

ALEXANDER KEADY TO LOUISA KEADY

Murfresboro Tenn
April 13th 1861

Sister Lou

I believe I will write to you this time, as I don't know who I owe or if I am in debt to any of you. I have kept no account of who I have written to but I know I write often & to all of you. I recon it don't make much difference whose name is on the Envelope so you hear that I am able to kick round What is Tom doing all the rainy days that you tell about having that he don't honor me with a few of his thoughts. Almost every letter I get comes with his writing on the back & I think well here is a Letter from Tom at last but when I opened it proves to be from a more prompt correspondent than he has proved to be so far. Perhaps he makes a mistake and directs all his Letters to--to-- well you know where that little picture came from. I Specty that's what's the matter Then he is busy rearing Calves feeding Pigs & all such duties belonging to one of his calling. If he was a Brave Soldier, he would not have to engage in such humble employments but he could perform bold dashing deeds like his younger Brother such as Scrubing, Moping, Sweeping Making Beds & many other daring deeds belonging to Soldier Life.

I believe the last letter from Home was Janes of March 30th which I received about the 8th of the present month. I am glad to hear that things are so prosperous around Home, hope they may long continue so.

My Health is a great deal better this Week than it has been since I came here . I begin to feel like myself again . Will soon be able for duty if I have good luck & no backset. I sit up half the night occasionally just to give the Nurses a chance to Sleep. There has been one of them sick for a week of so past but he is better now. All the patients in our Ward are doing well now. I could get in for nurse if I just said so but I don't

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fancy the Work It is much more pleasant out with the Reg't. They are still at the same place as when I last wrote or were about a week ago I can't see what they are tearing our old Neighborhood up so for. I never heard the like before. You won't gain much by Sam White's trade if I am permitted to judge I did hope that Jim would move away & the rest of that lovely Family would follow him but it aint so to be I recon George will get sudenly better now that the War seems to be near an end.

The news gets more encouraging every day Today we got the news of the surrender of Johnson & Forest with their respective commands This includes about all the Armies of any strength in the Rebel Service. I can't see why the War is not over as far as fighting is concerned. There will of course be a great deal of Labor to do after the Fighting is done but all here think that the last Battle is Fought. There is to be a grand time here tomorrow over the last captures & victories There are to be Two Hundred Guns fired Bells Wrung Speeches made & all the excitement got up that is possible on the occasion They have sent for two Flags one for the Court House & the other for our Hospital (No 1) The Two are to cost Two hundred & Fifty Dollars They raised \$80 in our Hosp't & the citizens had to fork over the rest much against the will of a great many of them. I invested 50 cents in ours They will not be here for about ten days as they had to send to Cincinnati for them

I did not intend to write this letter until tomorrow but I thought there would be to much racket to write with comfort. I have not yelled once or even waived my Hat since I came here. don't you think that is Strange I always told you I was not so easy excited as you all imagined You need not say that its because I am sick for I feel about as well as I ever did only a little weak. There was a Train loaded with Sick & Wounded came up from Chattanooga going to Nashville but on account of the R.R. being damaged

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between here & there they were put in Hospital here There were so many of them that a great many of us had to give up our Beds for their accommodation I got permission to Sleep up at the Captains as he has two extra Beds I will stay here till further orders Will have to report every morning. I think I will be sent to my Reg't in a few days, if I get along well Some of the men that came up on the Hosp't Train say our Reg't had a fight with the Guerrillas & that a few of them were taken Prisoners but I can't vouch for the truth of the Story I believe I will leave the other page & finish tomorrow

Friday Morning 14th (This is one of the most beautiful mornings I ever saw in my life Clear & Warm just the kind of a day to plant Corn or in fact to do anything but loaf round. When Tom gets about forth Acres of ground Plowed & nicely marked out he may send for me to drive the Planter as I can make a great deal straiter Rows than he can .

