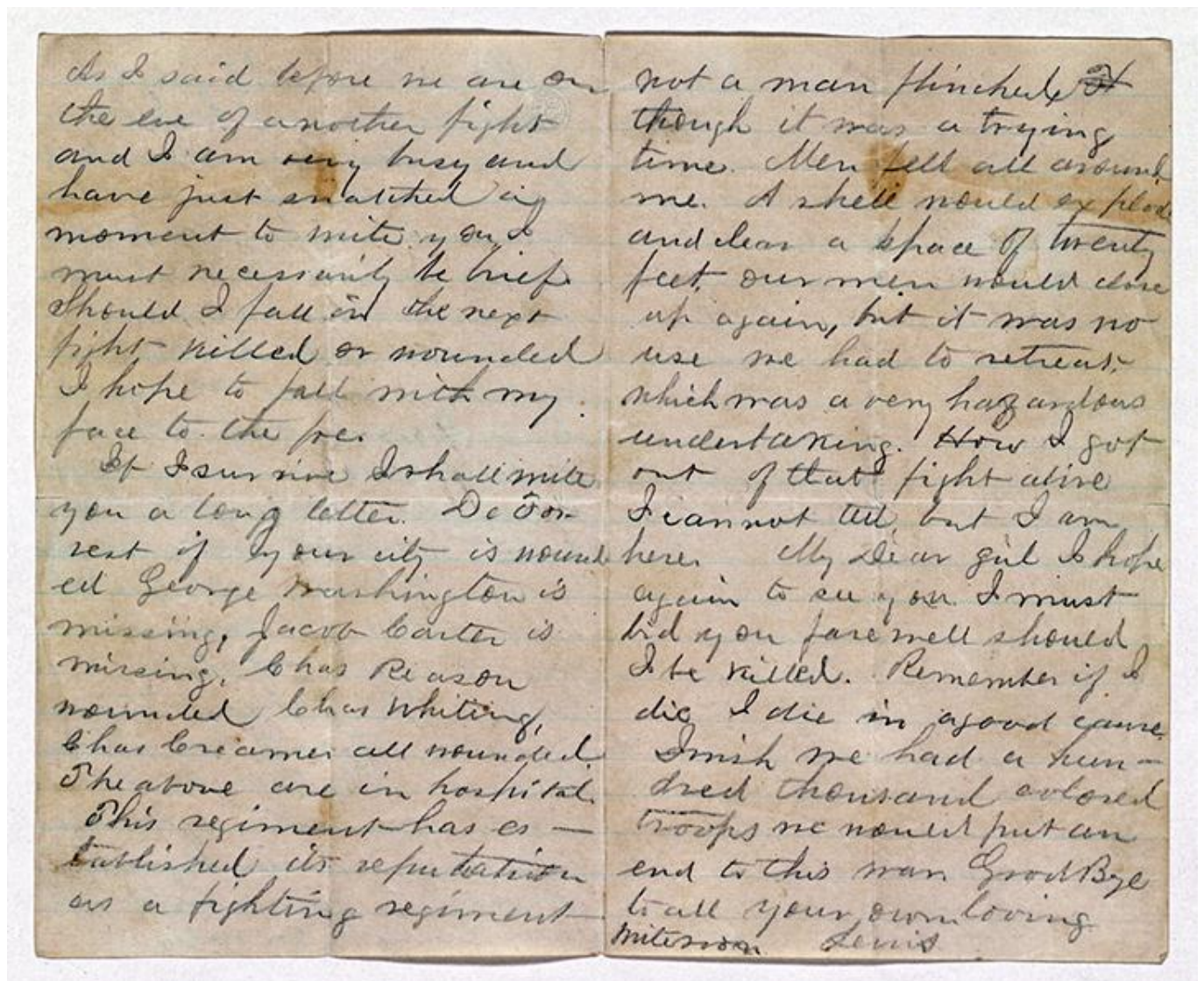




The eldest son of noted abolitionist Frederick Douglass and his wife Anna Douglass, **Lewis Henry Douglass (1840–1908)** was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts. In his youth, Lewis apprenticed as a typesetter for his father's publications *The North Star* and *Douglass' Weekly*. Heeding the call for black recruits from Frederick Douglass and others during the Civil War, Lewis Douglass enlisted in the 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry on March 25, 1863. The regiment's commander, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, immediately appointed Douglass as a sergeant major, the highest rank an African American could hold at that time. Douglass saw action at the battles of James Island, Olustee, and Fort Wagner. The valor shown by the 54th Massachusetts in this last engagement went a long way toward proving the mettle of black

soldiers to their white fellow soldiers and civilians in the North. Discharged from the army in 1864 because of a medical disability, Douglass married Helen Amelia Loguen in 1869 and settled in the Anacostia section of Washington, D.C. Also in 1869, he became the first African American typesetter employed by the Government Printing Office. His tenure in this position proved short-lived, however, because the typesetters' union refused him membership because of his race. Following this setback, Douglass helped establish and publish *The New National Era*, a weekly newspaper aimed at Washington's African American community. Lewis Douglass also served as Assistant Marshall of the District of Columbia and a term on the Legislative Council of the District of Columbia.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/lewis-henry-douglass/>



Transcription (selection):

A shell would explode and clear a space of twenty feet. Our men would close up again, but it was no use we had to retreat, which was a very hazardous undertaking. How I got out of that fight alive I can not tell, but I am here. My Dear girl I hope again to see you I must bid you farewell should I be killed. Remember if I die I die in a good cause. I wish we had a hundred thousand colored troops we would put an end to this war. Good Bye to all your own loving
Miltonson Lewis

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/i-must-bid-you-farewell-should-i-be-killed/>

Elizabeth “Betty” Herndon

Maury (1835–1903) was born into a respected and well-to-do Virginia family. Her father, Matthew Fontaine Maury, who for some years served as the superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory, achieved international renown for his groundbreaking studies in oceanography and meteorology. In 1857, Betty married a cousin, William A. Maury. The couple had two daughters. With the coming of the Civil War, the various members of the Maury family unanimously placed their allegiances with the South. Matthew Fontaine Maury spent most of the conflict in London trying to procure ships for the



Confederate navy. William A. Maury served as the Judge Advocate General of the Confederate States. Richard Maury, Betty's brother, was commander of the 24th Virginia Regiment. The diary that Betty Maury kept from 1861 to 1863 offers a close-up view on how the war affected the fortunes of a Southern family and the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Following the war, Betty moved with her husband to Washington, D.C., where he served in several administrations as the Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/betty-herndon-maury/>

Our house was a hospital. Mr. Corbin says every vessel in the house, even the vegetable dishes and cups, are filled with blood & water. There are large pools of gore on the floor. The table in the parlour was used as an amputating table and a Yankee (Byron Pearce of N. Y.) is buried at the kitchen door.

January 27th 1863

After seeing everything there yesterday last night, Maria Bell said, "Maria does God make the angels stop singing and playing on their harps to listen to me?"

The aunt Eliza told me the other day that we were all made of dust. She wanted to know this morning if God kept shapes of children and babies to put the dust in and make them.

She is the most singularly curious child I ever saw. A band of music is a perfect terror to her. She shrinks from going out and is afraid to go to sleep for fear of dreaming bad dreams. God bless my precious child and make her strong and well soon. I see more and more plainly every day by her slender threads, her life hangs.

January 30th

Mama and the children are boarding at the old mansion with our white cousin Sally and the children is there too.

We have very busy lately getting some of Maria's furniture from Hickorysburg and trying to fix up our room more comfortably. We have the back parlour and cousin Mith had no chamber furniture to put in it except a bedstead and washstand. I have added a bureau, washstand, lounge and some other little things which make it look much more comfortable and home like.

If I live until next May I expect to see another little baby. Cousin Mith has been very kind in expressing her willingness to have me here then and to do what she can for me. I tell her how grateful I felt and how highly I appreciate her kindness.

