

EDITED TRANSCRIPTION – Original file: "Letter Nov. 1st 1862.tif"
Edited to enhance readability. Added notes are *{italicized-bracketed}*.

{Page 1:}

Camp at New Market *{KY}*
23rd Regiment Michigan Infantry
Nov. 1st, 1862

Dear Father,

As I have time I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am well as usual. I have not been sick yet and by taking care of myself I have little to fear from that score. The men that get sick are the ones that eat everything that they can get ahold of and drinking too much water.

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I have seen a sick man eat one pound of beef at one meal and other things with it in proportion. No longer ago than one man went to the sutler and bought a dollars worth of peaches and eat them all at one meal and finished off with two pint cups of beans, 4 hard bread, all the coffee he could drink. The result was he was sick all night. That is the way with a great many of our men. They will soon learn to eat less and be sick less. For my

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part I do not want to be sick here. There is no place for a sick man here where he can get any good care taken. So I take every precaution to guard against it, and so far I have been well. We are now at a little place of no importance encamped on good ground close to good water, awaiting supplies and new guns for a farther march to Nashville, Tennessee, or Bowling Green *{KY}*. I do not know which, perhaps both places, where we will join our brigade which has gone

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on in advance of our regiment. We have very pleasant weather and we improve it in drilling. The other day we had a sham fight with the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, which is camped close by here in the edge of a woods. We are invited over to their regiment tomorrow to church. I have been to camp several times to see the boys. Lieutenant Carter is well and so is Lieutenant Blackmer, Gruman Hawley, Royal Loomis, Stout Parks, and several more that I was acquainted (turn to page 5)

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with. I also saw Norman Merrill of Saginaw City *{MI}*; he belongs to Loomis's battery. We reached this place six days after leaving Frankfort *{KY}*. We came by the battlefield at Perrysville *{KY}* where our forces fought the rebels under *{General Braxton}* Bragg. I visited part of the field, but could see nothing except

a few dead horses. When we came through Perrysville I saw Jerome Oliver in a hospital with his leg off above his

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knee. He was wounded at that battle with a Minié ball which shattered his leg so bad that amputation was necessary. His brother was with him taking care of him. He will soon be home. I saw one poor soldier with one hand off in the hospital at Perrysville. I went out to him to speak to him and in the next bed was a wounded rebel. When I spoke the rebel raised his head to what was going on when our

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one-handed soldier hauls off with his well hand, hits him a blow in the ribs, and told him to lie down and cover up his head and not be gawking at visitors. I thought *{it}* was pretty tough. I saw one soldier that was wounded twelve times in that one battle and not dead yet. It was a hard sight to see so many wounded. From Harrodsburg *{KY}* to Perryville every house is a hospital; every church and school house was filled

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{with} sick and wounded when we came through. Yesterday we were mustered for pay, but have not got it yet. We expect it before we leave this camp, but may not get it for a while yet. Our mail doesn't come very regular. We have received none since we left Frankfort Thursday November 2nd. I had to stop writing yesterday for drill. We are to start tomorrow for Munfordville *{KY}*, fifty miles from here. How long we will stay there is more than I can tell. Direct as before. From Your

Affectionate Son, D. D. Keeler



Washington.

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Camp at New Market
23^d Regt. Mich. Infy
Nov 1st 1864

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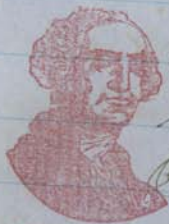
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4-6

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Frankfort Sunday November 2nd

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