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I great many are expecting a restation of hostilities of a reconstriction of the union, It is the height

of folly to prote about the old union & constitution forth parties have the transfeed them under their feet, Linealn has violated the Constitution at every step, since he declared man, It makes my southern blood boil, to hear the filthy dutch yankees, when they come soft out upon their thiening expeditions boats that they are fighting for the "glorious union" Illorious union "allorious union indeed. Their souls are not susceptible of a the single emotion of liberty & equality, what care they fresh from a foreign land, for the union," miney & subsistence is the motive forces that moves them to invade the Gouth & rob shouthern women's children

Beefile again, never trust them as brothers; have endured to many heart aches, shed too many litter despairing trans followed to the grave too dear a freind, ever took fugit & forgine. "Have read but little this week am trying to review 'briticism' but am making slow speed. They wish me to teach school, will reflect on it, resuld welcome almost anything, fust for the lake of a change; will stagnate, both in brody & mind if I dint armse, and apply my energies to something besides, sneighborhood visiting, a little reading, mixting, seewing, a great deal of eating & speeping.

Sunday Feebuary 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. Its day my thead aches, I may mind is full of glormy Thoughts. Gunday is the most wearing the of all the days of the week, since the war we have, sabbath-schools or sermons, must remain at home, read, east I skeep I yound complain of 'enui"

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.

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 and followed to the grave too dear a friend, ever to forget and 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 and mind if I don't arise, and apply my energies to something besides, neighborhood visiting, a little reading, knitting, sewing, a great deal of eating and 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. 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."