

converse with the family, then again a sort of gaily entirely  
incomprehensible to me or others, takes possession of my spirits  
& I laugh & talk, as if there was no war desolating our land  
nor no gloom upon my spirits nor no agony of suspense  
gnawing at my heart. I read - but find but little relief  
am trying to peruse, Barre's Lives of Illustrious Men of  
America, I don't know whether I can comprehend their  
thoughts & motives or not - often stop reading - find  
myself busy wondering, if they were now living; which  
side would they deem in the right - Heigho, I scarcely  
know what I'm penning - my hand cramps so that  
I will cease for the present -

Monday Night, Feb 9th

Been visiting all day, ought to mark  
it as a day lost, A Federal force is at Franklin; can  
ably scouring all over the country, stealing money clothes &c  
, foraging & foraging hares & capturing "Recess" soldiers  
• Am fearful that Robert will be taken prisoner. not a  
dog barks, but what I imagine, the "Yankess" are coming.

Oh, when will it end? I told May tonight I felt as if  
I should go crazy. Oh, that we ~~not~~ could conquer a peace.

I almost doubt the efficiency of a republican form  
of government, ours has not yet seen a century.

It is humiliating to reflect upon our glorious past & then  
compare it with the present. Oh, for a Washington, Jefferson,  
Hamilton, or a Jackson, or some such mighty spirits.

To guide us aright & bring an end to this desolating war.

At times I fondly imagine Jeff-Davis, our talented  
& farseeing president is the man. God grant that he may  
be -

My thoughts are confused, have lost all com-  
-mand of diction, can scarcely clothe my thoughts in the  
most ordinary language, this is the principle reason of  
my writing; to try to impose myself in composition.

I wonder if I could compose a passable letter now!

I read but it makes but little impress upon my memory



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

**PART C.**

.....converse with the family, then again a sort of gaiety entirely incomprehensible to me or others, takes possession of my spirits and I laugh and talk, as if there was no war desolating our land nor no gloom upon my spirits nor no agony of suspense gnawing at my heart – I read – but find but little relief. Am trying to peruse Barre's Lives of Illustrious Men of America, don't know whether I can comprehend their thoughts and motives or not. Often stop reading – find myself busy wondering, if they were now living, which side would they deem to be in the right. Heigho, I scarcely know what I'm penning – my hand cramps so that I will cease for the present –

Monday night, Feb. 9<sup>th</sup>

Been visiting all day, ought to mark it as a day lost, A Federal force is at Franklin. Cavalry scouting all over the country, stealing money, clothes, and foraging and pressing horses and capture "secesh" soldiers. Am fearful that Robert will be taken prisoner. Not a dog barks, but what I imagine, the "Yankees" are coming. Oh, when will it end! I told Mag tonight I felt as if I should go crazy. Oh, that we could conquer a peace.

I almost doubt the efficiency of a republican form of government, ours has not yet seen a century.

It is humiliating to reflect upon our glorious past and then compare it with the present. Oh, for a Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, or a Jackson, or some such mighty spirits to guide us aright and bring an end to this desolating war. At times I proudly imagine Jeff Davis, our talented and forbearing president is the man. God grant that he may be - My thoughts are confused, have lost all command of diction, can scarcely clothe my thoughts in the most ordinary language, this is the principle reason of my writing; to try to improve myself in composition. I wonder if I could compose a passable letter now. I read but it makes but little impress upon my memory.

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