

10-22-1861

Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1861 October 22

Patrick Guiney

Follow this and additional works at: http://crossworks.holycross.edu/patrick_guiney_letters

Recommended Citation

Guiney, Patrick, "Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1861 October 22" (1861). *Col. Patrick Guiney Letters*. Paper 25.
http://crossworks.holycross.edu/patrick_guiney_letters/25

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at CrossWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Col. Patrick Guiney Letters by an authorized administrator of CrossWorks.

Miners Hill Va.

Oct. 22^d 1861

My Dear Jennie:

I am in possession of your letter of the 18th inst. Papers, also, duly received. With what pleasure, Jennie, I reflect upon your ever gushing kindness to me, and how happily I sit in my little tent and think of you and read over and over again your affectionate words. Perhaps some ^{would} be sad if circumstanced as I am - so far away and a cherished wife and child at home. But, no, I am not affected in that way. My thoughts make

me joyful and content
My heart could not be satis-
fied, and my life would
be a bleak and painful
one, if I had ~~not~~ even
one to love me, to think
of me and to speak my
name in the holy accents
of prayer. Having you,
sailing, ^{do} to all this, I feel
blessed and happy. My life
amid the coarse vicissi-
tudes of camp, is passed
away without a tinge of
sorrow; and, dear, I know
it is a great pleasure to
your woman's heart, to know
that you make me so
happy. If I have never
spoken to you of that
grey early morn when
you and I were together
at the sacred altar, it is

not because I do not think
of it. I do often. It is the only
one which impressed its
scenes and hues upon me,
~~in that~~ I remember it well.
That day shall ever be the
welcome anniversary of a
great gift to me. Bless you
dearling, if I had you now
me now how fondly would
I press you to my heart.
Now, Jennie, while writing
the above I was quite se-
rious, but upon my word
I am laughing now.
What am I laughing at? I'll
tell you: Those evenings
(nights) when we were in
that parlor and I trying
to read the "Reveries of
a Bachelor" under circum-
stances extremely adverse to
a proper appreciation of his
supposed felicity.

Well, dear, my mind has
come back again from
its ramble into our
young days. What of ~~the~~
our present and future?
I have ~~such~~ unlimited
confidence in your good
judgement that it seems
to me to be superfluous
to advise you, and since
you informed me that
you were comfortable
for the winter, my anxiety
for you is not so painful
as it was. I am glad
you made up your mind
to visit our kind friends
in Portland. I feel sure
that you will enjoy it.
All the fear I have is that
my little Julia will be sea-
-sick on the boat. She is

so fat and so full of life
it would be a pity to have
her ill. But I suppose it is
all over by this time and
the little darling is as lively
as ever. Remember me
kindly to the family. I hope
to get a letter from you as
soon as you can after your
arrival in Portland.

As to myself I have
already told you how I am.
I am enjoying the confi-
-dence and esteem of my
fellow officers and sol-
-diers - there is a welcome
for me in every tent. Good
health, too, is my good fortune.
Everyone out here says that
I am the happiest looking
man imaginable. This
is the secret of it, Jennie:
My home beams upon

me and encircles me
with a halo which is ever
bright. O! may God permit
us to be happy together
again.

Our situation is much
-ged since my last. Expecting
to move every day. We were
not in the fight at Leesburg
last night. The prospect is
that in the course of a few
weeks, I will ^{be} Major of the
Regt. I am not commissio-
-ned as such, but I am doing
the duties of Major. Father Sewell
is here. I made ^{him} describe your-
-self and Julia to me. I am in
want of nothing love. I fear
the Comforter would encumber
me on the march. Unless
you have sent it before
this, dear, do not send it
at all. When we go into

winter Quarters, I will
 inform you and then
 you can send me a few
 things. I am in a hurry,
 love, with that likeness
 of yours. I had two pict-
 ures taken but, O! my con-
 science, they were shockingly
 bad. The artist was rather
 Spiritual, I suspect, and,
 therefore, made a Ghost
 of me. I would send you
 one but I am afraid
 it would frighten the
 child. So I will not send
 it. My dear, it is getting
 late and I must close
 this without telling you
 one half of what I intend
 p.s. to when we meet again
 excuse the envelope. I cannot
 find any other. I hate these
 darsbed ones, mg R. G.