Our board here is two hundred dollars a

Transcription (selection):

Mr. Corbin was here last night and gave us some account of the appearance of things at home. Almost every house had six or eight shells through it, the doors are wide open, the locks and the windows broken and the shutters torn down. Two blocks of buildings were burned to the ground. Our house was a hospital. Mr. Corbin says every vessel in the house even the vegetable dishes and cups are filled with blood & water—there are large pools of gore on the floor. The table in the parlour was used as an amputating table and a Yankee (Byron Pearce of N. Y.) is buried at the kitchen door.

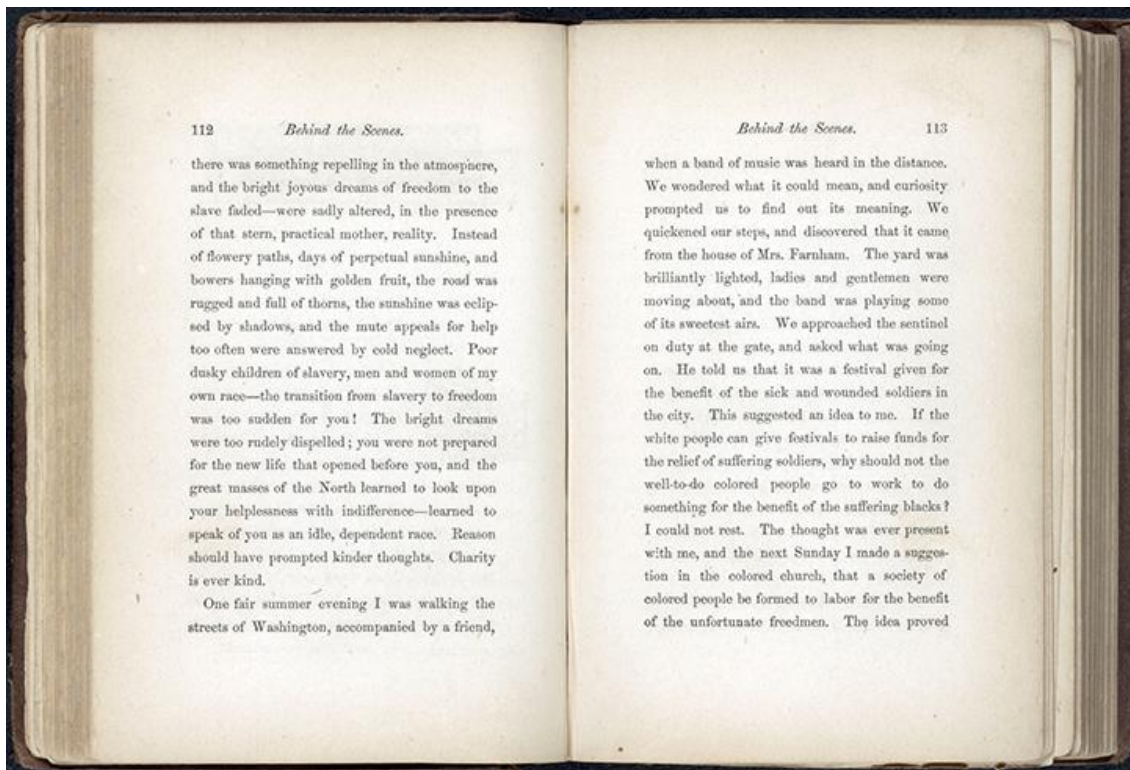
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/there-are-large-pools-of-gore-on-the-floor/>



Born as a slave in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, **Elizabeth Keckley (1818–1907)** gained renown as a seamstress, author, and philanthropist. Drawing upon her earnings as a seamstress, Keckley (sometimes “Keckly”) was able to purchase her freedom from slavery in 1855. After her arrival in Washington, D.C., in 1860, her skills as a dressmaker quickly resulted in commissions from several of the city’s leading women, including Varina Davis, the wife Jefferson Davis. On March 5, 1861, the day following the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as U.S. president, Mary Todd Lincoln

hired Elizabeth Keckley as her personal seamstress. This position and her close relationship with the first lady provided Keckley with a unique perspective on domestic life within the Lincoln White House and life in the U.S. capital city. Concerned with the welfare of recently freed slaves who flooded into Washington during the Civil War, in 1862 Keckley founded the Contraband Relief Association, which offered food, clothing, and shelter to the most destitute segments of the African American population. Keckley was able to recruit support for the association from figures such as Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, and President and Mrs. Lincoln. Following the war, Elizabeth Keckley published her memoir *Behind the Scenes, or, Thirty Years a Slave, and Four Years in the White House* (1868). Though the book was intended to offer a sympathetic view of Mary Todd Lincoln, it was not well received because of a widespread belief that it violated the privacy of the former first lady.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/elizabeth-keckley/>



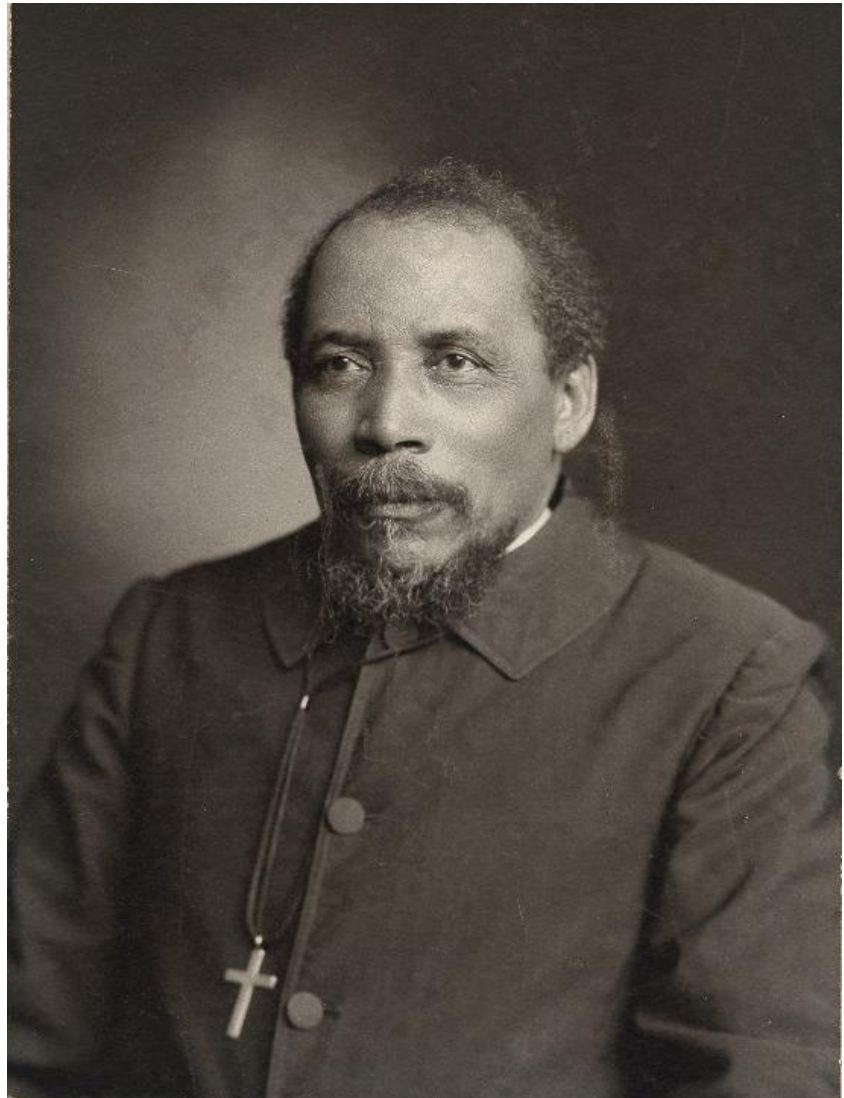
Transcription (selection):

In the summer of 1862, freedmen began to flock into Washington from Maryland and Virginia. They came with a great hope in their hearts, and with all their worldly goods on their backs. Fresh from the bonds of slavery, fresh from the benighted regions of the plantation, they came to the Capital looking for liberty, and many of them not knowing it when they found it. Many good friends reached forth kind hands, but the North is not warm and impulsive. For one kind word spoken, two harsh ones were uttered; there was something repelling in the

atmosphere, and the bright joyous dreams of freedom to the slave faded—were sadly altered, in the presence of that stern, practical mother, reality. Instead of flowery paths, days of perpetual sunshine, and bowers hanging with golden fruit, the road was rugged and full of thorns, the sunshine was eclipsed by shadows, and the mute appeals for help too often were answered by cold neglect. Poor dusky children of slavery, men and women of my own race—the transition from slavery to freedom was too sudden for you! The bright dreams were too rudely dispelled; you were not prepared for the new life that opened before you, and the great masses of the North learned to look upon your helplessness with indifference—learned to speak of you as an idle, dependent race. Reason should have prompted kinder thoughts. Charity is ever kind.

