

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-

quarters, where the General went into the kitchen and desired an introduction to the ladies and gentlemen there assembled. After the introduction he asked who were slaves and who were free. There was but one slave present, a servant girl of my Aunt, who acknowledged the fact. This elegant gentleman enquired into her private history and finding out that she was a married woman, begged an introduction to her husband, Mr.Valentine. He then presented Mr.Valentine, as a Christmas gift, with a free wife. The girl was so much amused, having always been a favorite servant, and treated like one of the family, that she told it to her Mistress as a good joke. In the afternoon we had a Rebel meeting, Dr. R., Fanny Levey, Dr.B., and our own family forming the party. We abused the Yankees to our hearts' content and congratulated ourselves upon being once more together. Dr.R.told me of a newspaper that had been issued called "The Loyal Georgia" with this motto, "Redeemed, Regenerated and Disenthralled"... "The Union must and shall be preserved." This of course createated great merriment, the first time, I had had a hearty laugh since the Goths had been amongst us. Dr.B. spent the evening with us. We are beginning to improve in spirits; we did not retire until 10 o'clock.

Monday, December 26th

This is the commencement of another week of unhappiness. I went to-day to see my grandparents, the first time I have left the house, and found them very much dispirited, Grandfather being unwell. The weather is warm and damp, which always affects all persons. I therefore hope he will be better in a few days. Dr.Bellinger spent this evening with us. In the course of the evening, Mr.Low, our

neighbor, brought a Yankee over to see Father on business and I am sorry to say he ushered him into our family circle and although I did nothing more than bow when he entered, he had impertinence enough to ask me to play the piano for him. I, of course, declined the honor and then the evening's conversation. If we are conquered I see no reason why we should receive our enemies as friends and I never shall do it as long as I live. Father is very much afraid that I will compromise him by my too-open avowal of hatred, but I pray daily that he may be mistaken in his fears.

Tuesday, December 27th,

This morning, I went to see my Aunt, Mrs. Cohen, for the first time and although she is a Northern woman, found her violent against the yankees and a true sympathizer in our cause. In the afternoon, I went out again and was surprised to see what these wretches had done in the way of making themselves comfortable. All of our squares were built up with wooden houses, so that I scarcely recognized the streets. We expected Gen. Hazen to-day, but thank God he did not arrive and I trust we may yet have another day's respite. Dr. Bellinger spent the evening with us. We look forward to his visits as gleams of sunshine in our gloomy life.

Wednesday, December 28th.

To-day nothing has occurred worthy of mention. Fanny Levey dined with us and went home early in the afternoon, much to our regret for our only pleasure now is in seeing our friends. Dr. Bellinger spent the evening with us and we played cards until 10 o'clock, quite a dissipation for the times.

Thursday, December 29th.

It has turned very cold again and as we have very little wood, the Yankees having robbed us of a great deal of it, I dread a continuation of this weather. Dr. Bellinger, Fanny Levey and Mr. Cozens spent the morning with us, Mr. Cozens expressing his sentiments very boldly, which rather surprised me after the course Dr. Arnold had pursued. Mr. Woodbridge dined with us and having wine, which we do not now have every day, I drank a silent toast to Col. W., this being his birthday, which I did not forget. In the afternoon Dr. B. and I went to see the Myerses and found Uncle Myers quite sick. We took a long and agreeable walk, after which we spent a quiet evening at home. We have most cheering accounts of our successes in the Confederacy and I pray that they may be true. Gen. Hazen has not come in and I understand it is because he has been threatened by our Army from Florida and cannot give up Fort McAllister, as the Yankee Army is forced to be supplied in a measure from that quarter. The Yankees cannot raise the obstructions quickly enough in the Savannah River and they are obliged to cut a new channel - until that is finished the Ogeechee will be used to transport supplies.

Friday, December 30th.

This morning, Dr. Bellinger came to see my maid, who has been sick for several days. After he left I went to my room and darned my stockings for the weeks, the first time I had ever done such a thing in my life before, but I suppose when she leaves me I shall always have it to do, so I had better begin at once. The rest of this day has been uninterestingly spent.



Saturday, December 31st.

It has been unusually cold to-day and Dr. Bellinger and I have spent the day over the fire, I having been suffering from a headache. Dr. B. in order to cheer me up, for I am always blue when sick, dined with us and spent a part of the afternoon with us.

Sunday, January 1st, 1865

How sad is this beginning of the year to us, surrounded by our enemies without any prospect of seeing our friends. Any fete day always reminds us more forcibly of our misfortunes. In the afternoon I went to see Mrs. Hay, who I heard was going into our lines and to beg her to take a letter for me. She was entertaining Gen. Davis and Staff, buttering them well, all for her own ends. She is certainly a fascinating woman and will get all that she wants out of the Yankees.

Monday, January 2nd, 1865

To-day Gen. Hazen paid me a visit preparatory to his occupancy of his quarters. At first we were both a little stiff, but after talking a little while of mutual Southern friends we became more talkative. He has promised to make us more comfortable as I complained of our poor fare and want of wood. He was very considerate during his stay and said nothing offensive.

Tuesday, January 3rd, 1865

This morning I went to see some friends and while out Gen. Hazen called again. Mother saw him and made arrangements with him.



He will only occupy the parlor and has already sent us a quantity of wood and men to cut it. I hope that he will fulfill all of his fair promises, as they will help us in these trying times.

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