

Your life depended on meeting your quota.

BAEK HYE-OK, recalling her experience as an inmate of a labor camp in North Korea.



WOOHAE CHO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

In two years in a camp, Baek Hye-ok made hair products like wigs and false eyelashes, North Korea's biggest official export.

North Korea's New Clout Has a Human Cost

By CHOE SANG-HUN

SEOUL — His nation is now a de facto nuclear power. Its economy is growing at the fastest pace in years. He has been courted by the leaders of China, Russia and the United States.

Kim Jong-un, the North Korean dictator, has emerged as an unlikely winner of the post-pandemic era. And his newfound strength rests on the systematic exploitation of his own people, which is actively facilitated by Moscow and Beijing.

By supplying troops and ammunition for Russia's war in Ukraine, Mr. Kim is estimated to be reaping billions of dollars. Russia is repaying Pyongyang in advanced military technology and critical commodities like flour, pork and oil — goods his regime can

Kim Gains Power and Cash by Exploiting His People at Home and Abroad

then resell at home for profit.

But the human cost is staggering, for North Koreans at home and abroad.

Thousands of North Korean soldiers have been killed or wounded on faraway battlefields.

"I tremble as I await the daily reports, wondering how many soldiers were lost, whether they suffered reckless losses in the pursuit of bravery, whether they succumbed to fear or fell captive to the enemy,"

one young North Korean platoon leader wrote in his diary before he, too, died in combat.

Thousands more North Koreans toil behind the front lines, working in military drone factories, repairing war-damaged cities and building apartments across Russia to meet revenue quotas set by Mr. Kim's government. With Moscow looking the other way to evade sanctions, many enter Russia on student visas but never see a classroom — instead sleeping in shipping containers and enduring 14-hour shifts with hardly any days off.

Closer to home, China is openly importing North Korean coal in violation of United Nations sanctions, satellite imagery indicates. Defectors say the commodity is

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An engraving of Lt. Bayard Wilkeson, the son of a reporter at The Times, at Gettysburg in 1863.

A Reporter on Gettysburg's Losses, and His Own

By DAN BARRY

GETTYSBURG, Pa. — After the battle the heavens above Gettysburg wept, the rain falling hard upon the blood-dappled fields, the bullet-shorn trees, the tens of thousands of dead, dying, maimed. It was the Fourth of July, the foundational anniversary for a nation now at war with itself, and all was mud.

A war correspondent for The

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New York Times named Samuel Wilkeson Jr. trudged through the violated Pennsylvania landscape on a solitary quest. The weary journalist was searching for one particular Union soldier who was said to have had his leg blown off. His teenage son,

Wilkeson believed the end of

slavery could be achieved only through the Union Army's defeat of the Confederacy, but the human cost of the war he deemed necessary was now strewn before him. The corpses in blue and gray bloating in the July heat. The wounded begging for the mercy of death. And here, in the muck at his feet, the bold lieutenant of Battery G, Fourth U.S. Artillery, his son Bayard.

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Case Unsettles A Consensus On Psychiatry

By ELLEN BARRY

During the weeks before she killed her children, as she tried one psychiatric drug regimen after another, Lindsay Clancy kept a careful record of the symptoms that troubled her.

"Intrusive thoughts," she wrote in her diary on Dec. 8, 2022. The next day, "horrible intrusive thoughts." On the 11th, 12th and 13th, she recorded more "horrible thoughts." By the 14th, something had changed: the intensity. "HORRIBLE thoughts," she wrote, underlining both words.

Three and a half years later, Ms. Clancy's case has put the psychiatric changes women experience in the aftermath of childbirth at the center of a national debate. At her murder trial, which ended in a hung jury, her defense argued that she was psychotic and could not be held legally responsible for killing her three children; prosecutors argued that she was depressed, but rational.

That she was tormented by intrusive thoughts — distressing ideas or images that pop unbidden into a person's mind — is clear to both sides. Even the state police seemed to understand their importance; one piece of evidence they collected was a book Ms. Clancy had in her kitchen, titled "Good Moms Have Scary

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White House Enforces Ban On 3 Outlets

Lawsuits Over the First Amendment Likely

This article is by Michael M. Grynbau, Zolan Kanno-Youngs and Benjamin Mullin.

Journalists from CNN, MS NOW and Politico had their badges confiscated when they attempted to enter the White House grounds on Saturday, a stark escalation in President Trump's ever-expanding battles with the news media that sets up a significant legal and constitutional clash.

