converse with the family, then agains a soil of garely entirely incomprehensible to me or others, takes posession of my spirits I laught lalk, as if their was no war desolding our land nor no gloom upon my spirits nor no agory of suspense garawing at my heart. I read but find but little relief am trying to peruse, Bures Times of Illustrious men of America; Dint know whether I can comprehend their thoughts modines or out- often slop reading - find myself busy undering, if they were now living; which side would they deem in the right - Heighor I swarzely know what I'm penning - my hand cramps so that I will rease for the present Monday Night, Freb 9th Deen visiting all day, ought to mark it as a day lost, at Kederal Jones is at Franklin; Coan aly secuting all over the country, stealing money elithes te , foraging & pressing hores & to capturing Lecash soldiers · Am fearful that skohert will be taken prisoner . not a dog backs, but what I imagine, the yankees" are corneing. Oh, when will it end; I Told May to night I fell as if I should go erasg. The that we sol could conquer a peace. I almost doubt the efficiency of a republican form of government, cours had not yet seen a century. It is humidling to reflect when our glarious fast & then. compare it with the present. The for a Hashington, Jefferson, Hamilton, or a facksen, or some such mighly spirits. to quide us aright & being an end to this desolating war. At times I foundly imaging Jeff-Davis, our tatented I fandering president is the man. God grant that he may be _ my thoughts are confused, have look all com_ - mand of dietion, ean searsely elithe my thoughts in the most ordinary language, this is the principle reason of my writing, to try to improve myself in Composition. I under if I evild compose a papable letter now! I read but it makes but tille imfress orpen my menory

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 them 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. 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.