



*The
War-time
Journal
of a
Georgia
Girl*

Eliza Frances Andrews

THE WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF
A GEORGIA GIRL



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant



ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS
From a photograph taken in 1865

THE WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF
A GEORGIA GIRL

1864-1865

BY

ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED FROM
CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1908

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Published September, 1908

secessionists," he used to call them, when angry or heated by contradiction, but more commonly, "the poor fools," in a tone of half-pitying rebuke, just as he had spoken of them on that memorable night when the bells were ringing for the secession of his State.

It was probably his warmth in advocating this policy to "agree with the adversary quickly" lest a worse thing should befall us by delay, that led to his action at the public meeting referred to in the text. What was said and done on that occasion, and the substance of the resolutions that gave such offense, I know no more to this day than when the account in the journal was penned. The subject was never alluded to between us and our father. Whether the course of events would have been altered if counsels such as his had prevailed, no one can tell. The passion and fury of the time were not favorable to moderation, and the fatal mistake was made, that has petrified the fifteenth amendment in our national constitution, and injected a race problem into our national life. There it stands to-day, a solid wedge of alien material cleaving the heart wood of our nation's tree of life, and throwing the dead weight of its impenetrable mass on whatever side its own interest or passion, or the influence of designing politicians may direct it.

June 1, Thursday.—I dressed up in my best, intending to celebrate the Yankee fast by going out to pay some calls, but I had so many visitors at home that I did not get out till late in the afternoon. I am sorry enough that Lincoln was assassinated, Heaven knows, but this public fast is a political scheme gotten up to

throw reproach on the South, and I wouldn't keep it if I were ten times as sorry as I am.

The "righteous Lot" has come back to town. It is uncertain whether he or Capt. Schaeffer is to reign over us; we hope the latter. He is said to be a very gentlemanly-looking person, and above associating with negroes. His men look cleaner than the other garrison, but Garnett saw one of them with a lady's gold bracelet on his arm, which shows what they are capable of. I never look at them, but always turn away my head, or pull down my veil when I meet any of them. The streets are so full of negroes that I don't like to go out when I can help it, though they seem to be behaving better about Washington than in most other places. Capt. Schaeffer does not encourage them in leaving their masters, still, many of them try to play at freedom, and give themselves airs that are exasperating. The last time I went on the street, two great, strapping wenches forced me off the sidewalk. I could have raised a row by calling for protection from the first Confederate I met, or making complaint at Yankee headquarters, but would not stoop to quarrel with negroes. If the question had to be settled by these Yankees who are in the South, and see the working of things, I do not believe emancipation would be forced on us in such a hurry; but unfortunately, the government is in the hands of a set of crazy abolitionists, who will make a pretty mess, meddling with things they know nothing about. Some of the

Yankee generals have already been converted from their abolition sentiments, and it is said that Wilson is deviled all but out of his life by the negroes in South-West Georgia. In Atlanta, Judge Irvin says he saw the corpses of two dead negroes kicking about the streets unburied, waiting for the public ambulance to come and cart them away.

June 4, Sunday.—Still another batch of Yankees, and one of them proceeded to distinguish himself at once, by “capturing” a negro’s watch. They carry out their principles by robbing impartially, without regard to “race, color, or previous condition.” ‘Ginny Dick has kept his watch and chain hid ever since the bluecoats put forth this act of philanthropy, and George Palmer’s old Maum Betsy says that she has “knowed white folks all her life, an’ some mighty mean ones, but Yankees is de fust ever she seed mean enough to steal fum niggers.” Everybody suspected that mischief was afoot, as soon as the Yankees began coming in such force, and they soon fulfilled expectations by going to the bank and seizing \$100,000 in specie belonging to one of the Virginia banks, which the Confederate cavalrymen had restored as soon as they found it was private property. They then arrested the Virginia bank officers, and went about town “pressing” people’s horses to take them to Danburg, to get the “robbers” and the rest of the money, which they say is concealed there. One of the men came to our house after supper, while we were sitting out on