

JOURNAL

FANNY YATES COHEN (TAYLOR) 1840-1938

On Wednesday morning, December 21st, the Yankees entered our peaceful little City in a much more orderly way than I had anticipated, although of course there were many robberies committed, the lower classes and the negroes whom they came to befriend, being the greatest sufferers. They gave three very orderly and unimpulsive cheers when they raised the Flag on the flag-staff in the Barracks' yard and after that military move everything was comparatively quiet for us until one O'clock when General Howard and his Staff came in search of Quarters and liking the appearance of our house gave us until five o'clock in the afternoon to vacate it. When Father remonstrated with them and told them there were ladies in the house and it would be exceedingly inconvenient for them to move, one of them politely answered " Well: I suppose it will be inconvenient for you, but you know you Rebs will fight and when you are conquered you must submit to whatever will contribute to our comfort ". Father, however, by dint of great persuasion, induced them to take an empty house opposite to ours with the provision of allowing them to keep their horses in our stable. That day we were applied to from every source, but with Father's management, we kept them out of our house; in the evening we went to bed at eight o'clock, thoroughly exhausted from the day's excitement.

December 22nd, 1864

I had gone to bed sick last evening and this morning I felt too badly to rise in time for breakfast, but feeling better as the day advanced made my appearance at dinner. Father had been dreadfully harassed during the morning for his house and, as a friend of ours, Col. Hardy had told us to apply to Capt. Poe, Chief Engineer on Sherman's Staff, if we required assistance, knowing that he would aid us if it was in his power, he wrote a note to him, asking him to come and see him- he having not yet come to town, did not reply to it. I have never seen a man so annoyed and unnerved as Father is. At about four o'clock this afternoon Dr. Bellinger, one of our Confederate surgeons, who had been left in charge of Hospital No. 2, came to see us and that was the first pleasureable moment I had had since those Vandals entered our city. I had been so surrounded by blue coats that the sight of our gray uniform made me happy for I felt that I had a friend near me; he, however, only remained a short time and we relapsed into our usual state, bordering on melancholy. Again we retired at eight o'clock actuated by several motives, one of which was to save wood as the weather was unusually cold and the little that we had in the house was being constantly stolen by the Yankees. At two o'clock to-day one of our house servanys, Henry, left us being anxious to enlist in the Federal Service.

December 23rd,

Mother is quite sick to-day suffering with one of her attacks of neuralgia brought on, I suppose, by worry and excitement. It is Sister's birthday and the saddest I hope of her life, for we are all dreadfully depressed, not knowing what will happen from day to day. Capt. Poe, called this morning and I was obliged to receive him and never was so embarrassed in my life, my hatred for the Army in which he was an officer and my desire to be polite made me almost speechless, the contending feelings were more than I could control. He, however conducted himself like a gentleman and offered us all the assistance in his power, but evidently could do nothing for us, as he had Quarters at Mrs. Cheves' and we knew that our turn must soon come and probably we should be compelled to have some brute in our house, who would make our life more miserable than it already was. We spent this evening in Mother's room and went to bed as early as usual only dreading the disclosures of the morrow.

Saturday December 24th

Nothing happened this morning worthy of note except the intrusion of Capt. Dunbar on Kilpatrick's Staff, who again came for Quarters and as Father was out I was obliged to receive him, but did so standing up, so that he could have no excuse for remaining longer than his business required him to do. I told him he could probably

have our front parlor, but as my Father was out could not give him a positive answer; in a couple of hours he returned and asked to see me again. I went down to him and he told me the order had been countermanded and he should not require the room. I told him I was glad that we were relieved, when he remarked that he would call again as he wished to become personally acquainted with my Father. I gave him no answer, but opened the front door for him and he walked out like a well bred dog and I rather think he will not make his appearance again, and I certainly hope from the bottom of my heart that he has paid his last visit. At two o'clock General Hazen, came for Quarters and we have been forced to give him two rooms - our front parlor and a bed room, the one we always kept for our friends - it is a hard trial, but I suppose we must submit. I used to know this man before the war and I trust for that reason he will treat us with more consideration than some of our friends have received, who have been obliged to receive Yankees in their homes. Well: that question is settled and I hope our annoyances for the present are over, the anticipation, however, of having them among us is enough to make us prematurely old.

December 25th, Sunday

This is the saddest Christmas that I have ever spent and my only pleasure during the day has been in looking forward to spending my next Christmas in the Confederacy. This morning my uncle, Mr. Myers, and his daughter, Mrs. Yates Levey came to see us and told us of a party given the evening before by the Negroes at General Geary's Head-

