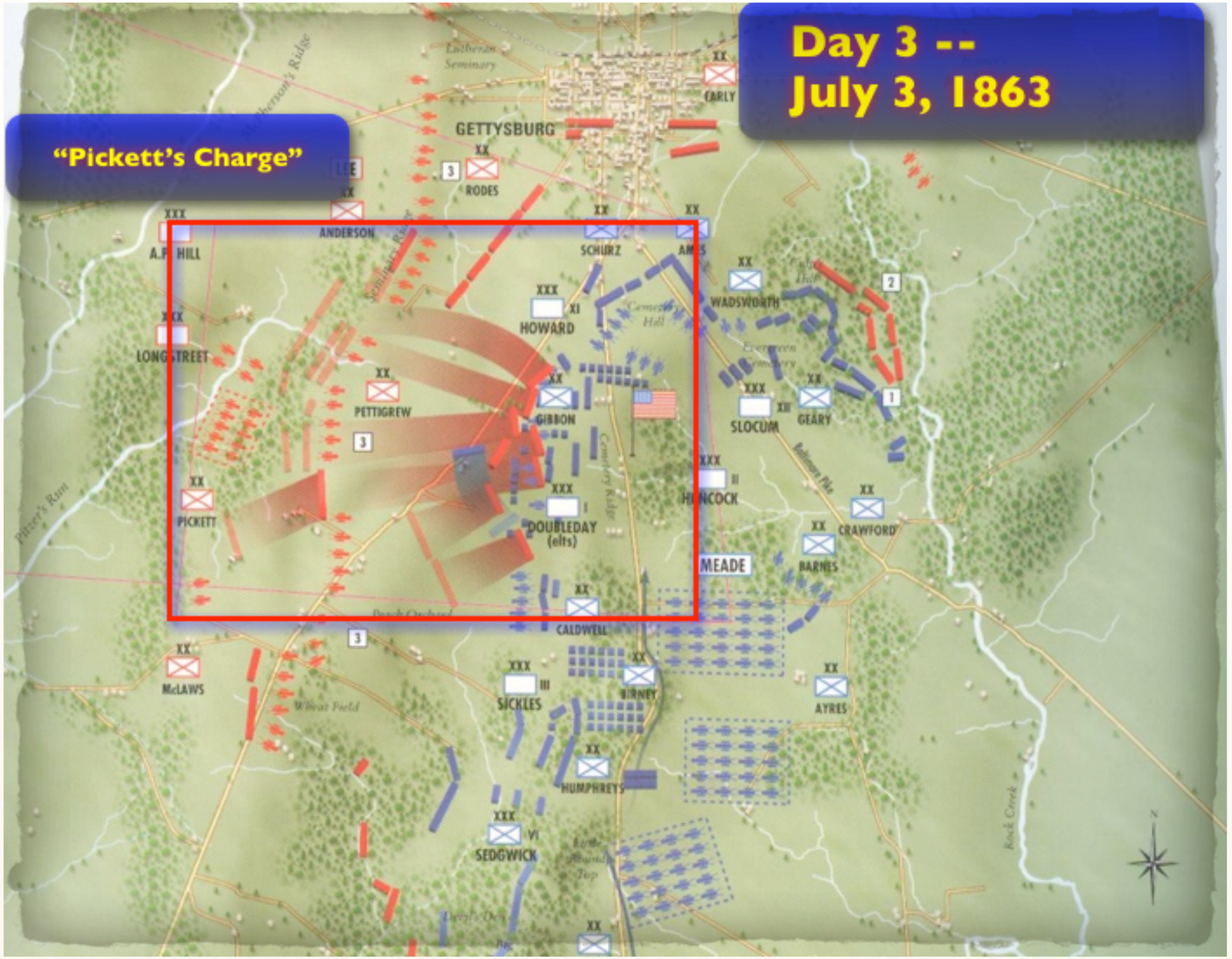
The possibilities of destroying the Union forces in Northern territory, living off of Northern resources, and putting pressure on Washington to end the war, therefore, proved

irresistible to Lee. In June 1863, General Lee's Rebel Army of Northern Virginia took the war to the North on roads that converged at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The Union's Army of the Potomac, under its new commander Major General George G. Meade, pursued Lee, and the forward elements of each army met at Gettysburg on July 1.

Neither commander was present at the start of the battle but each poured troops into the are, which was of strategic importance because no fewer than ten roads converged there. Lee lost an early chance to destroy the Federals on the 1st, and, on July 2nd, he suffered heavy losses.

On July 3, Lee decided to launch an all-out assault on the center of the Union line which stretched along Cemetery Ridge -- roughly parallel with the Rebel positions a mile away on Seminary Ridge. A bombardment from the Rebel artillery ranged in front of Seminary Ridge would precede the assault. Then, with the Union positions "softened up," more than 12,000 Rebels under **Major General George Pickett** would try to smash their way through the Federal lines.