I don't know when this letter will get away from town for there is no communication north There are two Bridges washed away between here and Nashville. There has been no Train here from that direction since two days ago & no Mail either I spect I would have had a letter from some of you if the mail had come regular That Butter of Nathan's got through just before the bridges left. I tell you it is real nice eating. We had Light cakes for supper last night. What do you think of that. I fear I will lose a good home when I have to go to the front & take it regular Soldier fashion I get almost as good living here as you do if we had old Red here or her Milk we would not ask any favors of you.

I am quite anxious to hear what course the Minister persued after that vote. Your side did better than I expected they would. I was afraid you would be cowed down and not vote atall as has been the case many times before. The Stiffness certainly would come out of his back when he heard the elections returns. I can't think of anything to write this morning worth reading .

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I thought the small sized Paper I had would not be big enough to write home so I went and got a dozen sheets of this Size (paid 20 cts) but I guess the other would hold all the choice gems that I had collected for this if properly condensed.

(Note . The following was written across the lines of the last page, in what is now a very pale red ink.)

I do not know whether the Mail will be running before tomorrow night or not but I will finish this & put it in the office Has been a great deal of noise here today over the surrender in Shannon's (?) department You must write me two letters for this one and about twice as good Give my Respects & those of the Meases to all the Keady Family & mine to any one else who may wish them ? Without any further ceremony I remain

ALEXANDER KEADY

THOMAS KEADY TO MRS. MARY F. KELLY, SOUTHAMPTON, PEORIA CO. ILLS.

Jefferson City, Mo., Friday, Nov. 29th. 1861.

Sister Mary,

I shall improve my leisure moments this morning, in writing you a reply to that kind letter of the 13th. Was indeed very glad to have an epistle from my old "Tow-head" home.

Those were quiet happy days I spent with you, and their remembrance yet is food for genial thought. It almost makes me feel sad to know that another occupys my bed & place at the family board, yet never for a moment have I regretted this step; if I fall by the way may it be my better lot to enter the Golden Portal, if not, I hope yet to spend quiet hours in the enjoyment of home.

Two months have past since I came away,- strange months flitting by an alloy of bright & darker hours,- Two months more, and what shall be the record?

You think I have made a fortunate escape from picking that field of straggled corn! it may be so, yet, as a change, I would be happy to try one through, with Sal & Lucy; methinks I could enjoy a private whistle in the field, as in other days.

How I should like to see those two favorite pigs, Aye & help pick their ribs. I fear twas foul play to take away the fowls' living by thrashing out that notable stack, that too, when the foul weather is coming on.

Deal not gently with "Clerk" should he come to shoot my rabbits, as, if I return, their chase & soup, will afford me amusement & succor. How I should smile to see Peter tickle me out of bed now, were I once in it, after thus long reposing on a couch so hard (by the way, I never slept better than since in camp).

THOMAS KEADY, NOV. 29TH, 1861.

Peter & I had some gay times, & would have again did we but have the opportunity. Is your cellar well stored with good things? "Your trees", doubtless the ingathering of fruit has been immense. That young celt, how does it thrive? So "Scharley" is gone, & in lieu is a Longshore.

Of War I can say nothing; its rumors however are not lacking. One day Price is to attack us, the next we are to attack him, and again he is in the heart of Arkansas; all think however that our stay here is not to be prolonged.

I confess a change would be lightsome. Some have it that we have marching orders. Yet I can affirm nothing. In the camp is nothing unusual. Our boys are all pretty well, Houston being about recovered. George Robinson is getting on well gaining strength daily. Stevens is in hospital with intermittent fever, but is not very bad. Bonslough would have me say that he is all right.

Measles are having full sway in the camp. Rheumatism; also throat & lung ailments are keeping pace with the advance of Winter. Typhoid is running out; several old cases on hand, but no new.

Homesickness is a fatal malady here. Some have died with it, & five were furloughed yesterday to save their lives, they having pined themselves into a low state. Furloughs are not procurable by "able bodied" men.

