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Letter to Louise Guiney, 1877 January 23

Patrick Guiney

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Jan. 23. 1877.

My dear Lulu -

Pecuniary. I beg pardon. I should have answered your elegant letter giving me an account of the tableaux at Elmhurst, long ago; but I did not, and throw myself on your mercy. Be kind, won't you? in whatever punishment you see fit to inflict. Yet I do not seek to escape a penalty altogether. Name the fine and I'll pay it, if it takes the whole ninepence.

As sure as fate you are becoming a young woman. The style, tone, and ideas of your last note, all indicate a progress that almost scares me. Pull-backs and trains! What shall I do when you are a woman, a graduate of the Sacred Heart, a scholarly lady, full of notions, and wearing eyeglasses? Bless my soul with fortitude and stolidity against the trials of that day, O, ye of Olympus! However,

"Let fate do her worst there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past which she ~~never~~ can destroy. No, my dear, come what will, I'll never forget that year childhood - when you and I were boys and girls together. Ah, me, sixteen for you and forty two for me quiet the illusions and suggest the realities of life." Be you strong to meet

the struggles and overcome the temptations now vaguely appearing in the vista of the future. If you fail, I fail in you. Gather strength, then, my pet, now in the opening summer-time of your career so that papa may see his hopes and prayers fulfilled in the graces which adorn the soul.

The diagrams of the sled "Glorioso," and the throne were very comprehensible, although, permit me to say, they were not killingly artistic. Perhaps, you will think it isn't fair to criticise rough sketches made at my own suggestion. If such a thought occurs to you, yet it may afford you some consolation that critics do not amount to much - as *Donna* has it, "they are" persons who have failed in literature or art." Therefore, be not discouraged. Try again. Your diagrams illustrate, if they do not adorn, and always give me pleasure. Besides, true genius never yet was subdued by adverse comment, and that picture of "Glorioso" shows what you can do when you see fit to take up the brush and flourish it over the easel in earnest.

We are well at home. I am as big a nuisance as ever, smoking, lying around loose, and fussing as usual, yawning, and wishing, generally, that Julie was at home to comfort

Papa