Day 3 --
July 3, 1863
"Pickett's Charge"
GETTYSBURG
Lutheran Seminary
Seminary Ridge
Cemetery Hill
Evergreen Cemetery
Culp's Hill
Cemetery Ridge
Baltimore Pike
Emmitsburg Road
Peach Orchard
Wheat Field
Pitzer's Run
Rock Creek
LEE
MEADE
XX EARLY
XX RODES
XXX A.P. HILL
XX ANDERSON
XXX LONGSTREET
XX SCHURZ
XX AMES
XXX XI HOWARD
XX WADSWORTH
XXX XII SLOCUM
XX GEARY
XX PETTIGREW
XX GIBBON
XX PICKETT
XXX I DOUBLEDAY (elts)
XXX II HANCOCK
XX CRAWFORD
XX BARNES
XX CALDWELL
XX McLAWS
XXX III SICKLES
XX BIRNEY
XX AYRES
XX HUMPHREYS
XXX VI SEDGWICK
XX
1
2
3

SECTION 5

Armistead

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *It is the third day of fighting at Gettysburg (July 3, 1863). After fighting one of the bloodiest days in American history, the Confederates had been unsuccessful in their attempt to remove the Union forces from the hills around Gettysburg.*
- *General Lee has decided to send in the bulk of the Confederate forces in one final push on the Union center, sending his men across nearly a mile of open ground, almost unprotected. General Longstreet argued with Lee, begging him not to order the attack, knowing what would happen to the men if he did. Despite Longstreet's objections, Lee orders the attack.*
- *What are the strengths or weaknesses of the Confederate plan to attack?*
- *What kinds of things go through Armistead's mind as the battle unfolds? What are his concerns?*

… saw it all begin, saw the guns go off one by one, each one a split second after the last, so that there was one long continuing blossoming explosion beginning on the right, erupting down through the grove and up the ridge to the left like one gigantic fuse sputtering up the ridge. Armistead looked at his watch: 1:07. He could see shells bursting on top of the ridge, on the Union lines, saw a caisson blow up in a fireball of yellow smoke, heard wild cheering amid the great sound of the cannon, but then the smoke came boiling up the ridge and he began to lose sight. Pickett was in front of him, out in the open, waving his hat and yelling wildly. Longstreet sat on a fence rail, motionless, crouched forward. There was too much smoke to see anything at all, just Longstreet's back, black, unmoving, and Pickett turning back through the smoke with joy in his face, and then the Union artillery opened up. The first shells came down in the trees beyond them. Longstreet turned slowly and looked. Then they began coming down in the field back there, where the division was. Armistead turned and ran back through the trees across the ridge.

The division lay in the open fields beyond the ridge. They had been there all morning, out in the open, through the growing heat. There was no protection: knee-high grass, low stone walls, off to the left a low field of rye. The shells began to come in on them and there was nothing to do but lie flat and hold the ground. Armistead walked out into the open, saw the men lying in long clumped rows, as if plowed up out of the earth, here and there an officer standing, a color sergeant, the flags erect in the earth and limp, no wind at all, and the shells bursting in sharp puffs everywhere, all down the line. Armistead walked among them. There was nothing he could do, no order to give. He saw the first bloody dead, heard the first agony. Men were telling him angrily to get down, get down, but he went on wandering. Off in the distance he could see Garnett doing the same, on horseback. After a while it was not really so bad. The shells were not so thick. They came down, and here and there a shock and a scream, but the masses of men lay in rows in the grass, and in the distance a band was playing. Armistead walked slowly back toward the trees, hoping to find out what was going on. His chest was very tight. He looked at his watch: 1:35.

He wanted some moments to himself. The firing would stop and then they would line up for the assault. Between that time and this there ought to be a private moment. He came in under the trees and saw Longstreet writing a note, sending it with a galloping aide. There was Pickett, writing too, sitting on a camp stool lost in thought, pen to his lips and staring off into space, as if composing a poem. Armistead smiled. He was closer to the guns now and the sound of the cannonade was enormous, like a beating of great wings, and all around him the air was fluttering and leaves were falling and the ground was shaking, and there was Pickett writing a poem, face furrowed with mighty thought, old George, never much of a thinker, and all that while in the back of Armistead's mind he could see Mary at the spinet: *it may be for years, it may be forever*. He could see the lips move, see tears on all the faces, but he could not hear that sound, the sound of the cannon was too great. He moved up closer to Pickett. Abruptly, not knowing beforehand that he would do it, he plucked the small ring from his little finger. Pickett looked up; his eyes glazed with concentration, focused, blinked.

"Here, George, send her this. My compliments." He handed Pickett the ring. Pickett took it, looked at it, a sentimental man; he reached out and took Armistead's hand and pumped it wordlessly, then flung an arm wildly out toward the guns, the noise, the hill to the east.

"Oh God, Lo, isn't it something? Isn't it marvelous? How does a man find words? Tell me something to say, Lo, you're good at that. Lord, I thought we'd missed it all. But do you know, this may be the last great fight of the war? Do you realize that? Isn't that marvelous?"

