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11-30-1862

## Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1862 November 30

Patrick Guiney

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Mead Meisters 9th Man.  
Nov. 30. 1862

My dear Jennie:

Yours of the twenty third inst.  
is received. We are encamped close  
to the dingy village of Salomouth sit-  
uated on the immediate bank of the  
Rappahannock. We were here last  
summer when we were on our way  
to join Gen. Pope, after evacuation  
of the Peninsula. Saedericksburgh is  
on the opposite bank and looks  
splendidly. We desire possession of  
this latter place for hospital ac-  
commodations for our sick; but  
the rebels have it yet - we envy  
them, but it's no use - they will  
have it. I seldom have seen a  
place in Virginia worth speaking  
of and I should not have said  
so much of this locality were



it not that in my opinion it is prob-  
-ably to be the resting place of both  
armies for months to come. America  
is here in her two forms of power  
and civilization. Which shall conquer?  
or shall this stream divide <sup>them</sup> forever?  
This is an awful pause. The air is  
permeated with rumors of peace,  
armistice, etc. My way would be  
now, at this moment, to bring  
out, concentrate, force, and push  
to the front, flanks and rear of  
the enemy, the (as yet) unused,  
mighty, and inevitably overwhelming  
~~power~~ physical power of the  
loyal States. Now is the time.

The rebel Gladiator has been fighting  
all along, and, strong as he was, he  
may be now overwhelmed in his  
fatigue if met swiftly by our  
fresh levies. Now is the

-time forever! Where is the genius to  
inspire and direct it? I know not.  
We have had all through some good  
generals but no great ones. We are,  
I fear, still so, but I hope my  
fear is groundless. But, Jennie, I must  
quit this criticism. Perhaps my opin-  
-ions are too hastily formed and it  
may be that I do not appreciate  
fully our own weaknesses. Certain-  
-ly, my opportunities to form correct  
judgements have been very limited,  
comparatively. My inclination is  
not to find a fault, but my passion  
is to beat that rebel army (Richmond  
is no military consequence) and I am  
impatient for an American Vellei-  
-ton!

My dear Jennie, You must  
not notice, in any manner, those  
poor creatures who talk disparaging-  
-ly



of this regiment and of myself.  
 Now be sure and observe this.  
 Neither should you encourage  
 any of my friends to notice  
 them. Such men as that Scanlin  
 could do me no service by speak-  
 -ing <sup>well</sup> ~~ill~~ of me, and their igno-  
 -rant and malicious denunciation  
 of us is a great personal com-  
 -pliment to me in the judgement  
 of all decent people. What do  
 I care for a drunken rabble?  
 Thank God, my circumstances  
 no longer force me into any  
 acquaintance or association with  
 them. I was very poor once.  
 That tells a long story. It is,  
 I hope, at an end. Therefore  
 you will tell my dear friend  
 Fallon, of whom I am delight-  
 -ed to hear, that it is my  
 wish no notice be taken



of these contemptible fellows.  
An approving conscience, the res-  
pect and confidence of my super-  
visor officers and ~~that~~ the esteem  
of my brave comrades is enough  
for me. It will seem so to all  
when they reflect that I go on  
in the severe path of duty not  
caring whether I am loved or hated,  
so long as I am right.

Our purveyor get- & get  
him every day. All the recruits  
partly from this regi-  
had recalled. I  
away from  
does  
then  
to