My health is good, have yet to go on the sick list, or to get a black mark. My strong right hand is rather stiff & sore; barked slightly then got cold in it. Am yet Hospital nurse; have not played Soldier for many a day.

THOMAS KEADY, NOV. 29th. 1861.

Do not think by my connection with the sick that it affects me always, as it would, were I but to watch by a mans dying couch for a night only. No, a person gets used to any mode of living almost, & my feelings, naturally sensitive, are now not affected by the death like groans of the afflicted ones.

My letters now are always written while watching at night, with sick men all about, & no well person nigh; you may well suppose that it required patience to write & obey the calls of 14 men at the same time; but tis a useful exercise. I get 4 hours sleep a night for two nights, & the third sleep all night. Am not affected by loss of Sleep. Do not sleep in the sick rooms, but in a lower room where is an open fire place. As there is a surplus of hospital blankets my bed is not the worst. You ought to see me of a morning, with Sponge and water, brushing up mens faces, then too propping them up in bed with pillows blankets, overcoats, knapsacks & giving them their grub. But few have any shyness in asking for what they want, & for many things not to be had

Yesterday, I suppose, by what Mat wrote, you were all feasting on ^{hope} Turkey, & like good things at the home mansion; you all relished the viands. I too was there, in thought, while quietly eating my bread & beef at table with Strangers. Will it not be a day of thanksgiving when this war among brethern shall terminate & the fathers, husbands, Sons & brothers shall return to their quiet homes? Alas, too, how many hearth stones will be desolate, how many will be tearfully looked for, but never saw more. My best wishes to all. Tell M.J.H. I shall answer hers soon if nothing prevent. I shall enclose little notes in reply to the ones in yours but have no more time now as the morning is near. Write soon as convenient

Your Brother

THOS. KEADY

THOMAS KEADY, NOV. 29th, 1861.

(interlined)

I received a couple of papers from home lately, a Banner, & Transcript. Was not aware that our boys played such a conspicuous part in that campaign, until that wondrous Transcript article revealed it to my astonished gaze.

'Tis strange that so many were slain, & they never told me. But then you know Prentiss was commander & 'twas his expedition did the work, although they may have been separated wide in various squads. Nothing like winning laurels, yet "Honor to whom honor is due".

Our Commander here, Gen. Tom Price, some make bold to declare as tainted with a warmth for the rebel cause, of this I know not.

While putting up my letter, a New York Tribune was handed me, from I know not whom. I hope to enjoy its perusal today. We have had a few cold days here, (one on which it froze throughout the day) but no snow as yet.

We are waiting anxiously for the meeting of Congress, to know what will be the result. It may be that legislation will accomplish what the sword has yet failed to do. Yet I would have our side remain plucky unto the end, or until the foe is humbled.

(Envelope addressed)

T. K.

Mrs. Mary F. Kelly,

Southampton,

Peoria Co.

Illinois.

Care of Alex Keady.

THOMAS KEADY TO MRS. MARY F. KELLY, SOUTHAMPTON, ILLINOIS.

Point Pleasant, Mo. Monday, March 10th, 1862.

Sister Mary:-

As there is a slight prospect of sending letters mail-
ward soon, I will pen you some lines. Am enjoying good health, &
buoyant spirits. Our neighborhood boys are well.

The 47th. has yet an existence; is, with other troops, holding
this point & endeavoring to blockade the river. They have planted
some cannon & dug rifle pits on the shore; from these they fire on
the river craft. The steamers however, hug the Tennessee shore & man-
age in some instances, to pass.

Then too, they have gun boats to act as escorts; these gun boats
are poorly constructed, but are mounted with heavy guns; too heavy for
our field pieces. They shell us every day, but without effect.

The 47th. has picked off Pilots, Engineers &c from steamers. We
hold a point lower down the Miss- than any other of our troops. Gen.
Pope is at New Madrid, but cannot hold the place for lack of heavy
guns to drive off the gun boats. His guns however, have disabled one
gun boat, & keep the others at a respectable distance.