Mr. Trump has sued, subpoenaed and threatened the press corps that reports on him. But his decision to ban those three outlets, announced in a Truth Social post on Friday, was so abrupt that it caught some administration officials off guard, including aides in the press office, according to three people who were told about the conversations.

First Amendment experts condemned Mr. Trump's ban as unconstitutional and said that it was unlikely to survive a court challenge. Affected outlets pledged to defend their legal rights. And CNN's rival television networks were discussing how to proceed in the event that CNN was still banned this coming week.

It remained unclear what had prompted Mr. Trump to issue his insult-laden Truth Social post, which he published while Susie Wiles, his chief of staff, was out of town.

Steven Cheung, the White House communications director, said in an email on Saturday that members of Mr. Trump's senior staff were with him at the time he published the Truth Social post. "We all fully support his decision," he wrote.

Akayla Gardner, a correspondent for MS NOW, said that her White House-issued access badge failed to work on Saturday at the security entrance where reporters typically enter near the West Wing.

"The officer asked me to hand

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THE WEATHER
Rain will stretch from Illinois to Maine as storms rumble in the Rockies, Plains and Southeast. It will be dry and cooler elsewhere. Weather map appears on Page 36.

A.I. FEARS CALLED A HOAX BY TRUMP, BUT AIDES DIFFER

TONE TURNS CAUTIOUS

While Tech Titans Warn About Rules, Advisers Warn About Risks

This article is by David E. Sanger, Jonathan Swan, Cecilia Kang and Dustin Volz.

President Trump made clear over the past week that he views fears that A.I. could lead to mass extinction as a "HOAX," and that he sees opponents of data centers as people who "want to end up being backwards and poor."

People who have discussed the subject with Mr. Trump in private say his outbursts are rooted in worries that if the artificial intelligence boom fueling the American economy slows down, the market could crash and recession could quickly follow.

His anti-regulatory, anti-slowdown outbursts have been encouraged by a slice of Silicon Valley's most influential voices. Chief among them has been David Sacks, the venture capitalist who interceded to weaken an executive order in May that would have required safety reviews of new A.I. models. Mark Zuckerberg of Meta and Jensen Huang of Nvidia have also spoken to the president. All have advised Mr. Trump that the bigger risk is being overtaken by Chinese competitors.

But inside the administration, the debate is far more complex, and there are other voices in Mr. Trump's ear, urging caution.

The more cautious tone inside the White House reflects a growing concern that despite the strategic challenge posed by China, a summer of A.I. surprises has

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GREENLAND DEAL The president's threats to seize the territory left its people on edge. Details of an accord are scarce. PAGE 12



Dan Sullivan is seeking re-election in Alaska. His brother, who runs the family business, has called tariffs a huge headache.

Tariffs That Senator Backed Strain Family and Campaign

By LISA LERER

In Washington, Senator Dan Sullivan has offered reliable support for President Trump's tariffs, even as they have roiled the economy and angered consumers. But back home in Alaska, as he campaigns for re-election, he has stayed largely silent on the issue.

His calculation is similar to that of Republicans across the country, as they navigate backing Mr. Trump while also appealing to voters who give the president poor grades on his stewardship of the economy.

But it stands in stark contrast to the frustration expressed by Sen-

ator Sullivan's older brother, the chief executive officer of their family manufacturing business.

His brother, Frank Sullivan, has described the tariffs as a huge headache in earnings calls for the company, RPM International, which makes a number of well-known products including Rust-Oleum, Roto-Rooter and The Pink Stuff.

"From a high-level perspective, we seem to have a whole of government that doesn't like stability, whether it's tariffs or government shutdowns and now war," said Mr.

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INTERNATIONAL 4-14

A Health Crisis in Mexico

Communities are paying for the government's decision decades ago to flush away waste in a rural valley. PAGE 8

Tiny Territory Now in Demand

Politics and a popular TV show have raised the profile of an obscure French outpost off Newfoundland. PAGE 6

NATIONAL 15-24

Tribe Feels Betrayed by Wall

A confrontation on Native land threatens to upend decades of uneasy cooperation between the Tohono O'odham Nation and the United States. PAGE 15



NEW YORK 33-35

A Sensible Way to Travel

NYC Ferry broke its one-day ridership record several times this summer, suggesting that New Yorkers recognize a good way to get around town. PAGE 33

SUNDAY OPINION

Ezra Klein

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SUNDAY STYLES

Not Brothers, but Close

Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson on a long friendship, and the DNA test they won't be taking. PAGE 10

93, and Far From Done

In her 80s, Liliane Rovère charmed audiences as Arlette in "Call My Agent!" She's back in the role. PAGE 1

SPORTS 25-28

Unease on the Ice

A workout led by a former Green Beret left an Arizona State men's hockey player on life support and a team grappling with the aftermath. PAGE 25



ARTS & LEISURE

The New Season

A look at what's coming this fall, including theater, film, dance, pop music and more. Above, Julia Louis-Dreyfus.

