

College of the Holy Cross

CrossWorks

Col. Patrick Guiney Letters

Special Collections

1-23-1862

Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1862 January 23

Patrick Guiney

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



Part of the [American Material Culture Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Guiney, Patrick, "Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1862 January 23" (1862). *Col. Patrick Guiney Letters*. 30.
https://crossworks.holycross.edu/patrick_guiney_letters/30

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

Jan. 23^d / 1862
My Ever Dear Jennie:

Owing to the mud
blockade we are still in
our old camp. The "Sacred
Soil" is in a most profane
condition. Did you ever no-
-tice a fly endeavoring to
walk through a dish of
molasses? If you did, you
can form some idea of our
abortive attempts to wade!
So here we are all ready and
only waiting for the Sun, to
use a vulgar expression,
to "Dry up." In the mean
time I will write to you
every day or so. I cannot
tell where we are going to.
Some say that we are going

back to Annapolis there to embark
for some point on the Southern
Coast. I hope Mr. We want
to go up to that rougher
Manassas where only we can
redeem the character so wretched-
-ly flung away at Bull Run.
But Mr. Sellan will decide
where we are to distinguish
ourselves.

I send pictures of
Mr. Sellan, Davis and Beau-
-regard. God forgive me
for naming them together!
In Mr. Sellan you will no-
-tice the dauntless and dash-
-ing soldier - In Davis the
Cold blood and great
intellect - in Beauregard
the stern commander. I hope
little Soobie will call none
of them sa sa except Mr.

Sellan.

The Colonel myself and
most of the officers have
sent the greater part of our
baggage into Washington. I will
never wear a white shirt un-
-til after the "Ninth" is immor-
-talized. But, Oh! the Mud!

The Sun is setting beau-
-tifully this evening - promising
well for tomorrow. We came
near having a duel fought to-
-day between Capt. Gallagher
and Mahan. They were blood
to the eyes! settled by myself
and another friend. Who would
be an dishonor?

My dear I will write
to you as often as possible
until we leave, and then
whenever I can. Ever P.R.S.