Probably all that will be done at New Madrid & this place will be to
amuse Secesh until the arrival of heavy guns; or until our gun boat
fleet gets down. If it gets past No. 10 Island, nothing here will be an
obstacle. This general detail I need not pursue as the prints will supply
all, if not more.

I wrote last at Benton; we have had some roughing it, coming through
the swamps. Jeff Thompsons crew tore up the bridges, & felled trees across
the road, so that we made slow progress. Our Cavalry pursued Jeff & held

THOMAS KEADY, MARCH 10th. 1862.

him in New Madrid. He had some one pound cannon out in the swamp to bark at us, but these were captured, also one of his Captains, & a Lieut. Our Brigade (Palmer's) was detached & sent down here several days since.

The Wagon Train came down, from New Madrid, yesterday. I came with this, having yet an ambulance in charge (Bob Bell drives the other).

We are getting used to the whistling of cannon ball, & the "Shells bursting in the air". These I have yet "viewed afar off" but will be in closer proximity if there is a battle; as the ambulances follow close up to pick up the wounded.

Stevens joined our train Friday, at Madrid; is yet back with some baggage wagons. The reports starting with a package for me, which was stolen, or mislaid, in the hotel at St. Louis.

From him I learn of the marriage & departure of Mat. The event was expected, yet not knowing of the set time until long past, I was surprised; could scarcely realize that she was really gone, yet it must be true. She has doubtless weighed well the affair; & I pray that her life may be a happy one, but I confess to feeling as if one of the ties that held me to home is severed. You know she has been my life companion, the sister endeared to me as my life.

Often, when disgusted with the profane vulgarity of the camp, has the perusal of her letters awakened genial thought of better hours, & fancy painted the happy reunion in the home circle, but this may not be. Manly or not, my eye moistened on hearing that she was gone. He is a fine fellow, & my best wishes go with them.

How deserted is the hearthstone where once circled a happy band. A Father long since in the Spirit Land; brothers, sisters, floating as fragments on the ocean of life. How lone & sad must our Mother be, yet

THOMAS READY TO MRS. MARY P. KELLY, SOUTHAMPTON, ILLINOIS.

Hiensi, Mississippi, Sabbath, July 13th, 1862.

Sister Mary:-

A letter is your due. Lacking any homelike Sabbath privileges, I will devote the evening to answering yours. Nothing new to write, since I wrote home, a daily routine rather unvaried.

I spoke of being connected with the 47th hospital; not in the former capacity. You ask of my skill as a cook. You remember Mothers story of my adroitness in amusing the baby; well similar is my handling of the pots. Somehow after getting the fire built my culinary learning seems at a low ebb, & I go to musing beside the empty pot (A sheep like fortitude sometimes impels me to try).

This may conflict somewhat with former statements, but you will feel that it lacks little of the truth. Again you ask of the food; why I am doing well enough, in that line now. Hospital fare is more varied; more is drawn from the commissary; some is drawn from the sanitary committee (contributions from the many ladies aid societies). Then we have something of a fund in money.

We have had new potatoes, apples, beans, milk, & venerable pullets. Some of these not in great profusion. Blackberries yet, pies of the latter relish. A good cook, a fellow nurse at Jeff City, (by the way, one of our Jeff City hospital hands, Jim Askey, of Co. I, was sent off last week in chains, to serve a term in the Alton Military Prison; Crime, killing one of his company on the steamer last spring).

We have light bread. The Regt. soon will have, as ovens are being built; army biscuits will then be at a discount. We expect to tarry here for a length of time, unless ordered East, or driven back by a Butternut wave.

THOMAS KEADY, MARCH 10th. 1862.

I would not grieve the present by images of the past. If we all meet not here again, may we, in the hereafter, not be severed.

