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Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1863 April 13

Patrick Guiney

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Log House of Camp
April 13 1868

My dear Jennie

Ever this reaches you the probability is that the little house so long (short, I should say) blessed with your presence, will be deserted. Everything goes to confirm the idea that we are off in a few days. Pray, My Darling, that success will be our fortune this time. No one here seems to know where we are going to - but it is certain there is something important in the wind. I do believe that I shall drop tears when I am leaving this little canvas-covered cot when I leave it, forever. O! My dear, you never can know what a charmed remembrance I shall have of your presence if it. I never do feel when you are with me half so intensely as when you are gone. I cannot explain the feelings which crowd upon me tonight, love.

I think I see you here all the time and yet
I cannot feel you - you walk across the room
and yet you neither speak to me nor touch
me. I wish I had your hands to clasp
or your waist - or your cheek to kiss.
But separated we must live, for a while
at least. Be assured of one thing my dear, that
if a battle should occur before you hear from
me again, that I will come out of it with
glory or wounds - or, perhaps, both. Still, we
may not fight at all.

The Regiment is in splendid condition,
and, whatever the "Copperheads" of North and
Sey, is for me heart and soul - except a few
doubtless officers for whose appointment I am
not responsible - and would not be for the world.
Mahan is back and quite mad because I do
^{not} recommend him for Major.

So, my dear Jennie, in the warmest
manner possible, give my regards to our dear
sister Sarah, if she is with you. John is writing
an epistle to "his Mary" of the other end of the
table. He annoys me, so I bid you - Adieu love
Ernest