

## slutty yankees

A great many are expecting a cessation of hostilities & a reconstitution of the Union, It is the height of folly to gloat about the old union & constitution both parties have trampled them under their feet, Lincoln has violated the Constitution at every step since he declared war. It makes my southern blood boil, to hear the filthy dutch-yankees, when they come out upon their thieving expeditions, boast that they are fighting for the "glorious union" Glorious Union indeed. Their souls are not susceptible of a single emotion of liberty & equality, what care they fresh from a foreign land, for "The Union," money & subsistence is the motive power that moves them to invade the South & rob Southern women & children.

I desire peace, yet I can never love the Northern people again, never trust them as brothers; have endured too many heartaches, shed too many bitter despairing tears & followed to the grave too dear a friend, ever to forget & forgive. Have read but little this week am trying to review "Criticism" but am making slow speed. They wish me to teach school, will reflect on it, would welcome almost anything, just for the sake of a change; will stagnate, both in body & mind if I don't arouse, and apply my energies to something besides, neighborhood visiting, a little reading, knitting, sewing, a great deal of eating & sleeping.

Sunday, February 1863.

It is raining again, a dark grey misty rain, like Byron I always feel better when the sun shines, though I can't say with him that I feel more religious. To day my head aches, & my mind is full of gloomy thoughts. Sunday is the most wearisome of all the days of the week, since the war we have <sup>no</sup> sabbath-schools or sermons, must remain at home, read, eat & sleep & yawn & complain of "ennui"



**Transcription (with minor changes in punctuation) of four pages of the Mary  
Pearre Diary, 1863**

**PART A.**

A great many are expecting a cessation of hostilities and a reconstruction of the union. It is the height of folly to prate about the old union and constitution. Both parties have trampled them under their feet. Lincoln has violated the constitution at every step since he declared war. It makes my southern blood boil, to hear the filthy dutch yankees, when they come out upon their thieving expeditions, boast that they are fighting for the "glorious union." Glorious Union indeed. Their souls are not susceptible of a single emotion of liberty and equality, what care they fresh from a foreign land for "The Union," money and subsistence is the motive power that moves them to invade the South and rob Southern women and children.

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It is raining again, a dark grey misty rain, like Byron I always feel better when the sun shines, though I can't say with him that I feel more religious. Today my head aches and my mind is full of gloomy thoughts. Sunday is the most wearisome of all the days of the week, since the war we have no sabbath-schools or sermons, must remain at home, read, eat & sleep, & yawn & complain of "ennui."

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