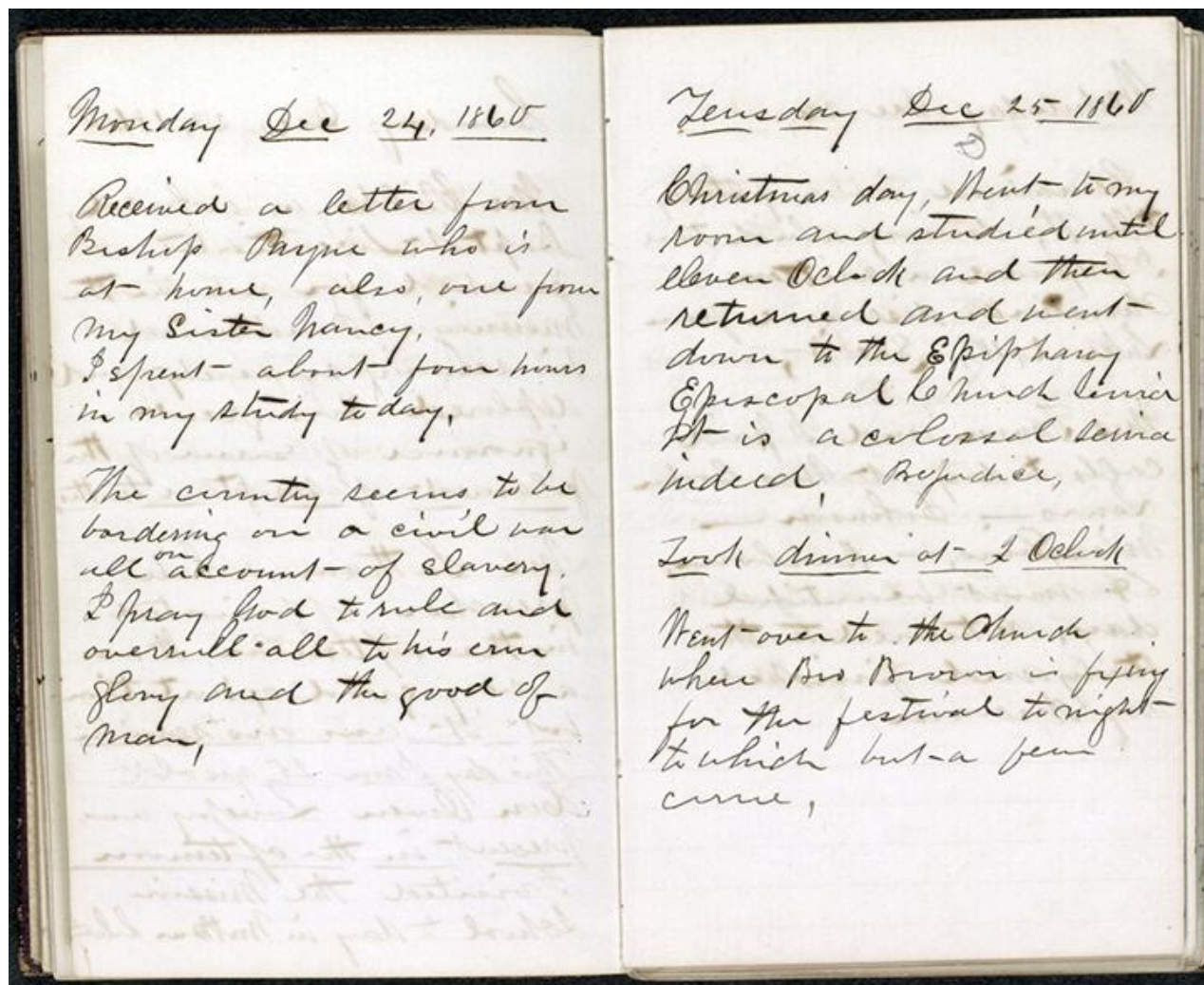
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/came-to-the-capital-looking-for-liberty/>

A lifelong advocate for the advancement of his fellow African Americans, **Benjamin Tucker Tanner (1835–1923)** was born into a poor, working-class family in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Following his 1860 graduation from Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, Tanner was appointed interim pastor at the 15th Street Presbyterian Church, one of the largest black congregations in Washington, D.C. He was ordained as a minister in the African Methodist Episcopal (A.M.E.) Church in 1862, and his mission



work for this denomination included founding an early school for freedmen at the Washington Navy Yard. He subsequently opened another freedmen's school in Frederick, Maryland. Following the Civil War, Tanner served for many years as the editor of the *Christian Recorder*, at that time the largest black-owned periodical in the United States. Tanner was elected a bishop of the A.M.E. Church in 1888.

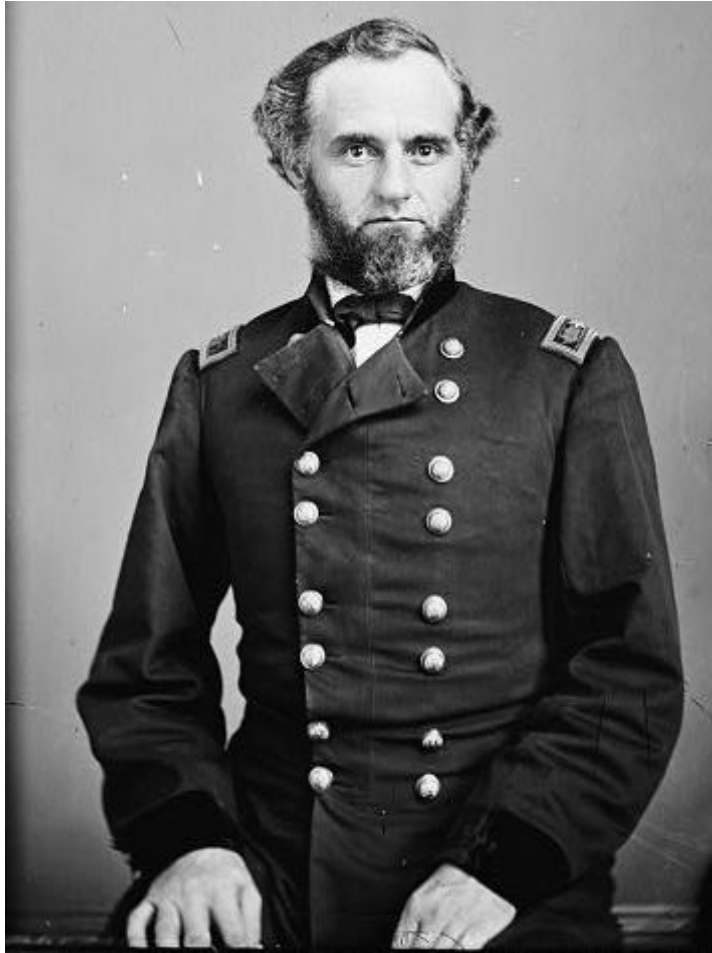
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/benjamin-tucker-tanner/>



Transcription (selection):

The country seems to be bordering on a civil war all on account of slavery. I pray God to rule and overrule all to his own glory and the good of man.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/all-on-account-of-slavery/>



A Union officer noted for “gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war,”

Richard W. Johnson (1827–1897) was born at Smithland, Kentucky. Orphaned at age ten, he was able to secure an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1844 with the assistance of his brother and guardian, Dr. John M. Johnson. Following his graduation in 1849, his postings included Mexico and Texas, where his wife Rachel and their young sons often shared with him many of the hardships of frontier service. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Johnson was made a lieutenant colonel in the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry Regiment but rose to the

rank of brevet major general by the close of the war. Remaining in the Western theater of operations throughout the war, Johnson served with distinction at the battles of Murfreesboro (Stones River), Corinth, and Atlanta. During the 1863 struggle to break the Confederate siege of Union forces in Chattanooga, he commanded one of the divisions that made the celebrated charge up Missionary Ridge. Despite being severely wounded at the Battle of New Hope Church on May 28, 1864, Johnson returned to command in time for the Battle of Nashville in December 1864. After resigning from the army in 1867, Richard W. Johnson taught military science and published *A Soldier's Reminiscences in Peace and War* (1886).