There was a long series of explosions; a tree limb burst. Armistead could hardly hear. But Pickett was profoundly moved. He was one of those, like Stuart, who looked on war as God's greatest game. At this moment Armistead seemed to be looking down from a long way away, from a long, sleepy, hazy distance. George was grinning, clapping him on the

arm. He said something about Sallie having the ring mounted. Armistead moved away.

He saw Longstreet sitting alone in the same place, on the same rail, drew comfort from the solid presence. Some officers had that gift. He did not. Hancock had it. Superb soldier. *It may be for years, it may be forever* … don't think on that. He looked at his watch: 1:47. Cannot go on much longer.

But he did not want to think about the attack right now. All the plans were laid, the thing was set, the others had planned it, Longstreet and Lee and Pickett, now he would carry it out, but for these last few moments at least, the old soldier knows enough not to think about it. Shut the mind off and think on better days, remember things to be grateful for. Perhaps, like Pickett, you should write a letter. No. Would say the wrong things.

He went back toward his men, sat with his back against a tree, facing the open. He closed his eyes for a moment and he could see her again, Mary, *it may be for years, it may be forever*, and Hancock's face in tears, may God strike me dead. He opened his eyes, looked a question at Heaven, felt himself in the grip of these great forces, powerless, sliding down the long afternoon toward the end, as if it was all arranged somewhere, nothing he could have done to avoid it, not he or any Virginian. And he had said it and meant it: "If I lift a hand against you, friend, may God strike me dead." Well, it is all in His hands. Armistead took off his black hat and ran his hands through the gray hair, his forehead wet with perspiration, the hair wet and glistening in the light.

He was a grave and courtly man, a soldier all his life. He had a martial bearing and the kind of a face on which emotion rarely showed, a calm, almost regal quality. It had hindered him in the army because men thought he was not aggressive enough, but he was a good soldier, a dependable soldier, and all his life he had felt things more deeply than anyone knew—except *her*, so very briefly, before she died, as she was dying …

Don't think on that. But I loved her.

And loved much else. Always loved music. And good friends, and some moments together. Had much joy in the weather. So very rarely shared. I should have shared more. The way Pickett does, the way so many do. It's a liquid thing with them; it flows. But I … move on impulse. I gave him the ring. Premonition? Well, many will die. I'm a bit old for war. Will do my duty. I come from a line … no more of that. No need of that now. An Armistead does his duty, so do we all. But I wish, I wish it was not Hancock atop that hill. I wish this was Virginia again, my own green country, my own black soil. I wish … the war was over.

Quieter now. The fire was definitely slackening.

2:10.

He sat patiently, his back to a tree. The attack would be soon enough. When he thought of that his mind closed down like a blank gray wall, not letting him see. No point in thinking of that. He sat quietly, silently, suspended, breathing the good warm air, the smoke, the dust. Mustn't look ahead

at all. One tends to look ahead with imagination. Must not look backward either. But it is so easy to see her, there at the spinet, and all of us gathered round, and all of us crying, my dear old friend … Hancock has no time for painting now. He was rather good at it. Always meant to ask him for one of his works. Never enough time. Wonder how it has touched him? Two years of war. Point of pride: My old friend is the best soldier they have. My old friend is up on that ridge.

Here was Garnett, dressed beautifully, new gray uniform, slender, trim, riding that great black mare with the smoky nose. Armistead stood.

Garnett touched his cap. A certain sleepiness seemed to precede the battle, a quality of haze, of unreality, of dust in the air, dust in the haze. Garnett had the eyes of a man who had just awakened.

Garnett said, "How are you, Lo?"

Armistead said, "I'm fine, Dick."

"Well, that's good." Garnett nodded, smiling faintly. They stood under the trees, waiting, not knowing what to say. The fire seemed to be slackening.

Armistead said, "How's the leg?"

"Oh, all right, thank you. Bit hard to walk. Guess I'll have to ride."

"Pickett's orders, nobody rides." Garnett smiled.

"Dick," Armistead said, "you're not going to ride."

Garnett turned, looked away.

"You can't do that," Armistead insisted, the cold alarm growing. "You'll stand out like … you'll be a perfect target."

"Well," Garnett said, grinning faintly, "well, I tell you, Lo. I can't walk."

And cannot stay behind. Honor at stake. He could not let the attack go without him; he had to prove once and for all his honor, because there was Jackson's charge, never answered, still in the air wherever Garnett moved, the word on men's lips, watching him as he went by, for Jackson was gone and Jackson was a great soldier … there was nothing Armistead could say. He could feel tears coming to his eyes but he could not even do that. Must not let Garnett see. There was always a chance. Perhaps the horse would be hit early. Armistead put out a hand, touched the horse, sorry to wish death on anyone, anything.

Garnett said, "Just heard a funny thing. Thought you'd appreciate it."

"Oh?" Armistead did not look him in the face. A shot took off the limb of a tree nearby, clipped it off cleanly, so that it fell all at once, making a sound like a whole tree falling. Garnett did not turn.

"We have some educated troops, you know, gentlemen privates. Well, I was riding along the line and I heard one of these fellas, ex-professor type, declaiming this poem, you know the one: 'Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight, and make me a child again, just for this fight.' And

then there's a pause, and a voice says, in a slow drawl, 'Yep. A *gal* child.'"