SUNDAY BUSINESS

How DraftKings Uses A.I.

Former employees of the online betting giant say it uses data science to target losing gamblers with promotions and has resisted using the tech to protect those at risk of addiction. PAGE 6

Different Type of Glass Ceiling

Being female or a person of color has long been seen as a disadvantage in hiring and promotion. A new study shows that being a first-generation college graduate is also an issue. PAGE 1



Investigators Faulted For Seizing Drawing

By GRAHAM BOWLEY and TOM MASHBERG

In a blow to New York investigators, an appellate court has found they inappropriately cited a penal law to seize an Egon Schiele drawing from the Art Institute of Chicago.

The penal law had been cited by investigators for the Manhattan district attorney’s office in more than 100 other cases, according to the ruling.

The appellate court decision came in a case involving a 1916 drawing, “Russian War Prisoner,” which the museum purchased in 1966. The investigators say the drawing by the Austrian Expressionist was stolen by the Nazis around the time its owner, a Jewish cabaret artist, was killed in the Holocaust. A New York judge approved the investigators’ seizure of the work in 2023, though it was allowed to remain at the museum while legal proceedings continued.

In its unanimous ruling on Thursday, a panel of New York appellate judges found that the lower court erred in allowing the seizure because, it said, the district attorney’s office incorrectly relied on a criminal statute in a case where the ownership of the artwork was a matter of dispute.

The penal statute “was designed to provide an expedient means for the return of stolen property to the readily identifiable owner of that property; it was not designed to address complicated, disputed issues of ownership,” the appeals panel wrote in the ruling.

Instead, it said, the fate of the drawing was a matter for the civil

the specific penal statute that involves the possession of stolen property to justify the seizure of multiple artworks and antiquities without bringing criminal charges.

Instead, to avoid potentially lengthy cases, investigators have negotiated agreements in which they have cited the penal law and said that institutions and individuals lacked clear title to the objects.

The holders of the items have typically conceded the objects without challenging the assertion that the items were stolen.

Mr. O’Donnell said the ruling means that owners accused of possessing stolen artworks could refuse to hand them over unless a criminal case is conducted, a crime is proven, and any title dispute is fully adjudicated and resolved.

The Schiele drawing had belonged to the collection of the cabaret artist, Fritz Grünbaum, who was murdered at Dachau in 1941.

The Art Institute of Chicago has argued that the works had been legally transferred to Mr. Grünbaum’s sister-in-law, who later sold them after the war. In a statement, it welcomed the court’s decision to vacate the seizure, saying the ruling “reflects an important rejection of the unlawful attempt to use this criminal process to resolve disputed property rights. The Court agreed with what the Art Institute has argued since this case began — this matter properly belongs before the civil court.”

Over the past three years, several other major museums and private collectors have returned Schiele works to the Grünbaum heirs after investigators presented evidence that the works had been seized by the Nazis. But the Art Institute of Chicago disputed the evidence and challenged the jurisdiction of the Manhattan district attorney to bring a criminal proceeding that treated the museum’s Schiele as stolen property.

After a legal battle in New York State Supreme Court, Judge Althea Drysdale last year said the museum should surrender the drawing, a ruling now reversed by the appeals court.

The judge’s order was unusual because criminal court judges rarely make rulings about the disposition of property when no criminal case has been adjudicated and an ownership dispute exists between parties, experts said.

The appellate decision said that the judge had overstepped by ruling on final ownership when there was no criminal case underway and a legitimate dispute over the rightful owner existed.

It argued that “in this case, where the issue of the identity of the rightful owner was sharply contested, proceedings in a civil forum and a jury trial, if demanded, were warranted” before the Art Institute of Chicago could be divested of its property.

The appellate court, however, said its ruling had no bearing on the question of whether the drawing was looted by the Nazis, only that it should be considered by the civil courts with an evidentiary hearing and trial before a judge.

“This decision should in no way be construed as a determination as to the rightful owner of the Work,” whether there was in fact a conspiracy leading to the Art Institute of Chicago’s procurement of it, or whether the museum made reasonable inquiries into the provenance of “Russian War Prisoner,” the ruling said.

