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Letter to Jennie Guiney, 1863 November 19

Patrick Guiney

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Camp Near Brandy Station Va.
Nov. 19. 1863

My dear Jennie

Your very welcome and dear letter
came to hand today. You see by the Caption
of this that we have moved again across
the Rappahannock. My tent is just pitched -
for how long, Heaven only knows - whether for
months or hours. Elwyn has not yet arrived
he is still in Washington - so I cannot tell
you "how I like my things." The weather is quite
fine for the season. I wish for a storm I
assure you, because I feel confident that
Heade will let me go home when the woods
get so bad that he cannot move his army.
This is the season of storms and I am anxiously
looking for one, and watch the clouds
every hour. I am totally unable to give
you any advice about assuming the respon-
sibilities of St. Joseph's table at the Fair. Indeed

My dear, while I have very decided notions
about the brazen piety required & exhibit-
ed at such places, yet I have such a horror
of being advised myself on matters about
which anyone is competent to judge, that
I cannot for the life of me, advise even
my wife on the subject. I certainly would
avoid such places - all public displays - if
I were you. I fear my thoughts are rather
ancient on this & kindred subjects - perhaps
they are morbid & erroneous - so much do
I distrust myself on such matters, although I
feel intensely on these points, that I ~~feel~~ am
ashamed, or, rather, diffident about writing
my views to you my cherished, and certainly
would not even hint them to another. It
would be different if I were at home, or
if you had relatives to accompany you.
Bluebeardism is not dead yet, you see.
But none anon - when I see you. I'll give
you a "Candle Lecture" ripened, revised and
illustrated. I must not forget to say - that while
I will not promise much aid in "gardening", I'll
guarantee to drink the wine & eat grapes etc. Yours Wm.