Garnett chuckled. "Harrison and I found us some Pennsylvania whisky, and experimented, and found that it goes well with Pennsylvania water. Wa'nt bad a-tall. Tried to save you some, but first thing you know..." He shrugged helplessly.

Their eyes never quite met, like two lights moving, never quite touching. There was an awkward silence. Garnett said, "Well, I better get back." He moved back immediately, not attempting to shake hands. "I'll see you in a little bit," he said, and galloped off along the ridge.

Armistead closed his eyes, prayed silently. God protect him. Let him have justice. Thy will be done.

Armistead opened his eyes. Had not prayed for himself. Not yet. It was all out of his hands, all of it; there was nothing he could do about anything anywhere in the whole world. Now he would move forward and lead the men up the ridge to whatever awaited, whatever plan was foreordained, and he felt a certain mild detachment, a curious sense of dull calm, as on those long, long Sunday afternoons when you were a boy and had to stay dressed and neat and clean with nothing to do, absolutely nothing, waiting for the grownups to let you go, to give you the blessed release to run out in the open and play. So he did not even pray. Not yet. It was all in God's hands.

Pickett rode toward him, staff trailing behind. The fire was definitely slower now; the air of the woods was clearing. Pickett's face was bright red. He reined up, but was hopping around in the saddle, patting the horse, slapping his own thigh, gesturing wildly, pointing, grinning.

"Lewis, how's everything, any questions?"

Armistead shook his head.

"Good, good. As soon as the guns cease fire, we step off. Garnett and Kemper in the first line, you're in the second. Route step, no halting, no stopping to fire, want to get up there as fast as you can. I'll keep toward the right flank, to cover that side. Do you need anything?"

"Nothing."

"Good, fine." Pickett nodded violently. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine."

"That's good. One other point. All officers are ordered to walk. No officer takes his horse. Utterly foolish." Pickett's horse, catching the general's excitement, reared and wheeled; Pickett soothed him. "So you go on foot, no exceptions."

"Yes," Armistead said. "But what about Garnett?"

"What about... oh." Pickett grimaced. "That leg."

"I don't think he can walk."

Pickett said slowly, "*Damn* it."

"George, order him not to make the charge."

"I can't do that."

"He's in no condition."

But Pickett shook his head. "You know I can't do that."

"A man on a horse, in front of that line. George, he'll be the only rider in a line a mile wide. They'll have every gun on that hill on him."

Pickett rubbed the back of his neck, slammed his thigh.

"He can't walk at all?"

"He might get fifty yards."

"Damn," Pickett said, caught himself guiltily. Not a good time to be swearing. "But you know how he feels. It's a matter of honor." Pickett threw up his hands abruptly, helplessly.

"Order him not to go, George."

Pickett shook his head reprovingly.

Armistead said, "All right. I understand. Yes. But I think... I'm getting a bit old for this business."

His voice was low and Pickett did not hear it, was not even listening. Armistead rode with him back into the woods along Seminary Ridge. The woods were dark and blessedly cool. He saw Longstreet sitting on a rail fence, gazing out into the glittering fields toward the enemy line. Pickett rode toward him and Longstreet turned slowly, swiveling his head, stared, said nothing. Pickett asked him about the guns. Longstreet did not seem to hear. His face was dark and still; he looked wordlessly at Pickett, then at Armistead, then turned back to the light. Pickett backed off. There was a savagery in Longstreet they all knew well. It showed rarely but it was always there and it was an impressive thing. Suddenly, in the dark grove, for no reason at all, Armistead looked at the dark face, the broad back, felt a bolt of almost stunning affection. It embarrassed him. But he thought: Before we go, I ought to say something.

Longstreet had moved suddenly, turning away from the rail. Armistead saw Pickett running up through the trees, a note in his hand, his face flushed. Longstreet stopped, turned to look at him, turned slowly, like an old man, looked at him with a strange face, a look tight and old that Armistead had never seen. Pickett was saying, "Alexander says if we're going at all, now's the time."

Longstreet stopped still in the dark of the woods. The huge glare behind him made it difficult to see. Armistead moved that way, feeling his heart roll over and thump once. Pickett said, pointing, "Alexander says we've silenced some Yankee artillery. They're withdrawing from the cemetery. What do you say, sir? Do we go in now?"

And Longstreet said nothing, staring at him, staring, and Armistead felt an eerie turning, like a sickness, watching Longstreet's face, and then saw that Longstreet was crying. He moved closer. The general was crying. Something he never saw or ever expected to see, and the tears came to Armistead's eyes as he watched, saw Pickett beginning to lift

his hands, holding out the note, asking again, and then Longstreet took a deep breath, his shoulders lifted, and then he nodded, dropping his head, taking his eyes away from Pickett's face, and in the same motion turned away, and Pickett let out a whoop and clenched his fist and shook it. Then he pulled a letter from his pocket and wrote something on it and handed it to Longstreet and Longstreet nodded again, and then Pickett was coming this way, face alight, look on his face of pure joy. And tears too, eyes flashing and water, but with joy, with joy. He said something about being chosen for glory, for the glory of Virginia. He said, "Gentlemen, form your brigades."

