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Letter to Louise Guiney, 1876 February 10

Patrick Guiney

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Boston, Feb. 10. 1876.

My dear Pet:-

Since I wrote to you last, it seems to me that we have received two letters from you, and I am, therefore, bound to improvise a note to you as a matter of politeness whether I have anything to say or not; though I dare say it will turn out before I finish this, that pleasure and politeness are not very different.

The most important event of a social nature of recent occurrence here, is the birth of a yet unnamed Miss Blake - a sister to Fitz and Arthur. The boys are, of course, in ecstasies over the miraculous little stranger. They tell wonderful stories as to her previous career up in Heaven among the angels, and regale all their visiting friends with the glowing incidents of her biography. Your mother was much entertained yesterday by Arthur in this way, and wished me to tell you all about it.

The next prospective social event of interest to you will be the marriage of your friend Emily

Hamham to Mr. Dorsey on the seventeenth of this month. And now having told ^{you} so much, I am most happy to say that I am unable to fill out the ordinary round of life by reference to the death of any of our friends, young or old. As Rip Van Winkle says, "may they live long and prosper."

I hate small dogs. The other morning as I was passing Oliver Ditson's house on my way to the horse car, Oliver and his black-and-tan pup came down the magnificent freestone steps of his mansion. I was wrapped up in my old muffler, and I suppose the aristocratic little pup thought I must be some suspicious polebeian in search of plunder. I suppose if I had on the elegant and extensive muffler that you made me, the dog would not have made such a mistake; but not feeling at ^{all} accountable to him for my style of dress in these hard times, as soon as I found him well mixed up with my pantaloons and gaiters, I drew off and gave him such a kick as would have probably prevented his existence if given to any of his ancestors. The dog yelped, of course, and his master protested in a some-

what similar way. So much for my adventure with a small dog. Ditson picked up his dog, and I took the horse car, conscious of having faithfully discharged my duty to my country!

By the way, your relation of experience with the little brats of civilization, the street boys, was very interesting to us all at home. No doubt you found them to be gentlemanly, gems in rags. There are thousands of such little boys, the children of Irish parents, who ^{have} the natural elements of nobility in them in a far higher degree than the children of vulgar wealth. You will the more readily understand this when you reflect that the ancestors of these boys were robbed of all their means - not even allowed an education - because they were true to God and remained Catholics through all the fire of English protestant persecution. These boys ought to be good. However, there are many of them made bad by circumstances, and you cannot always find "street boys" so good as the sample at Elmhurst. Be careful, then, how you transfer your affections from the "noble red men" of your first love to the little chiphunters of Providence.

Papa.