James & Mats of Feb'y 18th. & M. J. Herveys' of the 20th are the latest letters I have received. Please direct to Commerce Ho. (Our nearest Mail point). I expect to send this by a person going back & know not when I may have another opportunity. (Hope the river will soon be open to us)

I expected when enlisting to be back to help plant corn, & am not yet diverted of that idea, yet as the rude blasts of Winter here have given way to the milder breath of Spring, I hope to enjoy it if longer detained.

Tell Alex to have my chosen Flugs in proper plight for inspection when I return. If he has enough of that corn plucked to pay the rent, let the balance go for a fertilizer, or to aid the poor, I care not which.

My best wishes to Uncle Moses & his family, when next you write. Hope Sam will not be called on to fight the U. S. I am in need of nothing; plenty to eat & wear. In camp, have only to care for myself & my team (mules) & on the march manage my vehicle.

Thus far I have written; more there is that I have not time to write; & more again that I care not to write.

Truly your Brother

(Envelope addressed)

Thos. Keady.

Mrs. Mary F. Kelly,

Southampton, Peoria Co.

Illinois.

THOMAS KEADY, JULY 15th, 1862.

They are said to have some Cavalry & Artillery prowling near. We are dwelling in a fortified place, earthworks crowning the hill tops, & entrenchments greeting the eye all around. Quite a little force is scattered round the place, mostly German Regts. from Pea Ridge. The force likely is adequate, but somehow seems small, when compared with the immense army that crept into Corinth.

That Richmond Army certainly is having terrible times. The Nations best blood seems of small moment now, & yet the tide is likely to flow. A foreign foe may yet be to be repelled. Truly the days are dark, but the reins are held by a Power Above. Man may plan but only by His permission can ends be accomplished.

Will the new call for men be promptly answered to. Somehow I fear there is not enough to fill it in time. Then too, the old Reg'ts are to be filled up. It would be risking life by disease, to come South into the Army before the Summer is over. The new Regts will likely hold captured territory, while the old will be thrown in concentrated force on the enemy.

I see not, when the South is conquered, how that bitter spirit is to be subdued; the very women we meet, almost gnash the teeth. Men who have come into our lines as distressed Union Men, were captured no later than last week, in armed marauding bands & base spys.

My health is very good, but the summer heat begets a languor, that almost renders a person indifferent to any thing; locomotion is not performed with much agility. Our boys are all flourishing only Stevens, who is complaining some. Tell M. J. Hervey that I will answer her letter in due time.

THOMAS KEADY, JULY 13th. 1862.

Is my "Opponent" & Chum, John M. Yates home yet & running the old
Rugg? If home, tell him of me & of my desire to get a long epistle from
him. My best wishes to Peter, he could likely flax me now in the harvest
field, as my hands are tender & my frame not properly knit for severe toil,
but I doubt if he could tickle me out of bed in time for a harvest break-
fast, or would you be likely to get a spruce neck tie, with an immaculate
collar fitted on me, of a Sunday either.

My starchy, prim ideas of dress, are not so elevated as formerly. Here
we have no Sabbath, no church, nothing to keep green the memory of bygone.
I heard the deep solemn tones of "Old Hundred" today, & somehow it produced
a strange effect. No, may I never forget the teachings of home & of the
Sabbath. It reck's but little what befalls us in this mortal vale, so we
have part in a better world.

I have no letter from home, later than the one by Col. Bryner; expect
one by next mail, whenever it may happen to cose. Please answer soon
and oblige your Brother

Thos. Keady

Mary F. Kelly

THOMAS KEADY TO MRS. MARY F. KELLY, SOUTHAMPTON, ILLINOIS.

Hospital 3rd. Div.- 15th. A. C.

In rear of Vicksburg, June 5th. 1863.

Sister Mary:-

I do not send you this sheet as a necessity, but as a sample of the manufacturing skill of the Chivalry. It was "confiscated" in the "Confederate House" Jackson, Miss.