Armistead moved out, called the brigade to its feet. He felt curiously heavy, slow, very tired, oddly sleepy. The heat was stuffy; one had trouble breathing.

The brigade dressed in a line. The fire had slackened all down the line; now for the first time there were long seconds of silence, long moments of stillness, and you could hear again the voices of the men, the movements of feet in grass and the clink of sabers, muskets, and that band was still piping, a polka this time, tinny and bumpy, joyous, out of tune. The men dressed right, line after line. Armistead moved silently back and forth. Down to the left he saw Garnett still on the horse. A mounted man in front of that line would not live five minutes. Every rifle on the crest would be aiming for him.

The orders came, bawled by a bull sergeant. The line began to move forward into the woods, forward toward the great yellow light of the open fields on the other side. They moved through the woods in good order, past the silent guns. Almost all the guns were quiet now. Armistead thought: Give the Yankees time to get set. Give Win Hancock time to get set. Move up reinforcements to the weak spots. Win, I'm sorry. Remember the old vow: May God strike me dead. And so the words came. I wish I could call them back. But Win understands. I have to come now. All in God's hands. Father, into your hands...

To the left of the line a rabbit broke from heavy brush, darted frantically out into the tall grass. A soldier said, close by, "That's right, ol' hare, you run, you run. If I'se an ol' hare, I'd run too."

A murmur, a laugh. They came out of the woods into the open ground.

The ground fell away from the woods into a shallow dip. They were out of sight of the Union line. To the left there was a finger of woods between them and Pettigrew's men. They would not see Pettigrew until they had moved out a way. The day was lovely and hot and still, not a bird anywhere. Armistead searched the sky. Marvelous day, but very hot. He blinked. would love to swim now. Cool clear water, lake water, cool and dark at the bottom, out of the light.

The division was forming. Garnett was in front, Kemper to the right; Armistead's line lay across the rear. It was a matchless sight, the division drawn up as if for review. He looked down the line at the rows of guns, the soft blue

flags of Virginia; he began to look at the faces, the tight faces, the eyes wide and dark and open, and he could hear more bands striking up far off to the right. No hurry now, a stillness everywhere, that same dusty, sleepy pause, the men not talking, no guns firing. Armistead moved forward through the ranks, saw Garnett no longer looked well; his coat was buttoned at the throat. Armistead said, "Dick, for God's sake and mine, get down off the horse."

Garnett said, "I'll see you at the top, Lo."

He put out his hand. Armistead took it.

Armistead said, "My old friend."

It was the first time in Armistead's life he had ever really known a man would die. Always before there was at least a chance, but here no chance at all, and now the man was his oldest friend.

Armistead said, "I ought to ride too."

Garnett said, "Against orders."

Armistead looked down the long line. "Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

Garnett smiled.

Armistead said, "They never looked better, on any parade ground."

"They never did."

Armistead heard once more that sweet female voice, unbearable beauty of the unbearable past: *it may be for years, it may be forever. Then why art thou silent*... He still held Garnett's hand. He squeezed once more. Nothing more to say now. Careful now. He let the hand go.

He said, "Goodbye, Dick. God bless you."

Garnett nodded.

Armistead turned away, walked back to his brigade. Now for the first time, at just the wrong time, the acute depression hit him a blow to the brain. Out of the sleepiness the face of despair. He remembered Longstreet's tears. He thought: *a desperate thing*. But he formed the brigade. Out front, George Pickett had ridden out before the whole division, was making a speech, but he was too far way and none of the men could hears. Then Pickett raised his sword. The order came down the line. Armistead, his voice never strong, bawled hoarsely, with all his force, "All right now, boys, for your wives, your sweethearts, for Virginia! At route step, forward, *ho!*"

He drew his sword, pointed it toward the ridge.

The brigade began to move.

He heard a chattering begin in the ranks. Someone seemed to be trying to tell a story. A man said, "Save your breath, boy." They moved in the tall grass, Garnett's whole line in front of them. The grass was trampled now, here and there a part in the line as men stepped aside to avoid a dead body, lost the day before. Armistead could still see nothing, nothing but the backs of the troops before him. He saw one man falter, looking to the right, gray-faced, to the sergeant who was watching him, had evidently been warned against

him, now lifted a rifle and pointed it that way and the man got back into line.

The Northern artillery opened up, as if it had been asleep, or pulled back to lure them in. Massive wave of fire rolled over from the left. Pettigrew was getting it, then on the right batteries on the Rocky Hill were firing on Kemper. Garnett not yet really touched. Nothing much coming this way. But we didn't drive off any Yankee guns. Win's doing. He made them cease fire, knowing soon we'd be in the open. Guns to the left and right, nothing much in the center. Garnett's doing well.