“We find that the issue of title to ‘Russian War Prisoner’ would be properly determined in the earlier-filed civil lawsuit currently pending before the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York,” it added.

Elizabeth N. Krasnow, counsel for a trust established to pursue the restitution of the works, had no comment.

Raymond J. Dowd, a lawyer for one of the Grünbaum heirs, criticized the decision, saying that the ruling undercuts the ability of the authorities to seize and return stolen Holocaust items by indicating that ownership in this case and others can solely be determined in the civil court system.

“To say it’s a civil matter is a total cop-out,” he said. “Police and the D.A. should be able to seize contraband art the way they seize cocaine or drug money.”



VIA MANHATTAN DISTRICT ATTORNEY

“Russian War Prisoner” by Egon Schiele can remain at the Art Institute of Chicago for now after a court decision.

courts where the heirs of the original owner are separately suing the museum in a New York federal court for the return of the work.

In a statement, the district attorney’s office said: “The office’s groundbreaking investigations into antiquities trafficking has led to 18 convictions and the return of more than 6,000 stolen artifacts to countries around the globe. We are reviewing the decision and evaluating our next steps.”

The statement did not address what impact the ruling might have on its work.

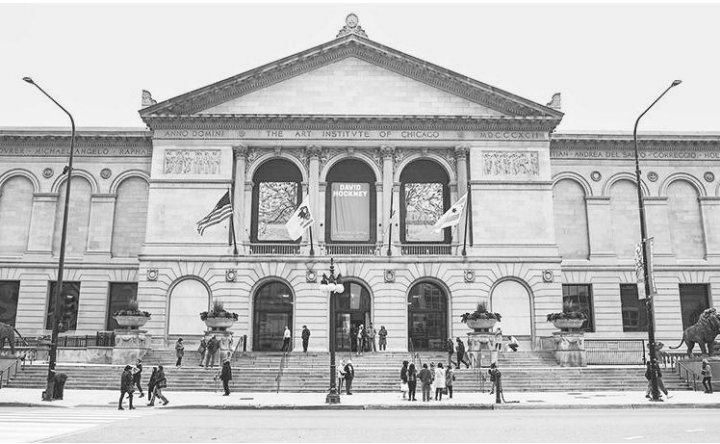
Legal experts said it is unlikely that those who have returned works would use the appellate ruling to seek reconsideration of past seizures. But they said the decision is likely to complicate the work of the trafficking unit.

“It sharply reduces the D.A.’s ability to pursue the seizure of cultural property,” said Nicholas M. O’Donnell, an art market lawyer who represented a family who turned over another artwork in 2024.

The judges took no stance on whether the work had been looted. The museum has challenged the evidence that investigators have put forward as conclusive proof that the drawing was stolen during the Holocaust.

The litigation has been among the most closely watched art restitution cases in the United States. Two groups representing museums, the Association of Art Museum Directors and the American Alliance of Museums, jointly filed a brief supporting the Chicago institution.

The district attorney’s Antiquities Trafficking Unit has invoked



JAKUB PORZYCKI/NURPHOTO, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Art Institute of Chicago praised the ruling that supported its view that investigators had wrongly seized its work by Schiele.

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‘My pen is heavy.
Oh, you dead,
who at Gettysburgh
have baptized with your blood
the second birth
of Freedom in America,
how you are to be envied!’

SAMUEL WILKESON JR., in a report for The New York Times on July 6, 1863.

A REPORTER TRACES A BATTLE’S LOSSES, AND HIS OWN

From Page 1

In that moment the mourning of a father could have eclipsed the duty of a journalist, just as deadline pressure might have kept the raw pain at bay. Instead, grief and duty melded into a singular force, and Sam Wilkeson began to write.

Two days later, The Times published his eyewitness account, regarded now as a singular piece of American reportage: a dispatch entwining the intimate and the universal, laced with an eloquence that may have informed the Gettysburg Address delivered four months later by President Abraham Lincoln.

The front page of that New York Times edition, July 6, 1863, is kept in the company archives, safe and preserved. The dimpled impressions left by the typesetting process in the bone-white newsprint lend a tactile urgency to every word, as if Wilkeson were reaching through the folds of time to shake us by the shoulders and share what he had witnessed and felt.

“My pen is heavy,” wrote the journalist and father.

In the raucous pantheon of 19th-century American reporters, Sam Wilkeson stood out. He had a sly facility with words, a mercurial disposition — he had at least one fistfight with a colleague — and a gift for insinuating himself into the inner sanctums of power.