I rec'd your letter a month old, with others of like maturity. Have one from Lou of May 25th, latest from Akron, May 8th. The situation at Vicksburg remains as usual, a complete and prolonged siege. It began on May 18th & will end — sometime, I hope. The Rebs are very tenacious to hold on, & Grant equally positive in his endeavors to smoke them out.

We have a large quantity of artillery in position, pointing directly into the doomed City, & large siege guns are being added to the No. daily. The bombardment continues day & night, all along the line of the rear & from the Mortar Fleet on the River. I do not see how they live in such a storm of iron & other deadly missiles.

No Infantry charges have been made since May 22nd., but rifle pits are dug close along the enemy's line of defenses & the boys in these pick off every Reb that imprudently shows his head, seldom giving their artillery an opportunity to approach their guns.

The deep ditches & perpendicular breast-works are too much for our men to charge over, as they have well tested. Artillery, aided by want of food, will have to do the work, & these effective agents are at Grants command.

The hope of success from Johnson or some other outsider, seems to sustain Pemberton in his forlorn effort. It remains to be seen whether they can bring up an Army large enough to raise the siege. I think not unless they abandon some of their other strong points, which would be

THOMAS KEADY, JUNE 5th. 1863.

fatal to them.

Truly the young hopes of the embryo Confederacy are withering away. May their last hope speedily vanish, leaving our beloved Country again free from stain; with nothing to mar the bright folds of the Sacred Flag.

I can give no report of the 47th only that it left here soon after the charge of the 22nd & is yet absent. Did learn that they took boat & went up Yazoo River. Large numbers of troops are out on the watch for Johnson. The army here is in the best of spirits, but rather seedy and ragged from the exposure of the expedition. Camp equipage, knapsacks &cⁿ were left at Duck Fort La. on May 2nd.

My duties are yet in connexion with the Hospital Department --Div. Surgeons Office. The troops are too near the enemy's works for to use Regimental Hospitals; each Division therefore has its Hospt at a convenient distance in the rear. We are using tents, &, with the use help of large supplies from the Western Sanitary Commission, are making the sick & wounded quite comfortable. Men die here that would at home, in like circumstances, but not for want of care, as has been the case in certain places. Of course a hospital, & the care of a Mother & sister at home are widely different but men so long used to roughing it find the former a luxury.

I preserve my usual dyspeptic thinness but am as healthy as ever; do not see that I am any smarter or more awkward than when guiding the plow on "Fowhead", or in the circle with you and Peter when the evening wore away in social & lively conversation. I have tried to stand firmly against the vices of camp, have remembered, when surrounded by spirits utterly loathsome, the teachings & gentle influences of home, & yet shrink from those words & acts which are so fearfully marring the fair

THOMAS KEADY TO MRS. MARY F. KELLY, SOUTHAMPTON, ILLINOIS.

Near Black River, Miss.

Sabbath, July 26th, 1863.

Sister Mary:--

Have I been scolded for speaking so seldom during the sultry flight of this harvest month? Perchance you think me growing negligent; forgetful of home; swept into the common vortex of dissipation? O no; I trust not.

Freshly yet the memory blends the imagery of by-gones. The past seems as the golden sunset; the future glimmers as the first streakings of summers morn.

Mine was the will to write frequent & sage epistles to the tribes & half tribes of my kin. The burden of it all rolls weightily over on to the facilities. The 2nd. Jackson expedition bore me off on its advance way without time for a parting word or even an after echo.

That is over now, we have recrossed the Big Black & are about to settle down in permanent camp -- at least so it is said. I know not that there is anything left to do. The enemy is driven out of our department, & we may ~~rest~~ "rest on the oars" awhile, until new projects are hatched & until "Old Sol's" rays are more oblique.

Shermans big expedition is vested in nothing romantic, or in garb of more than common texture. He drove Johnson into Jackson, flourished his bugles for a term of days around the walls of Jericho, & then dashed madly in --- after the bird had flown.