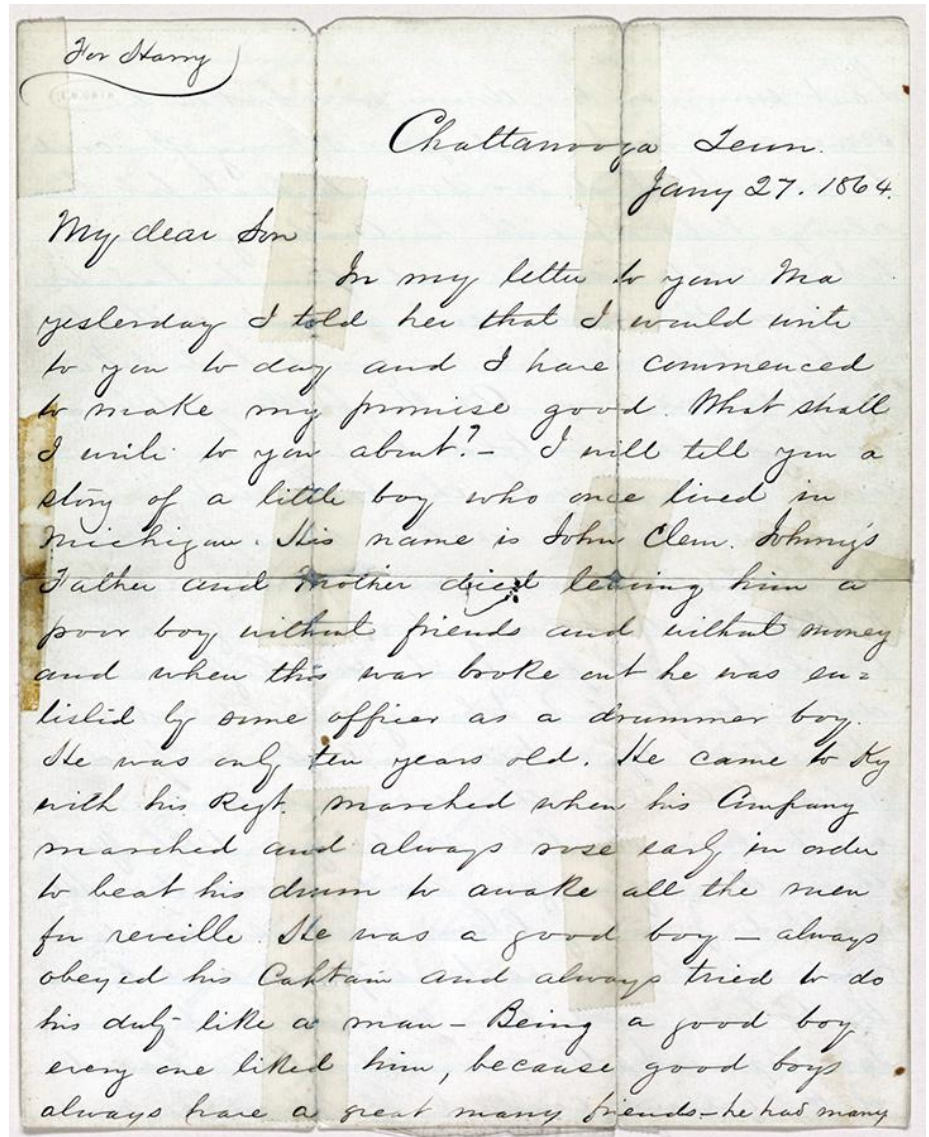
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/richard-w-johnson/>

Transcription **(selection):**

I will tell you a story of a little boy who once lived in Michigan. His name is John Clem. Johnny's Father and Mother died leaving him a poor boy without friends and without money and when this war broke out he was enlisted by some officer as a drummer boy. He was only ten years old. He came to Ky with his Regt. marched when his Company marched and always rose early in order to beat his drum to awake all the men for reveille. He was a good boy—always obeyed his

Captain and always tried to do his duty like a man. Being a good boy every one liked him, because good boys always have a great many friends—he had many.

Last summer his drum was broken by some accident and poor Johnny often cried because he had no drum to beat, but he always kept up with this company in either hot or cold weather and often he had to sleep on the cold damp ground without a blanket. He has no good bed like Gen. Johnsons boys.



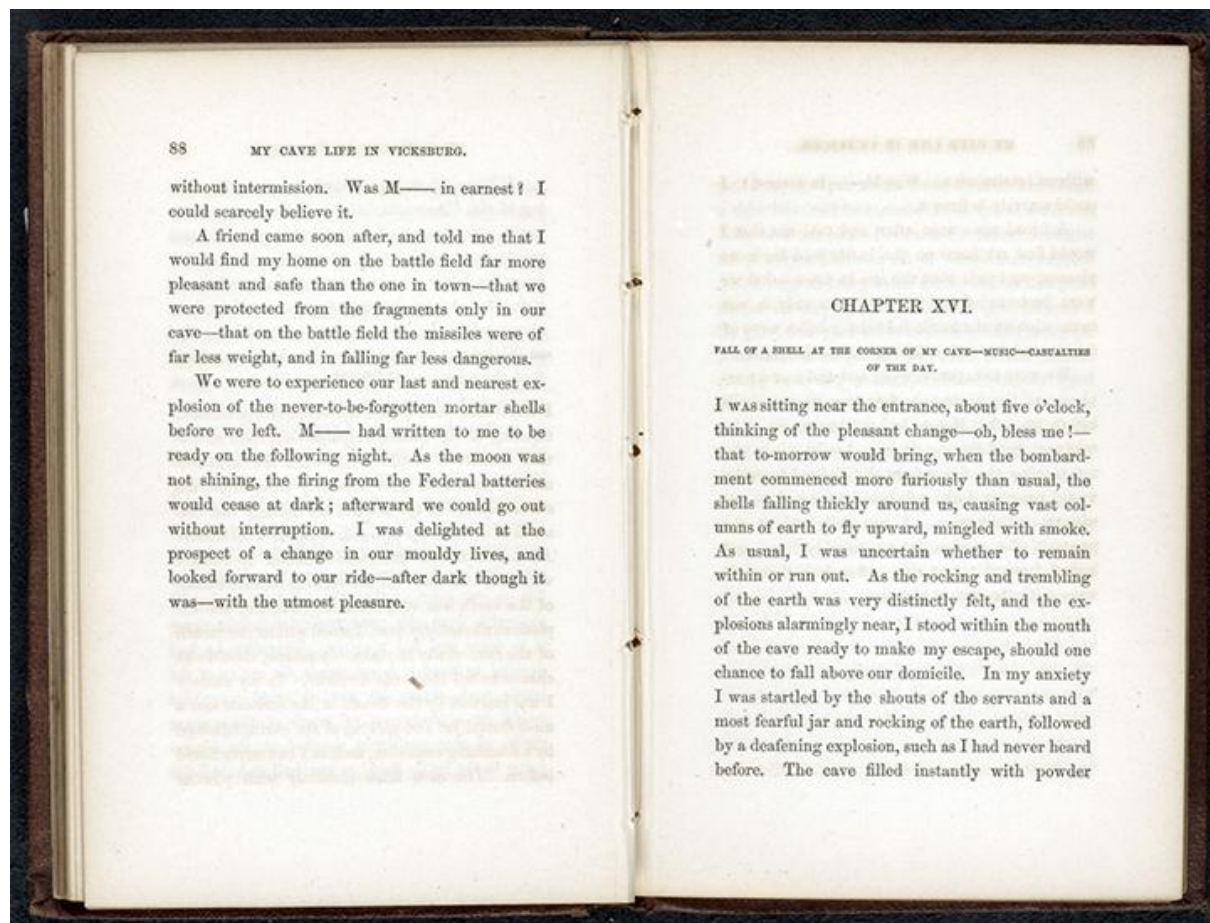
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/a-story-of-a-little-boy/>



