

EDITED TRANSCRIPTION – Original file: "Letter Feb. 12th 1864.tif"
Edited to enhance readability. Added notes are *{italicized-bracketed}*.

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Camp Stoneman DC, Feb 12th 1864
Quartermasters Office 2nd Division 23rd Army Corps

Dear Wife,

Yours of February 1st was gladly received, but I have been unable to answer it sooner owing to the pressure of business on my hands lately. I arrived at Washington City *{DC}* the last day of January and stopped in the city ten days. I had to stay in the city until I got my trains and then I moved here four miles from the city. I have now all the wagons of the 2nd Division, which I am responsible for. I have (90) ninety wagons and 540 mules, so you see I have now \$100,000.00 worth of property in my possession and am held responsible for which if my own would make a rich man of me. However, I have the same care of it as if it were my own property and you can imagine the amount of business I have to attend to and the responsibility that is entrusted to me by Uncle Samuel. He must think I am a responsible man. I guess he does not know that the little we got was all in your name before I came in the army.

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While I stopped in the city I quartered my men in the barracks and as there was no quarters for officers I had to go to a hotel. I stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel two days, a first class house, and as I had to set at the table an hour before they wait on a man and then what was ordered would be half cold. In the first place I was put up 5 or 9 stories high. In the morning when a man goes down there is a n----- at every flight of stairs to brush a man's clothes which make 7 times by the time he gets to the office for his breakfast ticket. At the dining room door he is brushed off again. When he comes out is brushed again. So they brush a fellow all over the house. I then found a hotel where I got a good room for a dollar a day, eat when and where I had a mind to, so I eat my meals when and where I got hungry, and I have lived mostly on oysters, it being the cheapest living a man can get here. Night I went to the theater, by the way, I met Walter Wentworth, the lumber man that was with Dunbar. He saw me in the audience and recognized me and when his part was through he came to me. Mrs. Wentworth is here with him, but sick. I thought of the morning I got up early and saw a show in the window.

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She sends her respects to you. I have been around the city but very little since I have been here, but I have been through the Capitol Building and through Congress, that is, in one door and out of another. I called on the President at a reception one night. I mingled with the crowd and got through the hall, shook

hands with *{President}* Abraham Lincoln, bowed to Mrs. Lincoln, and worked my way out again. The paymasters are now paying off the troops and I shall try for my pay. I got one months pay in Cincinnati and nearly used it up. Pennsylvania Avenue is the street of the city and all the fashions can be seen there and the prettiest of girls. I have wished to hug some of the in my arms and kiss their pretty faces. Well, I could do that easy enough for greenbacks and not go far for it either. They come out to camp and scatter their cards by the wholesale. I have let them slide and they consider me a poor customer. I can better use for my greenbacks. I do not know how long I shall stay here yet, probably a week or two yet. Some of the corps have gone and some of it is here yet. I shall be the last to go with the wagon trains. I do not know the destination of the 23rd Army Corps, but guess it to be North Carolina.

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So you see we are not done traveling yet and before we are through we have got to go to sea. We embark in steamers and vessels at Alexandria, Virginia.

Talk of cold weather, we have the coldest kind of weather here. I wish I was back in Tennessee until warmer weather. Well, we make out to stand it very well. I am well as usual and hurrying along the time as fast as I can when I shall get home. Keep up good courage and in a few more months I shall be home.

Take good care of little Frankie. My regards to all and believe me. As ever,

Your Affectionate Husband,

D. D. Keeler

Camp Stoneman Va Feb 12th 1864

2 M Office 20th Feb 23rd A.C.

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Keep up good courage and in a few more months
I shall be home take good care of Little Frank
My regards to all and Believe me as ever
Your Affect Husband
D. P. Miller