Having connections came naturally to Wilkeson. His father, Samuel the elder, had been a successful merchant and politician who helped to establish the city of Buffalo. His wife, Catherine, was the sister of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of the women’s rights movement.

After giving up the practice of law to become a newspaperman, Wilkeson rose to become a star reporter for The New York Tribune, founded and edited by the renowned Horace Greeley. His promotion to Washington bureau chief, in 1861, prompted a competing newspaper to describe him as a “fanatical, impertinent, revolutionary fellow who will bear watching.”

When the Civil War broke out that same year, Wilkeson became a must-read, undaunted in questioning government policies, holding generals to account, decrying press censorship — and using his journalistic role in ways that would be unacceptable today.

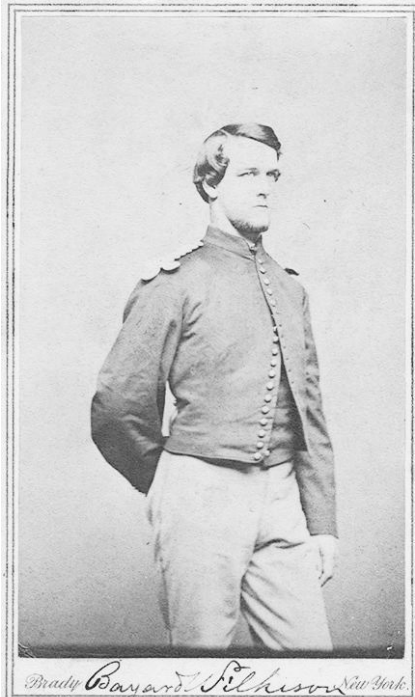
“He cultivated access to people in power not only to record events, but to try to shape them,” wrote Chuck Raasch in “Imperfect Union,” his 2016 book about the Wilkesons at Gettysburg. “He used that access to inform and contextualize his reporting, but also to protect and reward his sources and punish his enemies.”

Determined to bear witness to the war, Wilkeson left Washington to follow the action, sleeping outdoors and wearing the same clothes for weeks. He scorned the dilettante journalists he encountered along the way.

“No man who in any way talks about his living — alludes to it as a subject which rests on his mind, is fit to follow an army in an enemy’s country,” he wrote. “Reporters must be earnest and devoted.”

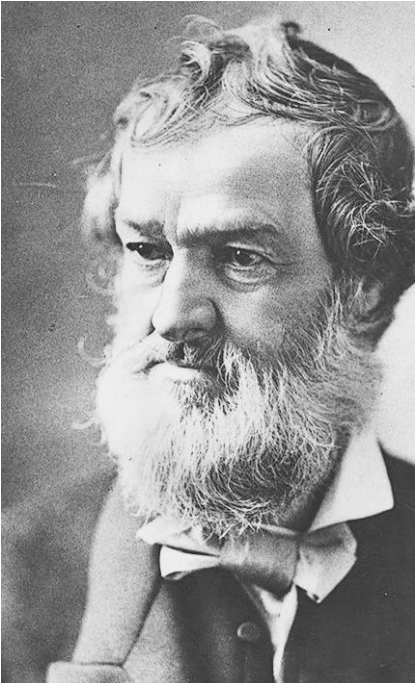
The war first scarred the Wilkeson family at the Battle of Seven Pines in the spring of 1862. In the mayhem of that engagement in Virginia, Sam Wilkeson aided the Union Army by rallying the rattled troops and serving as a go-between among the officers. Military officials later commended him for his bravery.

After writing his account of the battle, the journalist tracked down the body of a



MATTHEW BRADY

Bayard Wilkeson, a lieutenant in the Union Army, was fatally wounded in battle at Gettysburg on July 1, 1863.



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Bayard’s father, Samuel Wilkeson Jr., was a must-read New York Times correspondent during the Civil War.



TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES

The front page of The Times on July 6, 1863, featured Wilkeson’s reporting from the Battle of Gettysburg.

beloved nephew, a Union soldier killed in the conflict. After that shattering experience, he came down with dysentery, and the required months of rest at his upstate New York home came as a blessing. Throughout his recuperation, Wilkeson’s thoughts must have turned to another young soldier: his oldest son, Bayard. The gangly boy he had once watched plowing the family field with such dedication of purpose was now just as determined to join the fray.

Bayard had presented his well-connected father with a difficult choice: Either watch his son enlist as an Army private or help him secure an appointment as a second lieutenant. For the concerned father and journalist, the latter option seemed less dangerous.