Author of the most celebrated in-person account of the siege of Vicksburg, **Mary Ann Webster Loughborough (1836–1887)** was born in Phelps, New York, to Ashbel and Julia Webster. She was married in 1857 to Kentucky-born James Moore Loughborough (1833–1876), and the couple resided in St. Louis, Missouri, where they acquired pronounced Southern sympathies. Joining the Confederate army shortly after the start of the Civil War, James Loughborough rose to the rank of major and served on the staffs of generals Sterling Price, Thomas Moore, and Francis Cockrell.

Following a practice not uncommon among the wives of officers, Mary Ann, with her young daughter Jean in tow, followed her husband wherever he was stationed. On April 15, 1863, they arrived in Vicksburg, Mississippi. The diary she kept over the next several months formed the basis for the 1864 publication *My Cave Life in Vicksburg*, a gripping account of the deprivations suffered by the civilian population as the Union army surrounded the city. The popularity of this work in both the North and the South led to its republication in 1881. Following the war, James and Mary Ann Loughborough moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, where they raised three additional children. In 1883, Mary Ann Loughborough founded and edited *The Southern Ladies Journal*.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/mary-ann-loughborough/>



Transcription (selection):

A gentleman, resident of Vicksburg, had a large cave made, and repeatedly urged his wife to leave the house and go into it. She steadily refused, and, being quite an invalid, was lying on the bed, when he took her by the hand and insisted upon her accompanying him so strongly, that she yielded; and they had scarcely left the house, when a mortar shell went crashing through, utterly demolishing the bed that had so lately been vacated, tearing up the floor, and completely, destroying the room.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/a-mortar-shell-went-crashing-through/>

The Civil War in America

Christian Abraham Fleetwood

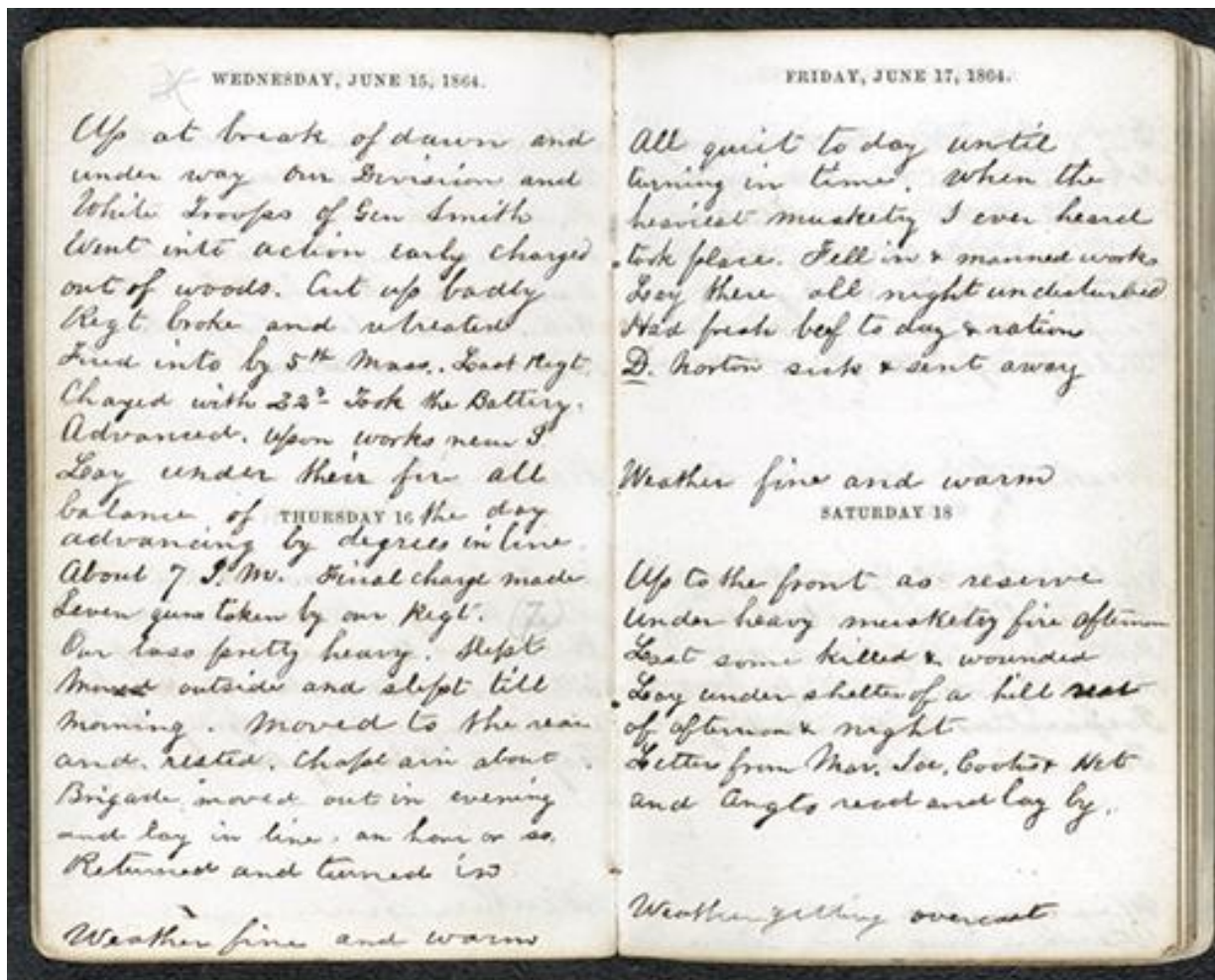
(1840–1914) was born in Baltimore to Charles and Ann Maria Fleetwood, both of whom were free African Americans.

Educated as a child in the home of his father's employer, sugar merchant John C. Brune, Fleetwood was an 1860 graduate of the Ashmun Institute (later Lincoln University) in Pennsylvania. Working for the Maryland Colonization Society, he traveled to Liberia and Sierra Leone in Africa and later published the *Lyceum Observer*, among the first African American newspapers in the border slave states. Part of the waves of



African Americans who enlisted in the Union army after President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863, Fleetwood enlisted in the 4th Regiment United States Colored Infantry in August 1863, quickly rising to the rank of sergeant major. At the Battle of Chaffin's Farm (New Market Heights/Fort Harrison; sometimes recorded as Chapin's Farm) near Richmond, Virginia, on September 29, 1864, his gallant performance earned him the Medal of Honor. Fleetwood's citation notes that he "seized the colors, after two color bearers had been shot down, and bore them nobly through the fight." Following his honorable discharge from the U.S. Army in 1866, Christian Fleetwood settled in Washington, D.C., where he was employed by the federal and district governments, and was active in musical organizations and as a battalion commander with the D.C. National Guard.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/christian-fleetwood/>



Transcription (selection):

Up at break of dawn and under way our Division and White Troops of Gen Smith Went into action early charged out of woods. Cut up badly Regt. broke and retreated. Fired into by 5th Mass. Last Regt. Charged with 22nd Took the Battery. Advanced, upon works near & Lay under their fire all balance of the day advancing by degrees in line. About 7 P. M. Final charge made Seven guns taken by our Regt. Our loss pretty heavy. Slept moved outside and slept till morning. Moved to the rear and rested. Chaplain about Brigade moved out in evening and lay in line an hour or so. Returned and turned in

Weather fine and warm. FRIDAY JUNE 17, 1864 All quiet today until turning in time. when the heaviest musketry I ever heard took place. Fell in & manned works. Lay there all night undisturbed Had fresh beef today & rations D. Norton sick and sent away. Weather fine and warm.

