



Mobile Jan 18th/61

My Own dear dear Wife I feel glad that I do not have to Write More than once a week for it is a task now where it used to be a pleasure When I had Nothing to think about but you and go ahead and get something to keep you and the little ones on but Now My Country is gone and a country that the beere Name Made every true Americans heart bound With joy I try to Wear it off but no use it comes back With redoubled vigor and the tears Will start in all good Mens eyes when this Rebellion is talked about for a few Minuits but it is done and None but god can save it Ah alas that I should ever see the day that My Country is to be a bye Word for the World I love it still and shall always love it and as long as I live I will reverence the stars and stripes and no other flag will ever have the same effect upon My feeling that the old flag has. We are expecting to hear of a battle every hour for the United States troops hold a fort at Pencecola and the State troops have colected there to the Number of five thousand and they swear they will take it if it costs the lives of two thousand Men | We all hope they will give it up for When the first blood is spilt Woe Woe to us all for there is No one can tell Where it Will end. English ships are taking the preference over american and We stand No chance at all Now I think I shall try and get a long voyage and take you With Me and We Will go Where they cannot throw the down fall of My country in My face in the english language oh dear I Want to get to you and have you talk the gloom from My heart No one but your dear self can do it oh how I Would like to have you in My arms you and those dear little ones are all I have left to love or to love Me Now. I have five hundred Bales down and are goin on at a great rate and Want to get away from this chaos and ruin I still hope they Will do Something before I arrive but every voice Now says

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MMN #36114

Date: Jan. 18, 1861

Description: Capt. John Curtis on Secession

that it is impossible they say it is to far gone now
R Skolfield arrived here last Night in the New ship
Lydia Skolfield Fanny is With him and she has Emma With
them to help take care of the children as she has a boy to
go with the girl now he says the old Man Sweet is turned
out a real drunkard and is crazy A.O. Sweet is doing
nothing but loaf. J.P. Boutille is to house boarding
with Lucy and cannot get a ship he has tryed every
where even in New York and No one Would sell to him
he has joined the church and is altered in every respect
Link says that the Black Republicans are denying that
they ever thought of being abolitionist down there
yes they Now deny it When it is to late Well dear L. I
have been down the bay since I Wrote this and am getting
along first rate loading and hope to get off in twenty
days and then for to see you Wont I feel happy When I
he the cry of land ho and see old Ireland once More
I Went on board a few Moments to see Fanny and
Emma Fanny looks a great deal older and Susana is
grown so large I should not have known her she is as
large as Mary Dolover and looks first rate I can tell you
they are not comming to town at all I told Link on the boat
that Emma should not go away from here Without seeing
Mobile if I had to fetch her up Myself he said he would make
Fanny come up for a week there boy is just six weeks
old to day and a fine boy it is and Link is as proud
as a cat with two tails Mrs Swain has been at me to
lend her some more money but I refused for now one
dose not know What a day May bring forth and those
that are good to day May be Worse than Nothing to morrow
so I kept and When cotton gets down to nine cents I
am goin to buy to buy cotton With every cent I have here and
have it well insured and if it goes Why you Will
have it as I shall insure it at L poole and shall Write
to that effect to Morrow. The sound of Martial Music
grates harshly upon my ears as I set in My room When
I think for What purpose it is got up god help us all
there has been great fear that all Northern Men Would
be drove out from here but that has subsided

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Now and as long as they do not fight there will
be no trouble but if they ever have a battle woe to all
Northern Men South and all Southern Men North it will
be the great tragedy of the french Revolution enacted
over a much larger scale Oh dear L do forgive
these scrawls as My Mind is in such a state that I
cannot Write Northern people Who have friends here are
telegraphing all the time to know if they are Well
I tell you dear L you cannot conceive the state every one's
mind is in here I have had a number of men of the
first standing here say to me I need not have any
fear for My self for I shall not be hurt as long as they
can protect me every Northern ship is taking up and
getting away as fast as possible English ships are
getting a quarter of a cent better than Americans now
and to day the News came that Georgia has gone out
of the Union and next Week Louisiana goes Alabama
Florida Mississippi & South Carolina are all ready out
and state troops are Marching from all quarters to
the sea board to protect the forts and Harbours. No
news yet from Pensacola there is two thousand
state troops around Fort Dickins there and they
say it will take twenty thousand to take it the fort
is held by Luit Skinner and one hundred and
sixty U S troops and report says that Skinner is as
brave as brave can be and every heart leaps with intense
anxiety when any news comes from that quarter
for fear of the bloody trade that is soon expected
to be enacted from that quarter and dear L When
you read this I know you Will forgive My letters
I send them to let you know that I am Well and
love you better than ever Ah dear could My life save
My country I would willingly lay it down this Moment
and thank My god that it could be bought so cheap
and I know My dear Wife Would part With Me for
that purpose. Emma says that Lucy Was almost
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poor Woman her Money dose not buy her a bed
of roses I am tired and sleepy for once since I got
here and Will to bed and finish this to Morrow
My old Friend Stinson is now with Me in My room
With Me and we are talking over old times and all the
rest Poor John Patten is dead I forgot to tell you I knew
young John he burst a blood vessel and died in three days
It must be hard hard for his poor Mother and Father
for they worshipped him. I ought to have kept still a
little while and then I would have got a penny
as these times are putting freights up and god
only knows when we will get any thing more
I have told the Steward to write his Wife to come to
Liverpool and if you went with me I would give
her a chance to go with you if you liked her | Poor
fellow he feels bad as she is free and lives in Baltimore
in a slave state and all the slave states have passed
laws to clear out every free Negro and she has to
leave and he is almost crazy about it My Mate I
brought to town the day I arrived here and I have
got the 2^d one since to go down to Night the first
one took a jug of Whisky with him when he Went
on board and I wrote him I did not want him
in the ship and I sent to New Orleans and have
one that goes down to Night and I do not like
the looks of him but I have Charley and he is
honest and I can trust him so I will try and
keep him untill I get to Liverpool and then
I am in hopes to find Jameson for I am
drove to death with them Now for My dear boys
kiss them for Me and do not let Malcolm forget
me and tell them that father thinks of them often
and wants to see them. I hope to get a letter
from you in the morning and now dear L accept
this from me who loves you More than you
Will ever know Your Own John

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