In October 1861, young Wilkeson sent a letter to the Army to accept the commission, his earnestness evident in every handwritten loop and curl. “I am 17 years and six months of age,” he noted.

A series of battles pulled the young man northward through Virginia, drawing him closer to his fate. Fredericksburg, in December 1862. Deserted House, in January 1863. Chancellorsville, in the spring of 1863, where his battery, a tactical artillery unit of six cannons and 10 dozen men, took part in a devastating Union Army defeat.

Bayard Wilkeson, now a first lieutenant, often felt on the periphery of meaningful action. In a letter dated June 22, 1863, he begged his father to call in more favors to get him reassigned.

“I want to have a name at the end of this war,” he wrote.

Nine days later, the Union officer known to his family as Bay sat on a white horse, exposed to the enemy. It was cloudy the afternoon of July 1, and all around him raged the beginning of the war’s bloodiest conflict: the Battle of Gettysburg. He was 19 years old.

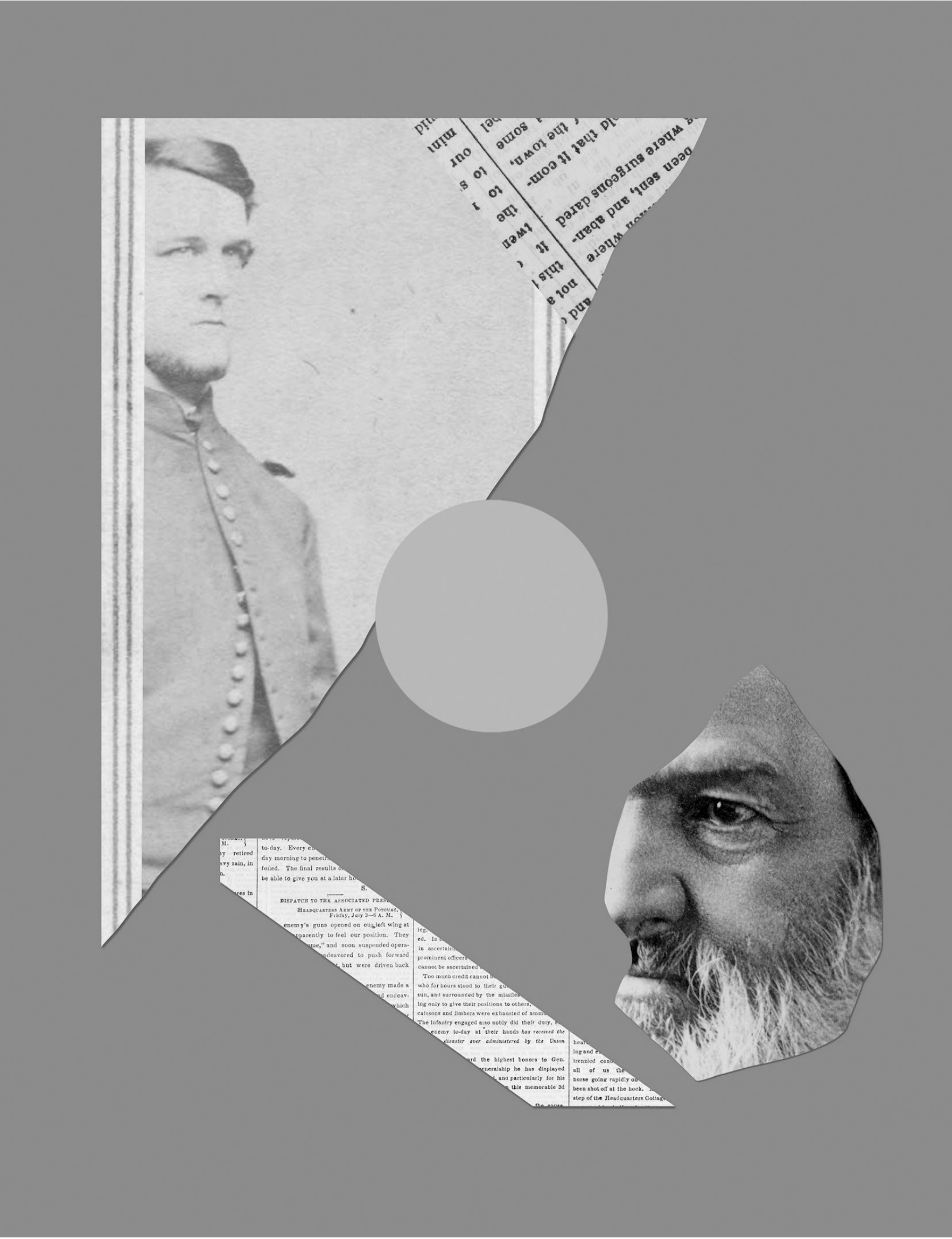
Following orders that would later be questioned, Lieutenant Wilkeson had positioned his battery on a knoll overlooking the fields where the Confederate infantry and artillery were bombarding an undermanned Union line of defense. The Union soldiers wheeled into position their Napoleon cannons, capable of shooting 12-pound balls nearly a mile. But the enemy had them as well, and in greater number. Cannonballs rocketed through the air, tearing through field and flesh.

