

Transcription

"Curse their Wicked obstinacy"

Richmond Jan 19 1861

Dear George,

I feel that I am Owing you a letter, but scarcely know how to pen a reply. We are all Well again at Home thank God! the Cruel Cough having Moderated—We have them for Notwithstanding the troublous times, contrived to get our regular Meals three times a day which is More than Many poor Souls, Can say and the Number Will be increased I fear instead of diminished, before the Winters Out.— What in the Name of all thats Good do those stubborn Mulish Black republicans Mean at Washington—sitting still, Making No Move at Compromise, No Effort to re-assure the anxious Country, but quietly suffering state after state to go out, rather than speak one Word of Comfort.— I do Curse them from my very Soul when I Contemplate the awful Crisis they have brought upon the Country, and are still bringing by their determined resistance to all plans of pacification,—There was Mr Crittendens Bill for instance!— What Could have been fairer! Hundreds of Conservative Men here in Virginia held their breath, ~~and~~ Waiting to hail the first glimpse of returning dawn,—But what was the result, Defeated!

What difference did it Make to them how Much farther South, slavery Might be Carried, provided their Nostrils Were not offended—No! they have fully Made up their Minds to let the Union slide—and to drive the South to the only alternative, Secession! Every days delay Widens the breach, and yet they heed it Not! O that the people might speak again through the ballot Box. Ere it be forever too late.—I do sincerely hope that Senator Biglers Motion May prevail to refer it back to the people.—While our Negroes are in the Midst of Comfort and plenty, how Many poor honest White Men are at this Very time starving—and starving too when their representatives at Washington might by speaking the Word, heal all our differences, ~~and~~ give peace, restore Confidence & renew the palsied industry of the Nation— Curse their Wicked obstinacy say I.— A fearful reckoning awaits them.—Perhaps they look forward to the fourth of March next when the sword and purse Will be at their Command, and Employ force, Well, let them try it, & instantly ~~as from~~ a Millions of Swords Will leap from their scabbards to welcome the invaders to Bloody Graves.



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Transcription

You may perhaps think that I have lost all love for my Native state Not So! She can never become the tool of oppressors— We ask only our rights, We ask that the North Cease to Meddle With our social relations—

Slavery to the North is immaterial In the South it is Vital.— Besides the North has No business to Meddle With it.— In Electing Lincoln, they have said as Much as that Slavery is to be Extinguished and to this End We have seized on the power to do it— What difference whence the attack proceeds—does it lessen the force of the blow that it Comes from those who should be our Bretheren?

No More at present from

Yours affectionately

JACOB

Remember Me to your Wife— I often think of her and wish we Could be nearer.

Citation Text: Jacob Bechtel to George Bechtel, January 19, 1861, Jacob H. Bechtel Papers, William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan