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Edited to enhance readability. Added notes are *{italicized-bracketed}*.

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Camp of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Regiment of Michigan Volunteer Infantry  
Bowling Green, KY, Apr. 13<sup>th</sup> 1863

Dear Wife,

I received your kind and welcome letter last night and as I did not have time to answer it before the mail went out this morning or you would get this a day sooner. I am in the best of health and I hope you and Frankey are the same. I am sorry that Father is not well, but I hope he will soon get over his cough. I received a letter from Frank tonight. He is well and he wrote me a good letter. The other day I got one from Major *{Benjamin F.}* Fisher and I answered it yesterday after church. Chaplain *{James S.}* Smart preached a funeral sermon in commemoration of Colonel *{Gilbert E.}* Pratt and it was a good and interesting sermon. He related some incidents of his life which show Col. Pratt to be a self-made man. Well, Susan, Company B had a fight with the rebels last week. 25 of them fought about 200 of them for 3/4 of an hour and drove the rebels from the field, they carrying off all of their dead and wounded, but two dead ones and one of them an officer. Our loss was two wounded, Allen Barnum slightly and Edwin Worden so bad that he died in several hours after. The affair happened near Nashville *{TN}*, where the railroad runs along the Cumberland with a steep precipice on one side and the river on the other and only room for the track. The rebels were on the other side of the river which

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is very narrow at that place. They had two pieces of cannon and any quantity of small arms. The first thing the boys knew was a couple of balls were fired into the boiler of the engine and broke a drive wheel. The boys commenced firing on them then and the rebels threw seven or eight shells into the car where they were, one of them taking Worden's arm off while he was taking aim. As soon as the train stopped they got out of the car and deployed along the road wherever they could get shelter and went to fighting. They silenced the battery in a short time and killed several besides wounding a good many. The range was short and the boys made their shots tell while they were safe behind rocks, where they could lay down and load and fire being then very little exposed. They were so close together that they could hear every command the rebel officers gave and hear them swear at the Yankees. The rebels made good shots with their artillery once they aimed at the Lieutenant Wellington and a shell came within a few inches of him. They tried to cross on a raft, but the boys drove them back and shot their commander dead while he was trying to rally his men. They then skedaddled in a hurry leaving him on the ground. Just after the fight was over the passenger train came along and pushed them into Nashville, taking Worden

along where he died soon after getting there. He was the first one killed in our regiment and the only one killed in a fight. I was not there as I have to stay in camp while the regiment does, so you must not worry about me for I cannot go on any guard or detail for scout unless the whole regiment goes. We are sorry for the loss of Worden and sympathize with his friends at home. He died doing his duty like a true soldier. Give my best regard to Mr. Toms and Doctor *{Andrew B.}* Spinney, remember me to all of the folks, and take good care little Frankey and yourself and be patient and I will. I will write again as soon as I can so good night and happy dreams. Believe me.

Your Affectionate Husband, D. D. Keeler

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