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## Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1862 February 12

Patrick Guiney

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### Recommended Citation

Guiney, Patrick, "Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1862 February 12" (1862). *Col. Patrick Guiney Letters*. 33.  
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Miners Hill, Virginia

Feb 12. 1862

My dear Jennie:

I wrote to you yesterday but I am so conscious of having omitted for so many days previous to that, to write to you, that I feel like writing to you every hour for a week. This evening I received two letters from you. They conveyed to me sweet news which always delights me - about the welfare, progress, and tricks of my little pet. She is so bothered by mistaken do's and pictures that, <sup>while</sup> I laugh about her I pity her sincerely. And you say she pouts, too! I guess she is older than we think for - she must have been peeping at us from the stars long before she was born.

By all means dear come on to see me as soon as you can. I need

not say to you, of course, that your course  
in coming on will be determined by the abil-  
ity of Fookie to do without your care. That  
is I mean just what you say yourself. Come  
on at that time. A trip out here will do you  
good - I will be delighted - and Fookie will not  
suffer so much as if you were with her.

Let me know several days before you come.  
I feel sure that camp life would not be  
pleasant to you now, and I would not enjoy  
seeing you in mud-misery. Mrs. Cass and the  
rest of the ladies wear great big military boots  
and overcoats. But "Come in the Spring time."

Yes, darling, while I fondly dwell  
upon your visit to me, I cannot think that  
by the time you are able to come we will  
be in this vicinity. Our staying here so long  
is fast becoming "The Great Mystery of the  
Century." But wherever I am, come! Come,  
Jennie, to see me when you can.

Mrs. Cass is not going home  
until the day after tomorrow, as she says,  
meaning to never go home.

Mrs. Nugent is here yet - she is begin-  
ning to be disgusted with the roughness  
of Camps and Soldiers. I think everybody  
ought to admire her more - she would  
stay longer with us, but "she's going home."  
To crown all she says somebody stole  
150 dollars out of Sick's pocket when  
both were asleep in the tent. Sick lost  
the money sure. Who stole Sick's money?  
I guess - somebody. But say nothing. It  
is all in the family.

Yes Love. I shall soon  
want suit of ~~cloth~~ sky blue pants  
with dark blue velvet. Coat of some  
color as my present one rigged for  
Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry. I under-  
stand my new Commission is in Wash-  
ington. Still address me as Major until  
I receive it. I cannot wear a bullet  
proof vest under my present coat -  
too small. Bullet Proofs are looked upon  
as indicating timidity, if not cowardice.  
Don't think I will have one anyway.  
Ever - P.R.B.