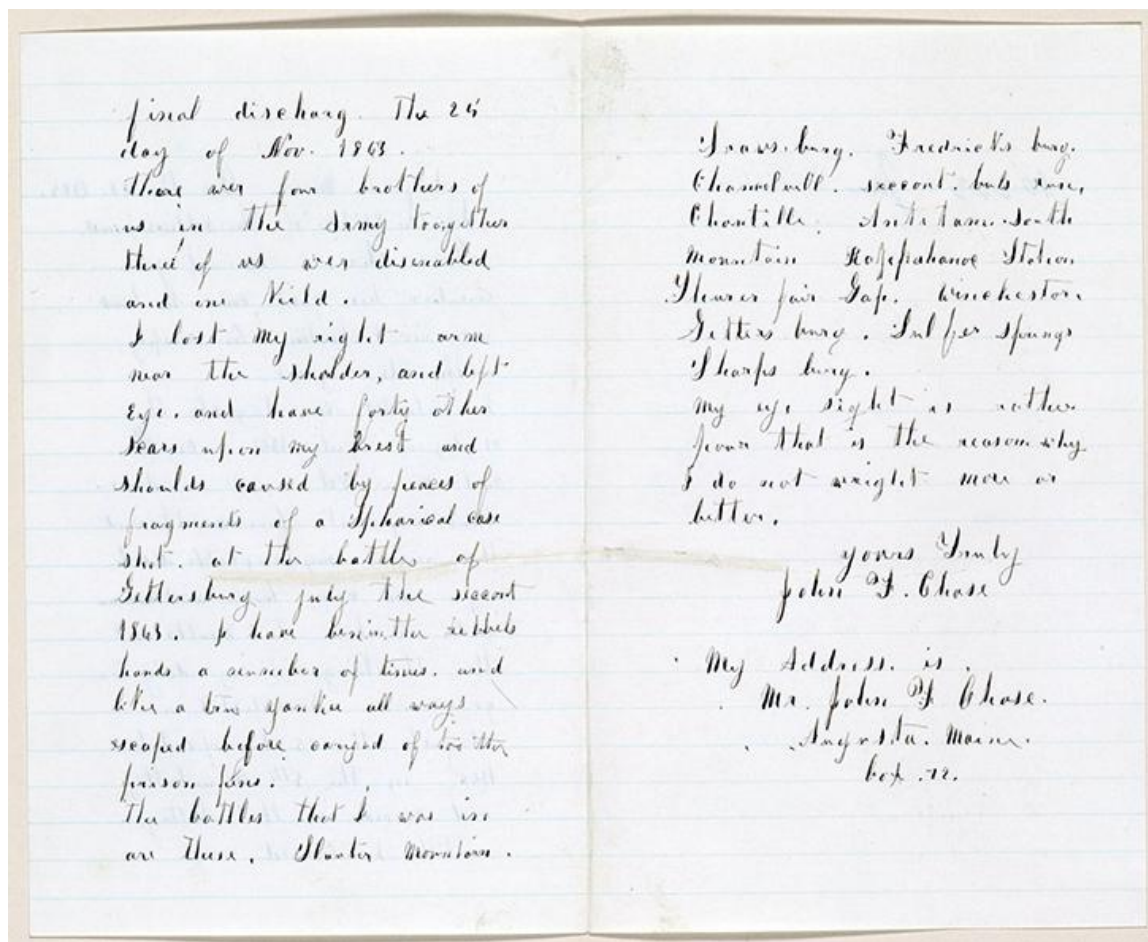
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/up-at-break-of-dawn-and-under-way/>

Born in Chelsea, Maine, to Oliver and Rachel Chase, **John F. Chase (1843–1914)** enlisted as a private in Company B of the 3rd Maine Infantry in early June of 1861. Transferred to the 5th Maine Artillery in November 1861, Chase's first claim to fame occurred at the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863. With the rest of his battery either dead or wounded, Chase continued to fire his cannon under a sustained barrage by the forces of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson. For his "extraordinary heroism" Chase was awarded the Medal of Honor in 1888.



On July 3, 1863, while defending Cemetery Hill at the Battle of Gettysburg, a shell exploded near Chase. He lost his right arm and left eye. Overall, he sustained forty-eight shrapnel wounds. Unconscious and presumed dead, Chase remained on the battlefield for two days before his body was removed. Transferred to a field hospital when an orderly became aware he was still alive, Chase received no medical attention for an additional three days as the attending doctors assumed he had no chance for survival. Miraculously escaping death, John Chase was discharged from the U.S. Army on medical disability on November 25, 1863. Returning to Maine, he married Maria Merrill and fathered six children. Constantly inventing new devices, he submitted approximately forty-seven patent applications during his lifetime. In 1895, Chase moved with his family to St. Petersburg, Florida, where he was active in real estate development.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/john-chase/>



Transcript (selection):

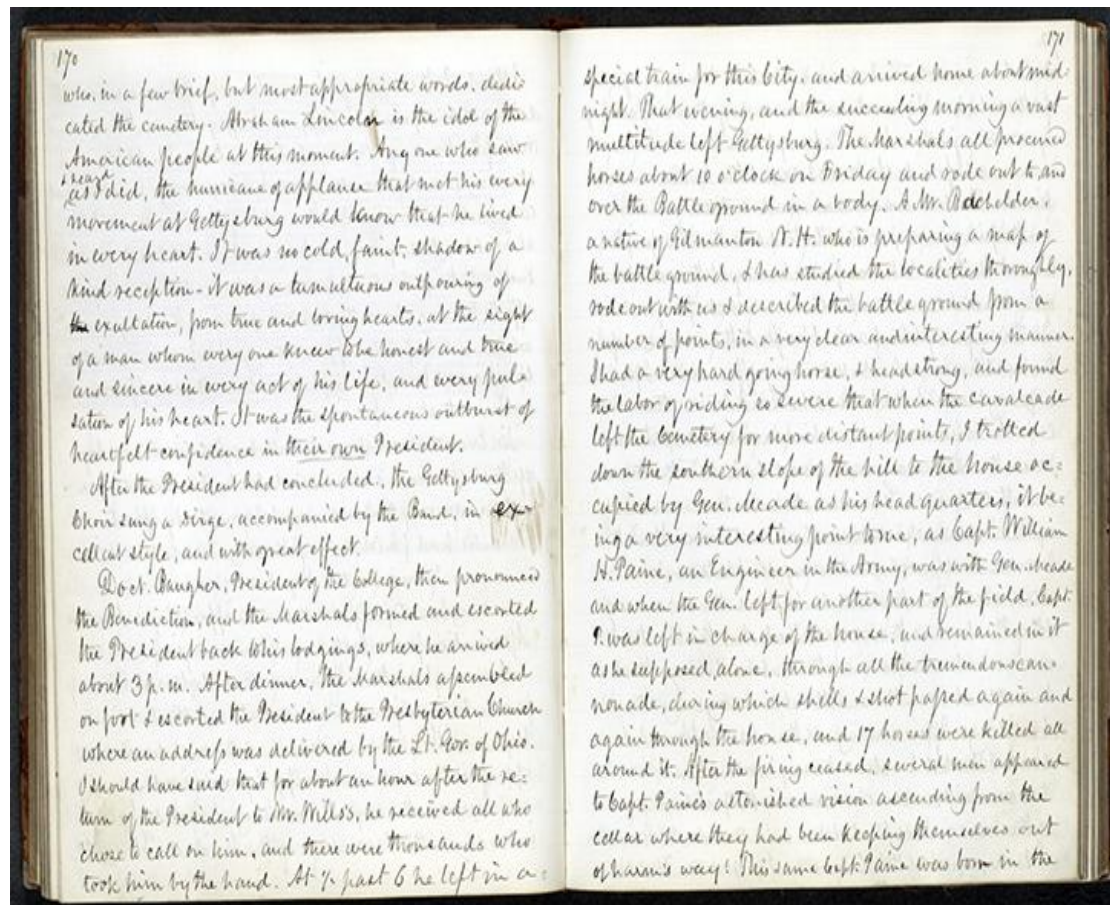
I lost my right arm near the shoulder, and left eye, and have forty other scars upon my breast and shoulder caused by peaces of fragments of a Spharical case shot, at the battle of Gettersburg, july the second 1863. I have been in the rebbels hands a number of times, and like a true yankee all ways escaped before carryed of too the prison pens.