Tall in his saddle to inspire his inexperienced men, Wilkeson moved back and forth, calling out commands and assurances, urging his gunners to shoot straight and true. A little more than a half-mile to the northeast, Confederate soldiers aimed their barrels toward this conspicuous target, who almost seemed to be daring them to fire.

A shell tore through the white horse and mangled the lieutenant’s right leg below the knee, sending wounded man and dead animal tumbling to the ground. He was carried to a spot between two cannons where, remaining composed, he continued to issue commands.

What happened next lingers in that mysterious space between fact and legend. According to a display at the Gettysburg National Military Park Museum, Wilkeson then “tied a tourniquet with his sash and used a penknife to amputate what remained of his shattered leg.” But family letters and military reports do not refer to a self-amputation occurring in a harrowing scene in no need of embellishment.

The one-legged lieutenant maintained a cheerfulness perhaps rooted in shock. Cradled in a blanket, he was carried a quarter-mile to a building on the grounds of the county almshouse, where the poor, disabled and mentally unwell were given shelter. He was placed beside other wounded soldiers on a damp basement



floor, in the cool of imminent death. Hour by hour, he lost blood and strength as the Union forces, including its surgeons, retreated south through Gettysburg town. Two women, their identities lost to time other than that one was Black and the other Irish, tended as best they could to his needs. The Irishwoman would recall how beautiful the wounded officer looked as she wiped blood from his face, while the Black woman would say she could tell that he was a gentleman. They would both remember hearing the faltering young man call for his mother and father.

Sam Wilkeson did not arrive in Gettysburg until late that night or early the morning of Thursday, July 2. He was greeted with the news that his son had lost a leg in battle and was out there somewhere in the summer darkness, wounded and unlikely to be under medical care. Possibly a Confederate prisoner. Possibly dead.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
President Abraham Lincoln, center left, on the day of the Gettysburg Address.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES AT 175
This story is part of a series marking 175 years of eyewitness journalism from The New York Times. Read more at [nytimes.com/175](#).

But the elder Wilkeson had a job. He was now covering the war for The Times and an editor he admired, Henry Raymond, who had co-founded the newspaper in 1851. Wilkeson was following the Union general George Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, who had set up headquarters at a farmhouse just two miles south of where his suffering son lay. The shedding of blood continued through Thursday, as Gen. Robert E. Lee failed to capitalize on the Confederacy's first-day success. In once-obscure places

now part of Civil War lore — Little Round Top and the Wheatfield, the Peach Orchard and Devil's Den — an estimated 15,000 soldiers were killed, wounded or missing. In the stifling afternoon of the next day, Friday, July 3, Wilkeson and other exhausted correspondents collapsed on the grass outside the farmhouse being used as Meade's base. He had already filed brief dispatches for The Times, describing the erratic rhythms of gunfire as "slack and scattering for a while, and then heavy and continuous." Birdsong coming from a peach tree was suddenly overtaken by a screaming shell, Wilkeson later wrote, "followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited." The barrage killed 16 horses, wounded several officers, splintered parts of the farmhouse — and sent the correspondents scrambling for safer ground.

General Lee's army began to bombard the Union stronghold in hope of securing victory, but the battle — and the war — was taking a turn. In midafternoon, the Confederate general George Pickett led a mile-long stretch of more than 12,000 soldiers on an audacious gambit to break through Union lines, their central target a slight rise appropriately called Cemetery Ridge. The Confederate calamity known as Pickett's Charge played to its blood-soaked conclusion, with thousands of the South's soldiers mowed down in open fields and overwhelmed in hand-to-hand combat at the Union line along the ridge. General Lee soon retreated to Virginia, leaving the North to celebrate a pivotal victory. A late-afternoon thunderstorm augured the heavy rain to come, its rumbling a pale echo of the din of artillery fire that had defined the day. As dusk was settling, Wilkeson filed a four-paragraph dispatch. "While I write the ground



