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Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1863 August 8

Patrick Guiney

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Camp at Beverly Ford -
on the Rappahannock
August 8. 1868

My dear Jennie

Last evening I wrote you a note and although I am willing to admit it was a fair portrait of my feelings at the time, yet I have been troubled about it all day and could not go to sleep to night until I wrote you a few lines of a different nature.

My darling, if you knew how my heart is bound up in you how tenderly I cherish you in my inmost soul - how much - nay, how wholly I rely upon you for my happiness, you, I know, would not say a word to touch with anger or sorrow my sensitive, impulsive nature. I beg of you darling to say nothing that will displease me, as upon this depends my happiness in this world. Whatever may be your feelings, darling, retain them rather

than make me think I had not
the love and respect of her to whom
I have both now as fresh and pure
as on that morning at the altar!

Jennie dear I feel almost
heart-broken about the little remark
you made in your letter of Aug. 2^d.
If I thought you intended to hurt
me the whole tenor of my life would
be changed. But I cannot yield to
such a belief. You are too good and
true and sensible to purpose such
a cruelty. While I feel subjected to
many evil influences, it would be
to shame for my endurance to know
that you yielded to any spirit of
retaliation upon me. No more of this
love!

My dear little sufferer after whom
I name every bird that sings near
me and every brook that ripples
and flows by my tent, how is she?
How is my sweet Lottie?

Give my warmest regards to
father Whelan and Lizzie and
tender my heartfelt sympathy to
Mrs. Duffy.

Jennie