

EDITED TRANSCRIPTION – Original file: "Letter Nov. 16th 1862.tif"
Edited to enhance readability. Added notes are *{italicized-bracketed}*.

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Bowling Green, Kentucky
Company B, 23rd Regiment, Michigan Infantry, Nov 16 '62

Dear Father,

As I have plenty of time I will write you a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you. Well, perhaps you would like to know how I like soldiering. Well, it is pretty hard business for a man that is not pretty tough. I stand first rate and like it very well and am not sorry that I enlisted. Yet all a man has to do is tend to his duty and he can get along well enough and see a great deal. Besides, it is well worth a campaign

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to see the country and people. I have seen some of most splendid country that I ever saw and as poor and broken as Pennsylvania. The people are not much to brag of, nor never will be as long as they are surrounded with Negroes. And another thing, they are too lazy to amount to any certain sum. The n----- do the work and they look on or set in the shade, and the n----- support them in the indolence. Everything is going to ruin. Fences are tumbling down and tools lay around just where they got done with them last, and there they lay until they want them again next year. No barns or stables

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ever adorn their farms, nor much of any fruit trees. At any rate it does not look like a Michigan farmer's home, for they never repair anything. Anything once done, that is the end of it, and the n----- are a slow lazy set of beings, care for nothing but the present. I doubt the whole set amounts to much. When I get home I will tell you more than I can write. We have taken some prisoners several times, and they look like anything but soldiers, and expressed their willingness to return to their allegiance to the United States, for their case they say is hopeless. I send this with Susan's letter and save a stamp. Answer soon.
From Your Son, D. D. Keeler

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{A printed copy of the lyrics of "The Star Spangled Banner".}



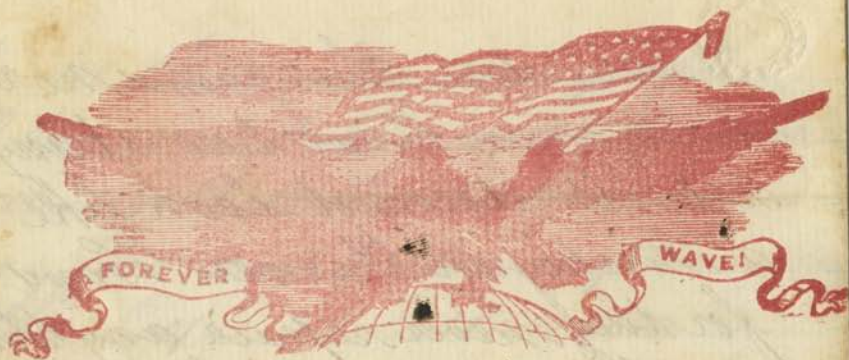
Bowling Green Kentucky
Co B 2^d Regt Mich Inf't Nov 16/62

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soon from your Son O'Neeler



The Star-Spangled Banner.

O! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
O! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country would leave us no more;
Their blood has wiped out their foul footsteps' pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!