Johnson was drove many miles beyond the Pearl River & out of Grants Dep't. Much of the City was reduced to ashes, the R.R. more extensively destroyed & the entire region laid waste. We then returned with large caravans of negroes, stock, carriages &c.

THOMAS KEADY, JUNE 5th, 1863.

names of our young men.

Ah Mary, these are strange months in my life, widely in contrast with the experiences of home ! Congenial spirits are only confined to a narrow circle, but this has become a usage of months standing, & I am not troubled with discontent. In fact I had heavier strokes of the "blues" in a single week at home than altogether since in the army. This doubtless arises from a fixed purpose, in view of present circumstances. If I were returned home today a civillian, the old moody question would very likely be re-established, "how & where shall my life lot be cast." Do you remember how Mother used to urge upon me marriage as the very acme of life ?

My real views on that subject are much as formerly. The War, however, is the one all absorbing topic of the present, the one in which all others are merged.

You keep asking for a new edition of my handsome visage. No chance to get one struck. Why not look at those fine Jefferson City ones & be satisfied, or that "Clerical looking" type of my youth. Ah, that I had won a maid in those my handsome days. The golden opportunities of youth have passed from me for ever.

Am truly glad to learn of your brightening financial prospects; hope the freshening breezes of prosperity will waft you into Summer Seas. There is no prospect of my coming home before the end of the War, or of the term of enlistment, which you will perceive is wearing away.

The 47th mail comes to Division Head quarters & I get mine out. Please write again. Truly your Brother

Thos. Keady.

THOMAS KEADY, JULY 26th, 1863.

Alex though, may have toughened some in muscle & backbone in his duck tours. Yes I know he must. Am much obliged for your overflowing offer of new milk. It would be a feast quite acceptable. I get some at long intervals.

The latest news we have, Old Lee was effecting his escape. Shouldnt wonder if that Fa. Victory is a drawn game after all, -- large loss & small gain.

Personally I have little to report; am in good health & in good repair. Sent letters by Col. Bryner, also some money to Mother; it will be found with Bryner.

I must cease & switch off on the Akron branch. Have no Sabbath services to render home-like the day. I had hoped to see Mr. Cairns again; we will miss him sadly -- the teachings of his life.

Good Bye,

T. Keady.

(Envelope addressed)

Mrs. Mary F. Kelly,

Southampton, Peoria Co.

Illinois.

THOMAS KEADY, JULY 26th, 1863.

Another raid to the proud Capitol of Miss. & it may be numbered with the fated "Cities of the plain". The people seem to be entirely broken down & hopeless; a confederation of dupes, ruined & disgraced. It does seem to me that the time draws near for a pause; surely this people is not so reckless as to court entire annihilation. May the day of peace burst suddenly & gloriously upon us, brightening the folds of the old "Flag of the Free".

I saw the 47th. again after a separation of two months. John M. & I reclined in the shade & reviewed the events of the period & went back into the receding mists of "long ago".

The 47th. is but the shadow of its former self, yet not so bad as I feared. They told me how Dutton was gone to his brother & the good Old Chaplain was taken from the weary toils of earth. That river swamp is a terrible place in the Summer time.

Our Division will probably go into camp on Bear Creek, in the wooded hill country 20 miles back from Vicksburg. These hills are a secluded & healthy retreat, probably as much so as the camps of Clear Creek & Riensi. We often long for the gushing springs of Tusculumbia Ala.

I rec'd 6 letters yesterday, among them yours of June 22nd & of the 26th, also Lou's of July 7th. Latest from Akron June 26th. Thank you for the stamps. I must set apart one of them to convey sweet tidings to that gentle one far away. (I must not desecrate the Sabbath by going into a portraiture of my angelic moods; you know how they affect me).

I imagine Peter & Alex are a full complement for that new machine. Doubtless the sheaves fell thick & straight. I know they could tinker & groan & punish Rooster, but am not so certain of their efficiency in matted & verdant grain.