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Letter to Louise Guiney, 1876 September 29

Patrick Guiney

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Sept. 29. 1876.

My dear Pet:

This response is a little tardy owing to my laziness or some other ^{very} kinched virtue running in the blood of your paternal ancestors. Therefore excuse the delay as you are in duty bound.

We abandoned Green Hill two weeks ago this very day, and are comfortably ensconced at home enjoying the delights of furnished rooms, draughts of iced boochituate, gas lights and the refined attentions of civilized mosquitos. What is better still, we are all well, and as happy as we can be when you are away from us. May God bless the day of your

final return to papa and mamma!

I am glad that you are diving into arithmetic, not indeed for its ~~varieties~~ but on account of its utility in whatever walk of life your lot may be cast. Of course you are aware that arithmetic is fundamental in education, and the higher mathematics are a joy forever. This remark reminds me of our friend Col. Sellers. He was poor indeed and a sorry specimen of a husband and father, but what a glow of pleasure must have thrilled his soul as he applied his knowledge of arithmetic to the calculation of his ever approaching fortune! Think of him, dear, and be diligent in mastering the art of computation. "There is millions in it."

Good poetry is rarely seen nowadays in the newspapers, but the enclosed is so good as a military poem that I clipped it from the Pilot to send you. The four lines I've marked are inscribed on the soldier's monument at Gettysburg, and were for a long time supposed to have been ~~some~~ anonymous. It turns out, however, that they were taken from this Irish Kentuckian who wrote them on the occasion of transferring the remains of Kentucky soldiers who were killed in the Mexican war to their native state. Are they not grand?

I wish you would send me a diagram of that apple stand you tell about. I would like to understand just where it is located as to the convent. I am a little in

the clark, too, as to the melons. Was that really a lark, sweet in the execution and bitter in the recollection? or, did you have more or less permission? If you girls were boys I should know that it was a lark followed by a licking — oh, bless me! — I mean a penalty; but as you are girls you puzzle me to my wits ends.

Aunt wants to know just how many inches long you want the skirt of your white dress. I told her that such an inquiry was not in my line, none of my proper business in fact. She said that I was getting rather "stuck up" etc. and so, for the sake of peace, I thought I'd tell you what she said.

Politics are uncertain yet. About the twelfth of October I will be

able to make a good guess as to the person who will be elected President. I hope Mr. Tilden will be the successful man, and that Mr. Adams will be elected Governor of Massachusetts.

The people will vote on those matters on the seventh of November next, when, I have a belief, the monster of corruption will wither under the lances of honest men. More anon.

The Blakes, O'Neils and Humphys are still at Green Hall. They will probably come home tomorrow. Mamma went down the harbor today to lock up ~~the~~ our shanty, fasten the windows etc. She may not come home tonight, the dear, gay ^{wife} ~~gallant~~ of ~~the~~ a married and lonesome bachelor! O, for the morning light! Papa.