He began to see. They were coming out into the open, up to where the ground dipped toward the Emmitsburg Road. Now to the left he could see the great mass of Pettigrew's division, with Trimble coming up behind him, advancing in superb order, line after line, a stunning sight, red battle flags, row on row. Could not see Pettigrew, nor Trimble. The line must be a mile long. A mile of men, armed and coming, the earth shuddering with their movement, with the sound of guns. A shell exploded in Garnett's line, another; gaps began to appear. Armistead heard the sergeants' hoarse "Close it up, close it up," and behind him he heard his own men coming and a voice saying calmly, cheerily, "Steady, boys, steady, there now, you can see the enemy, now you aint blind anymore, now you know exactly where's to go, aint that fine?" A voice said hollowly, "That's just fine."

But the artillery sound was blossoming. A whole new set of batteries opened up; he could see smoke rolling across the top of the hill, and no counterfire from behind, no Southern batteries. God, he thought, they're out of ammunition. But no, of course not; they just don't like firing over our heads. And even as he thought of that he saw a battery moving out of the woods to his left, being rushed up to support the line. And then the first shell struck near him, percussion, killing a mass of men to his right rear, his own men, and from then on the shells came down increasingly, as the first fat drops of an advancing storm, but it was not truly bad. Close it up, close it up. Gaps in front, the newly dead, piles of red meat. One man down holding his stomach, blood pouring out of him like a butchered pig, young face, only a boy, then man bending over him trying to help, a sergeant screaming, "Damn it, I said close it up."

Kemper's brigade, ahead and to the right, was getting it. The batteries on the Rocky Hill were enfilading him, shooting right down his line, sometimes with solid shot, and you could see the damn black balls bouncing along like bowling balls, and here and there, in the air, tumbling over and over like a blood-spouting cartwheel, a piece of a man.

Armistead turned to look back. Solid line behind him, God bless them, coming on. Not so bad, now, is it? We'll do it, with God's help. Coming, they are, to a man. All good men here. He turned back to the front. Garnett's men were nearing the road. He could see old Dick, still there, on the great black horse. And then the first storm of musketry: the

line of skirmishers. He winced. Could not see, but knew. Long line of men in blue, lined, waiting, their sights set, waiting, and now the first line of gray is near, clear, nearer, unmissable, an officer screams, if they're soldiers at all they cannot miss, and they're Hancock's men. Armistead saw a visible waver pass through the ranks in front of him. Close it up, close it up. The line seemed to have drifted slightly to the left. Heavy roll of musket fire now. The march slowing. He saw Garnett move down, thought for a moment, but no, he was moving down into that one swale, the protected area Pickett had spoken of. Armistead halted the men. Stood incredibly still in the open field with the artillery coming down like hail, great bloody hail. To the left, two hundred yards away, Pettigrew's men were slowing. Some of the men in front had stopped to fire. Not point in that, too soon, too soon. Pickett's left oblique began. The whole line shifted left, moving to join with Pettigrew's flank, to close the gap. It was beautifully done, superbly done, under fire, in the face of the enemy. Armistead felt enormous pride, his chest filled and stuffed with a furious love. He peered left, could not see Trimble. But they were closing in, the great mass converging. Now he moved up and he could see the clump of trees, the one tree like an umbrella, Lee's objective, and then it was gone in smoke.

To the right the line was breaking. He saw the line falter, the men beginning to clump together. Massed fire from there. In the smoke he could see a blue line. Kemper's boys were shifting this way, slowing. Armistead was closing in. He saw a horse coming down through the smoke: Kemper. Riding. Because Garnett rode. Still alive, even on the horse. But there was blood on his shoulder, blood on his face, his arm hung limp, he had no sword. He rode to Armistead, face streaked and gray, screaming something Armistead could not hear, then came up closer and turned, waving the bloody arm.

"Got to come up, come up, help me, in God's name. They're flanking me, they're coming down on the right and firing right into us, the line's breaking, we've got to have help."

Armistead yelled encouragement; Kemper tried to explain. They could not hear each other. A shell blew very close, on the far side of the horse, and Armistead, partially shielded, saw black fragments rush by, saw Kemper nearly fall. He grabbed Kemper's hand, screaming, "I'll double-time." Kemper said, "Come quick, come quick, for God's sake," and reined the horse up and turned back tot he right. And beyond him Armistead saw a long blue line, Union boys out in the open, kneeling and firing from the right, and beyond that violent light of rows of cannon, and another flight of canister passed over. Kemper's men had stopped to fire, were drifting left. Too much smoke to see. Armistead turned, called to his aids, took off the old black felt and put it on the tip of his sword and raised it high in the air. He called for double-time, double-time; the cry went down the line. The men began to run. He saw the line waver, ragged now, long legs beginning to eat up the ground, shorter legs falling behind, gaps appearing, men actually seaming to

disappear, just to vanish out of the line, leaving stunned vacancy, and the line slowly closing again, close it up, close it up, beginning to ripple and fold but still a line, still moving forward in the smoke and the beating noise.