<http://myloc.gov/Exhibitions/civil-war-in-america/epilogue/ExhibitObjects/Left-Handed-Penmanship-Contest.aspx?Enlarge=true&ImageId=15a6970d-aa3b-4901-a391-a37cd2816355%3aad68c241-5aa5-479c-9276-4a07fcc910cb%3a41&PersistentId=1%3a15a6970d-aa3b-4901-a391-a37cd2816355%3a10&ReturnUrl=%2fExhibitions%2fcivil-war-in-america%2fepilogue%2fExhibitObjects%2fLeft-Handed-Penmanship-Contest.aspx>

An acquaintance of twelve consecutive presidents, from Andrew Jackson to Ulysses S. Grant, **Benjamin Brown French (1800–1870)** was born in Chester, New Hampshire, to Daniel and Mercy French. Following his marriage to Elizabeth Richardson in 1825, he became active in politics, serving as a representative in the New Hampshire legislature between 1831 and 1833. Moving to Washington, D.C., in 1833 to pursue government employment, French was appointed the clerk of the United States House of Representatives in 1845. He left that position in 1847, when, at the insistence of Samuel F. B. Morse, he became president of the Magnetic Telegraph Company. Serving in that position until 1850, French oversaw the expansion of telegraph communications throughout the United States. Returning to government service in 1853, French served two years as the Commissioner of Public Buildings under President Franklin Pierce and was the chief marshal of the March 1861 inaugural parade of Abraham Lincoln, who reappointed French Commissioner of Public Buildings. In this capacity, he oversaw the funeral arrangements for both young Willie Lincoln (1850–1862) and President Lincoln (1809–1865). His more mundane duties as commissioner placed him in frequent contact with Mary Lincoln, whom French found to be difficult, calling the first lady a “bundle of vanity and folly.” Saddened greatly at the death of his wife Elizabeth in 1861, Benjamin Brown French found contentment in a second marriage, wedding Mary Ellen Brady in 1862. Removed as the Commissioner of Public Buildings in 1867, French spent his last years working for the U.S. Treasury Department.



<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/he-lived-in-every-heart/>



Transcription (selection):

As soon as the hymn was sung, Marshall Larson introduced the President of the United States, who, in a few brief, but most appropriate words, dedicated the cemetery. Abraham Lincoln is the idol of the American people at this moment. Any one who saw and heard as I did, the hurricane of applause that met his every movement at Gettysburg would know that he lived in every heart. It was no cold, faint, shadow of a kind reception—it was a tumultuous outpouring of exultation, from true and loving hearts, at the sight of a man whom everyone knew to be honest and true and sincere in every act of his life, and every pulsation of his heart. It was the spontaneous outburst of heartfelt confidence in their own President.

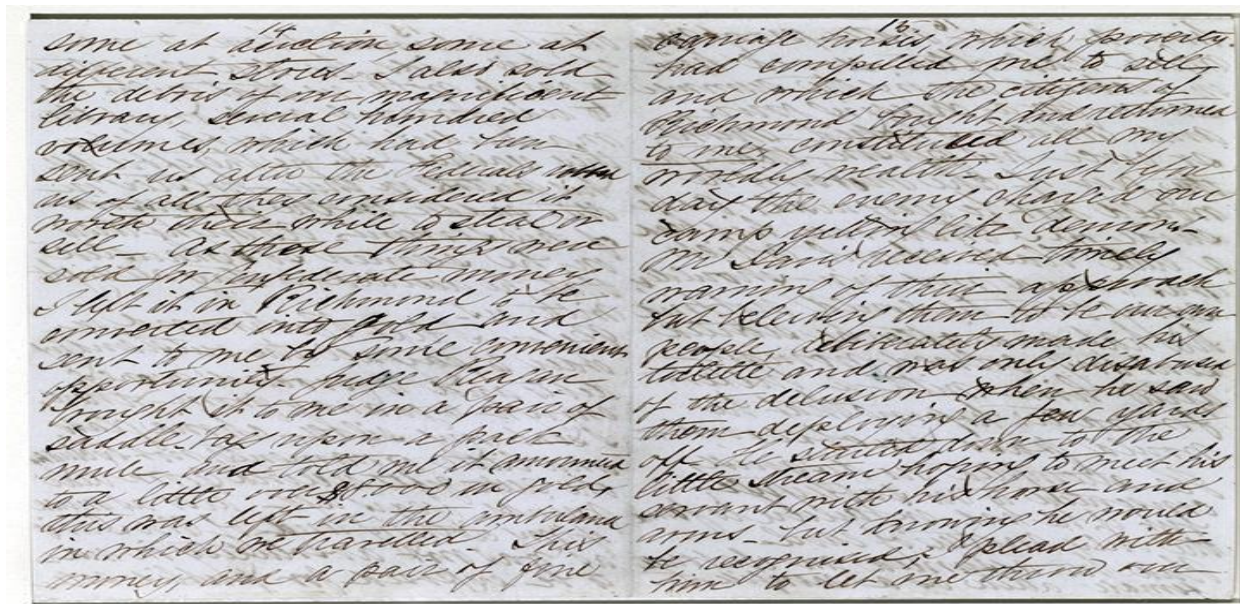
<http://myloc.gov/Exhibitions/civil-war-in-america/november-1863-april-1865/ExhibitObjects/Few-Appropriate-Remarks-at-Gettysburg.aspx>



The First Lady of the Confederate States of America, **Varina Howell Davis (1826–1906)** was born in Louisiana, across the Mississippi River from Natchez, Mississippi, to William and Margaret Howell. Her paternal family heritage was rooted in the North, and included her grandfather Richard Howell, the governor of New Jersey from 1793 to 1801. After briefly attending an academy for girls in Philadelphia, the intelligent and opinionated Varina married Jefferson Davis in 1845. Davis, a wealthy Mississippi plantation owner, was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives and Senate and served as Secretary of War under

President Franklin Pierce. The couple spent most of the next fifteen years in Washington, D.C. (Jefferson Davis interrupting this government service to lead a Mississippi regiment during the 1846–1848 war with Mexico). Three of Davis's six children were born in the District of Columbia. It was with trepidation that Varina Davis learned her husband had been selected as the first president of the Confederate States of America in 1861. She nevertheless carried out her duties as First Lady with fortitude, although many of the controversies and tragedies which she encountered paralleled those of Mary Todd Lincoln. These included questions regarding her loyalty to the Confederacy, particularly since she had extended family members serving in the Union army; criticism of her social deportment; and the devastating death of a young son, Joseph Davis, in 1864. The years immediately following the Civil War brought further trials as Varina Davis coped with her husband's imprisonment at Fort Monroe, Virginia, from 1865–1867 and the deaths of three more of her children. Following Jefferson Davis's death in 1889, she moved permanently to New York City. To the consternation of many in the South, among her close friends was Julia Dent Grant, the widow of Union General Ulysses S. Grant.