ANDREA WENGLOWSKYJ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES
The gravesites of Samuel and Bayard Wilkeson at a cemetery in Buffalo.

about me is covered thick with rebel dead, mingled with our own," he wrote. The journalist's duty done for the moment, the father set out at the dawn of the Fourth of July to find his son. Wilkeson made his way through transformed Gettysburg, past the fields of dead. Past the shattered cemetery monuments, the obliterated fences, the sheared trees, the spent shells and bullets so numerous they would be found for generations to come. At some point Wilkeson's brother John, whose own son had been killed at the Battle of Seven Pines, arrived in Gettysburg to join the search for Bayard. Toward the end of a long day's hunt, he encountered Sam, who, it appears, had finally found what he had been looking for, yet hoped not to see. "What a picture of grief and despair he presented," John Wilkeson later wrote. Bayard Wilkeson had died around 10 on the night of July 1. After some time, his body was wrapped in a blanket and buried in the shallow mud. When it was exhumed, John Wilkeson wrote, there was a cotton bandage wrapped around the right knee, one he imagined Bayard had tied with "his own hands in the vain hope of stanching the flow of blood." Somehow, at some point, Sam Wilkeson began to compose an extended dispatch from Gettysburg. He wrote both as a journalist providing an eyewitness account and as a believer in the Union cause now reckoning with the profound expense of that belief. He began: "Who can write the history of a battle whose eyes are immovably fastened upon a central figure of transcendently absorbing interest — the dead body of an oldest born, crushed by a shell in a position where a battery should never have been sent, and abandoned to death in a building where surgeons dared not to stay?" Wilkeson proceeded to deliver a vivid, almost impressionistic account of the three-day battle, providing "such details as I have the heart for," he wrote. The "marvellous outspread upon the board of death of dead animals — of dead soldiers in blue, and dead soldiers in gray." The "silence as of deep sleep" that fell upon the battlefield between breaks in the fighting. The shells that "shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled and wrathfully fluttered over our ground." The Union soldiers who "died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair." In his final paragraph, Wilkeson stepped back once again, briefly removing the reportorial mask to note that "I rise from a grave whose wet clay I have passionately kissed." But he never mentioned Bayard Wilkeson by name, choosing instead to channel the North's communal grief and communal resolve. "My pen is heavy," he wrote. "Oh, you dead, who at Gettysburgh have baptized with your blood the second birth of Freedom in America, how you are to be envied!" Wilkeson's dispatch, probably sent by telegraph from the nearby town of Hanover, appeared on the front page of The Times on Monday, July 6, and was widely reprinted, including in pamphlet form. It is conceivable, even likely, that Lincoln read the essay, as he was familiar with Wilkeson and his reporting. Four months later, Lincoln would famously refer in his Gettysburg Address to "a new birth of freedom" — perhaps in echo of Wilkeson's "second birth of Freedom in America." For Matthew Pinsker, a Civil War scholar and the director of the House Divided Project at Dickinson College, it is "the most inspiring paraphrase in American history." **I stood one late spring afternoon** on the ground where Bayard Wilkeson had once commanded from atop a horse. The grass was lush, the air still. A few monuments sprouted like small trees from the raised spot now known as Barlow's Knoll, after the general who had ordered Wilkeson's battery to take position here. Beside me was Tim Smith, a local historian who knows more about the Battle of Gettysburg than just about anyone alive. He motioned southward down the hill. Past that Weis supermarket and across from that bank building, he said, was the almshouse, long gone, a county building dedicated to agriculture in its place. We headed northeast about a half-mile, past plowed fields and stands of trees, across Old Harrisburg Road. There, beside a Lutheran retirement village, part-replica cannons marked the spot where the Confederates had taken aim. "He would have been exposed a mile away," Smith said of Bayard Wilkeson, before indicating that he did not hold Gen. Francis Barlow in high regard. Neither did Sam Wilkeson, who never stopped believing that his son's death resulted from military mismanagement. He ended his journalism career not long after Gettysburg, eventually becoming a railroad executive and, later, a real estate entrepreneur who helped to establish the city of Tacoma, Wash. In 1889 he returned to the state of his birth, New York, and died soon afterward; he was 72. His wife, Catherine Cady Wilkeson, died a decade later, at 79. They are buried on a small rise in a bucolic Buffalo necropolis called Forest Lawn Cemetery, their graves flanking a monument depicting a cannon barrel aimed heavenward. It marks the gravesite of the ambitious young soldier who called for them as he faded away on a damp Gettysburg floor.