They came to the road. It was sunken into the field, choked like the bed of a stream with mounded men. Armistead jumped down, saw a boy in front of him, kneeling, crying, a row of men crouched under the far bank, an officer yelling, pounding with the flat of his sword. there was a house to the right, smoke pouring from the roof, a great clog of men jammed behind the house, but men were moving across the road and up toward the ridge. There was a boy on his knees on the road edge, staring upward toward the ridge, unmoving. Armistead touched him on the shoulder, said, "Come on, boy, come on." The boy looked up with sick eyes, eyes soft and black like pieces of coal. Armistead said, "Come on, boy. What will you think of yourself tomorrow?"

The boy did not move. Armistead told an officer nearby; "Move these people out." He climbed up the roadbank, over the gray rails on the far side, between two dead bodies, one a sergeant, face vaguely familiar, eyes open, very blue. Armistead stood high, trying to see.

Kemper's men had come apart, drifting left. There was a mass ahead but it did not seem to be moving. Up there the wall was a terrible thing, flame and smoke. He had to squint to look at it, kept his head down, looked left, saw Pettigrew's men still moving, but the neat lines were gone, growing confusion, the flags dropping, no Rebel yell now, no more screams of victory, the men falling here and there like trees before an invisible ax, you could see them go one by one and in clumps, suddenly, in among the columns of smoke from the shell. Far to the left he saw: Pettigrew's men were running. He saw red flags streaming back to the rear. One of Pettigrew's brigades had broken on the far left. Armistead raised his sword, saw that the sword had gone through the hat and the hat was now down near his hand. He put the hat up again, the sword point on a new place, started screaming, follow me, follow me, and began the long last walk toward the ridge. No need to hurry now, too tired to run, expecting to be hit at any moment. Over on the right no horse. Kemper was down, impossible to live up there. Armistead moved on, expecting to die, but was not hit. He moved closer to the wall up there, past mounds of bodies, no line any more, just men moving forward at different speeds, stopping to fire, stopping to die, drifting back like leaves blown from the fire ahead. Armistead thought: we won't make it. He lifted the sword again, screaming, and moved on, closer, closer, but it was all coming apart; the whole world was dying. Armistead felt a blow in the thigh, stopped, looked down at blood on his right leg. But no pain. He could walk. He moved on. There was a horse coming down the ridge: great black horse with blood all over its chest, blood streaming through bubbly holes, blood on the saddle, dying eyes, smoke-gray at the muzzle: Garnett's horse.

Armistead held to watch the horse go by, tried to touch it. He looked for Garnett ahead; he might be afoot, might

still be alive. But vision was mistier. Much, much smoke. Closer now. He could see separate heads; he could see men firing over the wall. The charge had come to a halt; the attack had stopped. The men ahead were kneeling to fire at the blue men on the far side of the wall, firing at the gunners of the terrible cannon. Canister came down in floods, wiping bloody holes. A few flags tilted forward, but there was no motion; the men had stalled, unable to go on, still thirty yards from the wall and no visible halt, unable to advance, unwilling to run, a deadly paralysis.

Armistead stopped, looked. Pettigrew's men were coming up on the left: not many, not enough. Here he had a few hundred. To the right Kemper's brigade had broken, but some fo the men still fired. Armistead paused for one long second. It's impossible now, cannot be done; we have failed and it's all done, all those boys are dead, it's all done, and then he began to move forward automatically, instinctively, raising the black hat on the sword again, beginning to scream, "Virginians! With me! With me!" and he moved forward the last yards toward the wall, drawn by the pluck of that great force from within, for home, for country, and now the ground went by slowly, inexorably, like a great slow river, and the moment went by black and slow, close to the wall, closer, walking now on the backs of dead men, troops around beginning to move, yelling at last the wild Rebel yell, and the blue troops began to break from the fence. Armistead came up to the stone wall, and the blue boys were falling back. He felt a moment of incredible joy. A hot slap of air brushed his face, but he was not hit; to the right a great blast of canister and all the troops to his right were down, but then there was another rush, and Armistead leaped to the top of the wall, balanced high on the stones, seeing the blue troops running up the slope into the guns, and then he came down on the other side, had done it, had gotten inside the wall, and men moved in around him, screaming. And then he was hit, finally, in the side, doubling him. No pain at all, merely a nuisance. He moved toward a cannon the boys had just taken. Some blue troops had stopped near the trees above and were kneeling and firing; he saw the rifles aimed at him. Too weary now. He had made it all this way; this way was enough. He put an arm on the cannon to stead to steady himself. But now there was a rush from the right. Blue troops were closing in. Armistead's vision blurred; the world turned soft and still. He saw again: a bloody tangle, men fighting hand to hand. An officer was riding toward him; there was a violent blow. He saw the sky, swirling round and round, thank God no pain. A sense of vast release, of great peace. I came all the way up, I came over the wall...

He sat against something. The fight went on. He looked down at his chest, saw the blood. Tried to breathe, experimentally, but now he could feel the end coming, now for the first time he sensed the sliding toward the dark, a weakening, a closing, all things ending now slowly and steadily and peacefully. He closed his eyes, opened them. A voice said, "I was riding toward you, sir, trying to knock you down. You didn't have a chance."