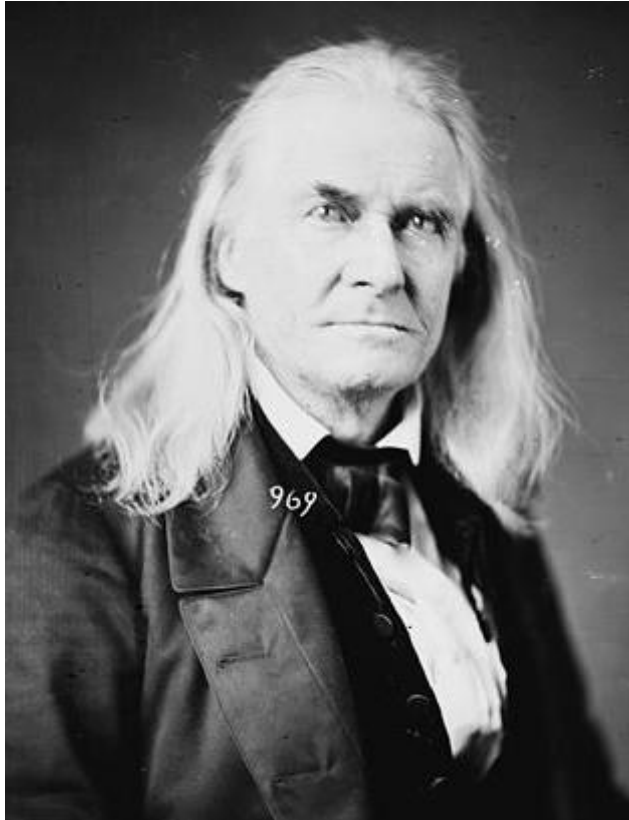
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/varina-davis/>



Transcription (selection):

Just before day the enemy charged our camp yelling like demons. Mr Davis received timely warning of their approach but believing them to be our own people, deliberately made his toilette and was only disabused of the delusion when he saw them deploying a few yards off. He started down to the little stream hoping to meet his servant with his horse and arms, but knowing he would be recognized, I plead with him to let me throw over him, a large water-proof wrap which had often served him in sickness during the summer season for a dressing gown, and which I hoped might so cover his person, that in the grey of the morning he would not be recognized. As he strode off I threw over his head a little black shawl, which was round my own shoulders, seeing that he could not find his hat, and after he started sent my colored woman after him with a bucket for water, hoping that he would pass unobserved. He attempted no disguise, consented to no subterfuge but if he had, in failure is found the only matter of cavil.

<http://myloc.gov/Exhibitions/civil-war-in-america/epilogue/ExhibitObjects/Davis-in-Drag.aspx>



A native of Prince George County, Virginia, **Edmund Ruffin (1794–1865)** was celebrated among fellow secessionists as one of the chief proponents for Southern nationalism.

In 1811, he married Susan Travis, who bore him eleven children before dying in 1846. Following six months' service in the Virginia militia during the War of 1812, Ruffin spent most of his adult life involved in agriculture. Aware that decades of tobacco cultivation had depleted the farmlands of Tidewater Virginia, he developed new techniques of using calcium carbonate-rich marl to revitalize the soil and increase crop production. Ruffin's contributions in agricultural science were reflected in

his writings and editorship of the *Farmers Register*, a journal he founded in 1833. As a slaveowner with a long history of distrusting the national democratic process, Edmund Ruffin increasingly became an advocate of states' rights and secession. His hatred of abolitionism was so strong he made a special request of the Virginia Military Institute to allow him to join the ranks of cadets for one day to view the hanging of John Brown after Brown's abortive raid on Harpers Ferry, Virginia, in 1859. Ruffin was present at Charleston Harbor when South Carolina forces initiated the bombardment of Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, where the then sixty-seven-year-old Virginian claimed to have fired the first shot. Though he was present for the fighting at First Bull Run (First Manassas) and witnessed the effects of the Peninsula campaign on the Ruffin family estates in the area, poor health gradually forced Edmund Ruffin to withdraw from the public arena as the Civil War progressed. Shortly after learning of Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, a distraught Ruffin confided his undying hatred for "Yankee rule" in the final entry of his voluminous diary and committed suicide by a gunshot to the head.

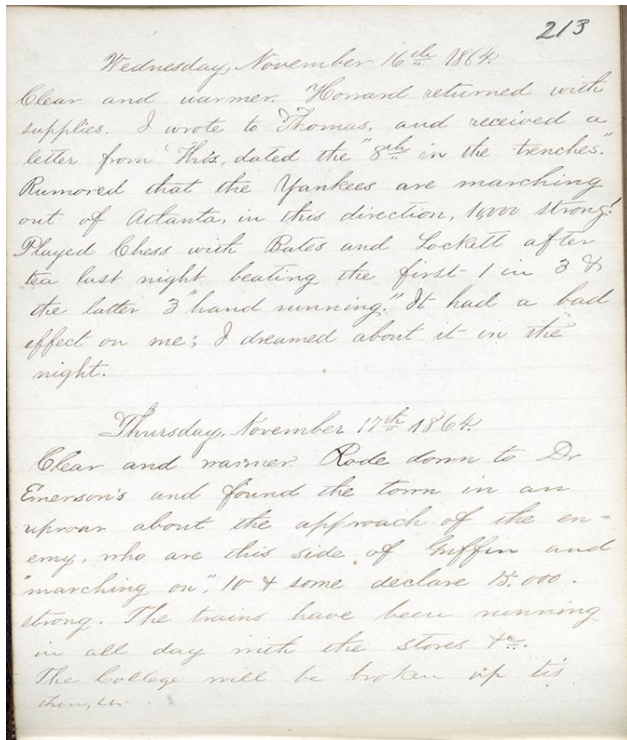
<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/edmund-ruffin/>



LeRoy Wiley Gresham (1847–1865), the younger son of John Jones Gresham and Mary Gresham, came from a prominent family in Macon, Georgia. His father was an attorney and plantation owner, and had served two terms as the city's mayor in the 1840s. LeRoy Gresham suffered from a long-standing but currently unknown illness that hindered his growth. A broken leg in the late 1850s caused him further pain and contributed to his invalidism. Despite his confined circumstances, his mind was curious and expansive, as evidenced in his correspondence and the seven diaries in which he kept

almost daily entries from 1860 to 1865. Gresham was a voracious reader of newspapers and literature and a perceptive observer of life on the Confederate home front. He diligently recorded the war news, especially when General William T. Sherman's Union forces left Atlanta for their "March to the Sea" (November–December 1864), which many Macon residents feared would swing through their area. LeRoy also noted his own physical suffering and the remedies used to ease his considerable pain. Gresham began but failed to finish his last diary entry on June 9, 1865. He died at the age of seventeen on June 18, 1865.

<http://blogs.loc.gov/civil-war-voices/about/leroy-wiley-gresham/>



Transcription (selection): Clear and warmer. Rode down to Dr Emerson's and found the town in an uproar about the approach of the enemy, who are this side of Griffin and marching on, 10 & some declare 15,000 strong. The trains have been running in all day with the stores & etc. The College will be broken up tis thought. We have about 10 or 11,000 to oppose them & I can't see why Macon should give up. 8. P.M. We have received the following from Mr. Bowdre which I copy for future reading:

Mrs. Gresham:

The news is bad enough: our forces have been compelled to retreat, & were at Barnesville last night (40 miles from Macon) & Gen. Toombs tells me they will be some 15 miles from Macon tonight—I mean ours. Sherman's army is coming on as rapidly as they can; his cavalry camped last night, it is said, only 10 miles from Forsythe in butts co. He is coming in two columns—it is thought by those who ought to know that Sherman's forces will be here on Sunday or Monday, possibly sooner, unless opposed & we have too small a number to do anything much I fear. We may fight him in this vicinity but I fear not with any

chance of success. Gen. Toombs advises all ladies & children to get away if they can. He is now at our store. I am greatly disturbed myself about my family. Yours in haste
P.E. Bowdre.

We do not know what to do or think. We have no place to run to, where we could be safe, and we feel awfully about it. The town is in a furor of excitement & I fear little or nothing will be done, to save the town. If Father were only here!

<http://myloc.gov/Exhibitions/civil-war-in-america/november-1863-april-1865/ExhibitObjects/LeRoy-Wiley-Gresham.aspx>