He looked up: a Union officer. I am not captured, I am dying. He tried to see: help me, help me. He was lifted slightly.

Everywhere the dead. All his boys. Blue soldiers stood around him. Down the hill he could see the gray boys moving back, a few flags fluttering. He closed his eyes on the sight, sank down in the dark, ready for death, knew it was coming, but it did not come. Not quite yet. Death comes at its own speed. He looked into the blue sky, at the shattered trees. *It may be for years, it may be forever...* The officer was speaking. Armistead said, "Is General Hancock... would like to see General Hancock."

A man said, "I'm sorry, sir. General Hancock has been hit."

"No," Armistead said. He closed his eyes. Not both of us. Not all of us. Sent to Mira Hancock, to be opened in the event of my death. But not both of us, please dear God...

He opened his eyes. Closer now. The long slow fall begins.

"Will you tell General Hancock... Can you hear me, son?"

"I can hear you, sir."

"Will you tell General Hancock, please, that General Armistead sends his regrets. Will you tell him... how very sorry I am..."

The energy failed. He felt himself flicker. But it was a long slow falling, very quiet, very peaceful, rather still, but always the motion, the darkness closing in, and so he fell out of the light and away, far way, and was gone.

Chapter 5

BUILDING ON THE ASHES: THE END OF THE WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The clash of Union and Confederate armies at Gettysburg was one of the bloodiest and hardest fought battles in American history, but it did not end the war. It would take nearly another two years of conflict and hundreds of thousands more lives before this noble and unavoidable conflict would come to an end, when Robert E. Lee recognized the impossibility of victory and surrendered his forces at Appomattox Courthouse in Virginia. In the following sections, you will read two speeches by President Abraham Lincoln that demonstrate his desire to repair and reconstruct the nation, the first taking place after the Battle of Gettysburg, and the second after Lincoln was elected to his second term and the end of the war appeared to be within sight, and you will read about the end of the war and Robert E. Lee's surrender.

SECTION 1

Gettysburg Address

Given November 19, 1863 on the battlefield near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, USA

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation: conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war . . . testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated . . . can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate . . . we cannot consecrate . . . we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion . . . that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom . . . and that government of the people . . . by the people . . . for the people . . . shall not perish from this earth.

SECTION 2

The Second Inaugural Address

March 4, 1865

BACKGROUND & GUIDING QUESTIONS:

- *As the war slowly came to its conclusion, the debate over how to reconstruct the nation and repair its divisions became a new kind of conflict: rather than fighting the Civil War with guns on battlefields, the war would be fought in Congress over issues like the 13th Amendment to the Constitution, how to reintegrate Southern secessionist states, and how to pay for all of the costs of the war.*
- *Many within President Lincoln's Republican Party wanted to punish the rebel South. Many also hoped to take all white, Southern land and give it to freed slaves as retribution.*
- *How does President Lincoln hope to solve these issues? How might this speech, delivered only a month before the end of the war, have made both Northerners and Southerners feel about the possibilities of peace?*

Fellow-countrymen, At this second appearance to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but

one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it....

With malice toward 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.

SECTION 3

Death of the Confederacy: The Surrender at Appomattox Courthouse

On April 9, 1865, Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered his approximately 28,000 troops to Union General Ulysses S. Grant in the front parlor of Wilmer McLean's home in Appomattox Court House, Virginia, effectively ending the American Civil War (1861-65). Days earlier, Lee had abandoned the Confederate capital of Richmond and city of Petersburg, hoping to escape with the remnants of his Army of Northern Virginia, meet up with additional Confederate forces in North Carolina and resume fighting. When Union forces cut off his final retreat, Lee was forced to surrender, finally ending four years of bloody sectional conflict.

Appomattox Court House: Prelude to Surrender

In retreating from the Union army's Appomattox campaign, which began in late March 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia had stumbled through the Virginia countryside stripped of food and supplies. At one point, Union cavalry forces under General Philip Sheridan had outrun General Robert E. Lee's army, blocking their retreat and taking approximately 6,000 prisoners at Sayler's Creek. Desertions

were mounting daily, and by April 8 the Confederates were surrounded, with no possibility of escape. On April 9, Lee sent a message to General Ulysses Grant announcing his willingness to surrender. The two generals met in the parlor of the Wilmer McLean home at one o'clock that afternoon.

Appomattox Court House: Lee Surrenders to Grant

Lee and Grant, both of whom held the highest rank in their respective armies, had known each other slightly during the Mexican War (1846-48) and exchanged awkward personal inquiries.

Characteristically, Grant arrived in his muddy field uniform while Lee had turned out in full dress attire, complete with sash and sword. Lee asked for the terms, and Grant hurriedly wrote them out. All officers and men were to be pardoned, and they would be sent home with their private property–most important to the men were the horses, which could be used for a late spring planting. Officers would keep their side arms, and Lee's starving men would be given Union rations.

Quieting a band that had begun to play in celebration, Grant told his officers, "The war is over. The Rebels are our countrymen again." Although scattered resistance continued for several weeks, for all practical purposes the Civil War had come to an end.